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THE  
YOUNG FOLK'S  
STORY OF THE WORLD.

A  
CONNECTED HISTORY  
OF  
The Nations of the Earth.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH  
+ORIGINAL PEN DRAWINGS+

BY WILL E. CHAPIN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

Perhaps, dear reader, you regard history as a mere collection of facts, dealing with battles, sieges and campaigns, which all occurred so long before your time that you have no possible concern in them. You may even look upon the recent history of your own nation as pertaining rather to the generations that are past, or as being matters upon which idle and curious individuals waste time and thought, but that have no potency in the world of to-day.

Never was there a more mistaken idea. There is no "dead past" to those who comprehend aright the progress of our world. Every nation that grew into power, flourished, and passed away, is represented in you and me, and we in turn are but symbols and eponyms of the unknown future. To us, and to all of the people who are yet to be born, the past has bequeathed a deathless heritage.

This priceless gift, gathered up by the past for the hope and joy of the present and future, is the great deeds and noble thoughts of nations, for they, like individuals, should have their span of life measured by these, rather than by the months or years that they existed upon the earth.

This world of ours teems with knowledge, but there is nothing from which we can draw more real wisdom, than from the study of history, and no subject presented to the human mind has so many varied sides nor so absorbing an interest.

Now, by history, I do not mean the tiresome details of chronology, nor the wearisome matter that may be considered as dry bones of fact. If you do not enjoy these, who can blame you? This is a refined and enlightened age, and the artistic and vital were never more appreciated than now. Truth, in its best sense has been exalted over fact, and the living, beautiful and imperishable must be created from the ashes of the past, if it is to be esteemed with anything more than the regard paid by antiquarians to that which the general public neither knows nor cares about.

Fact and truth, in a historical sense, are of course nearly related, but the seed of the highest truth may lie in a legend or tradition created by the poet or a story-teller, while the most undeniable fact may have in it no spiritual truth, no impulse to quicken the mind, enlighten the soul and make men truly wise.

There are millions of facts that have no real bearing upon historical truth in the story of a nation. They are trivial, even though considered so important by the old historians that all who came after them religiously copied them in writing history.



To be sure these records of fact should be kept as works of reference, and they will always be so preserved, but the age of twenty-volume histories has gone by, and the historian of to-day who would reach the public, and especially that portion of the public that is to become the nation-builders—the youth—must tell his story in a few words, and must have some rational excuse for telling it at all.

That “the noblest study of mankind is man” is not the empty vapoing of a poet. The individuals compose the nations, and the biography of individuals is the history of the world. Their great deeds raised nations to power, their mistakes wrecked empires, and from them all we may draw lessons of incalculable value.

No man can be accounted truly educated who has not a general knowledge of the world’s history. No man can be truly enlightened who is not able to trace the development of his kind ever from a lower to a higher plane, and above all, no man can have that deeply reverent attitude toward the God who created our earth and all of its creatures, which is the natural relation of a soul toward its Maker, unless he is able to see in his own existence the outworking of the immutable laws that since the beginning of time have ruled the universe.

Through all the ages one increasing purpose runs like a thread of flame, lighting up dark and bloody pages in the world’s story, showing to all men, God in the humblest and highest places, manifesting Himself as unchanging, teaching men over and over the folly of trying to disarrange the rules of cause and effect, and endeavoring to stem with the puny strength of mortal hands and wills the resistless current of the Divine.

The human mind, and especially that of youth, craves novelty, excitement and change. This craving is not only natural, but should be satisfied like any other healthy appetite, and if it is denied, the starved mind suffers, and the whole moral nature is viciously affected.

It is this very craving that drives young men to low resorts, and young women to gossip, and the reading of salacious stories; it makes boys gloat over the impossible tales of robbers and cowboys, and girls so fascinated with the romantic adventures of silly heroines in the paper-back novels which are fast taking the place of true literature, and are not only evil, as everything false in conception must be, but like highly seasoned dainties, unfit the system for the digestion of truly nourishing food.

These novels and so-called romances purport to be individual history, but their heroes and heroines are but “make-believe,” and the reader has always present in his mind the idea that it is but a sham world and sham creations that he is contemplating.

Of course there is fiction so grand, noble and true in conception, that it performs a distinct part in mental and moral education, and poems which the world could ill spare from its store of real wisdom and beauty, but to understand them aright the reader must be able to comprehend the fountain from which they flowed.



The source of all art, architecture and music is history. There the orator finds his inspiration to eloquence, the preacher his great themes, the evangelist his authority, the legislator his laws. The poet draws from the same inexhaustible well the beautiful visions that he clothes with language, and the dramatist the characters that he parades upon the stage.

| History is the foundation of all states and political systems, and if literature is—and we know it is the most imperishable of all the arts,—history is the source of all literature, and the foundation, reaching down deep into the mold of centuries, and resting upon the solid rock of Divine will, upon which the structure of society is reared. |

Unless we can read history as the story of man, tracing the narrative link within link, from the remotest past, and finding a kinship and sympathy with our race, drawing from it a desire to aid in its elevation by making ourselves worthy of our inheritance of the vanished ages, we read it in vain.

The thrilling of the heart when we read the deeds that have been done for freedom, the kindling of the eye, the flush upon the cheek of youth over some stirring story of the old days, index the reception by the soul of the lesson held by such recitals. There is, then, no need of explanation or commentary, no appropriateness in learned discussions of authorities.

In the following pages we have made no attempt to play the schoolmaster, but rather to sit quietly down with our readers and tell the story of the past so simply that it would be a pleasure to the narrator and the audience. Link by link we have endeavored to form the chain, rejecting all not necessary to the general view, and omitting nothing which, in our opinion, would stimulate in the mind of the young a desire to delve deeper into the rich mine from which these treasures have been dug.

In a work of this scope it is neither possible nor profitable to go very deeply into the details of changes in constitution, foreign or domestic difficulties, wars, campaigns and battles. Bloodshed and crime have been as lightly touched upon as circumstances permit, and only mentioned at all when some lesson is to be conveyed.

Neither have we attempted to preach a sermon, nor uphold any theories, but from the best authorities we have gained the facts presented, clothed them with our own thought, tried to establish a confidence with the reader, and insure his interest.

The text is supplemented by illustrations which form in themselves a history of man's development in the various arts and industries. These pictorial commentaries can not fail to interest, even were the text wholly absent, for they bring before us the men and women of all times, their manners, customs, occupation, costumes and dwellings, and show us how all the civilization of to-day grew through the centuries, developed little by little until it became what it now is.



In claiming that never before has a work of this scope been performed in such a manner as to make it available to the ordinary student, we claim also that no work has ever been undertaken with a more earnest desire to popularize the subject. There have, of course, been illustrated histories published, but none which comprise in one volume the history of the world, illustrated with original drawings like those of the present book.

These drawings are all taken from authentic sources, and are careful studies in detail of every kind. Their sequence is sometimes interrupted to fulfill the needs of the text, but the intelligent student will readily follow them, and by their contemplation learn, in a way that is never forgotten, more than could be told in volumes of mere description of the subjects.

It is on that account that such descriptions are omitted wherever possible, and any curiosity which the reader may have, can be more fully satisfied by a single glance at the illustrations than by pages of verbal description.

Dates, too, have been omitted where their use is not absolutely necessary as a landmark to guide the student in following the line of the narrative, for in the thousands of many-volumed reference books to be found in public and private libraries there are repositories of dates—or to be a little irreverent, dried dates—upon which any one may feed who has such an unnatural appetite. We could not convince ourselves that it was necessary to include them in our story of nations, any more than it is necessary for them to be retained in the memory of the reader.

In fact, carrying dates about in the memory is more often performed by people as a mental gymnastic accomplishment, than from an idea that they have any rightful place in their store of useful knowledge. Only epoch-making events should be associated in the mind with their dates, and such events are comparatively few in history. These we have appropriately mentioned, and these alone.

It is with the not unreasonable hope that this volume will supply a need often expressed by those whose school days lie far behind them, for a comprehensive representation of the world's history which will serve all ordinary uses, and that those still in training in the schools of our land preparing for that broader school of life may derive inspiration from its pages, that we send it forth.

THE AUTHOR.



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# EGYPT.



IF YOU look upon the map of Africa you will see in the eastern part of that Grand Division the country of Egypt, extending from the Mediterranean Sea to the Tropic of Cancer, and from the Red Sea and Suez Canal on the east, to the Libyan

Desert on the west. Clustered about Egypt on the south, are several small countries that are of little importance, and in fact Egypt itself has no great part in the business of the world, and no great influence upon the people of our times, but long ago it was a mighty empire, and in the Nile Valley, which is nowhere wider than thirty-five miles, and whose average width

is about fifteen miles, a wonderful people lived of whom we will tell you something.

Small as is the country of Egypt, there is no where in the world, in the same space, such contrasts of soil and climate, and no land has played a more important part in history.

The Nile river overflows its banks every year, and spreading far over its valley, covers all the land

where, in that portion of the year when the river flows quietly along in the usual channel, great fields of wheat, millet, rye, lettuce, onions and other vegetables are planted; but these floods, instead of being a cause of annoyance to the people, have always been the source of their wealth, for when the waters retire they leave behind them covering the overflowed lands, a rich, slimy mud, in which every

thing that is planted grows with but little labor.



Combined Crown of Upper and Lower Egypt.



Reaping with Sickle.

In Egypt the rain never falls, but the sun shines the year round. The fields produce great crops, nevertheless, for when the waters of the Nile recede, every cistern and reservoir is full, and from these and the river-banks, ditches are cut, carrying the water where it is needed.

The climate is mild and warm, and with many kinds of grain and fruit growing, with little further work than merely planting them, there is not the struggle for life going on that there is in countries less favored by nature.



Plowing.

Near to these most fertile fields of the world, barren ranges of brown sand-hills lie as a sort of advance-guard of the desert, and between them and the bleak, rugged mountains that form, as it were, a wall between the living beauty of the Nile valley and the dead waste that stretches across northern Africa, are strips of fair and blooming lowlands, where the date palms lift their slender stems and graceful plume-like heads into the clear air, where grapes and pomegranates ripen against the white-washed walls of the low one-story houses and naked brown children play in gardens bright with roses and poppies.

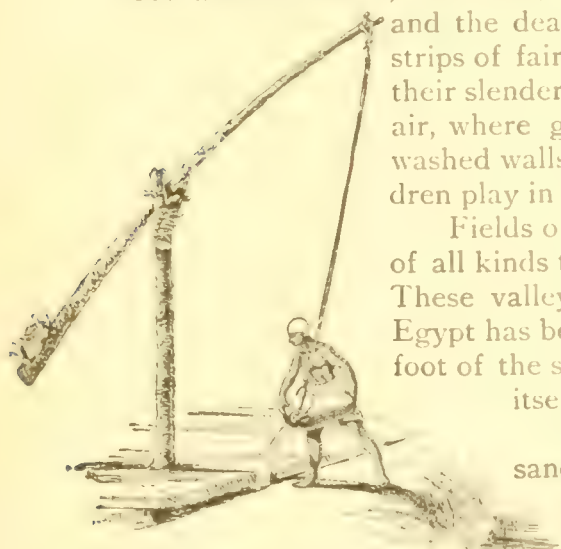
Fields of golden grain wave in the sunshine and vegetables of all kinds that the people of the country use grow luxuriantly. These valleys, too, are "Gifts of the Nile," as the whole land of Egypt has been called for ages, for the river spreads to the very foot of the sand-hills as though it would invade even the desert itself.

The desert! Picture to yourself a stretch of brown sand reaching so far away that the eye tires in following it to the line where the blue sky seems to arch down to meet it. Not a tree, shrub or blade of grass anywhere, but here and there a great heap of sand, or a huge fantastic brown rock, to break the sameness of the view.

No living thing is seen upon this waterless ocean, but now and then, toiling slowly along, a caravan of camels, and camels have often been called the "ships of the desert." Perhaps a tawny lion may be seen, stalking majestically across it to his den in the hills, or a troop of Arabs on their swift horses galloping away to their tents in some green oasis, for there are certain

green and beautiful spots that form fair islands in the desert-waste, and upon these grass and trees grow and water gushes up from the ground.

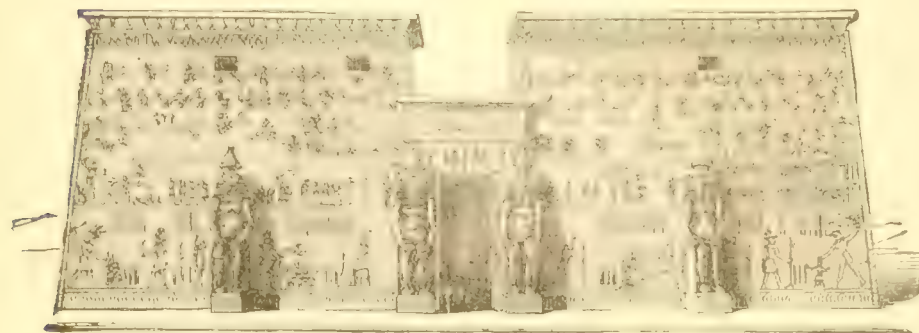
Some of these oases are large enough to support many people, and there the Arab pitches his tent, and may build



Shadoof or Swape.



Head Dress of Young Nobleman.



Restoration of Egyptian Temple Facade.



even towns or cities; but most of them are small, and all are separated from the world by the shifting sands that are sometimes carried by the winds in whirling columns like water-spouts, overwhelming and burying everything in their path.

Thousands of years before the star over the manger in Bethlehem led the wise men of the East to the feet of the infant Jesus, the strip of land bordering the Nile, and the fertile valleys near the edge of the desert, were the home of a great nation, who were the wisest and most highly civilized people in the world, and in those valleys are still to be seen ruins of their palaces, tombs and temples.

England is larger than was ancient Egypt, but at least six millions of people lived in this small country which really comprised only the Nile valley. Although the Egyptians of ancient times lived so long ago, we know what manner of people they were, how they looked, and in what employment they passed their time; because they recorded upon the walls of the tombs of their dead everything of importance that was contained in the history of the deceased individual, and painted upon them scenes from his daily life, which showed him at his work or pleasure, surrounded by his friends, or performing his religious ceremonies.

Perhaps you may think tombs and temples strange places for recording such things, but the Egyptian tombs and temples were built to last as long as time itself, and were so strong and massive that many of them, erected probably forty centuries ago, are still standing much as they were when first built, and look as though they might stand forty centuries longer.

No doubt the ancient Egyptians were anxious that the people who should come after them, as well as the people of their own times, should not forget the great deeds of their kings, and so upon the pillars of their temples, upon huge columns called monoliths or obelisks, set in public places, they carved and painted the story of their victories, for the common people could easily understand the pictures, while only the priests could read and write.

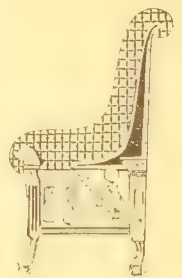
This ancient Egyptian writing looks very strange, and I have seen school-boy drawings that are very much like it, but every one of the queer birds and animals is a word, a sentence, or the seal of a king, and the priests who wrote them knew what they all meant, although there were so many figures to be learned that it took a long time to be able to read and write, but they did learn it after close study, and painted with a brush these strange letters on temples and tombs, wrote them with a reed pen on papyrus, or engraved them with a sharp piece of wood or ivory on wax.

Did you ever see any real papyrus, the great-great-grandfather of the paper that we use? It has a yellowish color and is easily broken, although rolls of it have been found in tombs thousands of years old.

Papyrus is made from the fibre of a plant that grew wild in some parts of Egypt, and was carefully cultivated in fields also. It is a sort of reed whose roots are good for food, whose outer stringy bark was used for making very good, strong rope, that would not rot in the water, and whose inner stem was composed of a great many thin, nearly transparent skin-like layers.



Egyptian with Hoe.



Chair.



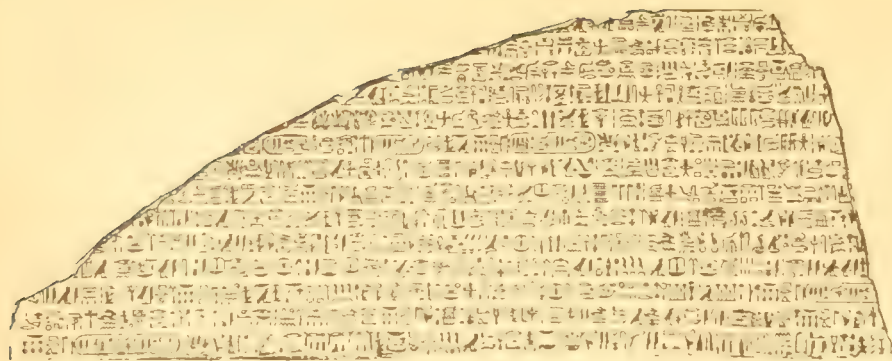
Papyrus Plant.



Rosetta Stone.



Head Rest.



Part of a papyrus scroll with hieroglyphs, from the tomb of Hunefer, Egypt, Museum.

These layers were carefully separated with a needle made for the purpose, and laid side by side until they formed a sheet the width convenient for use. Over these another layer was placed at right angles, and then they were covered all over with a kind of paste and put under great pressure, dried, and a good paper

was the result.

In writing a book the Egyptians attached a great many papyrus sheets to each other lengthwise, and when the book was completed these were simply rolled up and tied.

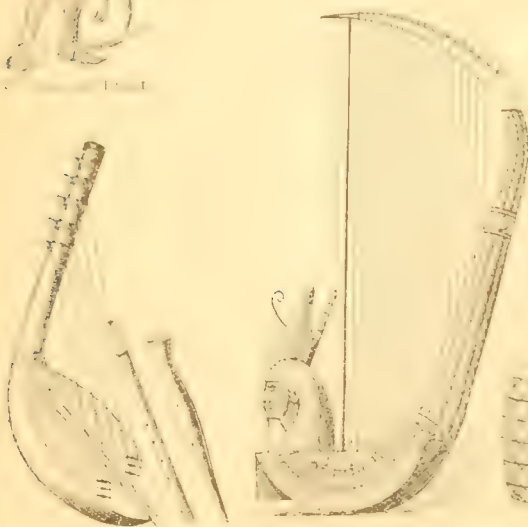
For ages there was no one in the world who could read this ancient Egyptian picture-writing or hieroglyphics, as it is called, but nearly a hundred years ago an accident led to its being found out. Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, had invaded Egypt, and sent one of his engineers to build a fort at the Rosetta mouth of the Nile.

In excavating for a foundation, the engineer found a stone about three feet long upon which several sentences were written in two kinds of hieroglyphics and in the Greek language.

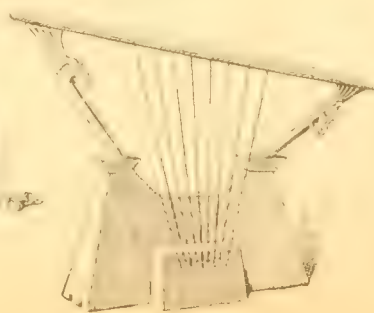
Of course Napoleon was curious to know what these sentences were, and set several scholars to work upon them to find out what was written on this Rosetta stone, as it was called. Knowing what the Greek sentences meant, they suspected that the hieroglyphics were the same words. After patient labor, they picked out the hieroglyphic alphabet and then were able to read what was written upon the walls of the tombs, palaces, pillars and temples, which, as I have told you, are scattered all through Egypt, and so by a lucky accident, new light was let in upon history, and we are able to know, through the labors of the great scholars of our time, the morals and religion of the Egyptians.

They believed in the existence of the soul after death, but that it lived thousands of years in the bodies of different animals, and then came back to the human body again. Of course it was necessary that the soul should find its own body ready for it, or I suppose it would wander around for other thousands of years, so the corpses of the dead were skillfully embalmed that they might never decay.

This process of embalming was performed by the priests, who knew all that was known of medicine and surgery, and they accompanied it with solemn ceremonies.



Museo. Hieroglyphs.





nies. It took seventy days to complete the embalming, and when it was done the corpse was wrapped tightly in bandages wet with chemicals, as many being put on as were thought necessary.

The mummy, as it is called, was then put into a case just large enough to fit it, and the embalmers covered the case all over with a net-work of porcelain beads, plastered it with a sort of stucco, and afterwards painted upon it figures of the gods, goddesses or sacred beasts and birds.

Before the mummy was laid away in the tomb, whether in life the person had been the king of the country or a despised swineherd, a rich man, or a strange beggar embalmed at public expense, the "Judges of the Dead" met, and any one who had a complaint of any kind to make did so, and if he could prove that the dead had been wicked or unjust in life, and was not fit to live again, the body was not given burial, but was thrown out in some place to be broken to pieces or kept in the house of a relative.

The reason for this peculiar and rather unjust custom, for of course there are usually two sides to every story of wrong, was said to be in the religion of the Egyptians, for they believed that the souls of the dead were tried by the gods, and if they were found wanting they had to spend their thousands of years of earthly life in unclean animals, such as pigs or monkeys.

Many of the ancient people, especially those living in warm countries, burned the bodies of their dead, but the Egyptian priests had equally good reasons against burning and burying corpses, and therefore not only religion, but prudence as well, also suggested the embalming, which they taught the people was a religious duty.

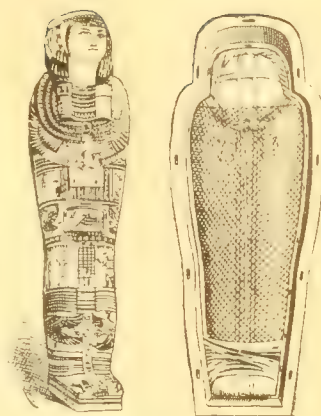
To burn dead bodies requires a large quantity of wood, and in all Egypt there was no wood except that of the fruit trees, and no other fuel except oil.

If they buried the dead without embalming them, even though they were put deep down in caverns under the ground, their decay would cause poisonous gases to find their way into the air, and that in such a hot country, would breed disease among the living.

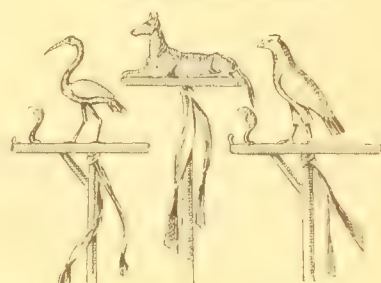
And, again, the yearly overflow of the Nile would wash the dead from their graves to cause pestilence, so the wisdom of embalming the dead and placing them in rock-hewn tombs, out of the reach of the Nile, or in the solid masonry of pyramids, may be easily seen.

These priests of ancient Egypt knew many things beside literature and medicine. They were the only learned people in the country, and were probably the only class that had a very clear idea about the gods, for Egypt had a god for every week, month and day in the year, with some to spare for weddings and extraordinary occasions.

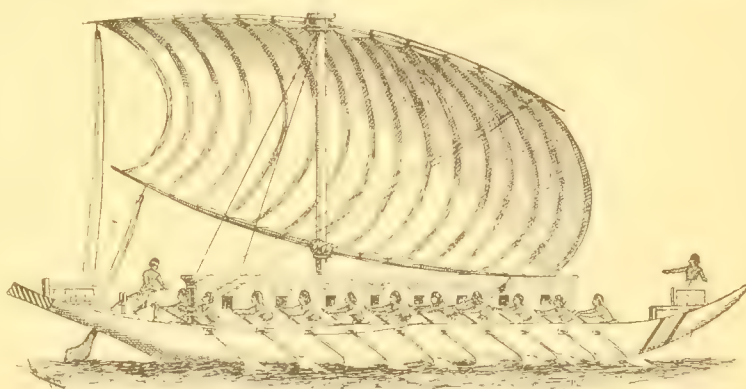
Perhaps the priests who made up the scheme of the Egyptian religion, or were all-powerful when the worship of the gods, that had



Mummy in Case with Cover.



Battle Standards.



Ancient Nile Barge.



Cleopatra's Profile.



been added one by one, became common, thought it too great a tax on a priest to worship more than one god; at any rate, each priest had to choose a certain god to serve, and then belong to a certain temple.

It would be tiresome to relate, and nearly impossible to remember, the names of all these gods, but you can easily understand the whole idea of the Egyptian religion if you will keep in mind the fact that they believed the earth and air, fire, water, and the different forces of nature were gods.

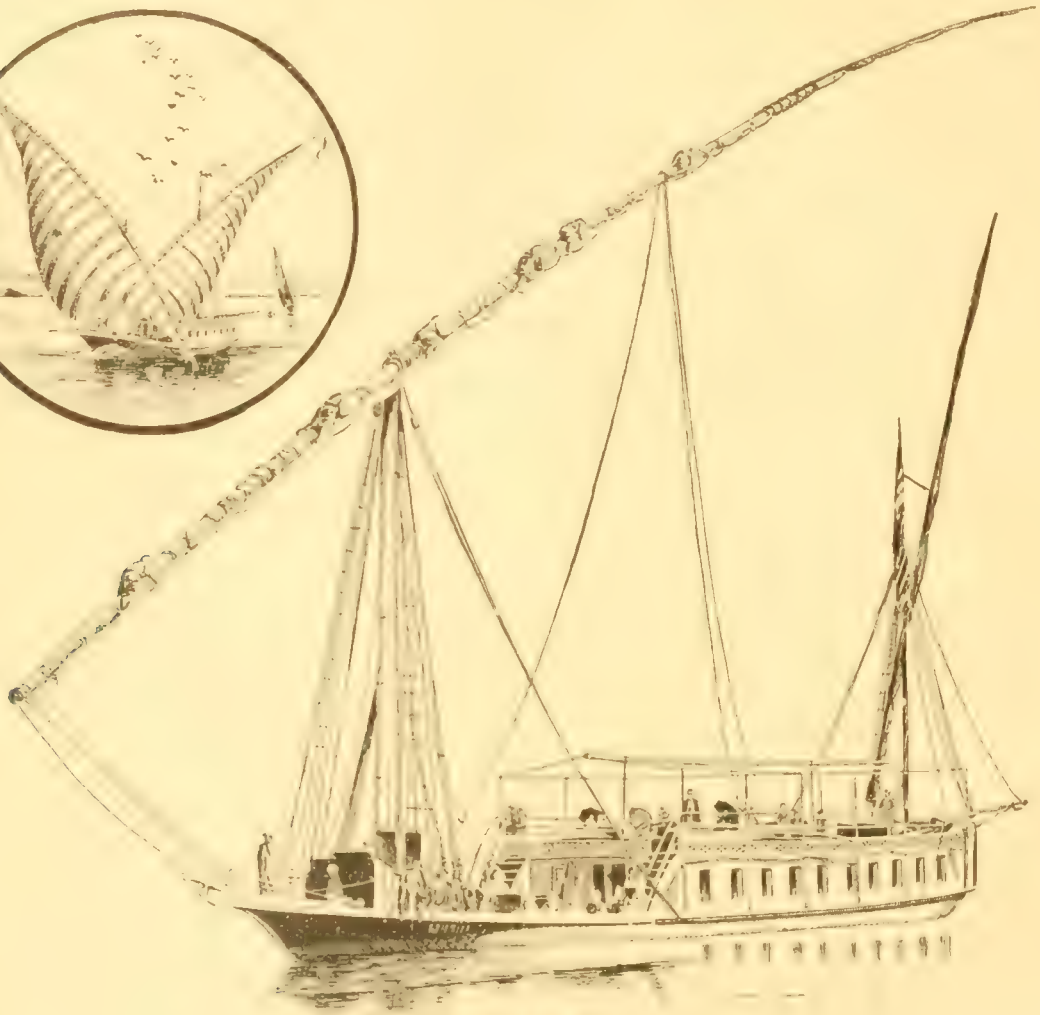


Illustration of a Modern N. V. R. B.

First of all, the many gods that were favorites with the people were Osiris and his wife Isis. Now without the Nile all of Egypt would have been a desert, and as Osiris represented water and Isis earth, it was not unnatural that the ignorant Egyptians, not understanding why the river should rise at a certain time every year, should see in it something divine, and should sing praises to the water that made the earth fruitful, offer it sacrifices and think it a god.

Horus, another of their gods, was really the mild, moist air of Egypt, and Typhon was the fire of the summer heat, which dried up the waters of the river so that the grain could be planted. Nephys was the desert, and Anubis the fertility born of the Nile when joined to the desert. Nephys was supposed to be the sister of Typhon. Phrah or Ra, the sun-god, was another of the chief



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## EGYPT.

gods of Egypt, and from him the name Pharaoh, which the Egyptians gave to their rulers, was taken. Nearly all of the Eastern nations worshipped the sun, and as it is the source of light and heat and without it nothing could live or grow, it is not strange that the Egyptians should give to their kings, the religious as well as political head of the nation, the name of Pharaoh.

Just when Egyptian history began nobody knows, but it was probably long before hieroglyphic writing was common, or building became one of the arts practiced by the people.

The Egyptians had a tradition that the gods were their first rulers, and perhaps it is true that they were ruled by men, no doubt foreigners, who were so much farther advanced in civilization than they themselves were, that they thought them gods.

Learned men have compared the ancient languages, styles of building, and customs of Egypt with those of other countries, and are convinced that Egyptian civilization, like that of every other country of which anything is known, did not begin in the country itself, but was brought to it by people who conquered the wild roving tribes, and taught them to till the soil, make pottery and construct buildings.

The conquerors of the Nile valley are believed to be Cushites, who, it is thought, were the first nation to become civilized, but if you should ask me who were the people that were conquered, I can only say native Africans, who are supposed to be the children of Ham, although Cush was a son of Ham, and the founder of the Cushite nation.

These Cushites are thought to have had a splendid civilization in their home in Central Arabia long before Egypt became even a kingdom, and that they sent out colonies to different countries and invaded neighboring nations.

Written history in Egypt dates back 3,000 years before Christ was born, when Menes, the first native king, founded the city of Memphis near the delta  $\Delta$  (mouth) of the Nile river. Menes was the first of a dynasty or line of kings, eight in number, of whom little is known except their names, and that they established the worship of the gods.

I have said that Menes founded the city of Memphis, so you see the Egyptians must have long known how to build edifices of stone, for Memphis was a great



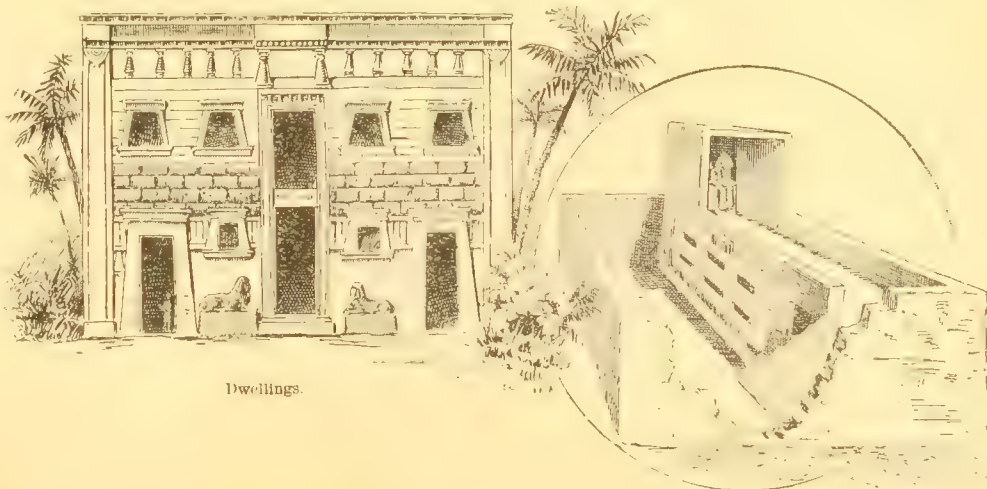
Musician with Lute.



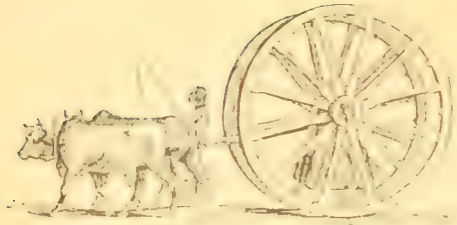
Costume of Queen.



Threshing sled



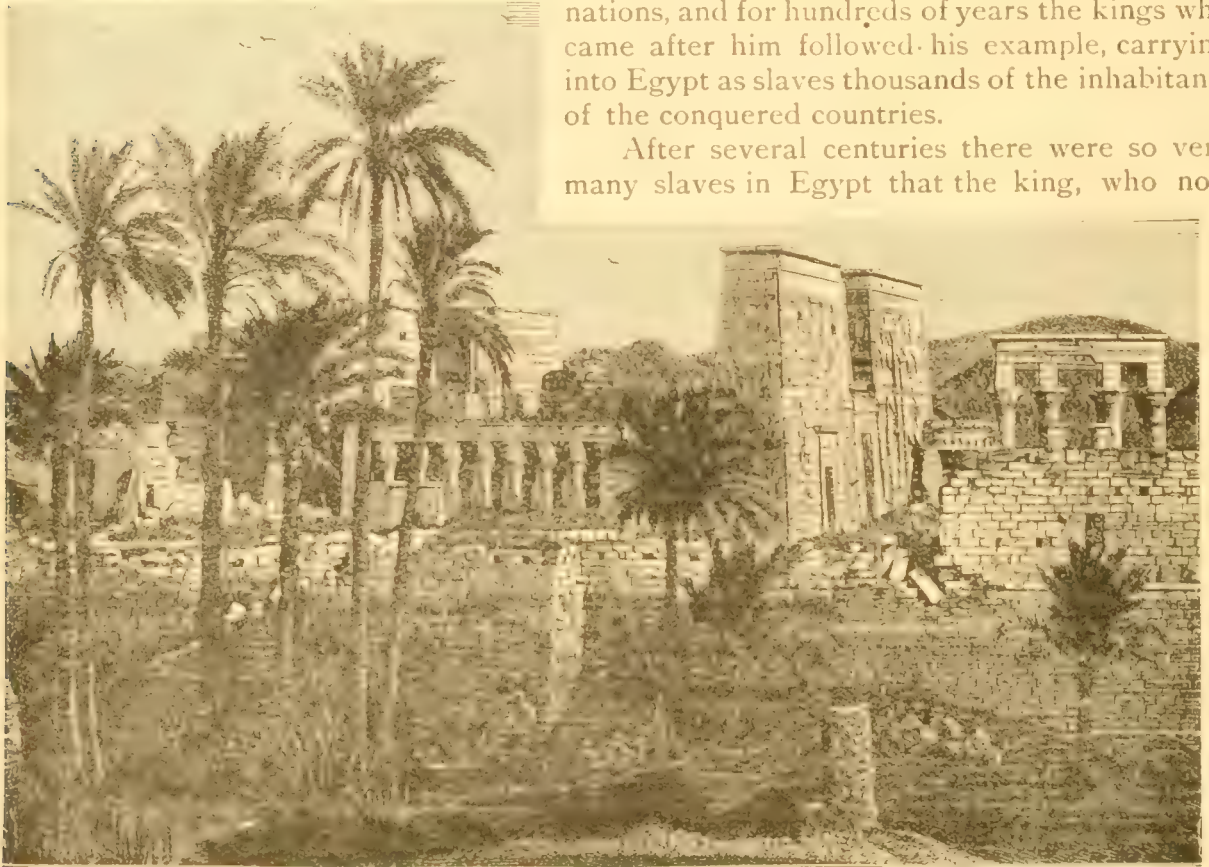
Dwellings.



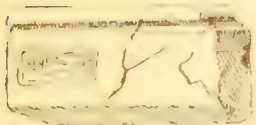
and beautiful city, and in the old tombs near Memphis there have been found vases and jars of baked and glazed clay, such as we use in these days, glass vessels, and hieroglyphic writing, and the mummies are wrapped in linen as fine as silk. So even as long ago as the days of Menes, the Egyptians knew how to do many things as well, or even better, than we do at present.

Menes began during his reign to conquer surrounding nations, and for hundreds of years the kings who came after him followed his example, carrying into Egypt as slaves thousands of the inhabitants of the conquered countries.

After several centuries there were so very many slaves in Egypt that the king, who now



The Temple of Isis



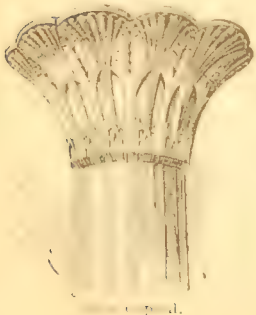
Block in Br. with Carving of Thothes III.

considered them his rightful property, began to make use of them in building public works, digging the many canals and constructing the celebrated pyramids, which have been the wonder of past ages, as they are likely to be of those that are to come.

Throughout all of Lower Egypt, as that part of the country bordering the Mediterranean is called, there are many of these great buildings, each of them requiring the work of thousands of slaves for years in their construction.

The pyramids are all a long distance from any place where stone could have been obtained, and the huge blocks, each weighing many tons, prepared in a way that showed the Egyptians to be acquainted with mathematics as well as architecture, were no doubt carried upon sledges for a long distance, and both in transporting and putting them in place must have required a vast amount of labor.

The pyramids are built of solid masonry, and their bases cover from six to thirteen acres in extent. In the center of one side an opening is cut and a passage leads down into chambers cut out of the masonry for

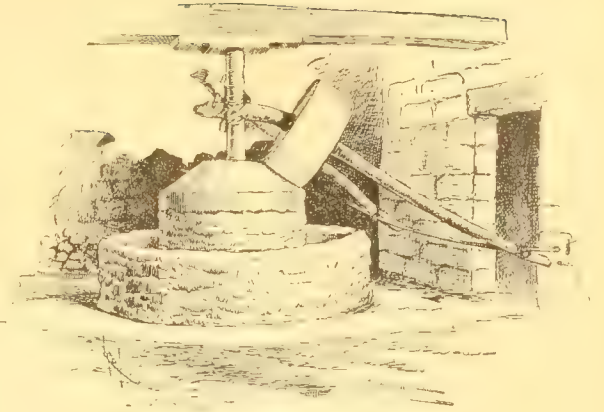




royal sepulchres. In some of the pyramids the passageway leads not only through the masonry, but down deep under the earth to the natural rock.

The monoliths and obelisks, which I have already told you were erected by the kings and painted or carved from top to bottom with hieroglyphic writing and pictures, were made of huge blocks of syenite, a kind of sandstone quarried in Syene, a city of southern Egypt, now called Assouan.

Where colors are used in these paintings they are still remarkably bright, for the dry,



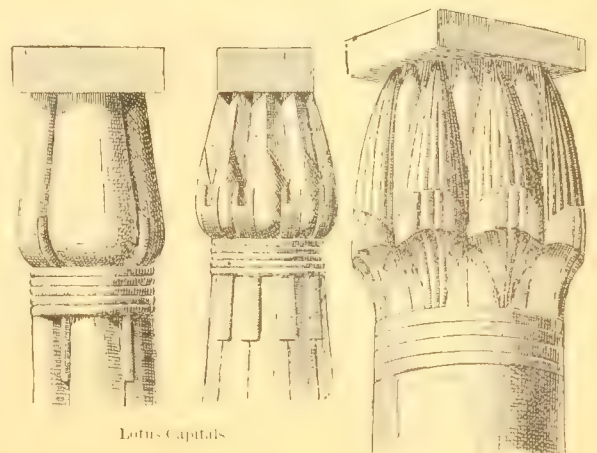
Plaster Mill.



Sedan Chair.

pure air of Egypt has little effect upon them, and they were not painted directly upon the stone itself, but upon the stucco, with which the stone had been coated, to prevent the pigment sinking into the pores.

Each king seems to have vied with those who had preceded him in the number and magnificence of the monuments he built. How many unhappy slaves must have perished in the building of these! If the old quarries, mines and rocky hillsides of Egypt could reveal their secrets they might tell sad tales, for the blood



Lotus Capitals





WHEELING

too hard to be borne. In fact the whole people, with the exception of the priests and officers, were little better off than the slaves, and drudgery, blows, extortion, and every manner of wrong was heaped upon them by their rulers until their spirit was broken and the strength of the nation

and tears of myriads of human beings were shed to gratify the vanity of kings whose very names are forgotten, but the work of the despised slaves remains to mock the vanished greatness of masters who imagined that their renown would echo through all time, and their glory astonish all nations.

To keep hundreds of thousands of slaves at work required a large number of guards, taskmasters and overseers, and as the army was thus employed, the soldiers became lazy, idle fellows, the military spirit declined, and with it the patriotic feeling of the great masses of the people who were so heavily taxed to supply material for the kings' palaces, temples, tombs and other buildings, and food for the kings' slaves, that life seemed almost



Slaves at Work on the Great Pyramid



Heads of Two Egyptian Women

sapped. When Memphis began to decline Thebes, a city in southern Egypt, had grown into such power that during the reign of the twelfth dynasty of kings, it became the capital of southern Egypt. The palaces, temples, obelisks, statues and other public works of "the hundred gated Thebes" must have been wonderful in the days of her glory, for even now in their ruins they are considered the most marvelous of human structures.

Twenty-three miles in length and seven miles in width, upon both banks of the Nile, Thebes was probably as large a city as is Chicago or New York, and carried on a commerce with the whole known world. Her priests were celebrated



for their learning, and her artists executed the most perfect specimens of Egyptian art.

Egypt at this time was divided into five kingdoms, but the Pharaohs of Thebes outshone all the others of Egypt in the brilliancy of their conquests and grandeur of their public works.

One of the Theban kings constructed the famous labyrinth, a royal tomb with 3,000 rooms, the 1,500 above ground being of solid stone, entirely covered with sculpture, and the 1,500 below ground being the sepulchres for the Theban kings and sacred crocodiles. The roof of this gigantic building was like the wall, of stone, and "every court was surrounded with a colonnade of white stones exquisitely fitted together."

It was when Thebes was thus glorious that northern Egypt was overrun by a horde of half-naked barbarians, called Hyskos or Shepherd Kings, who pillaged the temples, burned cities, murdered people, and finally made themselves master of the whole Lower Nile country, ruling the inhabitants with ten-fold greater cruelty than had their own oppressive Pharaohs.

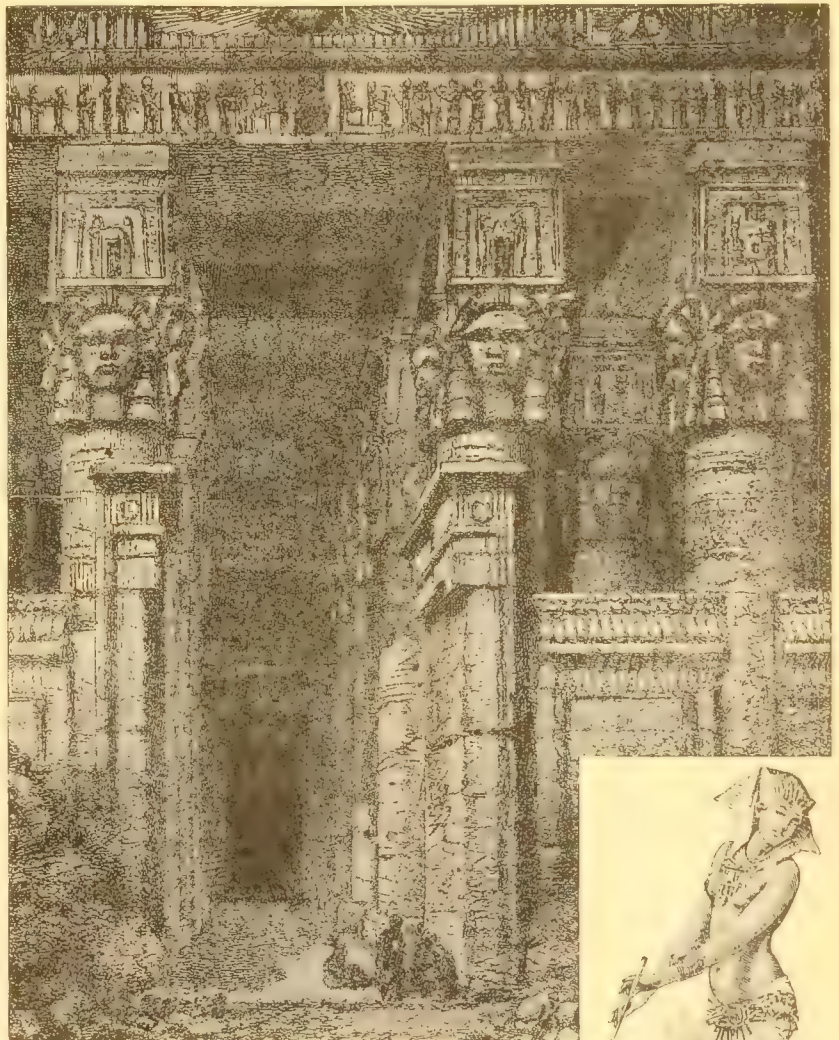
Nearly three hundred years the Hyskos maintained themselves in the sacred places of Egypt, and Thebes herself was taken and sacked and her priests enslaved.

This dreadful three hundred years is a blank in Egyptian history, for no records were made during the time, and many that had been made before were destroyed. We do not even know for a certainty who the Shepherd Kings were, although they were either wandering Berbers from the desert, or Hittites from Syria. It was in the year 1600 B. C., that Amosis, king of Thebes, who held his crown by paying a large sum every year to the Shepherd Kings, roused the Egyptian people to throw off the yoke of the barbarians, and drive them from the country. When this was done Amosis united the five kingdoms into one, with Thebes as its capital, and began the new empire which lasted a thousand years.

The spirit that had made the Egyptians a great people revived, and encouraged by their success in driving out the Shepherd Kings, they



Egyptian Lady and Donkey.



Temple of Dendurah.



Dancing Girl.



Papyrus Boat.

gradually extended their conquests into foreign countries, and at the head of great armies their Pharaohs invaded Ethiopia, Arabia and Syria, and even planted their sacred standards beyond the Euphrates.

It was in the early period of the new empire that horses and war chariots were first used in the Egyptian army, and mounted soldiers became as formidable to the enemies of the empire as the Egyptian bowmen had always been.

No doubt the return of the victorious host to the capital after an expedition against a foe, was a splendid sight that thrilled the hearts of those who witnessed it, as all such sights do even yet, for although war is terrible, there is something in the uniforms, glittering weapons and swaying banners that makes the pulses leap and the eyes brighten, of those who see in them the visible symbol of order and government, the spirit that risks life at the call of the state, the courage that fears nothing.

First of all rode the cavalry, each horse's bridle gaily decked with gold and gems, and the riders with helmets shining and lances flashing in the sunlight, while the people shouted and cast flowers and palm branches before them, and the white-robed priests with lotus flowers in their hands, chanted praises to the gods.

After the cavalry came the king in his golden chariot, drawn by snow-white horses, whose harness and trappings glittered with jewels. Surrounding the king's chariot were the flower of the army, horse and foot, and before and behind walked the priests, carrying the sacred banners.

Beside the charioteer, in his armor of mail, stood the king, his royal robes falling to his feet, his jeweled collar reaching half-way to his waist, and his helmet bearing the symbol of Ra.

With his hand grasping the sceptre, and his eyes looking neither to the right or left, he was borne forward, while as he passed, the people were silent, prostrate upon their faces, to do him homage.

Following the king's body-guard, came thousands upon thousands of foot soldiers, each troop armed with maces, lances and shields, while over them floated the banner of their especial deity, and before them

driven by cords fastened about their elbows, were long lines of captives taken in battle.

The priests carrying the scrolls upon which were recorded the names of those who had slain enemies in battle, marched with the several troops, for when an Egyptian soldier killed an enemy he cut off a hand or foot to carry to the priest-scribe, who credited him with it on the scroll, and set down his name so that when the treasure was divided each soldier might be rewarded according to the number he had slain, the bloody trophies of their valor being kept in baskets and counted in the presence of the king.

Next came numerous low two-wheeled war chariots, in which were two warriors, one as driver and one as fighter, and last of all the vans loaded with booty, under guard of soldiers, and the baggage, scaling ladders and stores of the army.

Rameses the Great, whom the Greeks called Sessotris, was one of the most famous kings of the new empire, and by far the greatest warrior of ancient Egypt.

The old historians tell us that Rameses grew up in his father's palace at Thebes,



Lotus Flower and Leaf.





and as playmates and companions he had all the other boys in the kingdom who were born on the same day that he was, for his father determined to educate Rameses and these lads together so that when he grew up he would have true friends who would be bound to him by the close ties of early affection.

These lads were all treated exactly alike, and the young king fared no better than the humblest born of them all. They were early trained to bear hunger, pain and weariness patiently; to use bows, arrows and other war-like weapons; to run, leap and throw the javelin.

When his father died and Rameses became the Pharaoh, he had for his officers those who had been his companions in boyhood, and who, as men, had been as dear to him and to each other as brothers, and his whole after success was no doubt greatly due to the wisdom of his father in thus providing him with trustworthy men to aid him in his undertakings.

One of Rameses' first acts after becoming Egypt's Pharaoh, was to divide his kingdom into thirty-six states, each to be governed by a trusted officer, who was to be accountable to Armais, the Pharaoh's brother for the conduct of the affairs in his particular territory, and then with six hundred thousand foot soldiers, twenty-four thousand horse and twenty-seven thousand chariots, he set forth to conquer the world, which in that day meant southern and southwestern Asia.

This vast army was not all the fighting force of Egypt, for enough had been left at home to protect the kingdom and it was probably largely made up of slaves taken in former wars.

To transport these troops was no small undertaking, but Rameses succeeded in doing so, and with four hundred war vessels, which he had caused his troops to build on the shores of the Red Sea, he conquered the coasts and islands of neighboring countries as far east as the Ganges, and as I have already related, several other countries of Africa and western Asia.

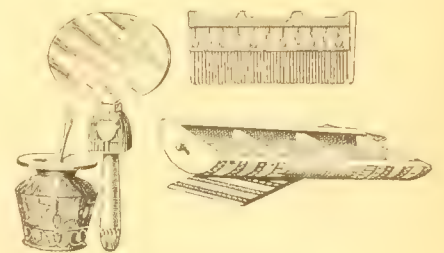
After an absence of nine years Rameses returned to Egypt laden with slaves and treasures, and caused his triumphs to be recorded at Tanis and left memorials of his greatness not only in Egypt, but in Nubia and Ethiopia. At Thebes was a grand palace that had been



Procession of Sacred Bull Apis



Wine Press



Toilet Articles



War Chariot

left unfinished by the father of Rameses, this the son finished, and completed, also, a magnificent temple begun by a former king, placing huge statues of himself before them so that none might forget that it was he, Rameses, who had brought them to perfection.

On the rich land at the eastern side of the mouth of the Nile, the city of Pelusium, a great commercial port had long been built and carried on a great trade with the countries along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The passage from this place to Heliopolis, near the point where the Nile divides into several mouths, was often troubled by wandering bands of Arabs. Rameses caused a high wall to be built along the route between the two cities to protect that portion of Egypt from plundering barbarians, and he cut a great canal from Mem his to the sea.

A hundred and fifty years before the reign of Rameses, and about half a century before Amosis drove the Shepherd Kings from Egypt, the children of Jacob, the Hebrew patriarch, settled in a fertile strip of land, just below the delta, called the Land of Goshen.

They increased and multiplied, and tending their flocks, sowing and reaping their grain, lived happy, prosperous, pastoral lives, refusing, however, to forsake the worship of the great God of their fathers, or to

honor the gods of the Egyptians.

These Hebrews were neither builders nor manufacturers, craftsmen nor artists, but simple shepherds and farmers, and the Egyptians, who loved to congregate in cities and live a commercial life weaving, carving, buying and selling the products of skilled industry had little sympathy with the people of Goshen, and although they treated them kindly at first, soon began to be suspicious and unjust to them, especially as they saw that they were rapidly becoming wealthy, and were likely to be a power in the land.

After several years the Pharaohs began to treat them almost as cruelly as they did the slaves taken in war. They were made to labor on the public works without receiving any hire, and were flogged and even killed by their cruel taskmasters if they

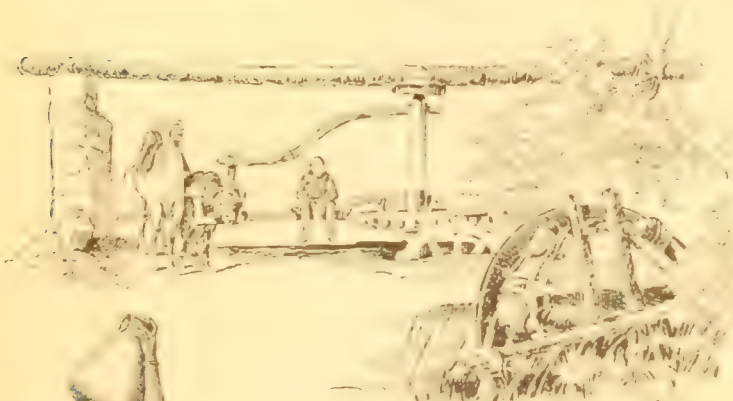
happened to displease them. Rameses the Great made the Hebrews help dig his canal and build his great wall, and Maneptha, his son, put such heavy tasks upon them that they rebelled, as it was strange they did not do long before.

Moses had grown up in the palace, and was in high favor with the Pharaoh until he killed an Egyptian whom he saw mistreating a Hebrew, then he was obliged to flee for his life.

When he heard of the rebellion of his kindred



Snake



People



Woman and Child



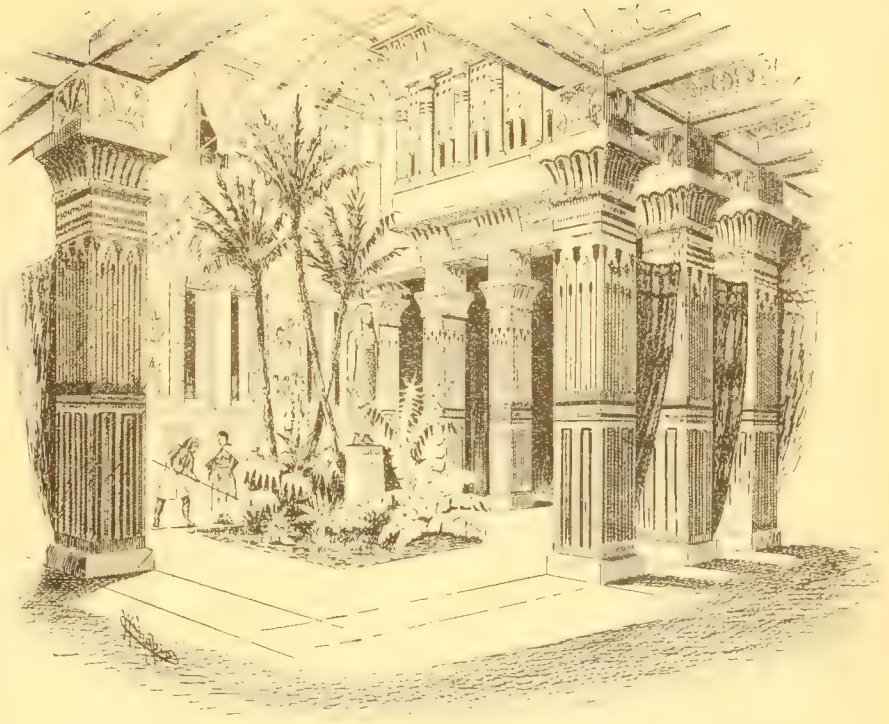
Man carrying basket



Wigs and Head-Dresses



against the king, he returned to Egypt and begged him to let the Children of Jacob go back to their own country, which was in western Asia. The Bible tells us of the wonders that Moses performed before the Pharaoh, and the plagues God sent upon Egypt before the Hebrews were allowed to depart, and how, when the two million men, women and children from the Land of Goshen reached the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his army, for the king had repented his promise and was following the Hebrews to bring them back, the waters divided and the Hebrews passed dry-shod through them, but Pharaoh and his army who were close behind them were drowned.



Interior of Palace.

The Egyptian story of the exodus of the Hebrews declares that the people of Goshen called the Shepherd Kings again into Egypt, drove Meneptha into Ethiopia, and dwelt with the Hyskos thirteen years in the sacred cities, until Meneptha came back with a great army and drove them into Asia.

The Bible account, however, has never been doubted by historians, and to this day, upon the eastern borders of the Red Sea, is shown the "Valley of Wandering," where the Hebrews suffered for their disobedience and murmuring against God.

After the death of Maneptha and two other kings of his line, a new dynasty of twelve kings reigned in Egypt, only one of whom, Rameses III, the second of the line, who ascended the throne 1269 B. C., did much to maintain the power or glory of the empire.

For three hundred years after the death of Rameses III the strength of Egypt steadily declined, while that of the nations in western Asia was as gradually increasing, and in 632 B. C., when Psammitichus was the reigning Pharaoh, Assyria, then the greatest



RAMESSES THE GREAT.  
The oppressor of the Jews, from a photograph of his mummy discovered in 1881



Egyptians in Battle with the Ethiopians



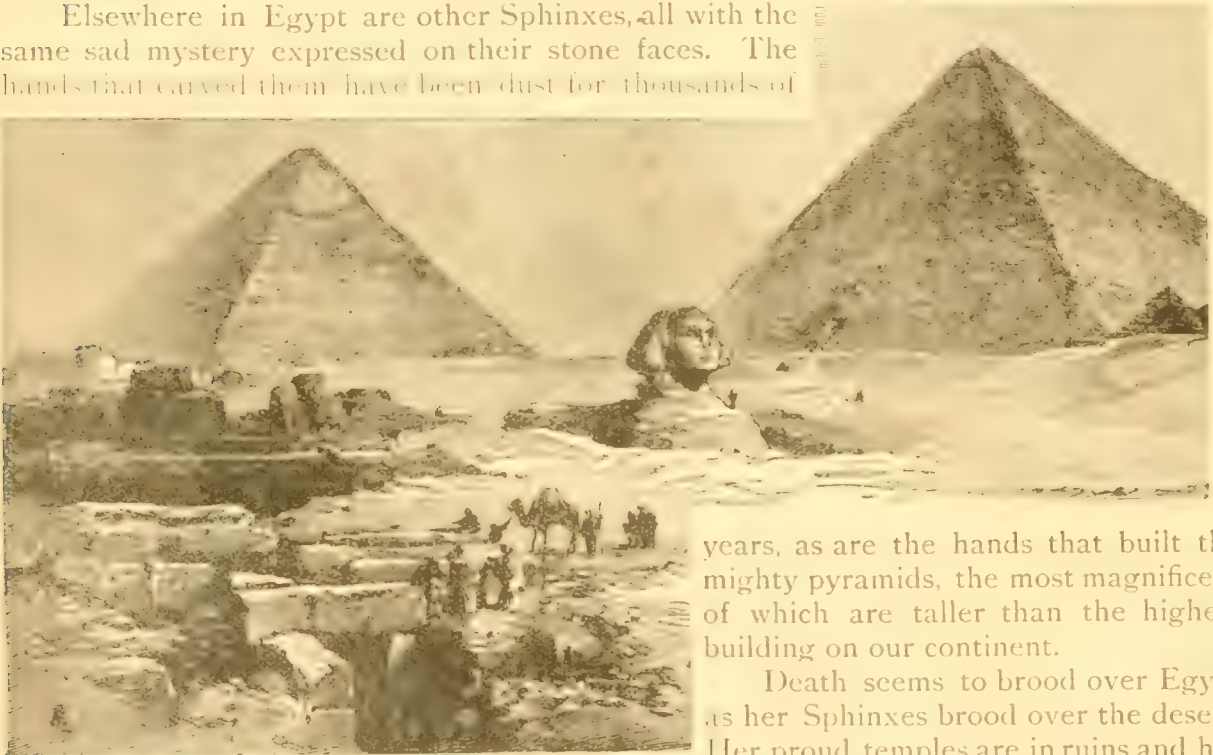


power in the world, conquered Egypt and made it pay heavy tribute.

Neko, the next Pharaoh, a brave and determined man, and a good soldier, tried hard to restore the old glory of the empire, as did also his son Amasis, but it was gone forever, and in less than a hundred years after it had been compelled to accept its first foreign master, Egypt had to bow her proud neck to a still heavier yoke, that of Camby-ses the Persian, and from that day to this it has been governed by foreigners, crushed under the oppression of ambitious conquerors, whose policy has made the fair Nile valley a wilderness.

Near the Great Pyramid of Gizeh is a colossal statue of a reclining lion, with a woman's head. The face is one of strength, dignity, calmness and mystery, and this Sphinx, as it is called, seems to brood over some problem too deep for the mind of man to fathom.

Elsewhere in Egypt are other Sphinxes, all with the same sad mystery expressed on their stone faces. The hands that carved them have been dust for thousands of



years, as are the hands that built the mighty pyramids, the most magnificent of which are taller than the highest building on our continent.

Death seems to brood over Egypt as her Sphinxes brood over the desert. Her proud temples are in ruins and her palaces have become heaps of crumbling

stone, the haunts of serpents and wild beasts.

Here and there a pictured column or a giant statue still stand like ghosts of the past, to whom the memory of old days is so dear that they haunt the spots where they were happy.

The hand of time and the barbarian have been laid heavily upon the "queen of the world," the "hundred-gated Thebes," and her heaped ruins only remind the nations of her former greatness, while many of her sister cities have utterly vanished from the earth, and even their sites are no longer remembered.

Sitting in the shadow of broken statues and pillars, travelers see to-day figures like those of the sculptures upon the columns above them, but in their faces is the sadness of a race whose past holds for them no inspiration, and whose earthly future has no promise of greatness.

Even the gods are dead, for they were the gods made by the people who worshipped them, and when the sun sets, from Elephantis to the



Mediterranean, from the desert to the Red Sea, where once the priests of Osiris and Ra chanted their evening hymns, and the virgin priestesses of Isis performed their mysteries, turbaned Moslems kneel with their faces to the east and mutter "Allah il Allah," "Great is God, there is no God but God," while Christians who have journeyed over land and sea to view the relics of a nation that died before those of Europe were born, say too, "God is Great."



Grinding Corn.

I shall tell you in another place how Egypt, after a long period of oppression, wars and trials, under which she sunk so low that there seemed no resurrection of her ancient glories; again arose like the enchanted princess, from her hundred year's sleep and astonished the whole world. From out her bosom when in her first prime, she sent a stream of influence that watered the land of Greece, gathered into a life-giving torrent which overflowed the whole East, and finally, like a tidal wave, sinking into the peace of the wide ocean from which it came; this

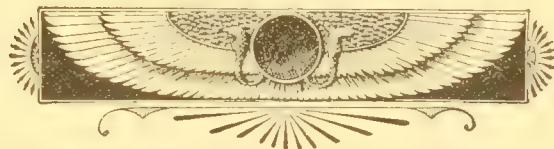
stream returned again to her bosom, fertilized her dead civilization and gave it a brief yet splendid period of life.

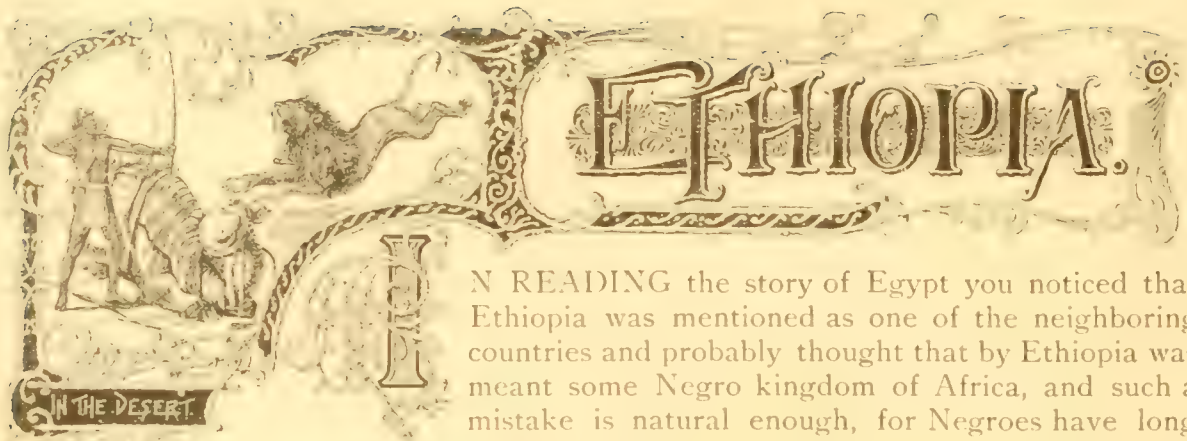
This stream carried to Europe, and even to us of this day, the life germs of a grand civilization; and though Egypt is dead, her soul has had its transmigration to the body of other nations.

Egypt's doom may be that of our own nation, but future peoples may read our history to some good purpose if they find that we fulfill our destiny as did she who left her great acquirements in science, art and literature, a deathless heritage to posterity, even though her gold, land and treasure became the prey of little conquerors and warring kingdoms.



Pharaoh Calling to Pharaoh





IN READING the story of Egypt you noticed that Ethiopia was mentioned as one of the neighboring countries and probably thought that by Ethiopia was meant some Negro kingdom of Africa, and such a mistake is natural enough, for Negroes have long been called Ethiopians, although very few of them can rightfully claim that name.

Ethiopia is mentioned in the oldest writings of the Greeks as a "divided land," and in the Bible Ethiopia means central and western Arabia, and it was "divided" by the Red Sea, for the Cushites, who had conquered Egypt, had probably founded a colony and named it for the mother country, either before or about the time they conquered Egypt.

Now whether Ethiopia learned of the Egyptians how to build, weave, make pottery, write in hieroglyphics, and worship the gods, or whether Ethiopia was the teacher of Egypt we can not say, for it is not known whether the Cushites entered the Nile Valley from the Mediterranean or from the shores of the Red Sea, and the mists of the far-off past so shroud the beginnings of both nations that we shall probably never find out which was the oldest.



Dwellings.

Look again upon the map of Africa, just south of Egypt, and you will see Nubia and Abyssinia, although you can nowhere find on a modern map Ethiopia, for it has disappeared from the map of nations, but Ethiopia embraced those two countries, and several others near them.

That part of the Nile which runs through Nubia contains several great cataracts, the first one being very near the southern boundary line of Egypt, so it was impossible for boats to navigate the stream upon that account, but nevertheless Ethiopia became in very early days a great commercial country, for that portion of the empire which bordered the Red Sea possessed several fine harbors where ships from the far east could anchor safely to discharge their cargoes of rich carpets, silks, jewelry, carvings, spices, cotton and linen cloth, and receive in return the gold-dust, ivory, dates and wax from the interior of Ethiopia, and the various grains raised in the river valley.

Like Egypt, Ethiopia was yearly enriched by the overflow of the Nile and the fields were equally fertile, but on both the eastern and western sides of the rich valley



were vast stretches of sandy desert, and the hills not being high enough to protect the low river lands from the shifting sands that year by year, and century by century, drifted nearer and nearer the Nile, the blooming valleys were little by little swallowed up by the desert, villages and towns blotted out, and even pyramids, obelisks and tombs were covered so deeply that no trace of them could be seen from the upper world.

This is especially true in central and southern Ethiopia, where many such monuments have been found deep down under the surface of the desert, but in the northern part, which is better protected by hills, monuments, rivaling those of Thebes in splendor still stand to challenge the admiration of the traveler.

The greatest city of ancient Ethiopia was Meroe, and when it was in the height of its glory, even Thebes was not grander, although it was never noted for the learning of its priests, as was the former city, and left very few written records either upon papyrus, obelisks or temples.

In fact all that we know of ancient Ethiopia we have learned from a few monumental obelisks and from the stories painted or carved on the walls of rock-hewn tombs and temples, but from these we are convinced that the Ethiopians worshipped the gods common in Egypt, and that they were sometimes ruled by queens as well as kings.

Rameses the Great, and other Pharaohs before him, invaded Ethiopia, and carried away thousands of its people as slaves, and for several centuries after we first hear of Ethiopia, it is always as a conquered nation, paying tribute to Egypt, but there was a certain Ethiopian king who conquered all of Egypt during the period known in the history of that country as the "New Empire," and who entered Asia with an army and marched to the help of the people of Jerusalem, then threatened by the Assyrians.

From that time until the empire began to be torn by the quarrels of various tribes, Ethiopia had a great reputation among the other nations, and the most extravagant stories were told of its wealth.

These stories reached the ears of Cambyses when he was in the height of his victorious career in Egypt, and he determined to march against Ethiopia and make himself master of Africa, as he already was of western Asia.

The prisoners he took from among the Ethiopian fishermen on the shores of the Red Sea, told him that they had heard that at Meroe gold was so plentiful that the plates and drinking vessels of the common people were made of it, that all the weapons of the soldiers were of gold, as well as the chains of the prisoners and the armor worn by the warriors in battle, and that iron was unknown.

They related, too, that food was so abundant in the capital city, that every night a vast plain in the suburbs known as "The Table of the Sun," was covered with platters of boiled flesh, set there by order of the king, so that no one in his kingdom need go hungry. The country itself, according to these fishermen, was a paradise, in which men never grew old. This latter story



Bellows and Pottery.



Type of Ethiopian.



Type of Ethiopian.



Ethiopian Queen.



Type of Ethiopian.



MEROE. ETHIOPIA.

them. He sent also presents of gold and a cask of wine.



FACONIA.

tempt Cambyses into Ethiopia, although if they told him anything of the difficulty of reaching the heart of the kingdom he paid no attention to it, and finally set out across the terrible desert, whose heat, storms of sand and lack of water were

was partly true. Men never grew old in Ethiopia because they were given no chance to do so, for when they showed signs of the feebleness of age their dutiful sons took them to some retired spot and killed them.

The Persian king must have been very easily deceived, for no matter how improbable the stories related by these fishermen, he seems to have believed them all, and while he was preparing to invade the country he sent ambassadors, or agents, to the Ethiopian king to tell him of the power of the Persians, and that he had better submit peaceably and pay tribute to

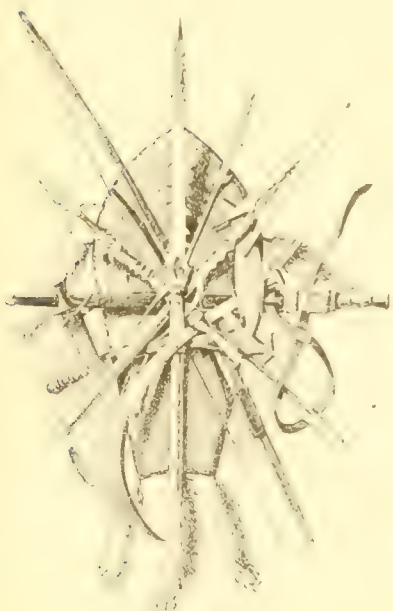
The Ethiopian king viewed the presents with much contempt, and when upon making inquiries, he found that the Persians ate bread made of grain, drank wine, and lived to be seventy or eighty years old, he paraded his gigantic warriors before the ambassadors, and refused to treat with them at all, telling them that people who lived on the boiled and dried flesh of camels and wild game, and lived to be two hundred years old, had no cause to dread such puny people as the Persians.

He told them, too, that his people were a nation of warriors, and defied any power in the world to conquer them, so, of course, when the ambassadors returned to Cambyses and told him their experience at Meroe, he was all the more eager to advance.

These ambassadors, who were probably the same fishermen captives, may have had a good reason for trying to tempt Cambyses into Ethiopia, although if they told him anything of the difficulty of reaching the heart of the kingdom he paid no attention to it, and finally set out across the terrible desert, whose heat, storms of sand and lack of water were more powerful enemies than all the armies of the world would have been, and after untold suffering, and the loss of nearly his whole force in the desert, he was obliged to turn back and forever abandon the attempt to conquer the rich land to the south.

The Ethiopian kings were differently chosen from kings in most other countries. Usually when a king dies his oldest son or some near relative is made ruler, but in Ethiopia the priests, who were all-powerful, chose the king from among themselves.

When they became tired of the king, or he offended them in any way, they politely sent word to him to kill himself, and then they conferred the honor of kingship on another priest, although he



Abyssinian Armour.



Warrior.



must have been a brave priest indeed, who was willing to accept the crown under such circumstances.

Strangely enough, every king commanded by their priests to commit suicide did so, for there was a law of the country which obliged every offender convicted of serious crime, to kill himself in his own house or in some quiet place, and as secretly as possible, and it is said that no one ever attempted to escape the doom, but I have no doubt that the wide desert and wandering Arab tribes became the refuge of many an Ethiopian condemned to death.

This custom of getting rid of an unpopular king continued until about 300 B. C. A certain priest, Ergamenes by name, was king at that time, and having offended his



Hunting Rhinoceros.

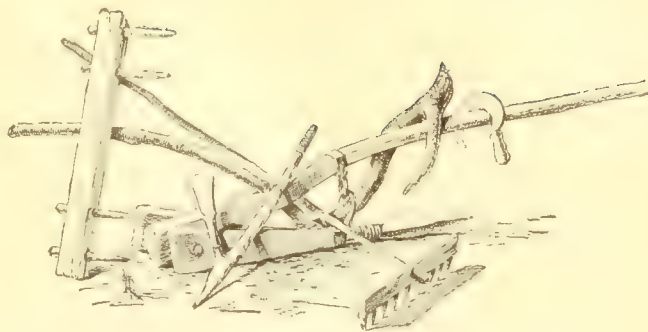
brother priests, they sent him a cup and a dagger as a gentle hint to him that he had lived long enough, and that he had better either poison or stab himself. Ergamenes was evidently unwilling to give up either his kingdom or his life, and he assembled his army, drove the priests into their temples, which then became sort of fortresses, killed them all after a series of sieges, and set up a new religion.

After the time of Ergamenes the kings were chosen as they are in other countries, and it was decided that if they were condemned to die it was to be by regular judges, and they were to be executed by regular executioners, although we have no record that any king was afterward thus put to death.

Although Cambyses failed to conquer Ethiopia, one of the Persian kings who came after him, succeeded in doing so, and the Romans and Saracenes in their turn claimed tribute of her, but the desert conquered even the conquerors, and invaded their fields and buried those of the southland.

The cities by the "sweet-watered Nile," that were Ethiopia's glory, are in ruins, the once fair valleys dead and desolate, and only her rock-hewn and sculptured tombs are left to remind us of her old grandeur, and the old worship of her gods.

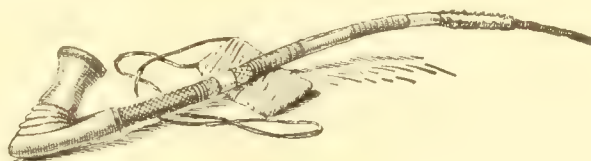
As a link in the chain of history is her story told, and in Egypt and Ethiopia the great civilization of the Nile Valley began and ended, although thousands of years of growth, development, glory and decay lay between their birth and death.



Agricultural Implements.



Costume of Nobleman.



# CHALDÆA



ALTHOUGH the great civilization of the Cushites had passed away long before the days of early Egyptian history, the story of the different Cushite tribes or colonies that went out from the land of Cush, in Central Arabia, forms a great part of ancient history. Such a colony had found a home on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, in the lower part of their course, and upon the shores of the Persian Gulf, into which those rivers empty, about the time that the pyramids were being built in Egypt, of which I have told you



Restored Assyrian Temple

This Cushite colony had chosen wisely the land upon which it settled, for the narrow strip of country bordering the Arabian desert and watered by the two great rivers, was fair and fruitful, and there grew up and flourished the first empire in southwestern Asia that is known to history.

Along the Euphrates, which, like the Nile, overflowed that part of its course and fertilized the land, great groves of date-palms grew,

and from them were obtained not only the luscious and nourishing fruit, but wines, sugar and syrup.

The rolling plains and gentle slopes were covered with a verdant carpet of grass, green throughout the year, except in midsummer, when the "kasmin," or hot desert-wind blew, and clusters of willows and poplars showed silvery green by the side of the palm groves and along the river's edge.

Nature is said, in some regions of the world, to be like a harsh and cruel step-mother, but certainly in Chaldæa, as the Cushites along the Persian Gulf called their country, she was an over indulgent parent.

Wheat grew wild upon the river-lands, so that they who wanted bread had but to go forth and gather the grain, and when cultivated in the fields it produced such a wonderful crop that foreigners who saw it growing or stored in the overflowing granaries, were astounded. The straw and leaves were so tall and thick that in cutting the



Gathering Dates.



grain only the heads were taken. The country of Chaldæa in the early summer must have been fair to the eye. Everywhere the dwarf cypress drooped its feathery branches among the other forest trees scattered about over plains, yellow with ripening grain, bright with flowers of every color, and gay with the hum of insects and song of birds.

If the daughters of Egypt, who were carried into foreign captivity, died of longing for the green fields and blue skies of their native land, how sad must have been Chaldæan hearts when far from the fair valleys and verdure-clad hillsides of their home.

In Egypt rain never falls, but in Chaldæa during November and December there are heavy rains, and sometimes light frost, and this winter season is the most delightful of the year, for the frosts are never heavy enough to blight the vegetation, and the rains make it luxuriant and beautiful.

As they were able, on account of favoring climate and fertile soil, to live without much labor, the Chaldæans early grew wealthy, encouraged art, literature and science, and their priests were the most learned people of ancient times, the benefit of whose wisdom we are now enjoying in many ways, for a large part of what we know of mathematics, astronomy and the mechanical sciences was discovered by them.

It was the Chaldæans who divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, and finally corrected the calendar, and devised a system of weights and measures for ordinary articles, and for gold and silver, and the characters we use to represent ounces, scruples and drams in weighing drugs are the old Chaldæan symbols.

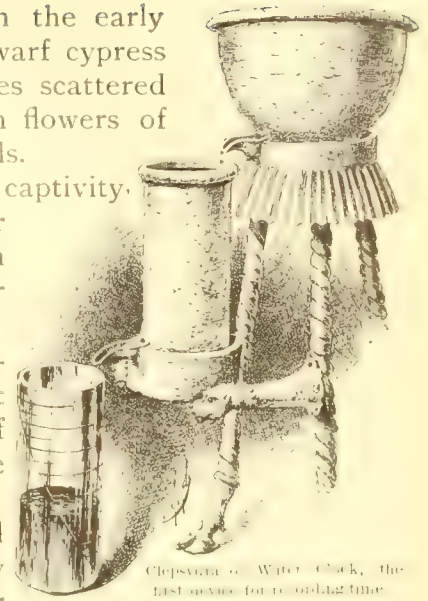
The air of Chaldæa was remarkably pure and clear, and upon their vast plains the moon and stars shone so brilliantly at night that they could not fail to attract the attention, at a very early period, of students, and these observing that at different times in the year the sun rose and set near different groups of stars, made a map of the sky and learned to measure distances in the heavens.

They observed eclipses too, and calculated when they would recur as cleverly as the most learned of our modern astronomers.

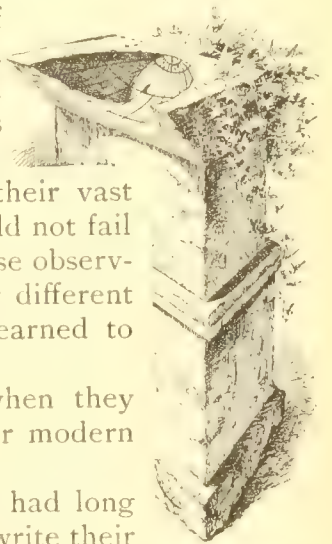
The Chaldæans had traditions or stories that had long been told from father to son, when they began to write their history. Of course a nation that is able to write history is civilized; otherwise it would care nothing for history.

The Chaldæan historians make Nimrod, the son of Cush, of whom the Bible speaks, the founder of their first great city, Ur, and honored him as a god; naming a group of stars in the constellation Orion for him.

Nimrod, we are told in Scripture, was a mighty hunter and he probably gained his power over the various Chaldæan tribes by training a band of warriors to kill or drive out the lions and other wild beasts that infested the country, and afterwards united the many petty tribes into an empire.



Chaldean or Water Clock, the first device for recording time.



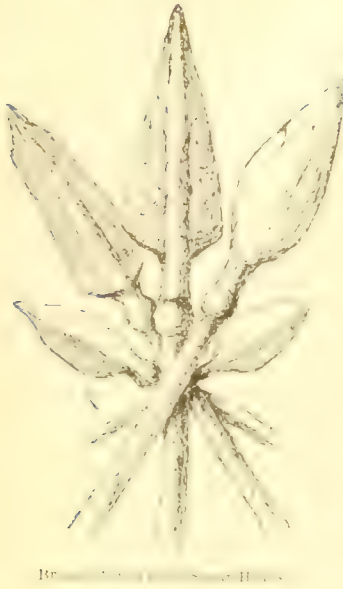
Ancient Sun Dial.



Warrior.



Cuneiform Writing on Tablets.



Had the Chaldæans built their palaces and temples as did the Egyptian and left upon them carven records, we might know more about the kind of people they really were; but there was no building stone in the whole country, and they used in its stead bricks made of clay, baked in ovens.

These they cemented together with a sort of pitch or bitumen which was very plentiful in the country, and although the buildings thus constructed answered the purpose, they did not have the durability to withstand time and war that stone has.

The common people built their houses of cypress wood or reeds, plastered together with river mud and of course of these there is not a trace, although the mounds covering ruins of Chaldæan cities contain many perfect bricks of the kind anciently used.

With a soil of great richness and with cheap food and plenty of building material, Chaldæa soon came to be thickly populated. Added to all the other advantages there were horses, buffalo, cattle, goats, sheep and dogs, that were natives of the Chaldæan plains and river lands, and it was an easy matter to tame them and make them useful.

The people had leisure time for doing ornamental work, and after they began to build cities, and there were many cities in Chaldæa, Uruk Babylon and Ur being the largest three, several arts were practiced.

The Chaldæans were the first gold, copper and bronze workers, the first gem-cutters and polishers and engravers, and as the people were fond of ornaments, they made rings, collars, bracelets and chains of all the precious metals.

The country in course of time became overcrowded and several tribes, among them the Hebrews and Assyrians, who were neighbors of the Chaldæans, went out from the portions of the country where they had no more room for the natural increase of their population, and founded new empires elsewhere.

I suppose you have heard people say that they "saw the new moon on the first day of the month and therefore would be lucky for thirty days," and have read about "lucky" and "unlucky" "stars." These superstitions are very old, for the Chaldæans believed in them, and their religion was a mass of superstitious nonsense, astronomy, and astrology, a pretended science, which finds in the stars conditions governing the actions of man.

The Chaldæan religion had in it the principles of other religions that afterward became common in Western Asia, and was not very different from that of Egypt, although they gave the gods different names from those borne in other countries.

I speak of "the gods" as though they had real existence, but of course you must keep in mind the fact that the gods of the ancients are but forces of nature under different names.

The Chaldæan god Il was said to be the father of all the gods and was supposed to live in the sky as did all the other gods; so perhaps the early Christian notion that God lived in the sky and Satan dwelt under the earth may have originated in Chaldæa, for many of our mistaken ideas are nearly



Flint and Stone Implements.



Winged God, Uruk.



as old as Father Time himself. Beside Il there was a sea god, a sun god, and five planet gods with their wives and a horde of lesser gods to suit the needs and wishes of everybody, and the Chaldæans were a religious people in their way, although we can not blame them for their paganism because without the light of divine revelation we ourselves would have been pagans.

Every country subject to destructive floods has a tradition of a great flood, and the Babylonian tradition is so much like the Bible narrative, that it is nearly certain that the Hebrew and the Chaldæan historian wrote of the same event.

The Chaldæan story relates how Il grew angry because of the sins of men and decided to send a great flood to destroy the world. The god Bel, the son of Il appeared in a dream to a certain man named Xisuthrus and told him there was to be a deluge, commanding him at the same time to go to a certain "City of the Sun" build a ship and place in it all his children and dear friends. Xisuthrus did so and when he had closed the ship up tight, the flood came.

As soon as the rain ceased Xisuthrus sent out some birds but they could find no rest nor food and returned. After a time he sent them out again and they came back with their feet covered with mud. Xisuthrus waited many days more and again sent forth the birds, and as they did not come back, he knew that the waters were dried up, left his ship and with his children and friends sacrificed to the gods.

The story of the Tower of Babel as it is related in the Bible is also told in Chaldæan history for the plain of Shinar was in ancient Chaldæa.

For centuries Chaldæa was governed by its native kings and for a long time was the ruling power of Assyria, but after many centuries Assyria became the great power in Western Asia, conquered Chaldæa, and although the native kings were usually allowed to sit upon the Chaldæan throne they were obliged to pay to Assyria a large sum of money every year, and in case of war to fight Assyria's battles.

Chaldæa was the mother of Asiatic civilization and drew the inspiration for her arts, sciences and literature from the same sources as did Egypt. Her first-born colony, Assyria, was a hard taskmaster for many years, but at last Chaldæa became free and the real greatness and splendor of the empire began with the glorious days of Babylon; and the name Babylonia was given to a large portion of Western Asia.

I have told you enough about the Chaldæans to give you a general understanding of their early history, and as the Assyrian history properly belong to that of Babylonia, we will tell you the story in the following chapter.



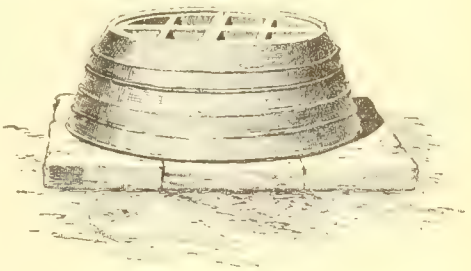
Bracelets, Ear, Toe and Finger Rings.



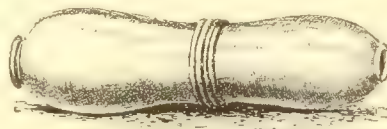
Ancient Lamps. Cylinder for stamping brick.



Ancient Pottery.

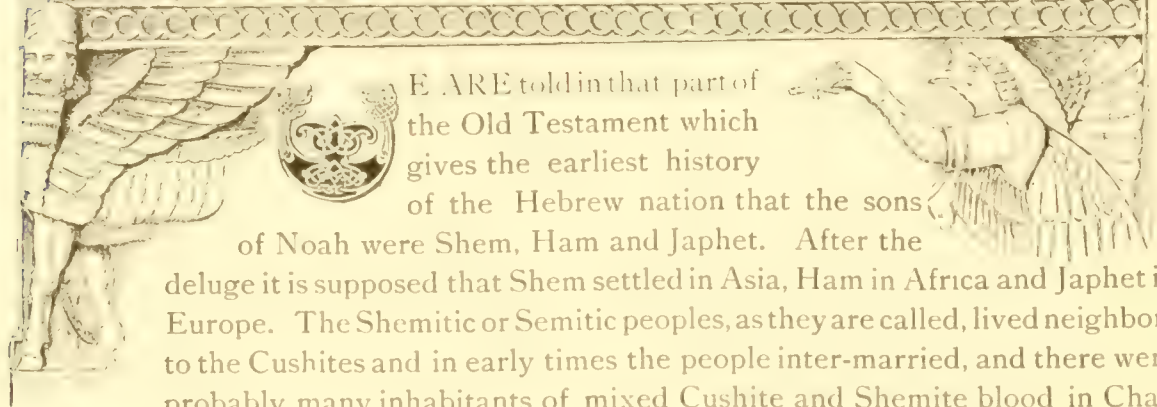


Decorative Jar.



Jar Coffin of the Chaldæans.

# ASSYRIA



WE ARE told in that part of the Old Testament which gives the earliest history of the Hebrew nation that the sons

of Noah were Shem, Ham and Japhet. After the

deluge it is supposed that Shem settled in Asia, Ham in Africa and Japhet in Europe. The Shemitic or Semitic peoples, as they are called, lived neighbors to the Cushites and in early times the people inter-married, and there were probably many inhabitants of mixed Cushite and Shemite blood in Chal-

dæa, at the time that the Semitic tribe, living upon the lowlands between the Tigris and Euphrates, near the head of the Persian Gulf, became cramped for room, and seeing that if they remained so close to the growing empire of Chaldæa, their rights and privileges were likely to be endangered as time went on, decided to move northward.

The Chaldæans, it seems, had already claimed them as subjects, and perhaps compelled them to pay tribute, but when they began their northward movement did not oppose it, being perhaps well satisfied to secure the lands that had been their homes.

It must have been about nineteen hundred years before Christ was born, and about the time that the Shepherd Kings entered the valley of the Nile and established their cruel rule over the Egyptians, when the Semitic tribes that sprung from the sons of Asshur, and Terah, the father of Abraham, and his family went forth from the Chaldæan empire, and perhaps other tribes, too, went at the same time, although little is really known about this dispersion except what is related in the Bible.

The first city built by the children of Asshur was upon the Tigris, about midway of the upper half of its course, in a region far less fruitful than the valley they had left, and whose climate was colder and more moist than that of the country near the joining of the two great rivers of Western Asia.

The Assyrians, as they henceforth called themselves, knew how to till the barren fields of their new home so as to make them yield fairly good crops, for the soil of all Western Asia needs but a plentiful supply of water to make it bring forth grain and fruit, and irrigating ditches were dug to carry the water of the river to the thirsty fields, which for several months of the year lacked rain entirely.



costume of Priest.



The olive, which is valuable to eastern nations for its wood, oil and fruit, took the place of the palm which grew in Chaldæa, and beside the poplar willow and dwarf cypress common in that country, the Assyrians had also the mulberry upon which the silk-worm feeds, and delicious grapes, from which they made excellent wine.

The new city of Asshur, the capital of the country and its only large town for a long time, grew and prospered, the people continuing to pay to Chaldæa the tribute that they had yielded when in their old homes, and submitting to the rule of governors sent from Babylon, but when other cities began to spring up throughout the newly settled land, and the manufactures and productions gave added wealth and importance to the Assyrian people, who had by this time spread over the entire middle Tigris Valley, they rebelled against their Chaldæan ruler, drove him out of the country, and selected a king from among themselves.

When they were not obliged to send the heavy tribute to Babylon, the wealth of the Assyrians soon became such that they felt themselves strong enough to further extend their kingdom. To this end they crossed to the eastern side of the Tigris, drove out or conquered the people they found there, and built the city of Calah.

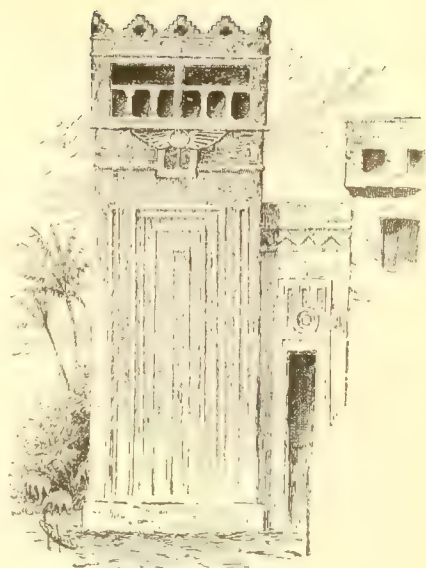
Calah was so located that it would have been hard for a large well-drilled army to have taken the place, and utterly impossible for the barbarous tribes to successfully attack it.

The Tigris made a curve about two sides of the city, and the Zagros Mountains were near it on the East, while surrounding it on every side they built a thick, high wall, a sufficient protection even against an army in those days when there was no gunpowder to explode in mines tunneled under walls by an enemy and no cannon with their huge balls against which the strongest walls are of little avail.

Having taken the country east of the Tigris, the Assyrians meant to keep it, I suppose upon the principle of all ancient conquerors and most modern ones that "might is right," and had not the Zagros Mountains barred their way on the east they might have extended their empire to the very heart of Asia.

At first Chaldæa was not inclined to acknowledge Assyria's independence and sent an army to try to repossess the government, but Assyria resisted so manfully that Chaldæa was compelled after a bloody war to not only acknowledge the independence of Assyria, but to maintain a close watch upon her in order to keep from losing its own territory, as the Assyrian empire was absorbing little by little all the petty countries about it.

To be sure neither of the kings of the two countries made any sign of the jealousy that each knew existed, but kept up a great show of politeness toward each other, sending presents, visiting, and even taking in marriage, daughters from the royal house of the rival country and allowing their sons to be



Assyrian Dwelling.



Costume of Common People.



Assyrian Sandal.





form, as the writing is called, found in the old ruins of Assyria, are fragments of history that have been dilligently studied, and from them the main facts in Assyrian history are taken.

But to return to the story of Ninus, as related by the old historians, who were fond of heroes, and where it was impossible to find one suited to their minds, they created one in their fancy.

Ninus in his prime, they tell us, was as beautiful as a son of Heaven, he was tall and stately, with eyes that could read the hearts of men and a smile that made sunshine in the palace, a frown that made his court tremble and turn pale. In strength, as in beauty, he was unequaled, and he could easily strangle a lion or kill a man at a blow.

When this great king marched out to conquer Bactria, there was in his army an officer who had a beautiful wife named Semiramis, a woman who in mind and body was a fit companion for a great warrior like Ninus.

The city baffled all Ninus' attempts to take it until Semiramis, seeing that the Assyrians were about to be defeated, mounted the wall and cheered the soldiers to rally again to the attack, which they did with such enthusiasm that they took the city.

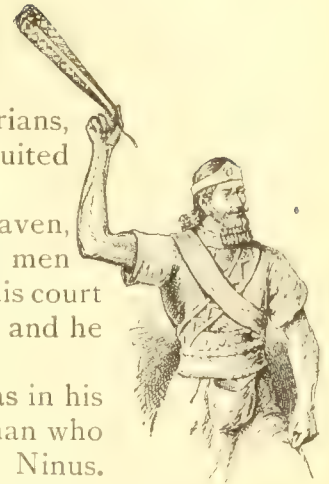
Ninus, who admired courage and beauty, especially when joined to wisdom and prudence as they were in Semiramis, straightway made her his wife, and the officer who was her husband was so grieved at her loss that he killed himself, although such an incident as the death even of a brave and deeply wronged man did not move the mighty Ninus.

The king took Semiramis home to Nineveh, his capital, in great pomp and when he was absent on his warlike expeditions she governed his empire so wisely that there was plenty throughout the whole land; and in Nineveh bread, oil and wine were cheap.

When Ninus had lived to a good old age, Semiramis who was still a young woman, may not have poisoned him, but he died suddenly and mysteriously.

After his death Semiramis is said to have conquered the surrounding peoples, subdued Ethiopia, built Babylon, and done so many other things that had she lived a half dozen ordinary lives she could not have performed them all. Finally we are told that with three million men she undertook to conquer India, but failing, returned to Babylon, gave up her kingdom to her weak and womanish son, Ninyas, and went to the gods. Ninyas was followed by thirty kings as weak as he, and at last Assyria fell into the hands of the Medes.

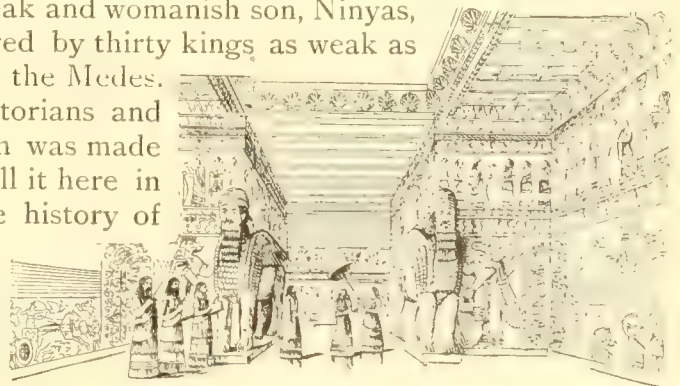
This is the story told by the old historians and repeated by the others until the cuneiform was made out and it was found to be a fiction. I tell it here in order that you may see, as you read the history of Assyria how the works of many different rulers were all credited to this one queen, for there was a Queen Semiramis, who, with her husband, ruled over Assyria several hundred years after the city of Asshur was built and who was one of the only three



ASSYRIAN SHUGOL.



Assyrian Royal Tent.



Interior of Royal Palace.



War Vessel.

The old historians make Semiramis more goddess than woman, and when they learned of any remarkable temple or building for which they could not account any other way, they settled the matter to their satisfaction by declaring it to be the work of Semiramis. Of late years Semiramis has been proven to have been a very ordinary woman, but little superior to oriental women generally, and not half so great a queen as Victoria of England, who makes, as you know, no claim to being a goddess.



Transporting Stone Blocks - River.

the wild tribes, and when he died Tiglath-Nin I, his son continued his work.

Tiglath-Nin made war upon Chaldæa, and was the first Assyrian king to receive tribute from that country although the five kings who came after him had a hard time maintaining the superiority of Assyria over Chaldæa, and the wars they made to collect tribute must have cost them far more than the amount of tribute they received.

Tiglath Pileser who became king, 1130 B. C., was the first Assyrian monarch who caused his history to be fully written upon cylinders, and according to his own story



Archers and Attendants.

he made ten campaigns against his neighbors; determined not only to extend his dominion but to force the conquered people to accept the religion of Assyria, which was, with the addition of two or three gods, the same as the religion of Chaldæa.

After this king little is known of Assyria for many years. Raméses, the hero-king of Egypt, came after a long period that is a blank in Egyptian history, so after a similar blank in Assyrian history we first hear of Asshur-izzar-pal, the general, conqueror and builder, who made Assyria, while he lived, the greatest power in Western Asia, and who in the twenty-five glorious years of his reign laid the foundations for the future greatness of Nineveh and conquered the whole Tigris Valley to the Persian Gulf. His son was worthy of his warlike father and when he died in the thirty-fifth year of his reign had

women mentioned in the cuneiform writing.

Of course the real Semiramis did not found Babylon, for that city existed a thousand years before she was born, and as for Nineveh it too was built long before, and had become a great city years before her husband, Vul-lush III, became sovereign.

There were no such persons as Ninus and Ninyas, and the kings of Assyria who followed the first king, whoever he was, were certainly neither weak nor womanish.

The real Semiramis was the wife of a king named Vul-lush III, who lived about the year 781 B. C., and her husband dying, she reigned several years over Assyria.

Shalmaneser I, the builder of Calah and other cities on the east side of the Tigris was the first Assyrian conqueror. Shalmaneser brought people from Asshur and other parts of Assyria to live in his cities and to hold the land he wrested from



so enlarged the Assyrian empire that it stretched westward to the Mediterranean, northward to the Taurus Mountains, excepting only Armenia, and southward into Chaldæa, which it held tributary.

Painting, sculpture, glass-blowing, metal-working and weaving had by this time reached a high state of perfection in Assyria, rivaling the kindred arts of Egypt in her glory, and becoming famous in all civilized lands.

It was after the reign of the son of Asshur-izzar-pal that Vul-lush III. and his queen Semiramis, governed Assyria, and that they ruled it poorly enough we may infer from the fact that during the period when they sat upon the Assyrian throne Babylon broke away from their power and again became the capital of all hostile Chaldæa, and that the tribes conquered by former Assyrian kings regained their independence.

Nineveh had by this time become a great city, and very densely populated. Its walls were a hundred feet high and fifty feet thick, and its wealth was very large. The kings in their palaces of brick covered with slabs of sculptured stone, were gluttonous, idolatrous and cruel, and God warned them that their city would be destroyed if they did not repent.

Upon receiving this warning we are told that they did repent, and that they turned from their wickedness for a time, but the military spirit had too long been steeped in idleness, drunkenness and luxury to soon revive, and it was not until Tiglath Pileser II. ascended the throne in 745 B. C., and began the attempt to re-conquer the lost territory that the people showed any of the energy and patriotism of the old days.

While Shalmaneser II., his successor, was absent from Nineveh conquering Samaria and besieging Tyre, his people at home set up a new king, Sargon, who made Asia the mistress of Africa, and under Persian, Saracen and Turk, with intervals of Greek and Roman dominion, Africa has remained to this day tributary to Asiatic kingdoms and empires.

Sargon conquered nearly all of Western Asia, removing the people of whole provinces that were hostile and placing them in the midst of people that he knew to be loyal, thus preventing them from rebelling by placing them out of reach of aid, and thus by dividing his enemies made them more easy to conquer. Babylon submitted humbly to Sargon, and the Medes, then a small tribe of bold, free-spirited people, sent him tribute, for which they afterwards paid themselves a thousand-fold, as we shall learn.

Sargon reigned seventeen years and after him came Sennacherib, the haughty, cruel and warlike king who has come to be regarded as a type of the ancient monarch.

Egypt, Judea and Babylon, felt the weight of his sharp sword for he "slew and spared not" those who opposed him. Even the Holy City, Jerusalem itself was threatened, but God heard the prayer of Hezekiah and we are told in the Bible how one night when the army of Sennacherib lay encamped under the walls of Jerusalem, the Lord "smote in the camp of the Assyrians," and when morning came the watchers upon the walls of Zion saw 185,000 dead upon the plain, while Sennacherib and the few of his followers who were left were fleeing toward the east pursued by the Egyptian allies of the Hebrews.

"The might of the heathen uns mote by the sword,  
Had melted like snow 'neath the glance of the Lord."



Sandal.



Battle Standard



Assyrian King.

The old historians anxious that the story should "end well" relate that Sennacherib returned to Nineveh and in a few weeks was murdered, his kingdom at his death being totally destroyed; but the Assyrian inscriptions upon the cylinders say that Sennacherib lived seventeen years after his campaign against Jerusalem, mention nothing about the destruction of his army, but do say much about his after successful campaigns.

When Sennacherib was finally murdered by his two wicked sons, Adramalech and Sharezer, the people of Nineveh mourned very sincerely for him and only submitted to the new kings until Esar-Haddon, the favorite son of the murdered king, returned from Armenia with the army when they proclaimed him sovereign.

After setting affairs at the capital in order, Esar-Haddon crossed the Arabian desert with a large army, took the cities and towns beyond it, and then re-crossed the desert safely.

Afterward he conquered Egypt, divided it into twenty States over which he placed trusted friends as rulers, made Ethiopia a province of his empire and after a series of victories, extending over thirteen years he died, and his son Asshur-ban-i-pal, came to reign in Nineveh the queen city of the world, and to enjoy the results of his father's conquests. His capital was the envy of all peoples. His palaces of brick housed untold treasures, his granaries were the source of supply for a flourishing commerce, and his slaves taken in war labored by day and night to add to his wealth.

Asshur-ban-i-pal had a genuine taste for learning and as a warrior and builder he was widely celebrated, while as a hunter the mighty Nimrod himself had no greater skill and strength, nor was he more fearless.

Under Asshur-bani-pal Assyria attained its greatest glory, but under him also it experienced a great calamity that was the cause of its downfall as an empire.

As you read the story of the great empires of the world you will notice that at a certain point of development they begin to decay as do the fruits and flowers that spring from the soil, but that from the seed dropped from their ripe heart new empires spring.

The conquerors in turn are vanquished, perhaps by the very people whom they have again and again subdued, or from without some unexpected danger, menaces and destroys the empire.

You will notice, too, that when the great nations were the most confident of their security and had given themselves over to the enjoyment of riches, from the north barbarian hosts have descended and hastened the inevitable downfall, carrying back with them when they retreated the leaven of new thoughts and ideas, the germ of new empires.

Thus the Hyskos descended upon Egypt, the Assyrians upon Chaldæa, the Medes, who grew strong and bold, and tiring of the Assyrian yoke fell upon Assyria, but now during the reign of Asshur-bani-pal upon the whole of Western Asia from Scythia, the first of the horde of barbarians that was in centuries after succeeded by Parthians, Mongols and Turks, swooped down upon the fair cities of the south, laying them waste and carrying off their treasures.

These Scythians were huge white-bodied savages, half-covered with hair like wild beasts, who wore few clothes,



Assyrian Mounted Soldier.



anointed themselves with butter in place of bathing, lived in rude tents made of coarse woolen cloth, eating the flesh of horses and drinking the milk of mares.

Their hoarse voices, fierce manners and wild appearance struck terror into the civilized communities upon which they descended, who viewed with horror the drinking vessels made of human skulls, the quiver-covers of flayed human skin, and the scalps of victims floating from the bridles and saddles of their horses.

Their religion was a wild and bloody mixture of human sacrifice and mysterious rites and beneath the presence of such foes it is no wonder that a blight fell upon Assyria. The people fled from the fields to the walled cities reared by the old kings and when these were finally taken and plundered by the invaders, their inhabitants were massacred, and fire and ruin blackened the whole Tigris valley.

Finally the Scythians retired beyond the mountains to the steppes that were their home, but the eight years of pillage had given Assyria her death blow, and wasted by foreign war, and this scourge of barbarians, the "Queen of the East" was tottering to her fall.

Media had gained power rapidly and a new ruler had animated the courage of the warlike people and he had led an army against his imperial mistress.

When the Scythians had gone the Medes gathered all their strength to strike for their freedom. Jealous and revengeful Chaldæa had a hatred for its Assyrian oppressor nurtured by centuries of wrong and cruelty. Asshur-ban-i-pal was dead and Saracus, his successor, had not demonstrated the possession of any warlike qualities.

As the rebellious Chaldæans advanced against Nineveh from the south and the Medes came down from the north, Saracus sent his most trusted general, Nabopolassar against the former, and remained in Nineveh to direct its defense.

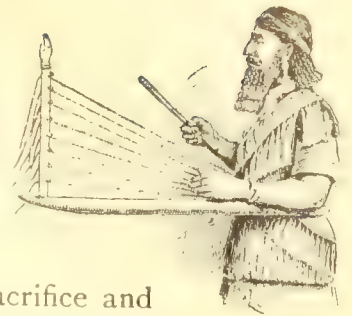
Nabopolassar saw Chaldæa's opportunity and his own. He took the portion of the army entrusted him to Babylon, openly espousing the Chaldæan cause, then sent messengers to the Median monarch offering to join him against Nineveh if he would give him his daughter, to be the wife of his son, Nebuchednezzar.

The agreement was made and the two armies marched against Nineveh. Saracus resisted until hope was gone, and when the city fell he shut himself up with his wives and treasures in his palace and with his own hand applied the torch which devoted them to the flames, no doubt calling vainly upon his gods as he perished and cursing the traitor, Nabopolassar, who had delivered the city of his father up to the hated foe.

Thus Assyria fell as many nations had fallen under her power. Her golden vessels and her idols were carried to Babylon, and in Ecbatana, the Median capital, were displayed her vases, jars and bronzes, her carved ornaments, jewels and art treasures, so finely wrought that they moved to admiration all who beheld them.

The Assyrians had constructed upon the Chaldæan foundation of their knowledge new arts and sciences. They built aqueducts, tunnels and drains, knew the use of pulleys, levers and rollers, and understood underlaying and overlaying with metals.

The conveniencies and luxuries of their every-day life were nearly equal to our own,



Assyrian Harper.



Sandal.



King's Armor-bearer.

although their morals on account of some shameful customs practiced in their religion, were debased and their conscience thereby blunted.

Their ideas of religion and government were taken from Chaldæa and the one was a gross and debasing idol worship, while the other was exceedingly crude.

Upon the ruins of the Assyrian empire two other great empires were founded, whose course we will now follow, and whose fortunes we will trace.



Fig. 14. The Guardian Spirit.

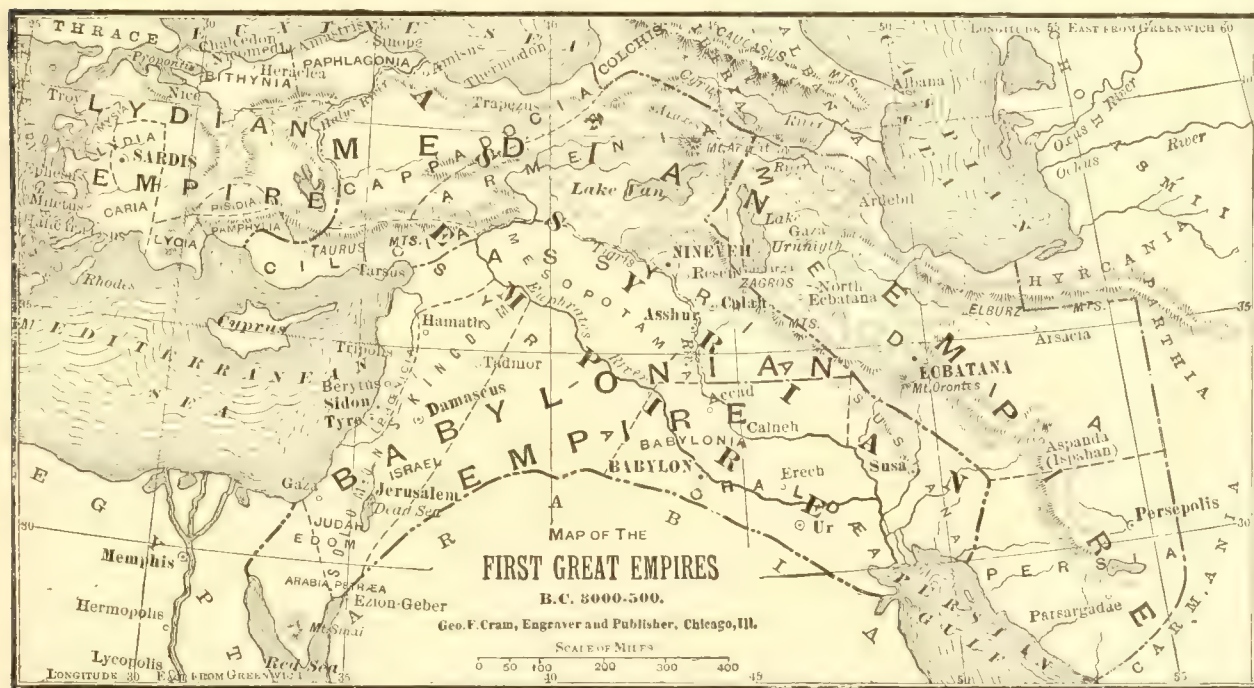


# MEDIA.



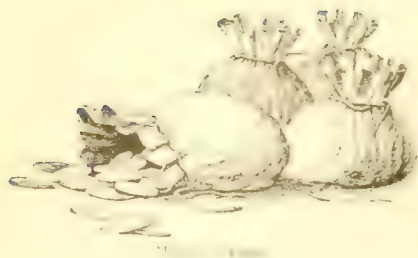
LONG the borders of the ancient kingdom of Assyria and just beyond the Zagros Mountains there is a great highland whose outline upon the western side is a long gentle curve, and in this curve was comprised the northern, western and a part of the southern frontier of the Assyrian empire.

The highland extends to the country of the Afghans on the east, and the northern part is crossed by several nearly parallel mountain chains, while the western part too has several parallel ranges following the curve of the table-land.



On your map you will see the names Kurdistan and Luristan as the two countries comprised in this region, but in ancient times it was called Zagros and was the home of several warlike mountain and plains tribes all called the Medes.

On the level part of the great table-land the climate is mild and the soil in the neighborhood of the mountains to the north and west is fertile, but in the southeast



there are wide stretches of desert, waterless, dreary and with but few oases.

To be sure there is some snow between the months of December and March even upon the plains, but the cold is never very intense, and when the glorious spring comes, not lingering as though loth to bless the earth with her bounty, as she does in Europe and America, but with a sudden burst of warmth and brightness, the chill winds of winter are forgotten in the beauty of this most lovely season of the year.

The snows disappear as if by magic, the roses bloom and the orchards are like great bouquets from which the droning bees gather honey from morning until night, and in the shadow of the vines, where later in the year the grapes hang in purple clusters, the nightingale sings the whole night through while rare and beautiful flowers perfume the air with their fragrance.

During this happy season, even the desert wears a livery of tender green, scanty coarse grass springing up in the sand, and the grain in the fields by the river banks grows so rapidly that it is soon ready for the harvest.

These balmy days, however, grow hot toward June, which in nearly all parts of Europe and America is the most perfect month of the year, and before the half of May is over the hot winds from the desert begin to blow, the vegetation on the plains withers and even the air near the foot of the mountains, tempered as it is by the everlasting snows of the summits, in the middle of the day is uncomfortably warm, though the nights and mornings are deliciously cool, and the atmosphere is at all times pure, dry and exhilarating.

The mountains themselves are wild, rugged, and, excepting the low ranges, which are covered with pines and willows, are brown and barren, cleft by mighty gorges and roaring torrents, the homes of eternal snow upon the highest peaks. Winter reigns in these bleak mountains half the year, but in the long narrow valleys, between them, the fields and meadows are bright with flowers and verdure long after wintry winds are roaring and snow is falling among the neighboring peaks.

These valleys, although not so fertile as those of the Tigris country, were carefully irrigated and were planted with wheat, barley and sesame, maize, cotton, tobacco and melons, while pears and apples grew wild, and the long summers atoned for the rigor of the winter.

Mountainous countries, as a rule, produce hardy independent nations, for men there struggle so constantly with the forces of nature, brave the tempests, the snows and dangers to life and limb in the chase, or wrest from the earth with such difficulty their living, that they become strong of body and bold of spirit.

Where nature does so much for man that he has but to reach forth his hand and take her gifts he becomes indolent, and thus the tropics are unfavorable to the development of great nations.

Upon the other hand where the elements are so constantly in opposition to man that every energy of body and mind is absorbed in providing food and shelter sufficient to maintain his life, the conditions are equally unfavorable, and only in countries where the temperature varies from summer heat to winter cold as in the temperate zone does man reach his highest mental and bodily perfection.

The valleys, table-lands and hill-country of Media possessed the climate of the temperate zone, and there, in the early days of Assyria, a



Costume of King



people grew up widely differing, as was natural from their surroundings, from the people farther south.

Had the Medes grown up under the same conditions that developed Assyria and Babylonia, they would still have been different in many important particulars, just as the seeds of poppies and the seeds of pansies, planted in the same pots of earth, will produce different flowers, for their origin was different and they belonged to another branch of the human family, a branch with larger brain power, more enduring muscles, and greater moral strength.

The nations whose story we have told you were all Cushites, Semites, or mingled Cushite and Semite, but the Medes were descended from Japhet, and belong to the great Aryan race, who, you will see as you read their story were the world's nation-makers.

Where the Medes came from is not certainly known, but from some part of Central Asia they began a southward movement at about the same time that their brother clans of Celts, Teutons Gauls, and Slavs, went north and west. The Persians, Hindoos and other kindred races, passed on to find homes, leaving the tribes of Medes in the valleys of the Zagros, and there they remained for centuries, not as savages, for the Aryans were neither savages nor habitual wanderers, but had houses with windows and doors, cooked their food and had settled religious rites before they took their flocks and herds, their wives and little ones, and went in search of new homes.

From their position, hemmed in by mountain walls and separated by gorges, torrents and desert, from surrounding nations, the Medes did not attract the attention of ancient conquerors for a long time and it is not until the days of Shalmaneser II., 835 B. C., that we first hear of them in history.

Even then the Medes were but few in number and possessed of little wealth. Water was scarce throughout their country and the irrigation was by underground galleries, or ditches, that prevented any loss by evaporation, which led the water of the mountain streams to wells where it was raised by hand to water the fields. The grain and fruits raised were only sufficient for the people, and although there were precious minerals and metals in the mountains, they were then unknown.

Having few cities and towns, and their wealth chiefly in horses and cattle, Shalmaneser II. allowed the Medes a greater degree of independence than he usually permitted a conquered people, and although he settled colonies of Samaritans, who had also been conquered, among them, he neither disturbed their old laws, religion nor customs, and the only tribute he compelled them to pay was a certain number of horses yearly; for the Medes bred many fine horses.

The Assyrian conqueror little thought that this weak half-barbarian tribe would ever become a dangerous enemy to his empire, but conquerors are only mortal, after all, and cannot foresee the future, while few of them have even read the past aright.

Like the Aryans of Europe, whose story remains to be told, the Medes treated their women with great respect and chivalry. In Chaldæa and Assyria the position of the women was degraded by religion and by law; but in time men sunk to the level upon which they had kept their mothers, wives and sisters, for women are the molders of men's ideas in childhood, and a great portion of the after life of a man, if, indeed, not all of it, takes its bent from the mother's hand.

The respect for womanhood and the worship of one great unseen God, made the



Treading with Flail.

Medes in very early days a simple, manly, honorable race, and it was not until after contact with the idol-worshipping Cushites, that woman among them was considered a lower creature than man.

This religion of the Medes shows how much they were naturally superior to the Assyrians to the south, for although they had not the light of revelation as we have, they believed in one great and mighty God, the creator, preserver and governor of the world, from whom came all good. He was a God of love and they believed that he sent a tall, beautiful, swift-winged angel, Serosh, as his messenger to men, showing them the paths of happiness and blessing.

They believed too, in a devil, or evil spirit, who created himself and who was always fighting against the good spirits. Like all Aryan races they believed that the soul lived in heaven after this life and their priests taught that the souls of the dead must cross a deep, wide chasm on the "bridge of the gatherer," and that the good were met by Serosh and led into paradise, while the wicked fell into the yawning gulf, and were compelled to remain forever in outer darkness.

After some time the Medes came in contact with the Armenians to the west of them, and there they learned to worship fire, earth and water, and combined it with their own religion whose precepts were given them by a great teacher, Zoroaster, and was called Zoroastrianism.

This religion of Armenia was called Magism, and the Magi were their priests. Its principle object of worship was fire, and in the temples, a sacred flame was kept always burning. They offered sacrifices of various kinds, and even human victims, and the priests of Zoroaster were one by one turned from their old faith until at last Magism became the national religion of Media.

Although the Medes had long been settled in Zagros, when Shalmaneser II. conquered them, they had, as I have said, few cities; neither knew nor cared anything about the art of painting, sculpture, or ornamental work of any kind, and had no written language.

They were apt, however, and soon adopted the cuneiform, simplifying it to suit their needs, and initiated the perennial habits of the Assyrians in many things, although they had always been neat and cleanly both in person and dress, took great pride in their abundant hair and were fond of bright colors and personal adornment.

The Medes were tall, well-formed and handsome, with high foreheads, well-rounded limbs and small hands and feet. Many of the women were exceedingly beautiful and both men and women were loyal to their friends and cruel to their foes.

After Shalmaneser II. died the Medes refused to pay tribute to Assyria, and Shamus-Vul, his son, invaded Media with an army and easily took their cities, none of which were walled.

The Medes trusted to the barriers of mountain and desert with which nature had surrounded their country, but the plains empire to the southwest had only the mountains to cross, while Media had not enough soldiers to defend the passes, and again the Medes were obliged to purchase peace by paying tribute, although it is likely that only those tribes nearest Assyria continued to do so, the others being able to take refuge in the mountains at the approach of an enemy and successfully conceal their property and defeat their foes.

Every king of Assyria from the reign of Shalmaneser II. to that of Sargon had much trouble collecting tribute from Media. Perhaps the Medes could see no justice



A Leather Water Bag.



in paying to be let alone by the nation that had picked a quarrel with them, and thought it shameful for Assyria to demand tribute and a disgrace to their country to pay it.

All of the ancient conquerors supported their splendor by tribute wrung from vanquished people, and money and treasure were the spur to war, and wrong was heaped upon wrong until vengeance followed, sometimes long-delayed but always sure.

Sargon reduced Media to a province of the empire, made the native king accountable to the Assyrian ruler, and compelled the Medes to obey many Assyrian laws, and for three hundred years they submitted, as there was nothing else to be done.

All of this time, however, the old free spirit of Media was not dead. The people saw in the Assyrians, not only the foe to their kingdom but to their religion as well and when the Scythians at the north began to encroach upon Media, the time was ripe for action.

The king, Cyaxares, called for soldiers from the chiefs of all the Median tribes to defend their homes from the barbarian invaders, and whereas during the Assyrian expeditions into the country these chiefs were jealous and held aloof from each other, the terror which the northern savages inspired was very different from the feeling toward civilized conquerors.

The chiefs united in the common cause and sent men to Cyaxares until he had in readiness a great army. He marched against the Scyths, who were really the advance guard of the host that was soon to overrun Asia, conquered them and two other small nations and having thus inspired the confidence of his people decided to defy Assyria.

Had the Assyrians at this period attempted an invasion of Media they would have been beaten back, but Cyaxares knew nothing of the manner of warfare waged by a civilized nation, since he had dealt only with barbarians.

Asshur-ban-i-pal, the king of Assyria, had a large well-drilled army that contained thousands of men who had fought his battles against Egypt and Tyre, and who were then the most famous soldiers of the world, while Cyaxares had only a horde of undisciplined Medes, each under a chief who knew nothing of military science.

The Medes advanced toward Nineveh, and Asshur-ban-i-pal with his army, met them in an open plain where his cavalry and war-chariots had plenty of room to manœuvre, and easily defeated them.

Cyaxares was not discouraged by this defeat for he had learned something by it, and although he had paid dearly for the lesson, was content with the result.

Instead of having his power over his countryman weakened by this disaster, it was strengthened, for he persuaded the chiefs to allow him to take sole charge of the army, divide it into corps of horse and foot, direct all its movements and henceforth fight the Assyrians in their own manner.

Convinced that only thus could they defeat the Assyrians, the chiefs submitted all of their men to Cyaxares, who soon had a large force of well-drilled horsemen, and foot-soldiers, and again marched into Assyria.

Again Asshur-ban-i-pal met him with an army, and the Assyrians were confident of an easy victory. They had been victorious so often, those veterans of Asshur-ban-i-pal, that they probably thought themselves invincible, as did the people of Nineveh, and that the barbarous Medes would be woefully beaten, but they found to their surprise and consternation that they had to front a foe stronger than they



Mounted Soldier.



C. 1800. L. 1800.

themselves were, better horsemen, more expert bow-men and commanded by a general whom nothing escaped; who was quick to seize a point of vantage and who was obeyed with a surprising enthusiasm.

At last Cyaxares utterly routed Asshur-ban-i-pal and such of his great army as were left fled into the city of Nineveh and the Median king disposed of his forces for a siege.

Just then a messenger came in hot haste from Ecbatana, the Median capital, with the news that a great horde of Scythians were spreading terror throughout Media, murdering all who opposed them, burning towns, and laying waste the country.

Cyaxares made all speed to return, but the invaders had already fastened themselves so firmly in his kingdom that he was obliged to pay them tribute and submit, waiting until the rich spoils of Assyria and Chaldæa should tempt the Scyths from the comparatively poor country of Media.

It was several years before the Scythians dispersed sufficiently over adjoining countries and were sufficiently weakened by indulgence in unaccustomed luxury and their numbers reduced by the many battles they had fought for Cyaxares, to attack them with any chance of success.

The Medes had submitted so long to the rule of their barbarous oppressors that the latter were unsuspecting of them and when Cyaxares invited their principal chiefs to a banquet at Ecbatana, they doubtless took the invitation as an attempt of the Median king to gain their favor and all the head men of the various Scythian tribes of Media attended it.

The Scythian chiefs were everyone killed in the banquet hall by the orders of Cyaxares, and then began a war, in which the Scythians, under Zarina their queen, fought with desperate bravery but were driven from Media, and finally from Asia.

There is a story told of Zarina that will bear repeating, although I shall not vouch for its truth. Stryangæus, the son-in-law of Cyaxares, commanded the troops sent against the Scythians and in one of the many battles he captured Zarina. The queen begged so hard for her liberty that the romantic and soft-hearted Stryangæus, set her free and she went back to her camp at Roxance.

After awhile, such are the fortunes of war, Stryangæus himself was taken prisoner by the Scythians, and was condemned to die by Marmareus, the husband of Zarina.

In vain the Scythian queen, who was madly in love with Stryangæus, pleaded for the life of the Mede. Her husband was stern in his determination to execute him, and to save his life Zarina murdered her consort.

Stryangæus was as much infatuated with the queen as she with him, for she is said to have been the most beautiful woman in the whole world. It is singular, isn't it, that nearly all of the ancient queens were the "most beautiful women in the world?" For certainly the modern queens are neither better looking nor better than ordinary people, and some of them have even been positive'y homely.

But to proceed: Stryangæus returned to Ecbatana, but had no peace of mind until he again sought Zarina, told her his love, and entreated her to take pity upon him.

I think myself that it was not very consistent in Zarina to preach to Stryangæus about constancy to his early vows when she had killed her husband on his account,



but the old historians say she did so, and they seemed to think it very noble of her.

She reminded him of his good and beautiful wife, Rhætæa, and exhorted him to show his manhood by struggling against his unlawful love, whereupon Stryangæus, cut to the heart by his mistress' repulse, retired to a room in Zarina's palace, wrote her a long letter reproaching her—I doubt that Zarina could read a word of it, for the Scythians could not read the Median cuneiform—and then killed himself, which, under the circumstances, was the proper ending for him, as well as for the story.

When the Scythians were driven off, Cyaxares again turned his attention to the empire to the south. Assyria had suffered more from the Scythians than had any country in Asia, for while the barbarians were plundering the provinces, the cities, following the example of Nineveh, gave themselves up to pleasure, and nothing was done to check the ravages made in the country.

Again he advanced toward Nineveh, and at the same time the Chaldæans approached the city from the south. You are already familiar with Nabopolassar's bargain with Cyaxares and the story of the death of Saracus, and the history of the capture of the city, although had not the Tigris, swollen by heavy rains, overflowed its banks and undermined a portion of the wall, Nineveh might have stood a long siege.

Cyaxares and Nabopolassar divided the spoil of the Assyrian empire between them, the Medes taking the original kingdom of Assyria and the provinces adjoining their country, Nabopolassar taking Chaldæa, Susiana and the Euphrates valley, sharing equally with Cyaxares the northern and western conquests of Assyria.

After Cyaxares had conquered the remaining nations north and west of him there was peace in all Western Asia for fifty years, broken only by brief disturbance in Egypt during the reign of Psammiticus. Cyaxares died 593 B. C., after a reign of forty years, leaving the kingdom to his son, Astyages.

Cyaxares had made Media a great nation and during his reign the Medes learned from Assyria how to live luxuriously, to deck their houses with rich stuffs and furniture, and had made much advance in civilization, although they learned too, many of the vices that hastened Assyria's downfall, and had become idolaters.

By all laws of descent a great father should have great sons, but you will notice in history and experience that such is not always the case, and that too often the sons of good and great fathers are weak, lazy and vicious.

Astyages was a good humored handsome king, married to a Lydian princess, but totally unlike his father. He cared nothing for conquest or government and passed his days in eating, drinking and merriment, in the midst of his female slaves and dancing girls.

Cyaxares had early conquered Persia and the Crown Prince Cyrus, was compelled to live in the household of the Median king, perhaps as a hostage for his father's good behavior, although ostensibly to learn the manners and laws of the Medes.

Cyrus was a bold and daring fellow and must have had a hearty contempt for the Median king, Astyages, and his manner of life, and when he was about forty years old determined to free his country; being disgusted, also, with the debasement of the old religion that was common to both Media and Persia, and urged to revolt as much by piety as patriotism.

I suppose you have heard the story of Cyrus that was told by



Dancing Girl.



FIG. 8. — ASTYAGES.

a Greek historian, and believed to be true, until the cuneiform writing of Persia had been read and it was proven false.

It relates that Astyages, after the manner of all superstitious people, had a steadfast belief in dreams, and that whenever he dreamed he caused the priests, who were as we know great liars, to interpret his visions for him. When he dreamed that from his daughter Mandane a vine grew that covered his whole empire, the priests told him that his dream meant that Mandane would have a son that would overthrow his kingdom.

In course of time Mandane was married to a Persian prince and while she was upon a visit to her father a little son was born to her.

Remembering his dream, Astyages took the babe and gave it over to one of his officers, commanding him to destroy it, but instead of doing so, the officer in turn gave it to a shepherd who kept it and reared it as his own son.

When the boy was ten years old he came to the notice of Astyages, who recognized him with great joy as his grand-son, for he was a bold, handsome little fellow, who resembled his grandfather greatly. Nevertheless he punished the officer who had not obeyed his command, in a very horrible manner, serving him at a feast with the boiled flesh of his, the officer's only son, a lad about the age of Cyrus.

Of course the tale is not true, for it makes Cyaxares the son instead of the father of Astyages, and falsifies the cuneiform record in many important particulars.

Cyrus gained permission to leave Media by telling Astyages that his father was in poor health, and desired to see him, but as soon as he had gone Astyages was sorry that he had granted his request, and sent a force of horsemen to bring him back.

It seems that Cyrus had thought such a course not unlikely, and had, with his followers, made all haste toward the Persian frontier, where a troop of soldiers were waiting to receive him, but he was overtaken by the Medes late in the evening and ordered to return.

Cyrus readily agreed to do so, but suggested since it was late, and they were all tired, it would be better to camp until the next morning.

They did so, and he plied the Medes with wine until they were all drunk, then he and his followers mounted their horses and rode on their way toward Persia as fast as they could.

When the Medes had slept off their drunkenness they pursued Cyrus, who had now joined the soldiers sent to meet him, fought a battle to gain possession of the prince, were defeated, and returned with the news to Astyages.

The Median king sent an army to demand Cyrus' return, but upon Persian territory the advance of the force was hotly contested.

It was in the neighborhood of Pasagardæ, the Persian capital, that the hardest fighting took place. A narrow pass led to the city, and the Persians held this, being driven back, little by little, for five days, until it seemed certain that the Medes would at last win it, but from the sides of cliffs the brave defenders, urged on and encouraged by their wives and sisters, who knew what cruelties might be expected should the Medes gain the victory, they defeated the invaders, who fled toward Ecbatana, but were overtaken, and Astyages himself made prisoner.

Thus Cyrus, who only meant to free his country, became the master of an empire, for his father had been killed in the first of the



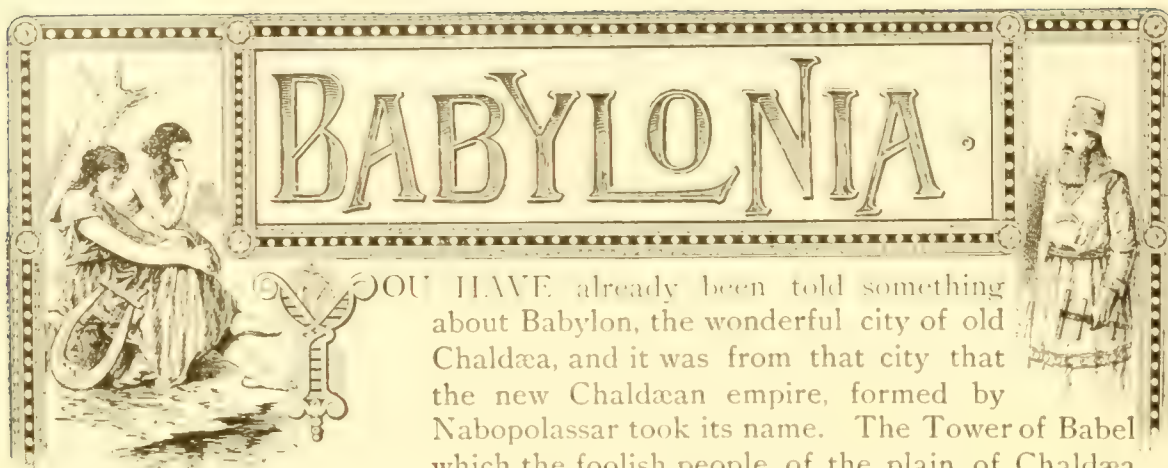
FIG. 9. — CYRUS.



five days fighting before Pasagardæ, and the Median empire, after seventy years of mastery over Western Asia, was destroyed, for, after the capture of Astyages, the whole empire readily acknowledged Cyrus, who proved himself the greatest of ancient conquerors, and has for centuries been a hero of romance as well as history. Although the many remarkable stories which the old historians relate of Cyrus are purely imaginary, he was nevertheless a wonderful man, but more of a warrior than a ruler. When he had conquered his enemies, he had not the faculty of making them his friends, but was obliged again and again to subdue his unruly provinces. His whole reign was passed in warfare, and when he died he left the vast Mede-Persian empire in a sadly unsettled state.

Cyrus had no genius for government, his one idea being the acquisition of territory, and the extension of the fame of Persian arms. By contact with the more civilized and wealthy nations of the south, he gained an idea of the luxury that follows wealth, and he desired for his people riches, as well as military glory.

Even during the lifetime of Cyrus, there was a change for the worse in the national character of his people. What those changes were you will note in the story of Persia, and there we will follow those fortunes of Media, that have any bearing on the history of other empires and upon civilization.



YOU HAVE already been told something about Babylon, the wonderful city of old Chaldæa, and it was from that city that the new Chaldæan empire, formed by Nabopolassar took its name. The Tower of Babel which the foolish people of the plain of Chaldæa attempted to build to the very skies, may have been within the limits of Babylon, at all events we are told that it was, and the priests of Chaldæa were the wisest in the world.

Of course these priests could no more interpret dreams, or tell the course of future events by gazing at the stars than you or I can, but they made the common people believe that they could, and when the might of their kings was diminished and the political pride of the nation humbled by Assyria, the priests became more powerful than ever in Babylon, and sought to make the fame of the learning and arts of their city atone for the loss of empire.

When a country was brought under the rule of a foreign power in those days, as now, the burdens did not fall so heavily upon the rich, who could spare from their great wealth their share of the tribute, but it was upon the toiling poor who fared hard at best, that the taxes pressed most heavily, and although the climate was so mild in Chaldæa, and gourds, melons and cucumbers were cheap, and even pickled bats, and dried fish pounded fine and made up into cakes that were baked in the sun could be bought for a mere trifle, the poor longed for better food and shelter, and a chance to improve their condition, which they could not hope to do under the oppressive rule of Assyria.

Thus it was no doubt, as is generally the case in revolutions, that it was from the very poor that the mutterings of discontent first arose and well-pleased were the rich who feasted at magnificent banquets, to hear the complaints of the masses, and amid the perfumes and the music of the palaces of the nabobs there were men who plotted to lead these discontented common people out to war against Assyria, and to free Chaldæa from the oppressor.

Luxury had grown fast in Chaldæa of the contact with luxurious Assyria, and splendid dresses, gold and silver plate, exquisite carpets and hangings delighted the beauty-loving Babylonians of the higher



Babylonian King.



class, but in spite of luxury, there was martial spirit, daring and patriotism among all classes, and all were eager to try their strength against Nineveh.

After the Scythians had been driven from Asia, and Nineveh, careless of the growing power on the north, and heedless of discontent in the south, gave itself up, as was its wont, to pleasure, Babylon made a bold movement.

Hearing of Nineveh's indifference and military weakness from the merchants who thronged the streets of Babylon to purchase wares or wives,—for maidens were sold to the highest bidder at public sale in Babylon, which did not keep its women in seclusion as did other oriental cities,—a large army advanced toward the capital of Assyria and no doubt received Nabopolassar and his troops with great rejoicing, proclaimed him king and joined with the Medes in the attack upon the Assyrian capital.

Nebuchadnezzar was wedded to Amyitis with great pomp soon after the fall of Nineveh, and the new empire began under very promising conditions. The people in the conquered provinces had been subjected to so many rulers that they probably cared very little whether they paid tribute to Nineveh or to Babylon, for in any case they knew they should be taxed to the fullest extent. It never seemed to enter the minds of the kings of the old empires that the provinces should receive the benefits of public improvements, but they were compelled to pay out large sums to enrich the capital or favorite cities of their ruler.

The Babylonians, however, were greatly benefitted by the return of glory to their city. In former days the empire was but a small strip of country, scarcely larger than a county in one of our western states, but by the agreement between Nabopolassar and Cyaxares, Babylonia extended from Media to the Mediterranean Sea, and from Arabia and Egypt to Persia.

From all these countries, now provinces of Babylonia, and from surrounding countries, merchants came to Babylon to buy and sell their goods, caravans carried carpets and tapestries across the desert to the sea, where the ships bore them to Egypt, to India, and the far East, receiving in return gold, pearls, diamonds and precious woods and perfumes, the Babylonians being as fond of ornament as they were of sweet odors, and fonder of wine than of either.

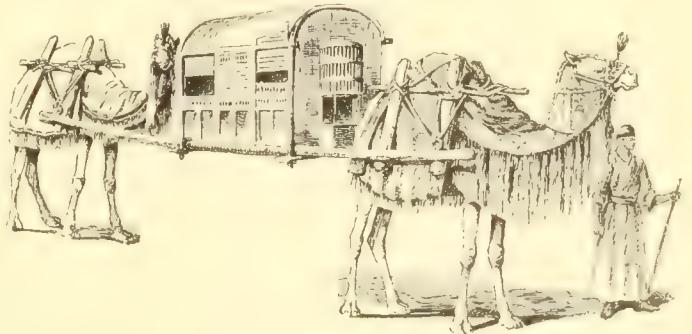
Media had a barrier of mountains to protect her empire, but Babylonia lay open, on every side a vast plain. The military skill of her generals and the strong walls of her cities were her chief dependence against her foes, and both these in time failed her, as we shall see, for skill can be met with skill, and works reared by man can be destroyed by man, no matter how strong or massive they are.

Perhaps Nabopolassar thought this when he sought to join the family of Cyaxares to his own by marriage. He knew that Media would be a dangerous enemy and a powerful friend, and that Cyaxares would hardly make war upon a kingdom that would in time pass to his grandsons.

Nabopolassar was a shrewd states-



Costume of Young Noble.



Babylon in Camel Sled Chair



Babylonian Soldier.

man, we are forced to admit, for not only did he bind Media to himself by ties of marriage, but he succeeded in making a treaty between Media and Lydia which lasted fifty years and secured the peace of all western Asia.

It happened that the Medes had been five years trying to conquer Lydia, and that Nabopolassar with a Babylonian force joined Media. As they were just about to begin a battle, the sun was hidden, although the day was without a cloud, and darkness settled down upon the plain where the conflict was to have taken place.

The hearts of the soldiers were filled with that awe with which even we contemplate a total eclipse of the sun, and added to that was a superstitious terror.

They thought that the sun-god frowned upon them, and they would surely all perish if they braved his anger. Nabopolassar seized the opportunity to propose that the battle should be indefinitely postponed, that peace should be arranged, and to make sure that the war should come to an end, proposed the means that he

had found so efficacious in the case of Babylon—a royal intermarriage—should take place. His proposals were accepted, and Astyages, Crown Prince of Media, wedded a Lydian princess, to bring about lasting peace, as Nebuchadnezzar had married Amytis for the same purpose.

In spite of the fact that Nebuchadnezzar married the Median princess from motives of policy, he became exceedingly fond of Amytis, we are told, and gratified her every whim. She was beautiful and capricious, and cruel, as well, as Babylonian queens were apt to be, although she was a loving wife to Nebuchadnezzar and no more exacting to the large number of other women in the harem than oriental wives usually are.

For some years Nebuchadnezzar remained in Babylon enjoying life, but when Neco, the Egyptian Pharaoh rebelled against Babylonia and refused to pay tribute, and invaded Syria, he rode away at the head of a great army to punish him. When he had done so and was on his way home, messengers met him with the news of his father's death, and it was as King of the great empire that he entered the Capital with the slaves and treasures taken from Egypt, and was met by the priests of Bel and solemnly crowned ruler.

A few years more and Nebuchadnezzar was again marching forth from Babylon with an army, this time against Tyre, a city of Phœnicia, whose ships sailed to every part of the known world, and who was almost as rich, and was quite as proud and haughty as Babylon. This time Nebuchadnezzar had also a body of Medes among his troops, sent by his father-in-law, Cyaxares, and with these and the veterans who had fought under him in Egypt, he thought that he would make short work of Tyre, but he was mistaken, for while he could surround Tyre on the land side, one side was open to



War-Chariot With Scythians.



the sea, and the ships could bring supplies, arms and soldiers to Tyre when those within the city were no longer sufficient.

Taking advantage of the siege of Tyre, the Hebrews of Jerusalem rebelled. When Neco had some years before refused tribute to Babylon, and even marched into Syria, a king of the Jews, Josiah, who had cause to be friendly toward Babylon, met him on the borders of the land with an army to oppose his entrance to Asia, but was defeated and killed.

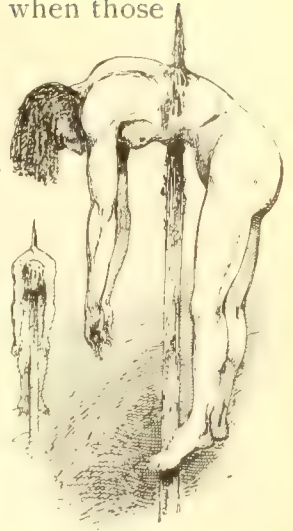
Neco then marched to Jerusalem, dethroned Josiah's son and placed upon the throne Jehoiakim, who promised to be Egypt's friend, and to hold Egypt's enemies as his own.

Now Egypt and Babylonia had always been bitter enemies, and Neco probably promised to help Jehoiakim in a rebellion against Babylon, perhaps counting upon the army of Nebuchadnezzar being employed at Tyre.

Nebuchadnezzar at once divided his force, left half of it before the walls of Tyre, and with the other half marched promptly to Jerusalem, so promptly that the Egyptians had no time to reach the Jewish city. When Jehoiakim saw the Babylonian army nearing the walls of his capital he at once surrendered himself to Nebuchadnezzar and was put to death, his son being placed on the throne, but being dethroned and carried captive to Babylon three months after by Nebuchadnezzar, who suspected his faithfulness, although Jehoiachin could hardly be blamed for plotting against the king who had humbled his city and taken his father's life.

Tyre still held out against Nebuchadnezzar, and eight years after he first marched to Jerusalem he was again encamped under the walls of the Jewish Capital. Zedekiah, the king he had himself placed upon the throne, thinking the time favorable to free the Jewish nation from Babylonia, whose oppression and extortion had become unbearable. With aid promised from Egypt, he felt reasonably sure of success, and was not able to see that the Hebrew kingdom under Egypt's protection, was doomed to bear heavier burdens than under Babylonia's rule, for Egypt was not only greedy and tyrannical but treacherous too, although in this instance the Pharaoh did actually send an army toward Jerusalem, which, when it heard of the great force Nebuchadnezzar had brought to meet them, marched back into Egypt much faster than they had marched out of it.

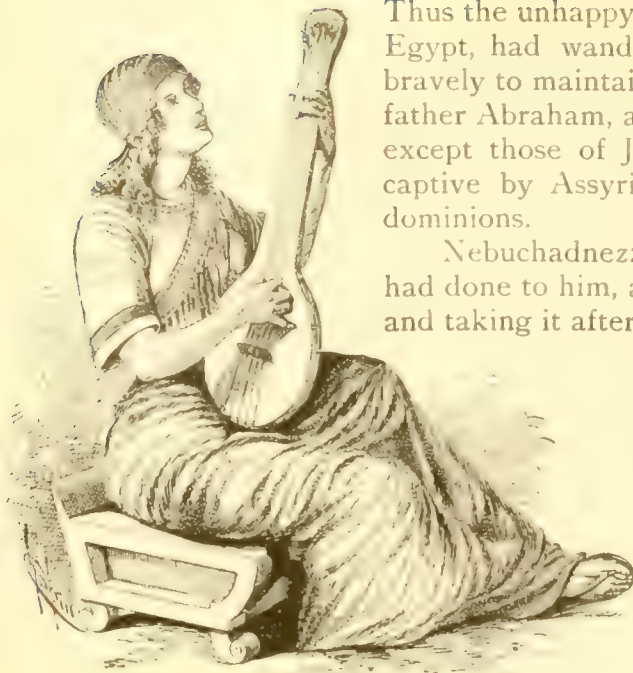
Zedekiah was a brave king and a good general, but after the city of Jerusalem had been besieged two years, and famine and sickness had caused the Jews to lose strength and courage, he at last sent his submission to Nebuchadnezzar, opened the gates, and amid the mourning of the people the conqueror entered. He plundered the temple of Jehovah, carried off its sacred vessels, and not only killed Zedekiah's sons before their father's eyes, but afterward forever shut all other sights from the poor father by blinding him with the heated blade of a sword and carried him and nearly all of the people of Jerusalem to Babylon as captives.



Babylonian Method of Inflicting the Death Penalty.



Babylonian Method of Seizing Captives.



Musician With Lute.

Thus the unhappy Jewish nation that had been in bondage in Egypt, had wandered forty years in the desert, and fought bravely to maintain the inheritance promised by Jehovah to their father Abraham, again became slaves, as all the twelve tribes, except those of Judah and Benjamin, had before been made captive by Assyria, and settled in a far-away portion of her dominions.

Nebuchadnezzar was not the man to forget the injury Egypt had done to him, and after three years further besieging Tyre, and taking it after a brave resistance of thirteen years all told, he led his army into Egypt, dethroned the Pharaoh who had encouraged the rebellious Jews, placed a friend of Babylonia, Amasis, over the Egyptians and continued a career of conquest over the whole of Northern Africa. He removed colonies of Jews, Egyptians and Phœnicians from their own country to distant portions of Babylonia, and brought thousands of captives to Babylon.

We are apt, in thinking of a great conqueror, to remember only the glory of his conquests, and to forget the sorrow and desolation that followed in his track, of the lives wasted and the miseries of those subjected. These woes are sad enough in our own times, when men lay some claim to humanity, but they must have been dreadful in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, for he was a cruel and bloody-minded tyrant, to whom the groans of conquered people were sweet music, and who sought by the horrible nature of the revenge he took upon rebels, to so terrorize his provinces that they would remain faithful.

As I have said before, Babylon was famed for its learning before the fall of Nineveh, and in Nebuchadnezzar's time its magnificence was celebrated throughout the whole world, and it was called the "City of the Gate of God."

The city was built upon both sides of the Euphrates, covered about 150 square miles of land and round about it on every side, for it was nearly square, Nebuchadnezzar caused his captives taken in war to build a wall nearly a hundred feet high forty feet thick and something over fifty miles long, measuring entirely around the city.

Upon this great wall of brick were towers that served as guard-houses and sentry stations, and twenty-five bronze gates on each side were opened in the morning and closed at night.

I can not believe that the whole space within the walls was as closely covered with houses as in our modern cities, for it would have contained four times as many people as there are in Paris now, and twice as many as live in London, the greatest city of the world. Some of the ground must have served as fields and market gardens, that in case of siege



Lure of Art.



would have supplied fresh fruit and vegetables to the citizens.

It must have taken very huge moulds to cut the bronze gates of the walls, and how it was done we do not know, but that it was done proves that the Babylonians were as skillful workers of large masses of crude metals as they were of smaller quantities of gold and silver.

Crossing the Euphrates were drawbridges which in the day-time connected the two portions of the city, but at night swung open. These bridges were set upon stone-piers sunken deep in the river bed, clamped firmly together with iron and lead, and were not very different from those in use in our own times. Beside these bridges there was a tunnel under the river twelve or fifteen feet from floor to roof, and about the same width; and thus you see that the Babylonians made practical use of their knowledge of mathematics in ways hitherto unknown to the ancient world.

The walls of Babylon were wonderful in their strength and thickness, and in the city itself Nebuchadnezzar caused two great palaces to be built upon opposite sides of the river, and repaired and beautified an old temple to the god Bel, making it the most celebrated for its splendor in the world.

This temple was surrounded by high brick walls, and was so set that the corners of its square foundation pointed exactly to the four points of the compass. It was built of eight stories, each one smaller than the one below it, and the building, when it was finished, was of the shape of a pyramid.

Each of these stories was thirty-six feet high, reached by broad winding stairs, and midway up the long ascent was a platform or resting place.

Each story served as the place of worship of a separate god or goddess, and leading from the central room of each story were arranged around the square the dwellings of the priests who attended upon the shrines.

The Chaldæans were planet worshippers, and so they made this temple both upon the outside and inside, represent the place each planet occupied in the Zodiac.

The first story was the shrine of Saturn, and as Saturn is so far from the earth that it is almost beyond the reach of light from our sun, and could be but faintly seen through the imperfect telescopes of the Chaldæans,—for as they made such good glass, they no doubt made telescopes. The outer walls of the first story were made black by a coat of bitumen, and black was probably used as the gloomy planets appropriate color in the decorations of the inner walls.

The planet Jupiter gives a bright orange light, as you have perhaps noticed, and the bricks of the second story, the shrine of Jupiter, were a bright orange color.

The third story was sacred to the planet Mars, which was supposed to rule the lives of warriors, and hence its bright red color was imitated in bricks burned fiery red, but these three lower stories were entirely eclipsed in splendor by the fourth, the one sacred to the sun, for both its inner and outer walls were covered all over as were its floor and ceiling with plates of gold hammered to the thickness of a finger nail, and burnished as smooth and bright as summer sunlight on the yellow grain fields of the Chaldæan valleys.

How many hungry and weary slaves as they hammered these plates must have secretly cursed in their hearts the folly that decorated thus temples to the gods of bloodshed, crime and cruelty, while thousands of their fellow human beings were



Babylonian Representation of Baal

lacking the necessities of life on account of being compelled thus to gratify the ambition of their king, who probably cared quite as much for the envy of foreign nations as he did to please the deities, and who finally in his pride and vain glory even declared that he himself was a god before whom men trembled.

Venus was represented by the story above the sun, and after the walls were built of the story sacred to her shrine intense heat was applied in some way so that the bricks were of the dull blue of slag or melted glass.

The moon's shrine was covered all over with plates of silver as the sun's was of gold, and above the seven other story's towered the shrine of Bel, a square altar of solid masonry covered all over with beaten gold and approached by a winding stairway leading around the outside.

The gold and silver images, the precious vessels and altars where sacrifices of hundreds of victims were daily offered that were within this great temple, cost the whole wealth of many conquered people, for Nebuchadnezzar made them bear the expense as well as the labor of the great works with which he enriched Babylon.

Seen from a distance this rainbow-hued tower must have been impressive, while near at hand it excited admiration and wonder which was not at all diminished by sight of the splendid offerings borne daily to the temple by the rich, and the dignity of the officiating priests who lived in a magnificence and state equalled only by the king.

No slabs of marble or alabaster, cut and painted like those that adorned the inner walls of the great buildings of Assyria, were used in this temple of Bel or in any of the palaces and temples of Babylon, but the bricks were stamped with figures forming pictures of hunting scenes or the triumphs of Nebuchadnezzar, and with sentences which related that they were made by Nebuchadnezzar, and these are found to this day in grass-grown mounds that are the heaped ruins of palaces and temples. This stamping of the bricks was done with metal or wooden moulds, hav-

ing the subjects raised on their surface, so that when they were pressed firmly down upon the wet clay a sunken impression was left. This was the birth of the art of printing to which we owe so much of our civilization, and the Babylonians became celebrated printers, although their books were only clumsy terra-cotta cylinders or square bricks. They printed not only these but made beautiful printed muslins or calico, printed borders of leaves, flowers, or fantastic animals and geometric figures upon their linen robes, and even printed silks and woollens in complicated patterns as a substitute for the hand embroideries which they executed with such dainty skill,

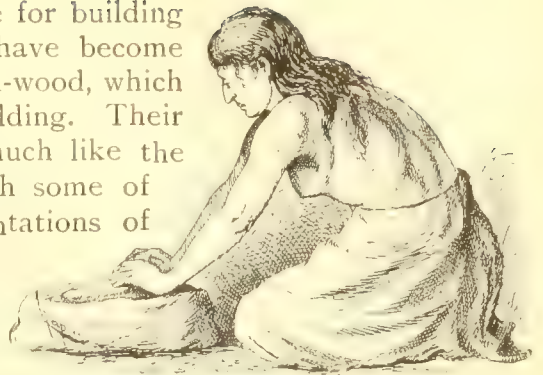
Babylonian Brick with Stamp.

and these, as well as their fine carpets, were the forerunners of the present Eastern proficiency in fabrics and needle-work.

Although the palaces and temples of Babylon were so fine and gaudy, built upon high mounds to be above the insects and dust, and with walls thick enough to keep out the heat, I am afraid that the houses of the common people were poor protection against the burning sun of summer, or the damp of the rainy season. The houses of the rich, although they were painted in bright colors, inside and out, and were often three or four stories high, were hardly less flimsy, for they were built of palm-wood, and the pillars that supported the arched roofs were the stems of palm-trees, twined with twisted rushes, that were then covered with stucco and painted.



Perhaps if the Babylonians had possessed stone for building purposes, as did the Egyptians, they, too, would have become sculptors and noted builders, but they had only palm-wood, which is too tough to be readily carved, and brick for building. Their attempts at sculpture are so clumsy that they are much like the school-boy's achievements with jack-knives, although some of their seals and engraved gems have small representations of birds and animals that are fairly good. Notwithstanding their lack of artistic taste, the Babylonians were an intellectual people, that is to say they excelled in literary and scientific knowledge, and in the construction of practical works like drains and bridges, and they found out many natural laws.



Babylonian Woman Grinding Corn.

The clock, ticking so soberly upon the mantel, and the watch in its case, are descendants of a Chaldæan time-piece called the Clepsydra. After the Chaldæan astronomers had mapped out the heavens and watched the motion of the heavenly bodies until they could divide the day pretty well into periods, they made two kinds of sundial, which marked the day when the sun shone, from the time the sun rose until it crossed the meridian, or noon line, and from that time until it set, but they still had no means of telling the time at night, or in the cloudy days of autumn and winter.

It was inconvenient enough, even in that sunny land, to depend wholly upon the sun as a time-keeper, so after much study and experiment,—and it is astonishing how much study and experiment have gone to perfecting the many convenience of our modern daily life,—they made the Clepsydra or water-clock.

This queer clock was made of a certain number of tubes filled with water, poised so the water was poured out slowly drop by drop, and they were marked in such a way that one could tell at a glance by the height of water in them what hour it was, the dropping water being received in a tube also marked.

The Chaldæan priests studied the weather, too, and could foretell changes and storms nearly as well as our own signal service, and made a sort of almanac.

Mixed with their real knowledge was much pretended wisdom, and as humbug has been powerful in every age of the world, they probably gained more fame from the pretended than the real wisdom.

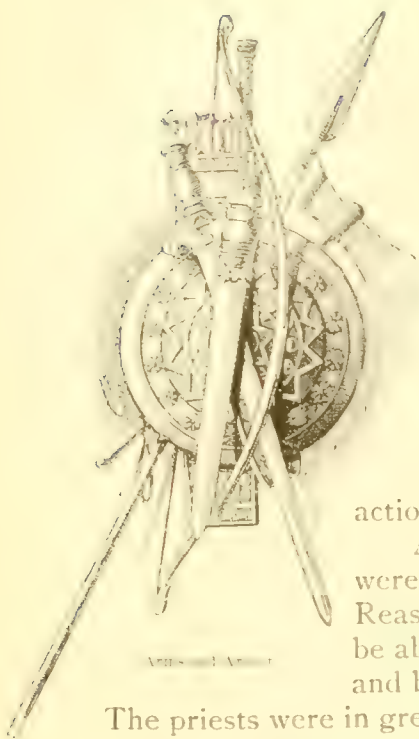
Hundreds of these priests attended upon Nebuchadnezzar in peace or war, and gravely professed to be able to tell him the meaning of signs and omens, and of course, as there are no such things as "signs and omens," they attached a meaning to the thousand little incidents of daily life.

Nebuchadnezzar never undertook anything without consulting the priests, so you see the priests were the real power behind the ignorant and superstitious king, and made him do as they liked. If the king dreamed, no matter how silly a mess of nonsense resulting from over-eating and undr exercising, one of the priests must be called to "interpret" the dream, and if he said it meant calamity, othes priests were called to "charm" away the evil.

The people were as superstitious as the king, and like him paid professional "dreamers" to dream for them, and other priests, for only priests were supposed to be first-class "dreamers," to "interpret," so the priests grew wealthy practicing such frauds, and were a power in the land. If a stray dog got into Nebuchadnezzar's palace and crawled under



Babylonian Coin with Figure of Bael.



his chair, the city was seized with consternation, and the priests were called to remove the evil influence which they said threatened the empire, and if a piece of furniture fell in the palace and was broken, it was supposed to portend dire disaster, which only the priests could prevent.

How they managed to avoid contradicting each other I can not say, but I suppose they wrote the ridiculous "omens" and the interpretations they had given them on their cylinders, and this was a part of the "lore of the Chaldees" which they taught to those who desired to become priests.

The priests no doubt studied carefully cause and effect, and kept themselves more thoroughly posted on national affairs than any other class of people, and were thus able often to be of real use in preventing the king from foolish

actions.

At last Nebuchadnezzar discovered what frauds his priests were. He dreamed a dream and forgot all but its vague outline. Reasoning rightly that priests who could interpret dreams should be able to tell the dream itself, he called them all to the palace and bade them tell him at once his half-forgotten dream, or die.

The priests were in great terror. One ventured that the king had dreamed a certain dream, but Nebuchadnezzar struck him dead because he had not told him anything near the truth. Then all were afraid to hazard any guesses, and had not the Hebrew prophet Daniel, who had been told by Jehovah in a vision the details of the dream, restored Nebuchadnezzar's good humor by relating it to him with the interpretation, the priests would all have lost their heads.

As it was, Nebuchadnezzar spared their lives, although he never again believed in them.

Nebuchadnezzar was almost as great a builder as were the old pyramid kings of Egypt. Besides the palaces, the temple to Bel and the great wall of which I have told you, he dug a great many canals, one of which was 400 miles long, for the use of merchant traffic boats; made roads; constructed wharfs along the Euphrates and break-waters on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and made a great reservoir in Babylon to hold the waters of the Euphrates for the use of the citizens.

To fill this reservoir he turned the waters of the river from their course, then paved the bed of the stream with brick so none of the waters might be lost by sinking into the ground, then placed gratings that could be raised and lowered at the points where the river penetrated the city walls. When all was completed he turned the water back again and the reservoir was filled.

Another great reservoir that was 140 miles in circumference, and 180 feet deep, he caused to be dug in the Chaldean plain, to hold the overflow waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, for irrigation in the hot, dry weather.

Nebuchadnezzar founded two cities on the Gulf, made a levee along the Tigris to protect the fields from floods. He taxed most oppressively the provinces for these works, which were of no benefit to them at all, but useful to the city of Babylon and neighboring cities only, and making the people from whom the money was wrung hate Babylonia most heartily, and always ready to revolt at the first appearance of a foreign enemy. One of the most singular works of Nebuchadnezzar was an artificial mountain which he built for the pleasure of Amyitis, and which you have probably



heard called "The Hanging Gardens." Amyitis, having been reared in a mountainous country, pined for the hills of Media, and wearied of the plains of Chaldaea, so Nebuchadnezzar selected the site upon the borders of his great Babylonian reservoir, and near the banks of the river, and reared the pleasure grounds of his queen upon tiers of arches and solid pillars of masonry twenty or thirty feet thick.

The structure was built in five stories, each fifty feet high, and each square and a little smaller than the one below it, the projecting part in each case being a wide platform with steps leading to the platform above it, giving the mountain a pyramidal shape.

These platforms were like the rest of the masonry, made twenty feet thick, of reeds coated with bitumen, afterward covered with solid brick work, and over all a coat of lead, and each story was supported by fifteen hundred pillars.

The top was quite extensive, and was covered, as were the platforms, with rich earth for several feet in which were planted groves of trees and flowers, and shrubs of every kind known in the East, and were watered from the reservoir by a sort of screw.

Here the Median Amyitis sported with her maidens, bathing in the artificial rills and lying upon the grass amid the flowers in the cool morning or evening, and looked over the great city and wide plain.

Here, too, when the deadly winds blew hot from the desert, and the windows and doors were shut tight in the city to keep out its blighting breath, naked slaves toiled amid the flowers and shrubs, bearing water to them that they should not wither, until they fell under the power of the desert winds and died. Then others took their places and in turn panted out their life in the stifling heat, but what were the lives of these slaves to the queen, when compared with the preservation of one of her rare shrubs!

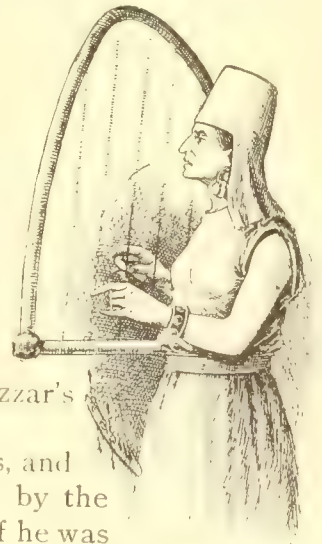
It was death to a stranger to enter these gardens unbidden by the queen, or without the signet of the king, and its groves and glades shadowed only those upon whom royal favor had fallen.

Nebuchadnezzar was warned in a dream that God would remove him from his kingdom for seven years, on account of his pride and vainglory, and sure enough on the very day when he boasted that he was a god, and related how wonderful were his works, he was stricken with a very dreadful form of insanity, which learned physicians call lycanthropy.

As is usual in such madness, Nebuchadnezzar imagined himself an animal, could not talk, remain in a house or eat his ordinary food, so he was kept in an inclosure in the palace garden, eating grass and herbs. Amyitis ruled in his stead until the seven years were over.

With his heart humbled by his affliction, Nebuchadnezzar, when he recovered, resumed his sway and lived to be an old man of eighty, dying in the forty-fourth year of his reign and leaving his great empire to Evil Merodach, his son, who treated the captive Jews with great kindness, but was dethroned and killed by his brother-in-law Nereglissar, in less than two years after Nebuchadnezzar's war-worn and weary heart was stilled by the hand of death.

Nereglissar lived but three years to enjoy the fruit of his crimes, and his son, a mere boy to whom he left the empire, was put to death by the Babylonian nobles, who claimed that he had a bad disposition, and if he was at all like his father no doubt he had. Nabonadius, a general and noble, was selected as king thereafter, and he married the widow of Nereglissar,

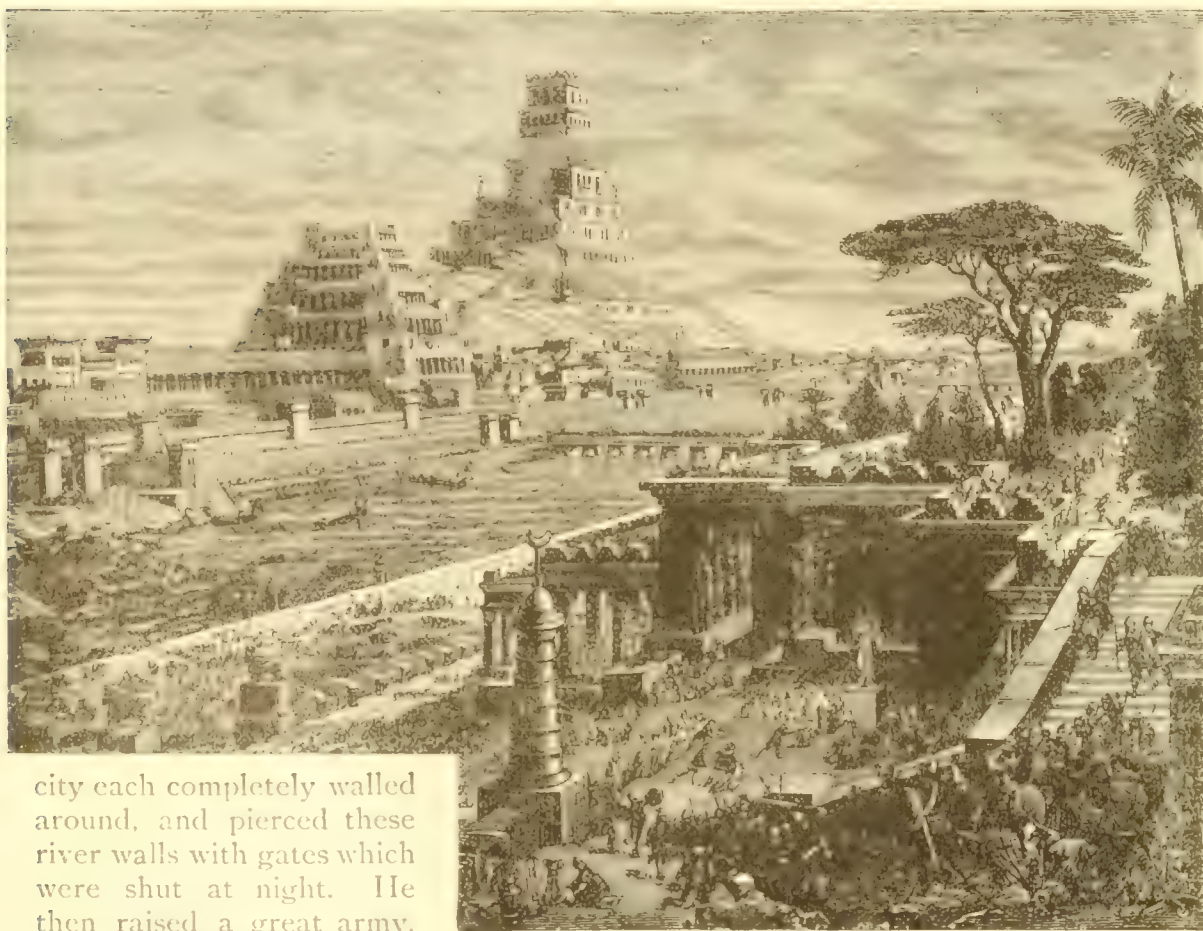


Babylonian Musician

the mother of the murdered boy, who, being the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, gave her husband a sort of legal claim upon Babylonia, although the poor creature probably was unwilling enough to marry him.

Nabonadius was scarcely established upon the throne before Media fell into the hands of Cyrus, and the eastern provinces rebelled. The Lydians, whose friendship had been gained long before, now had a king named Crœsus, who saw with alarm the growing strength of Persia, and sent messages from Sardis, his capital, to Babylon, proposing that Babylonia and Lydia should unite against Cyrus.

Nabonadius at once agreed and signed a treaty with Lydia, and then began to prepare for war, knowing that Cyrus would sooner or later invade Babylonia. He built a high thick wall on each side of the Euphrates, making the two parts of the



city each completely walled around, and pierced these river walls with gates which were shut at night. He then raised a great army, which he drilled for the struggle. The king of Lydia soon plunged, unaided, into war against Cyrus, and was conquered, and it was fourteen years after that event before the Persian king was sufficiently sure of his power in the north to invade Babylonia.

The ancient idea of war was either to measure at once strength with strength, or to wear out by a siege the patience of the foes, and sometimes both a great battle and a long siege were necessary.

As Cyrus came near to Babylon it is said that one of his sacred white horses was drowned in crossing a river between the Euphrates and Tigris, and to revenge himself upon the stream he camped then and there to punish the river by cutting 360 channels to disperse its waters, and thus the whole winter passed away. I suspect



Cyrus only kept his soldiers busy cutting channels to keep them from growing lazy, and to give them a practice in digging that might be useful to them hereafter, and that he pitched his camp in the warm dry valley to wait until the wet season in Babylonia should be over.

As soon as spring broke, Cyrus marched toward Babylonia, and was met by Nabonadius and his army. A dreadful battle was fought, in which the Babylonian king was defeated, and retired with half his army to a strong walled town south of Babylon, while the other half returned to Babylon, where Belshazzar, the son of Nabonadius, had been left in command with royal authority.

If Nabonadius thought by dividing his own army to divide that of Cyrus, he was mistaken, for the Persians camped before Babylon, and tried every possible means of taking the city. Belshazzar, although only nineteen years old and unskilled in war, had a warrior queen for his mother, and Nitocris was the true child of her great father Nebuchadnezzar.

She advised him wisely, and he took her advice, and the Persians were almost in despair when Cyrus, at the time of the feast of the god Bel, marched off up the Euphrates valley, leaving only a few thousand men before Babylon.

Thinking the Persians had given up the attempt to take the city, the Babylonians, already reveling as usual at the Bel feast, gave themselves up to the wild mirth and feasting, but while they were carousing, Cyrus, out of view from the watch towers, had set his vast force at work with spades cutting the channel of the Euphrates to diminish the water so the army could march in the bed of the stream back to the city.

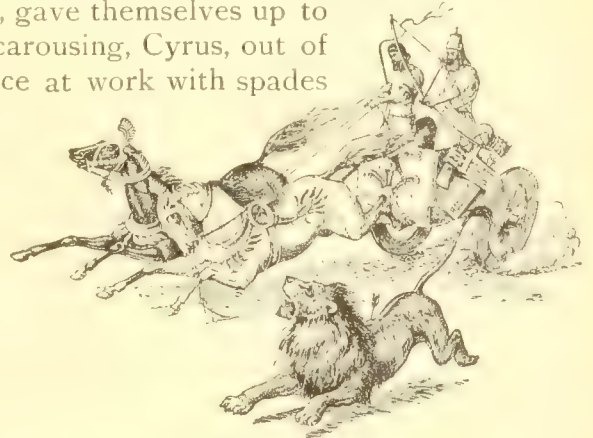
As soon as the water was low enough, which was not long, they were all on their way back to Babylon, and, protected by the darkness, were soon again ready to join their comrades.

In Babylon drunkenness and debauchery had succeeded the feast. The gates between the two portions of the city were open, and revellers, garlanded with flowers, went singing and shouting through them, while many of the soldiers that should have watched on the walls half-sodden with wine, left their arms in the watch towers and joined in the general mirth.

In the meantime the Persian watchers at the water-gates listened anxiously to observe whether the sinking of the water had been observed inside the town. When they heard only drunken shouts they passed in silently, protected by the darkness and the banks of the streams, stationed themselves at the river gates, threw open an outer gate to their friends, raised the war shout and fell upon the Babylonians burning, slaying, and plundering.

Belshazzar himself was in the midst of a thousand nobles, drinking toasts to Bel out of the golden vessels taken from the temples by his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, when his doom was written upon the wall in letters of fire there by the hand of Jehovah.

Cyrus allowed his soldiers to plunder to their heart's content, reserving, of course, the richest spoil for himself, and after burning some of the temples and dismantling the walls, received the submission of Nabonadius, who yielded up all his treasure with his kingdom.



King Hunting Lion

Thus, proud Babylon, like Memphis, Thebes and Nineveh, bowed her neck to the conqueror, and but 539 B. C., 88 years after Nabopalassar gained the throne, she was shorn of her diadem of glory, and while widows wailed over their dead, and the priests mourned over her desecrated altars she was fettered by foreigners, never again to know the sweetness of freedom.



Babylonian Threshing Machine.



# PERSIA.



ALTHOUGH the Persian Empire did not exist until after the conquest of Media by Cyrus, Persia had been a prosperous kingdom for a long time before that great king was born. It was small and unimportant, a "scant country and a rugged," in many portions with dreary salt deserts and bleak, bare mountains, brown and desolate, frowning down upon the fair vales, where lovely flowers grew and bright birds sang in orchards filled with ripening fruits or fragrant blossoms.

Across these mountains, roads were cut, winding about the edges of deep precipices, and crossing wild gorges, upon bridges of a single span. But nature had gifted the long narrow valleys with such rich fruitfulness, mildness of climate and wealth of verdure, that the Persians loved their land with passionate devotion, in spite of its dreary plains and arid highlands, finding in its cloud-piercing summits and roaring torrents inspiration for song and weird legend.

Like the Medes, the Persians were Aryans, and their religion, customs and laws, were much the same for a century, after the fall of Nineveh, when their history is first known, and they used the same cuneiform alphabet that was common in Media.

Like the Medes, too, the Persians were not a literary people, and although papyrus grew wild in Persia, and was cultivated in fields because its roots were good for food, the only scrolls that were written were those containing the chronicles of their kings.

The education of a boy in Persia in the days when Cyrus was young was not one which was calculated to encourage literary tastes, and I doubt whether he ever, in the whole course of his life, learned to read or write, for the priests did all the reading and writing that was done.

Nevertheless, although there were neither school-books nor school-houses, boys were very carefully educated, but girls were sadly neglected, for it was not thought necessary to teach them anything, as it was supposed that their mission in life was to look pretty, dress as finely as possible, and amuse their male relatives when they felt disposed for amusement.

Every Persian man married as many wives as he could afford to support, and although the women quarrelled among themselves, they were kept in rather strict order when under the eye of the favorite wife, or the chief male slave of the household.

For the first five years of the boy's life he was taught nothing at all except per-



Persian Woman of the Harem

haps the nursery rhymes and stories which all mothers, savage or civilized, croon to their little ones, but when he was five years old his father began to train him.

Every day in the year the little lad was obliged to leave his bed in the cold grey of the morning, just as dawn was breaking. No matter whether the weather was hot or cold, whether the rain fell, the snow whitened the ground or the dew lay in pearly drops on the grass, the boy was obliged to leave his warm, snug bed, plunge into a cold bath, rub himself briskly, dress himself, and, accompanied by the slave who had charge of him, go out in the open air to the place where other boys of his age were assembled. There he was exercised in running, slinging stones, shooting with the bow, and throwing the javelin.

He received no food until mid-day, and then he must eat enough to last him twenty-four hours, for he got nothing more until the same time the next day.

When he had kept up this course for two years, if he lived through it, and a great many did not, the boy was taught to ride.

Now all boys love to ride, but this riding of the Persian boys was not merely a canter over a smooth stretch of turf, or a gallop through level lanes and pleasant meadows, but at full speed he dashed up hill and down hill, jumped off and on his horse while in full career, as you have perhaps seen circus riders do. He also learned to shoot the bow or throw the javelin, and manage a long spear while in the saddle,—undertakings which a boy of seven these days would hardly think possible of achievement.

As soon as the Persian boy learned to manage his horse and weapons tolerably well, he was allowed, or compelled, to go out hunting with the other boys under training, commanded by one of the king's officers.

This officer led the boys into all sorts of danger to make them fearless, and caused them to march miles and miles in the burning heat of summer or the bitter cold of winter, for in some parts of Persia heat and cold were both extreme in their season. At night they slept on the bare ground with the blue sky and twinkling stars above them, and while lying under their blankets they heard the sighing wind in the tree-tops, or in the distant desert the cry of the hyena or lion.

They thought nothing, these weather-toughened lads, of plunging through an icy mountain torrent, but held their weapons high above their heads to keep them dry, and if they succeeded, cared little for the discomfort of wet clothing.

They often had nothing to eat but the wild acorns, small bitter pears and various herbs and roots of the country through which they passed, with a substantial meal once in two days, and would have thought it a great disgrace to be accused of indolence, fondness for eating or fear of danger.

When the boys were not absent on these hunting excursions they exercised in the morning, and in the afternoons were busied in learning to till the soil or in making nets, traps and snares, for wild animals, in fashioning bows, arrows and javelins. As "all work and no play" is no better for boys than all play and no work, they probably had many a rough boyish game with which they filled in the hours not given over to serious pursuits.

The only studying of set lessons was the listening to the priests tell about Ormazd and his angels, or relate legends of gods and heroes, which the listeners



were expected to remember, and in their turn relate. As many of those stories were dull enough, I doubt not that the boys found them the most wearisome part of their training.

In one particular, at least the moral training of the Persians was admirable. They were taught that lying was the greatest of all crimes, and that upon truth all other virtues rest, as indeed they do, for a man who speaks the truth, lives true to his conscience and true to his God, needs no higher moral standard.

The Persian love and practice of truth was famous among early oriental nations who were usually deceitful enough, and we are told that the Persians would neither buy or sell goods of any kind if they could avoid it, as trade is apt to make people exaggerate in explaining the virtues of their wares.

Should a man make a promise, even were that man a king, he was considered forever disgraced and unworthy of respect if he broke it, no matter what disaster would result to himself or others should he keep his word, or what good would accrue from not keeping it. Indeed the Persian kings were forbidden by law to withdraw from their promises, and punishments for proven offenses were so certain that "fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians," became a proverb.

When Persian youths were fifteen years old they were considered men, enrolled in the army and likely to be called upon to attend the king on foreign expeditions.

Their training for the trade of war, however, continued five years longer should there be no foreign expedition calling them to accompany their king. At twenty they were strong, hardy and muscular, accustomed to cold and hunger, afraid to face no danger, truthful, manly, and, we are told, noted for their personal beauty.



Persian Dwelling

With an army of such men no wonder that Cyrus conquered the world, and it was only when the youths were no longer thus trained that the empire of Persia fell, conquered as much by luxury as by the foreign foe.

Every young man of twenty, in Cyrus' day, belonged to his country from that time until he was fifty. Those who were the sons of fathers of high rank became the body guard of the king, and lived at the capital, or were given employment as governors, messengers, secretaries or judges, in the provinces, while the youths of more common parentage were stationed in the garrisons in different parts of the empire.

It is not at all strange that Cyrus, having been trained to manly sports and war-like exercise, should have felt deeply disgusted with the idle ease of the Median court, and have learned to despise the luxurious conquerors of his country.

His youth and early manhood had been passed in Persia and, he had only been brought to the court of Cyaxares late in that monarch's reign, or early in the reign of his son, and had probably watched the decline of the martial spirit in Media closely, and bided his time to secure Persia's freedom.

He knew that Western Asia could own but one master, and that either Babylonia or Persia must be that master. He resolved that Persia should through him,

become the dictator to surrounding nations. After he had overthrown the dominion of Astyages, and become the owner of the Median share of the Assyrian possession in land and slaves, gold and treasure, he turned his eyes toward Lydia, the richest empire in Western Asia. Cræsus, the king, was rash enough to engage him without waiting for Babylonia's aid, and he conquered him easily. After putting down a revolt in Media, Cyrus subdued the Greek cities on the Ionian peninsula, turned his arms against the Eastern mountain and plains tribe that were in the habit of plundering unprotected portions of his empire, and punished them thoroughly. For fourteen years Cyrus marched forth from his capital every spring with his army, and came every autumn loaded with the spoils of war.

When he had thoroughly made himself master of all the petty kingdoms and wild tribes of Western Asia he turned his attention to Babylonia, and when by his capture of Babylon he made that empire his own, his sway was over a dominion made up of various tribes and nations occupying half as much territory as is comprised in all modern Europe, and eight times as large as the Assyrian empire was in the days of Ashur-ban-i-pal.

This conquest of Babylonia by an Ayran empire was the greatest event of ancient times, for it hastened the death of paganism and the growth of a civilization that paved the way for the performance of the greatest miracle of the ages,—the birth of the God-man, Jesus, and the dissemination of Christianity.

Babylon was the oppressor of the Jews, and an example of wickedness in every way upon which the world looked and was tainted. Her sins found imitators, and her paganism supported by a powerful and unscrupulous priesthood, had spread into Media and was likely to spread as the glory and fame of the city increased.

Cyrus became deeply interested in the Jews when he learned that his coming and the destruction of Babylon had been foretold ages before by one of their prophets. He found in their religion much with which the creed of Zoroaster was in sympathy, and he not only gave them permission to return to Jerusalem, but encouraged them to carry their doctrine to every part of his empire. He saw in it, perhaps, a more powerful weapon against the pagan taint that Media and Persia had received than even the creed of Zoroaster.

The enlightenment of the heathen world that has continued to our own times, therefore, began with the greatest achievement of the great Cyrus, the conquest of Babylonia. He died a short time after, battling against barbarians, and his body was borne to a rock-hewn tomb which he had caused to be built for him near Pasagardæ, the old capital of Persia.

Cyrus was a conqueror entirely different from the usual type of ancient conquerors, and be it said to his lasting glory, he was a warrior who was never cruel to a captured or conquered foe, a king who had none of the foolish pride of a tyrant, and a ruler who was at once a law-giver, father and model to the nation.

For centuries after his death Persia had reason to mourn for the goodness, gentleness and humanity of its first great monarch, and in all the ages of the world's history there have lived but few men who have had an equal share of military genius, resolution and courage.

The good Cyrus thought that by leaving his empire to Cambyses, his eldest son, and the government of several large provinces to Smerdis, his only other son, that he was providing justly for both, but neither was



Persian Soldier.



satisfied. Cambyses was a jealous and cruel man, and as soon as he was firmly established upon the throne he caused his brother Smerdis to be killed, but with such secrecy that it was never known whether poison or the dagger did the cruel work, and it was a long time before the fact of his death was disclosed.

Cambyses knew that Cyrus had always meant to conquer Africa, and so he determined to carry out his father's plan, and Egypt, of course, was the first country that figured in his schemes of African conquest.

Amasis was at this time Pharaoh, and knowing his proud temper, and thinking it most unlikely that Amasis would grant his request, to pick a quarrel with him, Cambyses sent to him and asked him for his daughter, as a sort of secondary wife little better than a slave.

Of course the request was insulting, but Amasis was too crafty to refuse Cambyses outright, knowing a refusal equal to a declaration of war, and he had no army ready to bring against the vast force of Persia. Therefore he sent to Cambyses an Egyptian woman of remarkable beauty, pretending that she was his daughter.

This woman, Nitetis, perhaps thinking she would be returned to her home if she disclosed the fraud, or it may be to revenge herself upon Amasis, told Cambyses that she was not the Pharaoh's daughter, whereupon the Persian king, well pleased, no doubt, to have a cause of quarrel, pretended to be furiously enraged against Amasis, and began to get his army ready to start for Egypt.



KING CYRUS

He sent rich presents to the Arab chiefs who ruled over the tribes in the desert, through which he was obliged to pass in reaching the Egyptian frontier, and made a treaty with their Sheikh.

He bribed or compelled the Phœnicians to send a fleet of ships to join the fleets of Ionia, Cypress and Aeolis, which were tributary to Persia, and got together a large army.

With his ships of war Cambyses knew the Nile would be open to him, and he could lay siege to the cities of Egypt both from the land and from the water. Finally after

four years of preparation, he set out for Egypt, and when he had reached the Nile valley, desolated the whole land from east to west, and from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Island of Elephantis, there was scarcely a house that did not mourn a son or brother dead by the sword of the Persian.

At last the Persian army, having plundered all the cities and towns of Egypt, was about to be led by Cambyses against the rich republic of Carthage, in Northern Africa, one of the Barbary States which we know as Tunis, but the Phœnician fleet refused to have anything to do with the enterprise, for Carthage was a city that had been founded and peopled by Phœnicians centuries before.

Unable to conquer Carthage without the aid of the fleet, Cambyses, reluctantly enough, abandoned the idea, and sent instead fifty thousand men to conquer the oasis of Ammon, in the Libyan desert. They must have perished amid its heat, or been buried under a whirling column of sand, or in some way which will forever remain unknown met their doom, for never a man of them was heard of more.

Another and a more numerous army Cambyses led himself into the desert toward Ethiopia, probably not knowing that his fifty thousand would never return. After suffering untold miseries of famine, heat and thirst, and losing half his army in the desert, the Persian king, vanquished by a foe against whom arrow and spear, fire and sword were powerless, turned back to Memphis.

Discontent grew into murmuring in the Persian camp, and the Egyptians, when they heard of it, took heart. The priests declared that one of their gods, Apis, had come to earth in the form of a white bull to help them, and their leaders formed a plan to rebel against the Persians.

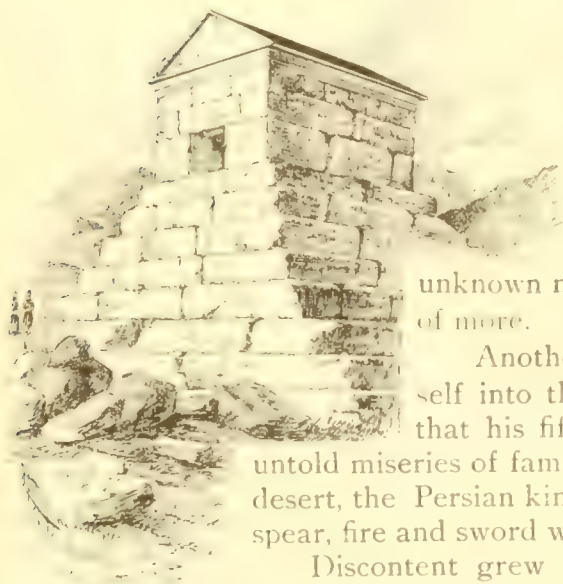
Cambyses, never a very moderate man, was so much enraged on learning of the contemplated rebellion, that he put to death the captive, Pharaoh Psamenitis,—who had succeeded Amasis some time before the Persian invasion,—and then proceeded to show the people how powerless were the gods in whom they trusted.

He stabbed the white bull, thought to be Apis, with his own hand, and caused every priest who had taken any part in caring for the animal, to be publicly whipped. Then he prohibited the worship of Apis under pain of death.

Next he opened the tombs and examined the mummies, which was considered great sacrilege by the Egyptians, but worst of all, he scoffed at the monstrous, ugly idols of the Egyptians, with their hawks-heads, cats-heads and bulls-heads, and took every one that he could lay hands on, broke them into small pieces with mallets, and while his army jeered and reviled them, made a public bonfire of their altars and offerings, into which he threw the broken and defaced idols.

When the Egyptian people saw that their outraged deities took no terrible revenge upon the Persians, they lost faith in them, and as Cambyses took no very gentle means to show them that he was their master, they bowed their necks to the Persian yoke.

Cambyses had been gone from Persia quite a long time, and now thought it prudent to return, but the event proved that he had already delayed too long, and in



Tomb of Cyrus at Pasagardae.



reaching his greedy hand out to grasp Egypt, he lost the great empire of Cyrus and his life.

He had reached a certain point in Syria, and was resting one evening, after a day's march under a tropic sun, within his tent, when he was roused by loud shouting and the voice of a herald, proclaiming as he rode about, something that seemed to set the whole army in confusion.

He listened and heard the herald say that Smerdis was king of the Persians, and that this army should no longer give allegiance to Cambyses.

Of course Cambyses knew that Smerdis was dead, and that some impostor was pretending to be that prince, but when he heard that the man who had murdered Smerdis had declared him to be alive, he knew that a conspiracy had been formed against which he would find it hard to contend.

He knew, too, that his haughty and tyrannical conduct, his drunkenness and ferocity, had made him hated, and that his unnatural marriage with his sister, Atossa, had shocked the whole nation. How it happened that Cambyses fell upon his own sword and gave himself a fatal wound cannot be certainly explained, some historians saying it was



Cambyses Killing the Bull Apis.

accidental, others that he did it quite deliberately. The chances are that being a bloody-minded bully, tyrant and murderer, he was afraid to go back to Persia, and committed suicide to escape being buried alive or put to death in some barbarous way that he richly deserved.

The false Smerdis must have been a very bold villain, indeed, for he had a hard part to play.

First, according to the Persian custom which provided that a king should marry the widow of his predecessor, he was obliged to marry Atossa, and as Atossa was the sister, or half-sister, it is uncertain which, of Cambyses and Smerdis, she would not only find out the cheat, but tell of it.

To prevent Atossa from telling her suspicions of his identity, this false Smerdis,

who was really a Magus, or priest of the Median national religion, divided the palace in such a way that each wife was as completely isolated from all the others and from the outside world as if she had been in jail, and he made it an offense punishable with death for any one, except the slaves whose duty it was to attend the harem, to approach or address any of the wives of the king.

The new king began to destroy the Zoroastrian temples, forbid the worship in the ancient Persian manner, and everywhere to displace the Persian priests, and put his brother Magians in their place. He forbade the Jews to rebuild their temple, and did so many other things contrary to the plans and principles of Cyrus that the Persians became dissatisfied.

Above all the false Smerdis kept himself almost as secluded as he did his wives, until the suspicions of the nobles were aroused, and it was whispered among them, in the frequent secret councils which they held, that an impostor sat upon the throne of the great Cyrus.

The nobles were very cautious, and none of them liked to take the lead in a rebellion which, if unsuccessful, would cost them their lives, but at last there appeared in the capital a man to whom fear was unknown,—a man who had not been spoiled by the growing luxury of the nation, and who was destined to restore to the throne of Persia its first line of great kings, and this man was Darius, son of Hystaspis, a blood relative of Cyrus, twenty-eight years old.

Darius was twenty-eight years old, handsome, winning and brave, and had no sooner caught a glimpse of the king than he knew that he was not his cousin Smerdis. He at once put himself at the head of the conspiring nobles, denounced the impostor and called upon the Persians to support him as the rightful heir to the throne.

The people flocked to his standard, and the Magus, deserted by all but a few troops, fled into Media to a dreary fortress. Darius and his friends followed him, attacked and drove off his soldiers, and finally, it is said, Darius hacked off the head of the false Smerdis with his own hands, and carried it to the capital.

So furious were the Persians over the fraud practiced upon them by the Magus, that they killed every Magian they could find, and from sunrise to sunset of the day of the death of the impostor king the bloody massacre continued, and ever afterward its anniversary was kept as a solemn festival by the Persians, during which no Magian was allowed to leave his house between daybreak and sunset.

When Darius first decided to act against the Magus, the heads of six noble families who were probably relatives of Cyrus also, made an agreement with him which was binding upon all of their descendants and his.

Darius promised that these families should be allowed to enter his presence unbidden, that he would choose his wives only from among their relatives, and granted them certain other privileges, which were in reality checks upon the power of the king. They promised in return to spare no effort or treasure in supporting his authority, and thus mutually bound together by solemn pledges king and nobles, and for the first time in the history of Asia, despotism was in a slight degree limited. Darius at once re-established the religion of Zoroaster, permitted the Jews



Persian King on Throne.



to proceed with the building of their temple, and undid most of the acts of the Magus, although for some reason the royal wives were always, from the days of false Smerdis, kept closely secluded, and the law was preserved which made the punishment death to one who came unbidden into the presence of the king, except, of course, the six noble families already mentioned.

Darius had hardly begun his reign when several provinces revolted at the same time. The king dealt in the same way with every one of these rebellions—first subdued them, then chained to his palace door with his nose, ears and tongue cut off the person who had started the trouble, in order that all might see what rebels were to expect, then after the victim had stood thus for several days, publicly crucified him.

Even Persia itself revolted under the lead of a man, who, notwithstanding the fate of the first impostor, declared himself to be the true Smerdis, and gathered about him an army. False Smerdis, number two, was defeated and treated like the common rebel that he was, mutilated and then crucified.

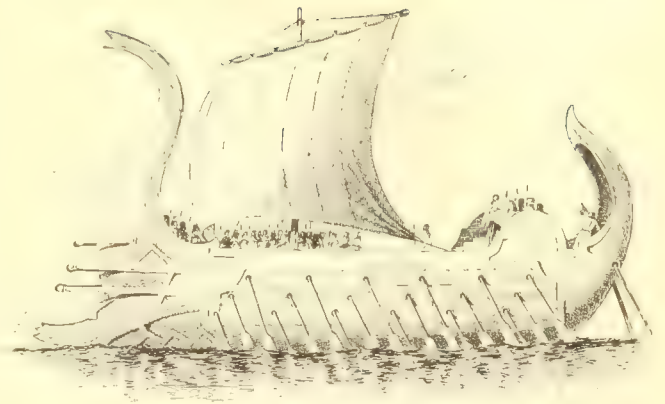
When Darius finally settled all these revolts, he put into execution a plan to prevent similar uprisings. The Persian empire under Cyrus had been a collection of provinces, each only indirectly ruled by Persia, and constantly rebelling and being reconquered.

Darius divided the whole empire into twenty or more satrapies or provinces, and over each of these he placed a governor to execute the laws, a secretary to keep the king informed of everything that passed, and a commander who alone had charge of the troops, so if any governor contemplated a rebellion he was discouraged by the fact that not a soldier was his and that his every movement was watched by two men, each jealous of their power.

The tribute system Darius abolished, and in its place he imposed a fixed tax on land, making the burdens light upon the poor, and taxes on fishing, mining, and water for irrigating purposes, as all the rivers, seas and mines were property of the king.

Darius established, too, a government messenger service, so that the reports of his secretaries might reach him swiftly. The main roads leading to the capital and their branches in the various provinces, were improved, guarded by soldiers to protect passengers from robbers, and post stations and good bridges constructed along their course. At the stations fresh horses and messengers were always kept in waiting, and when a dispatch was to be carried to the king a courier took it to the nearest post-house and gave it to a messenger, who galloped with it to the next, who gave it to another, who took it to the next, and so on by night and day until it was delivered to the king,—not so bad a postal service in a country without railroads or telegraph. Along these roads were excellent inns, and they soon became main highways for commercial caravans, because they were safe from plundering highwaymen, of whom there were many in the empire, and towns and villages sprang up along the royal roads that in time became thriving, commercial centers.

Darius was a greater statesman than any ancient king who preceded him, although, like Cyrus, he, too, was a warrior.



Persian War Vessel.

After he had arranged his empire to his satisfaction, he made an expedition to the East, explored the coast of Greece with a probable view to future European conquest, and then with nearly a million men set out to overawe the barbarous Scythians, who were a perpetual menace to his empire.

This vast army, preceded by miles of wagons loaded with food, camp equipage and military baggage must have been a singular sight, representing as it did every portion of the great conglomerate empire, as it marched forth along the royal road.

Among the soldiers were dusky Nubians, Abyssinians and other Ethiopians, naked except for a lion or leopard skin about their loins, giants in size and strength, hideous with war paint and savage ornaments, marching to the movements of a drum, and uttering wild cries as they brandished their bludgeons of knotted wood, their javelins tipped with stone or their long spears pointed with antelope horns.

In striking contrast to the Ethiopians were the slender-limbed Assyrians, armed with iron maces in their armor of quilted white linen. They carried on their arms huge but light wicker shields, which, when they were set up as a protection for the archer, rested upon a crutch something like the rest for an ordinary photograph frame.

Arabs in yellow white woolen robes, Berbers in leather jerkins, East Indians in striped turbans and snowy linen garments, and Persians and Medes dressed much alike in felt caps, leather breeches, tunics and low shoes, carrying bows, quivers and pouches for stones, came in troops both horse and foot.

In the middle of the marching line was a guard of a thousand horsemen, selected from among the Persians of rank, and following them a thousand foot-soldiers, the tallest, most beautiful and noblest born of the empire, attending the pure white stallions decked with gold and gems,—the sacred horses.

Eight more milk white steeds drew the golden car containing the sacred altar, and then surrounded by ten thousand picked soldiers, horse and foot, rode the king, his purple robe, gold embroidered, and heavy with jewels extending to his feet; his collar of precious stones about his neck, and his curled and perfumed locks surrounded by the royal cap bound with a blue and white fillet.

In his hand he held his golden scepter, a long plain rod tapering to a point which rested against the floor of his chariot. The king sat, sloping his scepter outward, and at his side his chariot-  
eer with fillet bound hair, and without arms or armor, guided the prancing steeds, while behind him stood the royal stool-bearer, the

noble next in rank to the king himself.

The Persian kings were fond of anointing their bodies with lion's fat, mixed with palm-wine, saffron and helianthus, and carried even when they went to war, the cases containing the alabaster boxes, which held unguents and perfumes for their toilet, and no doubt some chosen trusted slave, in the retinue of Darius, was master of perfumes and sweet waters.

At a distance of a quarter of a mile behind the king's "invincible" ten thousand were the remaining foot soldiers, cavalry and war-chariots, the elephants, and litters containing the wives of the chief officers, and their baggage-mules bringing up the rear. In passing through an enemy's country the baggage-wagons brought up



Single Volute Capital.



the rear, while the cavalry formed the vanguard, and when at any time the long cavalcade came to a stream, rafts were made by men sent ahead for the purpose, and either the rafts or boats procured on the banks were lashed end to end to form a bridge.

When forests were to be penetrated, the soldiers cleared a road with axes, and upon the entire march fleets laden with grain sailed as near to the army as possible. In every country through which it passed the inhabitants were forced to furnish bread for a meal for each man, and to provide a banquet for the king. During the mid-day heat the army rested, and at night they encamped, always, if possible, in an open plain, and near water.

If the Persians thought an enemy was within a dozen miles of their camp when they halted at night, a ditch was hastily dug all around it, or bags filled with sand were piled up as breastworks, the soldiers, who carried shields, setting them up close together all around inside the heaped dirt of the ditch or the sandbags, and pitching their tents close behind them, the other soldiers being posted in appointed places.

All the tents were set so that they faced the East, the cavalry men hobbling their horses in front of theirs, and the king's or commander's tent in the center closely guarded.

The Persians dreaded night attacks, and in moving through an enemy's country were so careful to guard against surprises that they never suffered disaster on that account.

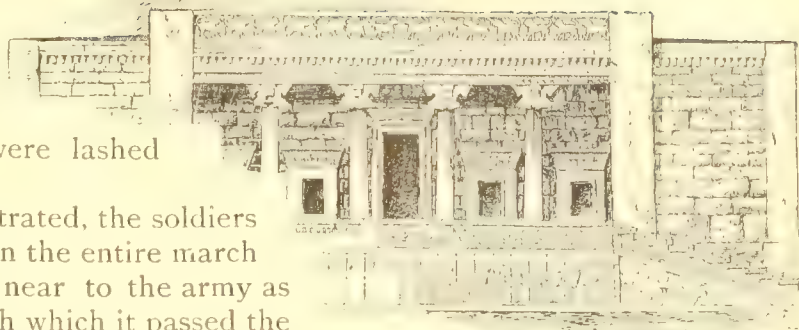
Sometimes a part of the army would be sent by water, and thus when Darius marched against the Scythians he sent first across the Euxine one of his generals to carry off prisoners of war from among the coast tribes, the Persians, who despised commerce, and were therefore not a martime people, securing their fleet from Phœnicia and the other coast provinces of the empire.

This fleet of thirty vessels was made up mostly of triremes, which were decked boats rowed by three tiers of oarsmen, sitting on small seats arranged along the sides of the vessel, each one a little above and behind those below, and each rower having charge of but one oar, which was fastened about his wrist to prevent its slipping through the hole in the vessel, through which it was worked, into the water.

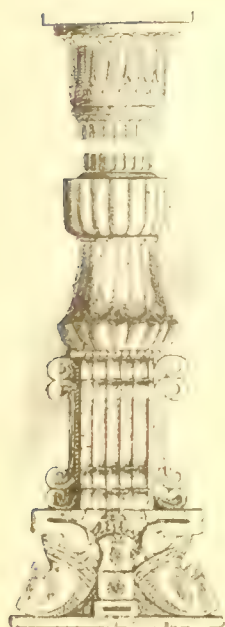
These triremes had a mast and a square sail, and the rudder was two broad-bladed oars fastened together so that the helmsman could readily manage them, and their prow was a sharp iron-coated beak firmly braced with timbers which was used in battle as a sort of ram. As these vessels had a mast and square-sail, and were rowed nearly at as great a rate of speed as belongs to an ordinary steamboat, the crafts struck by the ram were almost sure to be sent to the bottom of the sea, and seldom with any damage to the attacking vessel.

Upon the decks, level with the sides of the boat, was room for thirty soldiers, and these with the one hundred and eighty or two hundred rowers, who were soldiers also, made quite a formidable fighting force when driven to bay.

Darius, in the pauses between his warlike expeditions, had caused to be



Palace of Darius the Great, at Persepolis



Bull-headed Capital.

built for him two great palaces, one at Susa and another at Perseopolis, ruins of whose platforms and of stairways, with broad low steps up and down which twenty horsemen could ride abreast, still remain in a remarkable state of preservation, although twenty-four centuries have passed since they were built. Terraces and wide landings were placed at different points of the ascent of the lofty mounds upon which these palaces were built, and slender, elegant, beautifully carved stone pillars made of several blocks of stone, firmly clamped together with iron and lead, supported the wooden roof.

These palaces must have been very beautiful, in the days when the Persian kings held court in their great halls, for they were adorned with magnificent carpets, tapestries and precious stuffs, and from their pillared porticoes were views of the lovely valleys and verdant hill slopes of the country. It is even thought that the Greeks, who were noted for the beauty of their palaces and temples, got the idea of their buildings from Persia.

Within these palaces that he had built, Darius rested from the fatigues of war for some years after the Scythian expedition, passing his time when not employed in cares of State playing at dice with Atossa, who had descended to him after he had killed her second husband, the first false Smerdis, and who had the unusual honor, if honor it was, of being the wife of three successive kings.

The lot of a Persian king was not such a pleasant one after all, for he was obliged to live in seclusion, eat his meals alone, and every dish was first tasted by his "taster" to see that it did not contain poison,—a not very cheerful occupation, it seems to me, for the man who did the tasting.

Once in a great while the king gave a banquet of wine at which certain nobles were present, and politeness required that they should all drink on these occasions until they were drunk. In fact the king was expected to get drunk regularly every day, and so he did in solitary state, attended by his cup-bearer, his "taster," and a slave called his "eye and ear," who was the official spy and tale bearer of the palace.

Perhaps Darius whiled away some of the tedious hours by planing or carving wood, and no doubt being naturally energetic he often hunted the lion in company with his officers, riding far into the deserts and jungles as he had done long before when he was a boy in his father's province, of Hyrcania.

In these hunts, no matter how exciting the chase, woe be to the officer who let his arrow fly at the game before the king had tried his skill,—death or banishment would surely have been the punishment for such an offense.

When not thus engaged in outdoor sport or indoor amusement, a part of every day was given over to business, for a king, in spite of his high estate, his wealth and dignities, is a hard worked individual, and would often, no doubt, gladly exchange his high estate for the humble peace and quiet content of an obscure common man.

There are councils to be held, tiresome ambassadors to be received, complaints and messages to be read or heard, warrants to be signed, soldiers to be reviewed, and plans of public works to be examined and passed upon, and in an empire like that of Darius, where so much depended on the personal character and supervision of the king, there was no lack of serious work to be done. Greece, with unknown Europe



beyond, may have figured often in Darius' dreams of future conquests, for many of the Grecian States had sent him tribute of earth and water as a token that they acknowledged him as their master, when he was upon his march into Scythia, and all appeared humble enough and sufficiently overawed by his power.

Great indeed, then, must have been Darius' surprise and indignation when he was informed that the people of Ionia had rebelled. Headed by a Greek, and aided by Athens, the Ionians had taken and burnt Sardis, the Lydian capital, that Cyrus had wrested from Cræsus.

Insulted Persia was not long in inflicting dire punishment upon the rebellious Ionians. In the meantime, while they were being subjected, Darius employed an officer to say to him every day, "remember Athens," and when he had received the submission of Ionia he "remembered Athens," with fire and sword. At Marathon, a name ever glorious in Athenian history, his hundred and fifty thousand Asiatics were soundly beaten and dispersed by ten thousand Greeks, and the Great King's army was fain to retire as swiftly as possible to his own dominions.

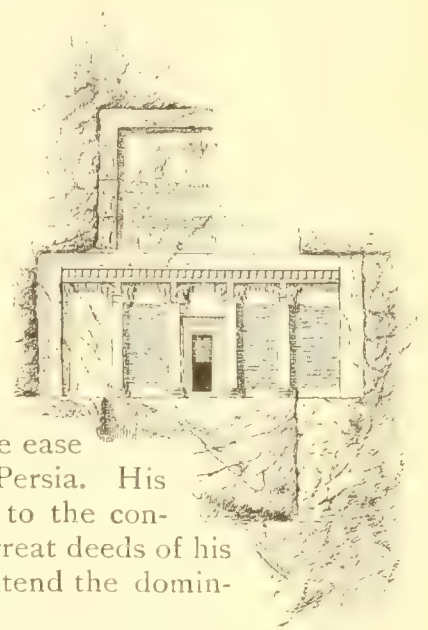
Egypt revolted soon after, and while Darius was preparing to lead an expedition into Africa, the guest who enters unbidden, even the presence of kings, visited him, and bade him follow to that empire where kings and slaves alike are judged according to their deeds. In the sixty-third year of his age and the thirty-sixth of his reign, the alabaster coffin containing all that was mortal of Darius, son of Hystaspis, was deposited in the royal tomb, and under the sculptured pictures of the deeds which he had done, and the mystic symbol of Ormazd, it was laid away and its repository sealed with a block of stone.

Xerxes, the son of Darius and Atossa, had not been educated as was his father and Cyrus, but had grown up in the ease and luxury which was now common to the rich and great in Persia. His body had not been trained to warlike pursuits, nor his mind to the consideration of serious questions, but when he became king the great deeds of his ancestors inspired him to make the effort to hold and extend the dominions they had bequeathed him.

Unskilled as he was in war, and formidable as were both Greece and Egypt, he had been king but a year when he determined on the conquest of both. Egypt, unhappy country, the prey of conquerors, yet ever in her pride striving to break her fetters and be free, again felt the iron hand of war, and again yielded. Xerxes and his army marched back into Asia, to plunder and destroy in the city of Babylon, for, uncertain of the prowess of the young king, and taking advantage of his absence in Egypt, Babylon revolted, as it had done in the early part of the reign of Darius, and was again subdued.

As soon as he had reached his capital Xerxes commenced to prepare to move against Greece, and for four years everything that his most skillful veteran generals could devise for the success of the enterprise was done. The provinces along the coast were made to furnish twelve hundred triremes and three thousand other vessels, while great stores of provisions were deposited along the proposed lines of march.

When Darius sent his fleet to support his army in Greece, a great storm off the



Tomb of Darius.

dangerous rocks of Mount Athos wrecked it, and as vessels were constantly being lost off Athos, Xerxes, to avoid risking his fleet, cut a canal through the Isthmus which joins Mount Athos to the mainland, and sent his vessels through it.

Separating Europe from Asia there is a narrow strait about forty miles long and from one to four miles wide, which opens on the northeast into the Sea of Marmora, and on the southwest into the Ægean Sea. On your maps this strait is called the Dardanelles, and as you probably know, Constantinople, the great city of Turkey, lies at the head of the Sea of Marmora.

The Strait of Dardanelles is now protected by several very strong fortresses.

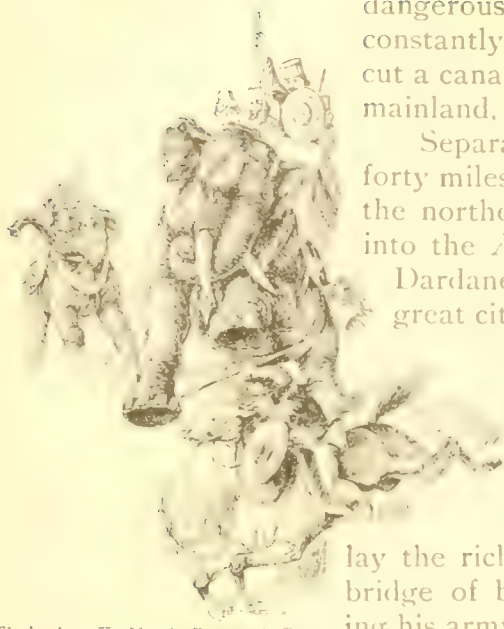
In the time of Xerxes, however, there were no fortresses upon the shores of the Dardanelles, and no great Turkish city a little farther up, but beyond the strait, which in those days was called the Hellespont, lay the rich Greek communities. Xerxes determined to build a bridge of boats to reach these Greek cities instead of embarking his army and sailing across the strait, for it would have taken

a very long time, and would have been troublesome where there were so many horses, camels, and even elephants, to transport them across in vessels.

This bridge was finally built double, and after the boats had been firmly fastened together with strong timbers, planks were laid across and the whole structure covered with earth so that the horses, mules, camels and elephants would not be afraid to walk upon it. At length in the year 481 B. C., both bridge and canal were finished, and we are told that Xerxes with eighty thousand cavalry, twenty thousand warriors in chariots or on camels, and 1,700,000 foot soldiers set out from Sardis to invade Greece. Of course these figures, as well as all the others, relating to the numbers of men in ancient armies must have been greatly exaggerated, and it is a pretty safe rule to divide all such numbers by two.

Xerxes may have had a million men in his expedition, all told, but certainly he had no more. A million men is a vast army, and when this force came to Abydos a Greek city on the Hellespont, it was probably late in the evening, for we are told that they camped and waited for the sunrise. Just as the first red rays of the sun illumined the east the next morning, the king poured an offering of wine into the sea from a golden goblet, and praying to the sun-god to grant him the conquest of Europe, flung the goblet and a Persian sword into the sea, but if he had flung all the goblets and swords of his empire into the Hellespont it would have made no difference in the result, for conquests were never gained by such nonsense.

While the army chanted hymns, swung censers of burning incense, and cast palm-branches on the bridge, the ten thousand "invincibles" of Xerxes' body-guard with their heads adorned with garlands, passed over first. It took seven days and nights for the Persians to cross, and at the end of that time the whole army was safely in Europe. What Xerxes did when he reached Greece I will tell you in another place. In spite of the golden goblet and the libation of wine, the Persian sword and the hymns, no victory was vouchsafed the Persian king, and when the wreck of the army he had left in Greece came to the Hellespont in less than a year afterward to recross the wonderful bridge, the fickle



Elephants as Used by the Persians in Battle.



sea had destroyed it completely, and the Persians had to get back to Asia as best they could by the aid of their few vessels. This expedition was the last great undertaking of Xerxes, and once back in his own capital he gave himself up to luxury. His false, mean, boastful, and cruel character soon showed itself in its true light, and the court and capital became notorious for luxurious living as did all of the other large cities of Persia.

Whereas in the days of Cyrus the Persians ate but one meal a day, they now feasted from morning until night. Drunkenness, lying, and every other vice, and disgusting form of wickedness prevailed, and Xerxes openly countenanced all sorts of iniquity.

At last Xerxes was murdered by a slave, who afterward persuaded the king's youngest son that his elder brother had done the deed, whereupon he put his brother to death, and proclaimed himself king. This young man, Artaxerxes by name, had no real right to the throne, as his eldest brother Hystaspis, governor of Bactria, was the lawful heir, but when Hystaspis attempted to possess himself of the kingdom he was defeated and probably killed, as we hear nothing of him afterwards.

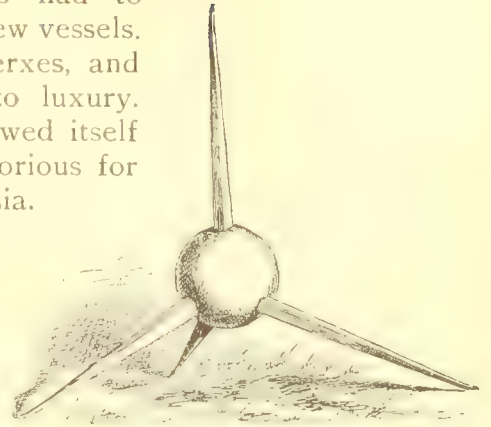
Artaxerxes Called Longimanus, or "the long-handed," by the Greeks was obliged to put down rebellion in Egypt, as every Persian king from the days of Cyrus had been, and he found it somewhat more difficult than usual. Had he not made an alliance with the Athenian allies of Egypt, he would have been defeated.

Artaxerxes, even though he was called "the long-handed," was a weak and wicked ruler, and after the expedition to Egypt he lived twenty years in a disgraceful peace with Greece, bought with gold. In that twenty years he allowed rebellion to go unpunished, and the worst forms of wickedness to riot in his palace and throughout his empire. Xerxes, who succeeded him, was killed after a reign of less than two months by his half-brother, and the murderer in turn was killed by another villainous half-brother, who took the throne under the name of Darius Nothus.

The wife of this ruffian was a suitable mate for him, and perhaps a viler and more wicked pair never trod the earth, nor breathed the pure air of heaven. Murder and every other form of crime they not only encouraged but performed, and for nineteen years Persia sunk lower and lower in the scale of civilization under their misrule. The military spirit had died with Xerxes, and now all Persia's army that could be depended upon were hired from among foreigners. The love of truth and virtue had long been a tradition, and the king and queen, though somewhat exaggerated types, were a fair sample of the worst part of the nation.

The children of this precious couple were better than could have been expected from their parentage. Arsaces, the elder son, had been named by Darius as his successor, but Cyrus the younger, failing in an attempt to have his brother murdered during the coronation ceremonies, hired some Spartans, whom he had helped during his father's lifetime in a war against Athens, and some Ionian Greeks from the cities of Asia Minor, and with these and a large army of Persians marched toward the Persian capital.

Arsaces, who had taken the name Artaxerxes, when he was crowned, met Cyrus and his force with his army in the Euphrates valley, and although six hundred of Cyrus' Greek soldiers routed six thousand of the Persian "invincibles," Cyrus was killed and



Caltrop or Spiked Ball. \*

\* These were strewn on the ground in great numbers in order to lame the enemy's horses, elephants or soldiers who trod upon them.



M. G. R. C. 1. 1. 1.

as force dispersed. Cyrus's Greek soldiers were now, to the number of ten thousand, in a hostile country, over a thousand miles from the sea, and the story of how they fought their way back, over mountains, through deserts, and all sorts of dangers without guides, or leaders, their commanders having been treacherously massacred by the Persians, is told by Xenophon, who took the lead in the retreat.

Cyrus, the younger, when he hired those Greeks, pronounced the doom of the Persian empire, although, of course, unconsciously. Before that time the Greeks had an exaggerated idea of the Persian empire, but they found that the states were everywhere ready to revolt, that their army was cowardly and undisciplined, and that Greece might conquer Persia when she so willed.

The Greeks carried to their country accurate information, which in after days was used to great advantage. Sparta almost immediately afterward declared war, fearing that Persia, on account of the aid the Spartans had given to Cyrus would seize some of the island states over which Sparta exercised power. This power over the islands helped to make the Spartans the leading people of Greece,

and they were determined to hold it. Artaxerxes, called Mnemnon, was the wealthiest of all the Persian kings, and his son Ochus, who succeeded him, was the most wicked, a very monster of cruelty, inheriting, perhaps, the combined bad passions of his two grandparents. Not only did Ochus murder his elder brother to gain the throne, but when he had become king murdered every one of his brothers, sisters, half-brothers and half-sisters. It seems almost incredible that any nation would permit their king to commit such sickening crimes and still let him pollute the earth with his presence, but they held the doctrine that "the king could do no wrong," a monstrous idea, and one which for ages made the world wretched.

Ochus, as a matter of course, had to attempt to put down, the first thing, a revolt in Egypt, but the Egyptians this time threw off the Persian yoke after a hard struggle. Encouraged by Egypt's success, Phœnicia, under the leadership of Sidon, also rebelled, but when the cowardly king of that city saw Ochus' great army encamped under the walls of the town, he sent out a hundred citizens to beg Ochus to spare him his life. Ochus, like the human tiger that he was, caused the hundred suppliants to be murdered, as he did five hundred more sent out on the same errand, by Tennes, the Sidonian king, and likewise killed Tennes when he delivered himself up. Seeing that they could expect no mercy from Ochus, the people of Sidon set fire to all the ships in the harbor to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Persians, and then to the number of forty thousand shut themselves in their houses, set fire to the city, and perished in the flames. Ochus afterward sold the ruins for a large sum.

Ochus, having amused himself thus at Sidon, got together an immense army, and again entered Egypt, and his army, under two Greek generals, Bagoas and Mentor, devastated the whole country, killed thousands of the Egyptians, and carried away as slaves thousands more, plundering and destroying the temples not before plundered and destroyed.

When he returned to Persia, Ochus made Bagoas and Mentor the two real governors of the empire, not from motives of gratitude, for of that quality he had not a spark. The two generals had seen so many instances of the manner in which Ochus rewarded



faithfulness with cruelty, that they knew should they happen to displease him they, too, would be ruthlessly murdered, so Bagoas poisoned the tyrant and all his sons except the youngest, and him he placed upon the throne. This young man, Arsaces, happening to show, after a year or two that he had a mind of his own, and having made some threats against Bagoas, was also murdered, and with him his little children. A certain Codomannus was found who was brave enough to accept the perilous honor of Persian kingship with the possibilities of sudden death by the poisoned draught or the assassin's dagger which it involved. This Codomannus, who 'prefixed to his name the appellation Darius, was destined to be the last king of the old empire of Persia, for a certain Alexander of Macedon, whose ancestors sent to the first great Darius tribute of earth and water, had become master of Greece, and to revenge the insults that Persia had inflicted one hundred and fifty years before, and to enlarge his empire had invaded Asia Minor, and advancing into Syria threatened the rich southern cities of the Persian empire. Now Alexander was only twenty years old, and Codomannus not realizing what military genius was represented in the person of that youthful Macedonian, and that by inheritance, training and instruction he was a warrior, scoffed at him and no doubt expected to crush him with a single blow. While Alexander was subduing with his trained veterans all Asia Minor, Darius, Codomannus, who had gathered, we are told, an army of over 700,000 men, waited for him in Babylon, and finally set out to find him. Well, to make a long story short, he found Alexander on the plains of Issus and learned for the first time what a great general the Macedonian youth was, for he was totally defeated, and his army of "invincibles" all killed or scattered. Alexander employed the year and eight months in which Codomannus was busied in raising another army in conquering Syria, Egypt, Phœnicia and other Persian provinces, and then at Arbela met the Persian army of more than a million men, and with forty-seven thousand brave Greeks put the Persian army to flight or cut it to pieces. When the battle was over, some historians say that Codomannus himself was found dead upon the field, but others declare that he fled into Bactria and was killed by Bessus, one of his own generals, to prevent him from yielding himself to the Macedonian king. There was now no one to dispute Alexander's possession of the empire, and he therefore took possession of it. Thus the dominions conquered by Cyrus 330 years before passed into the hands of strangers, its history repeating, with but slight variation, that of the empires that preceded it. As it gained civil power, its people lost those virtues which alone could perpetuate the nation, and being ever "a house divided against itself," its fall was inevitable.



Costume of Warrior about 4700



Ormazd, the Guardian Spirit.

## ASIA MINOR.

**B**Y CONSULTING the map you may see that Asia Minor is a peninsula surrounded on three sides by the Euxine, Ægean and Mediterranean seas, and in ancient times it comprised several countries of small extent, but which had a powerful influence on the civilization of Western Asia and Southern Europe. Phœnicia was a narrow strip of land bordering close on the Mediterranean sea, and was, perhaps, the last remnant of that great Cushite empire that lived, flourished and died before the dawn of history. Centuries before Christ was born Phœnician vessels sailed the stormy Atlantic, bringing tin from the savage British islands and amber from the no less savage shores of the Baltic, while along the coasts of Spain, France and the countries of Africa which border the Mediterranean, Phœnician colonies were planted whose people trafficked with the natives for the productions of the country.

Phœnician vessels coasted down the western shores of Africa, too, for cargoes of gold, slaves and apes, and Phœnician caravans toiled across the deserts of Arabia, Egypt and Babylonia, bringing to Tyre and Sidon, its two great cities, the wealth of foreign lands. It was, no doubt, the Phœnicians who carried the mariner's compass to China, for who so likely to have invented it as this nation of navigators, and Phœnicians may have sailed to Mexico, Central America and Peru, as some historians say they did. At all events the Phœnicians were an enterprising, restless people, who carried on in very early times a commerce with the whole known world, and who were renowned for their manufactures of fabrics, ornaments, and exquisite jewelry of gold and silver, which even now is considered artistic and dainty.

It was the Phœnicians, too, who perfected the alphabet, reducing it to a small number of letters, twenty-two in all, and wherever they planted colonies they took with them their alphabet. The letters which we use in writing and printing are not very unlike those which the Phœnicians invented and used in writing their many papyrus scrolls relating to science and religion, for the Phœnicians were a literary people as well as craftsmen and builders. The Tyrian dyed garments were considered by the ancients to be the richest and most beautiful made, and kings, nobles and the rich of both sexes prided themselves upon the number and variety of Tyrian-colored robes they possessed. The character of the Phœnicians was very different from



Phœnician Woman



that of the early Medes and Persians and resembled rather that of the Babylonians. They were such liars that "Phœnician craft" became a proverb, and as to other virtues their religion speedily eradicated them, for by offering bloody sacrifices and human victims to their gods, their conscience became blunted and all fine feelings of humanity, which can not exist side by side with cruelty were lost.

The ruins of Phœnician palaces and temples show that their art was remarkable for its colossal effects, and their architecture so much resembles that of Egypt, that it can not be doubted that they had the same origin.

Phœnicia, from its position, was forever harassed by foreign enemies. When we first hear of Sidon, it is as a rich commercial community, sending out colonies and trading with all nations, yet forever menaced by the Philistines, who at last took the city and plundered it, a large number of the inhabitants fleeing to Tyre, which was henceforth called "The daughter of Sidon." Egyptians, Assyrians and Babylonians successively conquered Phœnicia, and Tyre was twice subjected to a long siege. The first was during the reign of Shalmaneser, of Assyria, who for five years encamped about its walls, but the Tyrians were free on the side that was toward the sea, and could bring grain from Egypt and the Mediterranean countries to feed their people, and being people of a warlike temper, they held out so long that Shalmaneser abandoned the siege.

Nebuchadnezzar was more successful, but it took thirteen year's constant siege to wear out the patience of Tyre, and in fact, although circumstances compelled the surrender of the city, it remained the greatest commercial center in Western Asia, until Alexander of Macedon, offended at its haughty defiance of his power, took it and burned it. Under successive conquerors Phœnicia's commerce was still flourishing until the blighting hand of the Turk fell upon it, since which time its glory has departed, and even the name Phœnicia, has long been blotted from the map of the world



COSTUME OF PHŒNICIAN MAN



Conquest of Tyre by the Babylonians



Eastern Hand Mill.

ered little by the barbarous invasion. Although the Lydians were great merchants and craftsmen, they were brave and manly, good horsemen, strong of body, agile of foot, and as slingers and bowmen, equalled any of their warlike neighbors. When Cyrus began his career of conquest, Cræsus, who was then king of Lydia, and the richest monarch in the whole world, was not unnaturally anxious about his kingdom, for month by month the Persian was making conquests which brought his provinces nearer to the Lydian frontier.

Sardis, the Lydian capital, was not so far from Delphi, a town on the southern side of Mount Parnassus, that Cræsus could not send to the famous oracle of the temple there to ask advice. Now an oracle was supposed to receive the answer to all questions direct from the gods, and the Delphic oracle was long renowned for its wise advice to men. The priestess who officiated sat on a tripod, or three-legged stool, over a hole in the ground, from which gases constantly ascended, and every one desiring to have his questions answered must present some very rich offerings, for unless the priests and priestesses were heavily bribed, the gods were supposed to pay no attention to their petitions, just as if deities, such as the priests professed that their gods were, cared anything for perishable earthly goods.

Cræsus sent splendid presents to Delphi, and asked the oracle what would come of it should Cyrus invade Lydia. Now the answer, that the clever priestess returned, and she always gave answers that could be interpreted a good many ways, was the following, although, of course, it was written in Greek.

"If Cræsus crosses the Halys and prosecutes a war with Persia, a mighty empire will be overthrown. It will be best for him to form an alliance with the most powerful States of Greece."

Cræsus was mightily pleased with this rather misty answer, but, of course, he might have known that should he fight Cyrus "a mighty empire" would be overthrown,—either Lydia or Persia,—but he took it for granted that the oracle meant that he would conquer Persia, so he straightway crossed the Halys, a river separating Lyaconia and Cappadocia, and sent to Sparta to ask for help.

He had strongly fortified Sardis before he started forth to brave Cyrus, and he had not gone far into the country, on the east side of the Halys, before Cyrus met him and a battle was fought, in which neither side gained the advantage. The Persians not offering battle, the following





day Cræsus considered them beaten, and thinking Cyrus would go back to Media, he turned back to Sardis to recruit more troops, for he had lost many by the fight, intending to follow Cyrus and conquer him. He sent messengers to Egypt, Sparta and Babylonia, informing them of his victory, and then disbanded many of his troops, telling them to return to Sardis in the spring.

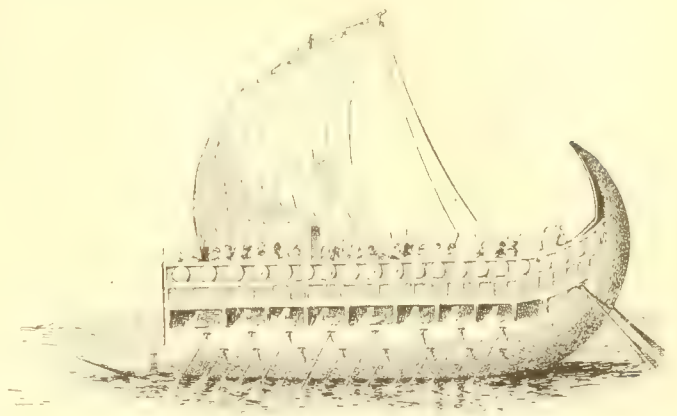
Very soon after Cræsus had thus foolishly dispersed the greater part of his army, word was brought that Cyrus was advancing against the city, and was only a short distance away. Cræsus got together all the force that was available in surrounding cities, and with a vast body of cavalry and a force of foot-soldiers waited on a plain near Sardis, and as Cyrus had few horsemen, Cræsus supposed he would be easily vanquished.

Cyrus had, however, a number of camels, and knowing that horses are naturally afraid of these animals, and will never approach them if they can avoid it, he put soldiers armed with long spears on his camels, and placed them in front of his lines as they advanced to the attack. As Cyrus had supposed, the horses of Cræsus's cavalry refused to approach the camels, reared, plunged, threw their riders, and mad with fright galloped through the Lydian ranks, trampling hundreds of foot soldiers to death. The army of Cræsus was thrown into confusion, in the midst of which they were defeated and retreated to the city, hoping to hold out until help came.

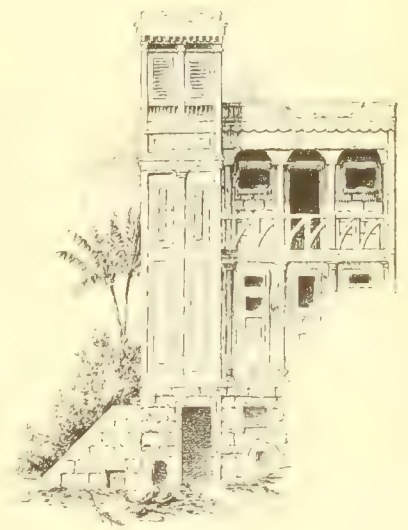
Sardis was built in a very strong position, surrounded by gorges and precipices which were crowned with high but not very strong walls, protected by a citadel on the spur of a mountain which projected into the city. The Persians, for several days, could find no means of carrying the town by assault. It is said that a soldier named Hyrædes, while studying the precipices which for fourteen days the Persians had been trying in vain to scale, and thought inaccessible, saw a sentinel stationed above on the walls, leave his post and climb down the sides of the cliff to get his helmet, which he had accidentally dropped, secure it and return in safety to his station.

The Persian soldier thus saw that the wall was accessible from that point, although the way was narrow, steep and dangerous, and, leading a large number of troops up the cliff, they gained an entrance to the city, and Sardis was taken. It is said that Cræsus had once been visited by Solon, a wise man of Greece, to whom he showed all his splendid possessions, and then asked whom he thought the happiest of men, thinking, of course, he would reply "Cræsus."

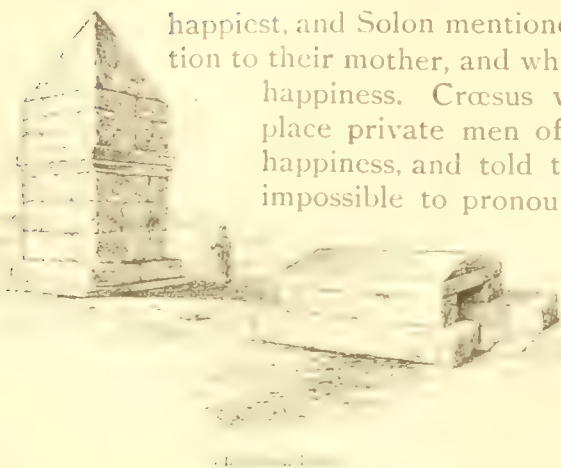
Solon, however, said that a certain countryman of his, Tellus by name, he considered the happiest of men, for living under a good government, surrounded by a virtuous and loving family, he died at the end of an honorable life on the field of victory and was given a public funeral. Cræsus was disappointed, and asked him whom he considered next



Phoenician Galley.



Phœnician Dwelling.



happiest, and Solon mentioned two Greeks who were noted for their devotion to their mother, and who died a painless death at the height of their happiness. Cræsus was not a little chagrined that Solon should place private men of no wealth or power above him in the scale of happiness, and told the philosopher so. Solon replied that it was impossible to pronounce a man happy until his life was ended. At that time Cræsus had great wealth, a noble and handsome son to inherit his kingdom, and everything to make him happy, but his son had been killed while out hunting, and now when the Persians poured over the walls of his capital and he saw his wealth given over to his enemies, he was sad indeed. Being cap-

tured and condemned to death, as he stood bound in the market place, he thought of what Solon had said concerning happiness and exclaimed "Solon! Solon! Solon!"

Cyrus, who happened to hear him, asked what he meant, and when Cræsus told him, so the story goes, ordered him set at liberty, and took him home to Persia with him. Whether these stories of Cræsus and the fall of Sardis are true or not, it is certain that Cyrus conquered Lydia and that its capital was long a favorite place of residence of the Persian kings.

Syria, a country of the interior, was often the battle-ground where Asia strove against Africa, and there Egypt at various times fought Babylonia, Assyria and Persia for the small rich tract of land bordering the Mediterranean sea and the old kingdom of Chaldaea.

The Syria of to-day embraces Palestine and Phœnicia, and Damascus is now, as it has been from time immemorial, its chief city, and is the oldest town in the world, dating back four thousand years, standing to-day with its quaint, narrow, stony streets, much as it was in the days of Cyrus.

The Syrians were a Semitic people, but never were, for any long period of time, a united nation, for the various tribes under their petty kings or chiefs, inhabited different portions, often warring against each other, and always jealous and suspicious of each other.

Just west of Syria, and south of Phœnicia, there is a long narrow strip of land bordering the desert and the sea, which was once the home of a people that have exerted a more powerful influence upon the human race than any or all of the proud pagan civilizations, whose rise and fall we have noted, or shall trace in the future, for they were chosen of God for a peculiar purpose, a people to whom he revealed his word and gave his law that it might be made known to the whole world. This country we call Palestine, although in olden times it was a Hebrew kingdom. In the Bible the history of this remarkable Semitic race is clearly and beautifully related, and the lives and characters of the early founders of the nation,



Jewish Warrior in David's Days.



their adventures and vicissitudes are told in the Book of Genesis. You will remember from your reading of the Old Testament, how Joseph, the best beloved son of Jacob, was sold as a slave into Egypt by his wicked brothers, whose evil deeds he had told to their father, and you will remember, too, that Joseph became cup-bearer, chief cook, and finally by interpreting a dream of the Pharaoh, prime minister of Egypt.

The lucky Hebrew, who was wise and clever, married Asenath, daughter of a priest of the sun, and as the Pharaoh's dream portended seven years of famine after the seven years of plenty, he caused granaries to be built throughout all Egypt and filled with grain in anticipation of the coming calamity.

The famine spread not only over Egypt but into adjoining countries, and finally into that portion of the land where Jacob and his sons dwelt. Joseph's brethren came down into Egypt, where all unknown to them their brother had become a great man, rising daily in the estimation of the Pharaoh on account of the hard bargains he drove with the Egyptians, to whom he sold at an exorbitant figure, the grain which he had made them contribute to fill

the Pharaoh's granaries. When his brothers came into Egypt after grain, Joseph subjected them to a series of trials, but afterwards relented, made himself known to them, and secured from the Pharaoh a tract of land just below the delta of the Nile, as a place of residence for them and all his father's household.

The children of Jacob dwelt in this Land of Goshen for more than two hundred years, and we have already related how and why they left Egypt under the guidance of Moses, passed through the Red-sea and wandered forty years in the desert.

Moses died and the Hebrews passed, under the leadership of Joshua, dry-shod, through the Jordan, as they had through the Red sea. They entered the promised land of Canaan, which they had many hard battles to obtain, but which they thoroughly

conquered, and each of the twelve tribes were provided with certain tracts of land as their portion of the inheritance.

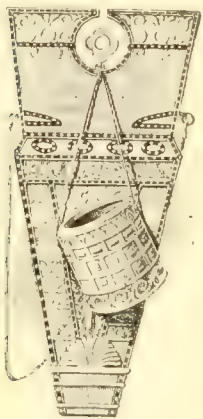
Near neighbors to all these Hebrews were various Cushite tribes with whom they were on friendly terms, and from whom they learned the idolatries from which they had been so careful to abstain in Egypt.

After being severely punished by Jehovah for their faithlessness after all that had been done for them, they returned to the worship of the true God who raised up several wise and righteous men to deliver them from their enemies. These men were called "The Judges," and their lives and works are recorded in the book of "Judges" in the Bible. Saul was the first king of the Hebrews, and the touching story of the affection of his son Jonathan, for David the shepherd lad, who by his conquest of Goliath, had brought himself to the notice of the Hebrew king, is one of the most charming narratives in the Old Testament.

David married Saul's daughter, and the king, who heard on every side praises of David, sought to take his life, being jealous of his popu-



Philistine Warrior



Jewish Ink-stand



Woman of Cyprus.



larity, and fearing that he would make an attempt to seize the throne. Samuel was at this time the High Priest of the Hebrew nation, and although Saul hated him, he feared him too much to practice heathen rites. As soon as Samuel was dead Saul turned to evil ways. He put the priests of Jehovah to death, and established the religion of the idolaters instead of the worship of the true God. He then set forth to make war upon the Philistine king with whom David had found refuge. David had, however, collected an army and marched to meet Saul, and it was within Hebrew territory that the Philistines routed the Hebrew army, killing Saul's



two sons and so severely wounding Saul himself, that he committed suicide to escape captivity.

David then returned to his own country, placed himself at the head of the tribe of Judah that acknowledged him as king, and began the conquest of the other tribes. In the long and bloody civil war that ensued there was such cruelty shown upon both sides as has seldom been equalled.

It has often been noticed that when people of the same race and country fight against each other, they are always far more cruel than when they fight against foreigners, for added to the zeal for the cause there is bitter personal feeling which finds its expression in deeds of violence.

David subdued the rebellious Hebrews, and was anointed king at Hebron, B. C. 1095, about the time that the last Rameses ascended the throne of Egypt, and when Tyre was in its pride under king Hiram. This king became the friend and ally of David, and it was from Phœnicia that the builders came who aided the Jews in after years to build the temple at Jerusalem. David was a warrior whose deeds form the favorite theme of the Hebrew historian, but it is as a poet and minstrel that he shows the noblest qualities of his great mind. His

psalms are the grandest outbursts of genius, melody and poetic expression in any language, and all other poetry is dwarfed by comparison. Great as was the Hebrew David, he was not free from human weakness, and for one of his crimes the Lord punished him heavily in his latter days, by allowing the miserable contentions of his sons. David had in his army a brave officer named Uriah, who was married to a beautiful Hittite woman named Bathsheba. Now David had several wives, but he coveted the fair Bathsheba, and to secure her for his harem caused Uriah to be treacherously murdered. It was not Bath-



Low - Shepard



Low - Shepard



sheba's sons who conspired against David, nor was Absalom his best beloved child, who sought the king's life, causing him to flee from Jerusalem, the offspring of the lovely Hittite, but the wise Solomon who succeeded David when his forty years glorious but troubled reign was over, was the son of his sin and his repentance.

During the reign of Solomon the city of Jerusalem eclipsed any city of the ancient world in its luxury, and a great temple was built to Jehovah. So celebrated was Solomon for his wisdom that the kings of all countries, and even the peoples of the islands of the Mediterranean sent ambassadors to his court, and his fame went abroad to all nations. He inherited the literary tastes of his father, and his famous "song" is a beautiful specimen of his poetic genius. His wisdom has come down to us in the book of "Proverbs," and has been incorporated in the literature and language of nearly every civilized people.

In reading the early history of the Hebrew nation we notice how their kings repeated the mistakes of former rulers, taking no warning from their fate, and reaping no benefit from their misfortunes. Notwithstanding Solomon's wisdom, he was not wise enough to remain true to the faith of Jehovah, and allowed the heathen wives that he had taken to corrupt his religion until he became an idolater.

When he died his kingdom was shaken by a great revolt. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin had remained faithful to the God of their fathers, and refused to be ruled by idolaters, or hold commerce with them. Driving them out of their sacred places they crowned Rehoboam, one of the sons of Solomon, their king, while the ten other tribes, all idolaters, established themselves in another part of the kingdom, with Shechem as their capital, and from thenceforth were



Jewish Priest.

known as Israelites, while the other two tribes bore the name of Jews,—a name afterward made famous by many glorious deeds,—a people whose faith and patriotism were synonymous into their very life, and whose history is a noble yet pathetic one. Israel's kingdom lasted two centuries, in which they were forever at war with Judah. Then at the request of the king of Judah, the Assyrians, under Tiglath Pileser II.,



Stoning to Death Among the Jews.



Jewish Court Yard Scene.



JEWISH KING HEZEKIAH

invaded the country of the Israelites, carried off many captives, and compelled the remainder to pay tribute. Allied with Egypt Israel threw off the Assyrian yoke after a time, but Sargon, of Assyria, reduced its capital Samaria, after a two years siege, and carried off all its people captive to Nineveh, colonizing distant parts of the dominion with them, and for centuries speculation has been rife concerning the location of the "lost ten tribes of Israel," and their final destiny.

Relieved from the harassment of idolatrous Israel, after the fall of Samaria, Jerusalem rapidly increased in power. In the contact with Israel the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, had received an idolatrous taint, but under Hezekiah they broke the idols which had been set up by former kings, purified the temple, and returned to their old religion.

Encouraged by the favor of Jehovah, Hezekiah, allied with Egypt, cast off the yoke of Assyria which had long borne heavily upon the people, and it was he against whom Sennacherib led the vast army that was smitten under the walls of Jerusalem by the "might of the Lord."

When Hezekiah died after a righteous reign of twenty years, his son Manasseh succeeded him, and never was there a more wicked monarch than this son of a holy God-fearing father. He brought into Jerusalem all of the old idols, persecuted and killed the worshippers of the true God. He even put to death the poet-prophet Isaiah, who next to David, more enriched the poetic literature of the Hebrews than any other writer of the Old Testament.

After God had given Manasseh more than twenty years in which to change his ways, and the king still remained hard of heart, we are told in sacred history that the king of Babylon was sent against him as a punishment for his sins, and he was carried into captivity. After a sincere repentance he was returned to his kingdom

over which he ruled as a father as long as he lived. It was during the reign of Manasseh that the vacant kingdom of Israel was colonized by Assyrians, who are known in Holy Writ as the Samaritans, and were as bitter enemies to Judah as the Israelites had been. The remaining history of the Jewish people is bound up with that of Babylonia, Persia, Rome, and the other great empires who were at different times its masters, and under them the Jews yielded one by one their rights, privileges and territory, until the Holy City



JEWISH WARRIORS AND KING



WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM



alone remained to them. With the energy of despair they defended their city and temple against the Romans, and when at last it was taken, the hope of the Jewish race was crushed to the earth. The land which was given to Abraham as an everlasting inheritance to his descendants under Saracen and Turk has become a desert, and yet no people has been able to build up in Palestine a civilization in the place of the noble one that they destroyed. They have not reckoned God's promise in making the attempt, for his "forever" means not a few puny centuries, but until time ends, and Christian and Jew alike, who believe in Jehovah, believe also that the time will come when the chosen people of God who have been despised, persecuted and reviled, the by-word of nations and the scorn of the Gentiles, shall be gathered together upon the land which was given to their father Abraham, for him and his seed.



Jewish Mother and Child.

To the Jews the Christian world owes a debt of gratitude, and although that debt has been ill-repaid, in all the course of the centuries, the nations who have persecuted the Jews have suffered disaster and final destruction. Whether this destruction was inherent in themselves, or whether God permitted them for the ends of righteousness to allow their evil to bear its fatal fruit who can say?

Our Christian civilization had Judaism for its foundation, and Christ, the Saviour of the world, was of the mortal seed of David. We should therefore view with reverence the faith of the Jews, admire the courage which has led them through all persecution and danger to adhere to its tenets, and be proud of the unconquerable spirit of a race whom adversity cannot crush nor despotism's harshest scourge cause to recant and sympathize with them in their dream of Jerusalem restored to power and glory.



Jewish Dwelling and Tent



# INDIA



WHEN THE Aryans began their great movement from the plains of Central Asia that resulted in the peopling of Europe, Media and Persia, a certain portion of the race went southward over mountains and seas, until they came to the valleys of the Ganges, Godwari and other great rivers of the Southern Peninsula of Asia, and there they rested, conquering the Cushite people they found, making them slaves, and founding a new empire.

Fully three thousand years before Christ came to earth, this Aryan people crossed the Indus, and those three thousand years are centuries of mystery, for although this branch of the Aryans, along with their other advances in civilization had an alphabet and written books perhaps a thousand years before the time when we first hear of them, they wrote no history, and thus left no such rich heritage to posterity as did the other great peoples of antiquity.

In all history the priests of the nation are the first class that come to be recognized as a power, for they are the outward expression, the mouthpiece, as it were, of that hope of immortality which is so deeply implanted in man's nature. They are the link which binds the seen to the unseen, the interpreters of the will of the gods. Often these priests were mere pretenders, and often they had discovered seeds of truth, and among the Aryans they were usually worshippers of one unseen god whose powers and qualities they tried hard to make the people comprehend.

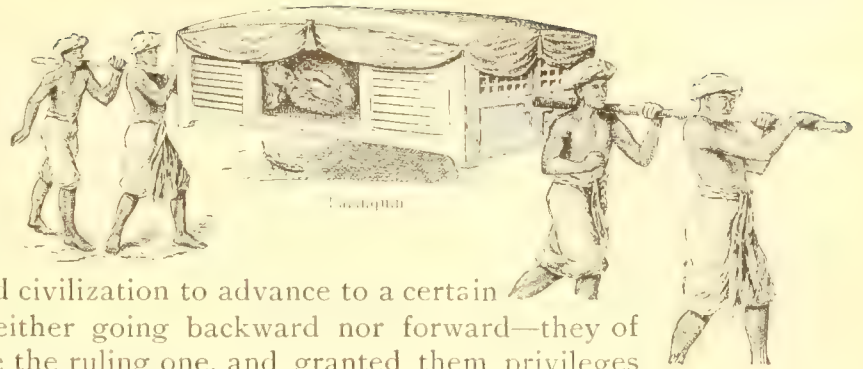
The priests of the Aryan tribe that peopled India, had a power which belonged to no other priesthood in the world, for as long a time as they exercised it, because they took care, in the infancy of the nation, to plan a political system which should be a religious system as well, and would perpetuate their influence. To this end they divided the whole nation into classes or castes. All originally were incorporated in the nation except the conquered Cushites, who chose to what class they would belong, but when once the choice was made it could not be changed, and the people of one class could not associate with any of the others upon equal terms. The sons were compelled to follow the business of their father,



Parsi. Monahan.



and no crime, not even murder, was considered so great as a failure to comply with the rules of caste, and any one who broke those rules was considered an outcast whom it was sin to notice or even look upon. As the priests made



this clever plan, which allowed civilization to advance to a certain degree, and there remain—neither going backward nor forward—they of course made the priestly caste the ruling one, and granted them privileges that were given to none of the others.

The priests could be punished for no crime, could not be taxed, and held all the offices of trust in the gift of the king, and thus became even more powerful than the monarch himself, who could not rule without them. How the worship of the one God in India finally became the most degraded form of idol worship we can not tell, but probably at first the people could not comprehend an unseen God, and when they found by contact with the Cushite people, whom they conquered, that they worshipped images which were symbols of their gods, they, too, began to make images, and finally from worshipping God in the form of a symbol, worshipped the image itself. Rameses the Great, Darius and Alexander, each in turn invaded India, for the mild climate, fertile soil, and above all, mines of gold, diamonds and other precious stones, and its fisheries of pearl, famous from the earliest times, excited the greed of conquerors. So the Hindoos were subjected to many influences calculated to make them idolaters, and idolaters they became, the priests worshipping Brahma, and the other castes worshipping Vishnu, the preserver, Siva the destroyer, and other gods representing the sun, moon and the elements of nature.

Their Vedas, that oldest of sacred books, written in the ancient Sanskrit language, which was the written language of the Hindoos, taught that man had nothing to do with the past, and that his earthly existence was of no account, and only his future state counted for anything. There were thus no rock-hewn sculptured tombs, no great buildings to make evident to posterity the skill of their builders, no historical tablets, cylinders, scrolls, or monoliths, and India gathered no wisdom from those who had lived and died in ages past, cared little for the present, and thought only of the future.

It was no wonder, with such a social and religious system, that the soldier class should soon degenerate into idlers, that the mechanics and tradesmen should ply their business contentedly, and that all should bear the burdens of the caste in which they were born without murmuring, looking for a heavenly reward, and life was a long sadness meekly endured to the majority of the nation, for when the prospect of advancement is taken away from men there is little spur to worthy labor.

Women were considered as slaves by all classes, and were mere chattels or goods of their male relatives. They were neither educated nor respected. As women are the mothers of men, and so the moulders of nations, by slow degrees the nation became lowered morally to the level of the mothers and



Hindu Girl



wives, for thus does Nature revenge her broken laws. No doubt you have noticed that the nations of the world who exalt their women, cherish them, educate them and respect them, become the great nations, for they recognize that the dignity of manhood is in the protection of the physically weak, while the inspiration to noble deeds is the woman who stands as the ideal of domestic love, and of spiritual beauty, the unseen power for good behind the throne.

Through nature, from the humblest flower that grows in the dark forest to the crowning master-piece of creation, everywhere the male and female principle is seen, and in our own nature it is typified by the union of mind and body, soul and sense, spirit and substance, everywhere two great principles equal, and necessary to each other, making one perfect whole. This many of the ancient nations could not or would not recognize, and by degrading their women prepared the way for inevitable disaster. The ancient Hindoos were a thoughtful and imaginative people, and were literary, too, in their way, for they wrote many lengthy poems and works speculating upon the future of the soul. The Vedas of which I have spoken was their sacred book, or rather four books of moral precepts in

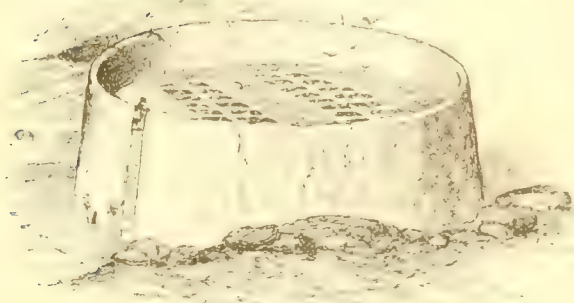
one, but it would be a hard task to explain what Brahminism, their religion, really was, it is so complicated and mystical a belief. At all events, Brahma was the god of prayer, and of course worshipped devoutly by the priests, but the people of the other castes worshipped the various gods with self-inflicted torture, feasts, sacrifices and all the other rites of gross paganism, their idols being such ugly and misshapen creations of wood and stone that they are ludicrous enough to our eyes.

Hindoo tradition relates that about twenty-five centuries ago there was born to the king of Oude, in Northwestern India, and his beautiful wife, Maya, a son, Siddhartha Gautamana, who was destined to free his nation from idolatry, and to establish a great religion.

This prince, from the time he was very young, cared nothing for the splendor of his father's court, but loved to go away into the shadowy forest and pore over the Vedas, fast, pray, and think about the mystery of life.

The king was very much grieved over this tendency of his son, and, to win him back to the world, surrounded him with beautiful and splendid things, gave him a lovely wife and everything likely to make him happy, but still Siddhartha would retire to the forest for weeks together, and at last told his father that he had decided to become a wandering searcher after truth, a beggar, and that he would never return to the palace until his soul had found peace.

In vain the king pleaded with Siddhartha; he was firm in his determination, and putting on the humblest dress he went and dwelt with the Brahmins for seven years, practicing all their fasts and penances so earnestly that he became



Parsee Cemetery or Tower of Silence.



noted far and wide as a holy man, and disciples flocked about him to imitate him. Siddartha, however, found no peace, and leaving the Brahmins went again to the forest to meditate in silence and alone. A long time he meditated, and one day when he had been sitting for twenty-four hours motionless beneath a spreading Bo tree, a revelation flashed through him that peace was to be found in unshaken knowledge of truth, the power of seeing the unchanging laws of the universe. The first fruits of this knowledge to Gautamana, who was henceforth called Buddha, "The knowing one," was that existence in any form was an evil, and that the only perfect state was that in which there was neither pain nor desire, and this state could be reached by meditation and prayer, and by perfection in good deeds, preserving the worthy and destroying the evil.

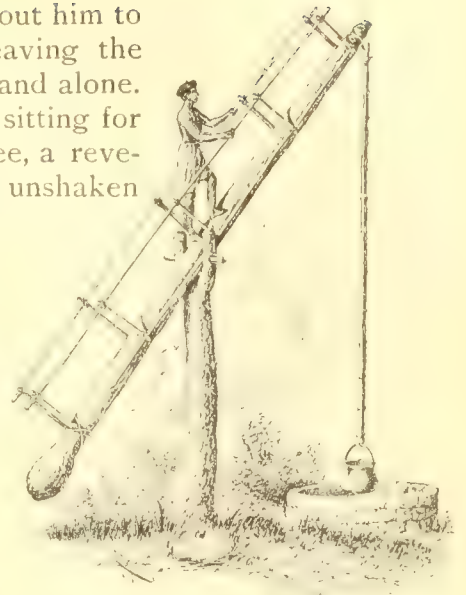
Love to one's kind, charity and tenderness, were the doctrines of the Buddha, and he went from place to place preaching, becoming the first missionary of history. Wherever his creed was accepted it refined and purified society and made men better. All of the great religions of the world have played a distinct part in preparing nations for the acceptance of the religion of the true God, and in the early days of the race men were spiritually like infants learning to walk. First they crept gropingly through superstition and error; finally they made feeble, faltering steps toward the light, until at last the mind of man, mellowed by ages of trial and searching, was ripe for the truth, and was able to comprehend the purpose of his own creation and his final destiny.

The act of faith in itself, no matter if that faith is in an error, is ennobling, and in religion as in agriculture, building, government, law and literature, no one can read history aright who does not see the development ever from lower to higher, until at last we have reached, shall we say the highest point?

Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed, Luther, all were instruments of Divine will, as were, perhaps, other teachers of faith and practice whose names have long since perished from the earth.

Although no great religion spread so rapidly as did Buddhism, having no written scripture and giving man no God in whom to trust, but making the perfection of man everything, it gained no lasting hold in any country; for who could be happy bound to a creed which makes annihilation its aim, and whose highest good is not to be. In Thibet and Ceylon Buddhism is still the national religion, although all of Eastern Asia and many of the islands near it have felt its influence in times gone by. The Buddhists, as a rule, gladly receive Christianity, which by the side of their gloomy faith is as the bright sun to a puny rush-light.

There are many stories told of Buddha, but of them all none holds a greater lesson than the one so beautifully related by an English poet who has made Eastern subjects a study.\*

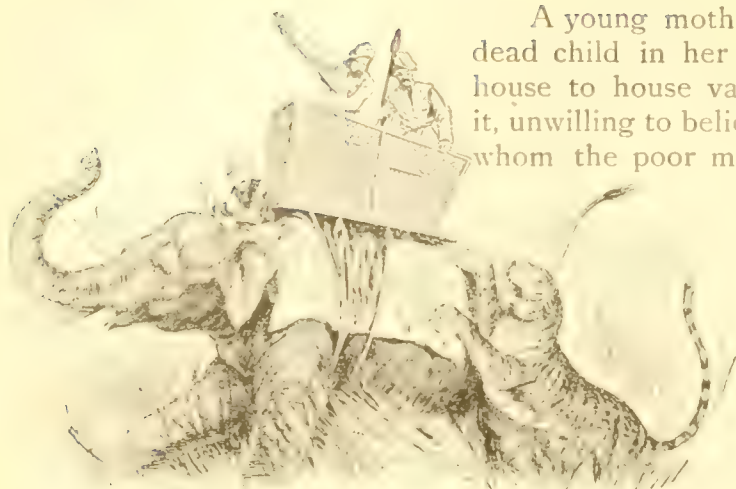


Hindu Priest.



Water-bearing Ox.

\* Sir Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia."



The Mustard Seed.

A young mother whose babe had died, clasped the dead child in her arms and in her sorrow went from house to house vainly seeking some medicine to revive it, unwilling to believe it was really dead. A wise man to whom the poor mother went, half-distracted, to ask for help, directed her to Buddha as one who would minister to the child, and to him she went and said:

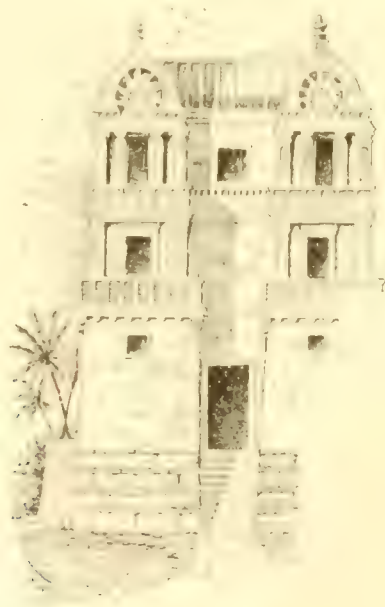
"Lord and Master, do you know any medicine good for my little one?"

Buddha replied that if she would bring to him a handful of mustard seed, taken from a household that death had never entered he would

restore the child, seeking thus to teach the mother that loss is common to the race and sorrow the portion of mankind.

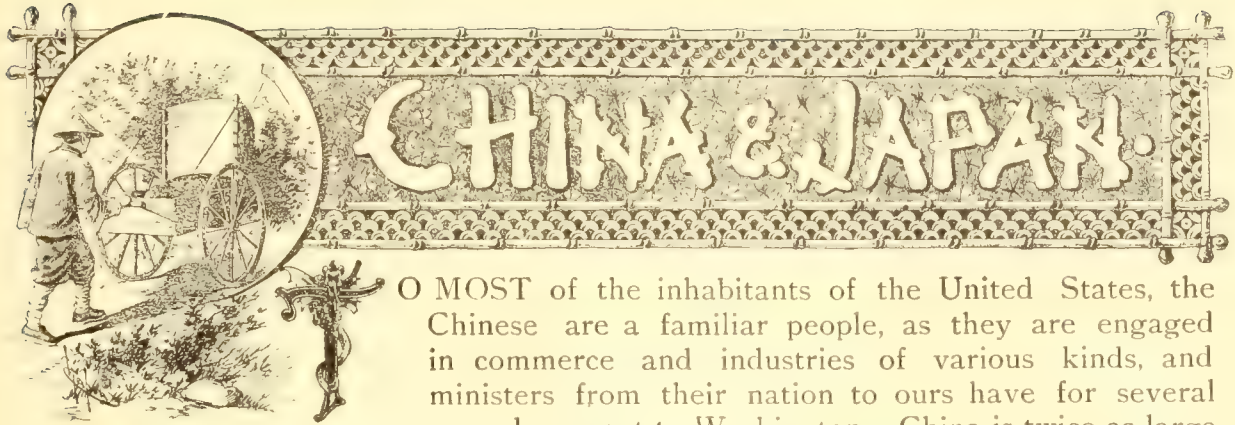
The mother went from house to house, but could find not one where death had never been, and returned empty-handed to Buddha, with a heart chastened and softened to learn the truth that "nothing earthly is lasting."

Although during Buddha's life we are not told of any temples or elaborate ceremonies, in the centuries afterward there were many beautiful temples and shrines of Buddha in the far East, and the robes of the Buddhist priests and many of their practices so much resemble those of the Roman Catholic Church, that the earliest Jesuit missionaries in Ceylon, China and Japan could not at first believe that former missionaries had not taught them to the Buddhists, although it is now known that these same ceremonies were practiced by them long before Christ was born.



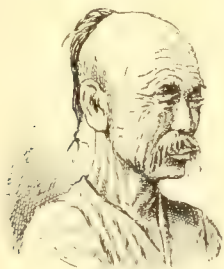
Buddhist Temple.





SO MOST of the inhabitants of the United States, the Chinese are a familiar people, as they are engaged in commerce and industries of various kinds, and ministers from their nation to ours have for several years been sent to Washington. China is twice as large as the United States, and lies directly west of our country, being separated from it only by the broad Pacific and the Island Empire of Japan, and thus the oldest empire of the world and the first great republic are neighbors.

When the pyramid kings reigned in Egypt, and Europe was a vast wilderness, China had an organized government, and had advanced sufficiently in civilization to be a commercial nation, for in the oldest Egyptian tombs Chinese bowls and vases



Chinese Coolie.

have been found exactly like those made in China now. These were no doubt carried to Egypt by the early conquerors of the Nile valley, who had, even in those remote times, probably made voyages to China. Isolated as China is from other countries, it must have taken the slow-going Chinese a long time to perfect pottery, and therefore the nation must have been old when Egypt was young.



Chinese Boy

Indeed Chinese historians claim that China was settled ninety-six million years ago, but allowing for their extravagance and anxiety to prove themselves the most ancient people upon the earth, they can hardly justly lay claim to more than six thousand years' residence in China, for it was about that long ago that they left their home in Central Asia, and driving out the savage Tartars from Eastern Asia began to build cities and practice certain trades. The



Chinese Merchant.

Chinese are a Semitic people, and in many respects differ from most of the other Semitic peoples of which we have any knowledge. They are a mixture of barbarism and civilization, ignorance and wisdom, and are probably to-day in appearance, dress and manners much as the Chinese have been for thousands of years. All the arts common in the countries of Africa and Western Asia and some of those considered an essential part of modern civilization have been practiced for ages in China. Printing, weaving, metal-



Chinese Woman



working, ivory-carving and coining money date back beyond their written history, and they made paper out of the bark of a certain tree boiled and mixed with rice flour paste, dug canals and artesian wells, almost as long ago. The Chinese manufactured gunpowder and knew of the circulation of the blood



Shoe of Japanese Woman.

at least five hundred years before they were known in Europe and had printed books a thousand years ago.

The first emperor of China, who we are certain was a real person, and not one of the impossible creations of the mind of the people, was Fo-Hi, who reigned at least four hundred years before the first brick was laid in ancient Babylon.

Fo-Hi, it is said, invented writing, instituted marriage, and divided the year into months, although it is not probable that either he or the kings who came after him invented the works that the Chinese historians say they did, for we know that writing and all the other arts are developed slowly by the people themselves.

It was probably during Fo-Hi's reign that the Cushites, perhaps the Phœnicians, first made a voyage to China, carrying with them their knowledge of astronomy, which gave the Chinese an idea of dividing the year. The second emperor, we are told, taught his people how to till the soil, although it is not explained where he himself learned it. He taught them medicine, too, which we can more easily believe, for the Chinese science of medicine is so absurd that it might have been invented by a very ordinary person. It consists in so-called "charms" in cauterizing, pricking with a needle and blood-letting, and therefore if the Chinese who are sick do not die of the noise of the "charmer," or from the other processes of the doctors, they either get well again or succumb naturally to disease. The third emperor of China was far more inventive, according to their historians, than those who preceded him, and must have been a greater genius than any living man before

or since, for they tell us he invented clocks, weapons, wheeled vehicles, ships, musical instruments, coins, weights and measures, although it seems scarcely fair to credit him with what must have been the life-long labors of scores of people who may or may not have lived in his reign, and achieved the works which he is said to have done.

The fourth emperor established schools and was the first to marry more than one wife. After him his son sat upon the throne; and his grandson, Yu the Great, made himself High Priest of the nation, and founded the Hiu dynasty, which ruled with a strong hand for more than four hundred years in China, while Thebes was growing into a great city, while Memphis was declining, through the dreadful rule of the Shepherd Kings, during the decline of old Chaldaea and until about the time when the last of the Rameses was ruler of Egypt and Tiglath Pileser sat on the Assyrian throne.

It was then displaced by the Yin dynasty, and during the reign of one of the later of the Yin rulers, 571 B. C., Confucius, the great Chinese moral teacher, was born. The Chinese have never



Figure of a Chinese Girl.



been a nation of builders, but one of their architectural works ranks with the Great Pyramid, and is the most stupendous work of defense ever made by human hands, and with the exception of the pyramids the oldest product of man's labor upon the globe. This is the Great Wall of China which was built by the emperor Ching-Wang, who reigned from 246 B. C. to 210 B. C. It was erected to protect the northern frontier of the empire from Tartars. Twenty feet high, and with an average thickness of twenty-five feet, built of brick on a stone foundation, it extends for fifteen hundred miles over mountains and rivers, is double in many places, with towers a thousand yards apart for guard-houses and sentry boxes. To build this wall every third man in the empire was required to labor as a slave, receiving only his food, and it required the work of millions of human beings for thirty years to complete it. Ching-Wang was the first Chinese king who took the title of Emperor, and so anxious was he that Chinese history should date from himself, that he caused all the historical books to be burned, not sparing even the works of Confucius, only fragments of which have come down to us, and buried four hundred learned men alive, fearing that they might in some way disprove his claim to being the founder of the nation.

After all the pains he took, however, he could not kill or burn facts, and those remaining, long after he himself was dust, the broken links in the chain of Chinese history were pieced together. The line of kings founded by Ching-Wang only lasted forty years, and was followed by one which reigned 400 years, and among whom there were some weak and cruel kings, and others who were warriors, who conquered surrounding tribes, and statesmen who made wise laws.

Buddhism was introduced during that time, and spread rapidly. The Sung Tse, Ziang, Chin and Hang dynasties followed with varying fortunes until 1215 A. D., when the Mongol Tartars under Zenghis Khan, of whom we shall hear more in the future, overran and conquered all China. The Chinese people, in spite of all their great inventions in the past, have not for many ages been a progressive people. They are physical cowards, hating war, fearing the dark, shrinking from any form of pain or punishment, and extremely superstitious, for the nation is still pagan.

They are the opposite of the Caucasian race in nearly every custom. Their soldiers wear petticoats, and the men dress in baggy trousers, and several shirts of plain or quilted material worn loosely, flapping about their limbs.

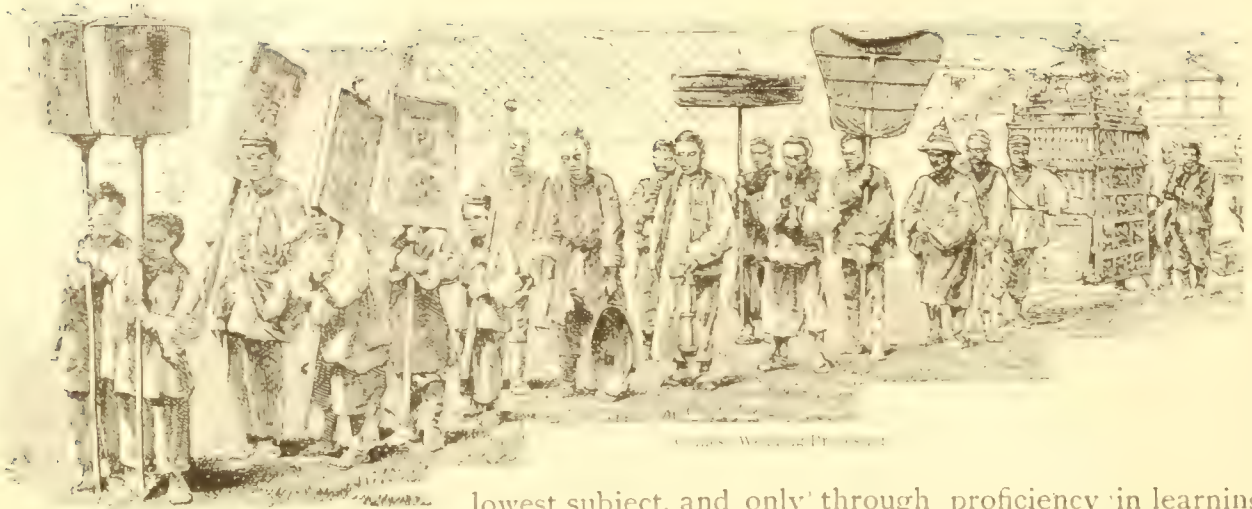
They are fond of fireworks, which they set off in the daytime, and in kite-flying and other childish sports they take a great delight. In shaking hands the Chinaman offers his left hand instead of his right, and he places his surname ahead of his Christian name. The choicest present a Chinaman can offer to a friend is a camphor wood coffin, and when he rides out on land his carriage is sometimes moved by sails, while his boat on the river is pulled by men. In spite of these singularities the Chinese nation is a great one. Its love for literature extends from the Emperor upon the throne to his



Chinese Dwelling



Chinese Prayer Wheel.



Chinese Women in Procession

lowest subject, and only through proficiency in learning can a Chinaman expect to receive honor or public office. Throughout the whole empire there are schools and colleges whose students are carefully selected by the Mandarin governors of provinces are called, and, like students, are publicly examined from time to time in history and sacred literature.

All classes of people except boatmen, barbers and actors, may be selected as students, and by their proficiency become the aristocracy of the empire.

The Emperor lives secluded, and is obliged to govern according to the ancient laws, failing in which he may be deposed. The humblest subject has the right to complain to the Emperor against any official of the government, and if he has been wronged the Emperor himself redresses it, although should he complain without just cause he is severely punished.

Japan, known to the old geographers as Cipango, was peopled by Chinese, and its history has had so little influence upon the civilization of the world that we will not consider it at length. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese are progressive, and within our own times have made considerable advances in Christianity and civilization.

Their literature is richer, their physical and moral character far above that of the Chinese, and even their government, society and laws, are more like those of Europeans, from their more favored geographical position, their contact with foreign nations and their natural adaptability.

Japan and China have done little for the civilization of the world, and it is only within our own century that they have opened their seaports to the commerce of European nations, and have been influenced by European civilization and Christianity. The empire of Western Asia had comparatively a brief yet brilliant existence, whose rise, glory and decline we have traced; while China, the great empire of Eastern Asia, still exist, as it did in the days of early Egypt, and may continue to exist long after the present



Chinese Car



Chinese Street Soap Seller





Chinese Funeral Procession.

kingdoms and republics of Europe and America have passed away. The Empire of Japan lies in the Pacific ocean, and consists of several large islands and many smaller ones, deeply indented by the blue water and covered with lofty mountain chains. This island empire is called "The Home of Earthquakes,"

for the great forces which tore the islands from the mainland of Asia are still at work, and from the earliest times destructive earthquakes have been frequent. The climate of the country, modified by warm ocean currents, is exceedingly mild, and though there are dreadful storms of wind and rain at certain seasons of the year, for the most part the skies are blue, the sun shines brightly and the islands are clothed with bloom and beauty.



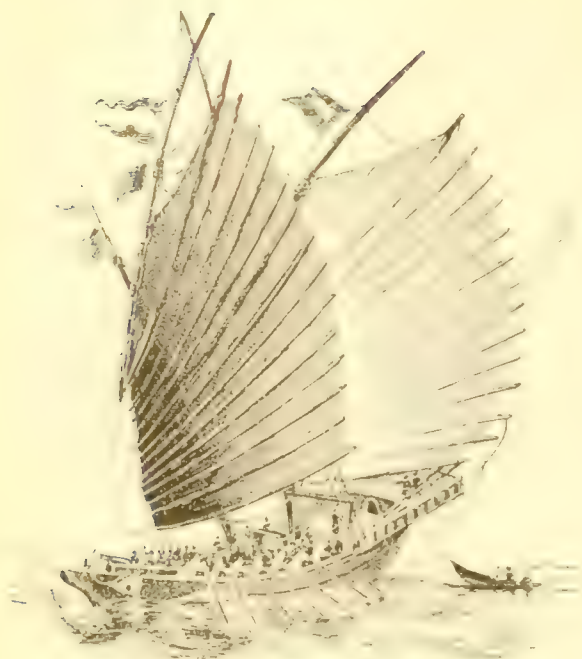
Public Letter-Writer, China

With the advantage of climate and the encircling seas to stimulate in them the adventurous and imaginative, the Japanese are very superior

in every way to their Chinese neighbors. In appearance the Chinese and Japanese are similar, but the latter are taller and more imposing: Some historians tell us that they are in reality the same people, and that Japan was peopled by an emigration from China. Like most people whose origin is shrouded in the mists of remote antiquity, the Japanese claim that the gods were their ancestors. They declare that the sun goddess looked upon the fair islands lying lovely and uninhabited in the ocean, and sent down her grandson to take possession of them. Accompanying him was a train of celestial beings, and these and their descendants peopled the islands. The Columbus, as it were, of Japanese history, lived 310,000 years, and one of his sons lived twice as long, and it was that son who became the father of the first historic Emperor Jimmu. According to Japanese history Jimmu was fifty years old when he set out to conquer the original inhabitants of the Japanese islands, for like most other countries known to history, the islands of Japan had a native people, when its history begins. These



Chinese Punishment for Stealing

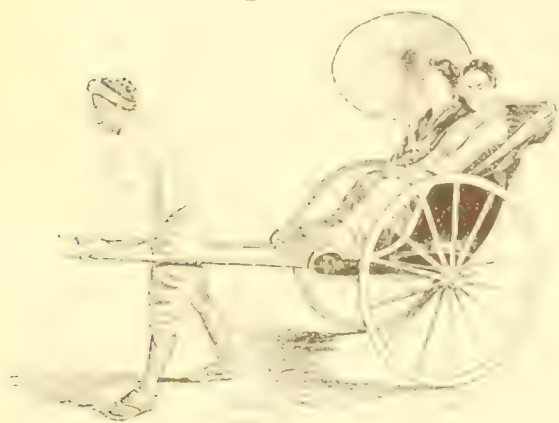


Jimmu conquered and founded the first historic line of kings. The Chinese say that one of their emperors had three sons, between whom he divided his possessions. One of these sons was displeased with his share, and taking his family and friends sailed away to Japan, conquered and colonized the country and founded a line of kings. As nobody knows for certain the beginning of Japanese history, we will be obliged to content ourselves with one of the many legends of the origin of the race. The history that is certain begins about seven hundred years before Christ. From that time until Buddhism became the religion of the country, 571 A. D., the greatest of the Emperors or Mikados was Sujin, the civilizer of the country. He was born about a hundred years before Christ, and when he became a man he learned many things from his Chinese and Corean neighbors, and these he taught his

subjects. Even as late as the beginning of the Christian era the Japanese were half savages. Their religion was a complicated idolatry known as Shinto, and they lived upon the natural productions of the soil. Sujin taught them how to worship the gods acceptably, to till the soil, and to dig irrigating ditches to lead the water from the mountain streams and lakes across the rice fields. The legends tell us that when Sujin was a very old man he was unable to decide which of his two sons should follow him as Mikado. He told them one day that the next morning he desired to hear what each had dreamed during the night that he might be able by the interpretation to decide between them. The young princes washed their bodies, changed their garments and slept. The next day the elder son said: "I dreamed that I climbed a mountain and, facing East, I cut with my sword and thrust with my spear eight times." The younger said: "I dreamed I climbed a mountain and, stretching snares of cord on every side, tried to catch the birds that were destroying the grain." Sujin said to the elder: "You will go to the east and become its ruler." To the younger he said: "You shall

become my heir, for you will be peaceful and industrious." This story shows that the succession to the throne was not as it was among most Aryan races, but that the Emperor named his successor.

Sujin devised a military system, for the Japanese, having to maintain their conquest of the islands by force of arms were, from the earliest times, a military people, and in that respect they were different from the other nations of Eastern Asia. The profession of arms was hereditary. In the course of time Japan sent out conquerors to the continent. Corea was invaded by them under one of their early empresses, for women held a



Japanese Jirikisha.

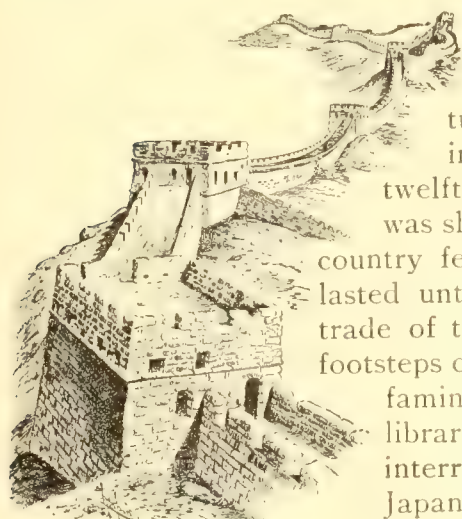




Japanese Two-sworded Noble in Court Costume

high place in ancient Japan, and it was by contact with Korea and China that Japan learned writing, architecture, religion, law, medicine, philosophy and art. From the third century to the eighth, these influences from Asia developed the national character of the people. Buddhism was peculiarly suited to the needs of the nation. It gave them something definite as a belief instead of the old myths. The doctrines of Confucius, too, found many believers, and along with these new religions came improvements in manner of living, the Chinese love of literature and altogether a new civilization. I can only give you a very general

outline of Japanese history, for until within recent time it forms so little part in the chain of the story of nations, that for all practical purposes it is of little use. From the beginning of the Chinese Empire, about 600 B. C., until the century after Buddhism became the national religion, the Mikados were the real rulers of their people. The palace was free to all, and the Mikado went about among his subjects, leading his armies, directing the government, and carrying out all his enterprises in war and peace like the rulers of Western Empires. Gradually there grew up in Japan a class of nobles. As the territory over which the Mikado held sway increased, he was obliged to appoint others to direct certain government affairs, and still others to lead his various armies. This state of affairs developed a civilian class of nobles and a military class. The Mikado was more and more secluded from his people, and his power declined. After a time he had two Capitals. From the time the civilization of China and Corea began to



Great Wall of China

make headway in Japan in 571 to 1198, A. D., fifty-three emperors reigned in Japan. In the sixth century regular orders of nobility were instituted, and from that time until the twelfth century, the progress of the empire was slow and steady. About that time the country fell under a military despotism, which lasted until our own times. War became the trade of the Japanese, famine followed in the footsteps of war, and pestilence was close behind famine. Villages, cities, temples, and libraries were burned. Civil strife was interrupted only by foreign struggles, Japanese pirates lurked under every bold headland of the islands, and swooped



Japanese Peasant in Winter Dress of Straw.

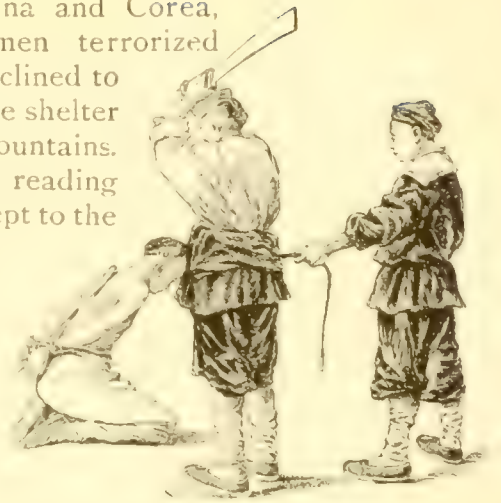


Japanese Barber



James W. H. W.

down upon the coasts of China and Corea, just as the Danes and Northmen terrorized France and England. People inclined to peace were obliged to flee to the shelter of huts or caves among the mountains. Education was neglected, and reading and writing became lost arts except to the priests. Those were sad centuries for Japan, and added to murder, thieving, and constant war between the factions, were earthquakes tornados, and tidal waves. Religion and civilization were almost wiped out. The emperors were in a deplorable condition. Their capitals were usually in possession of one or the



Charles E. F. H.

other hostile armies and they were in constant personal danger from thieves and murderers. One of those emperors was so poor that his nobles had to feed and clothe him. Another died of starvation, and his body lay unburied for several days. This period is called "the days of the Ashikaji," because nobles of that name were the real rulers in Japan, and the confusion lasted until 1573. One of the Ashikaji sent an embassy to China in 1401, and acknowledged the authority of the Chinese over Japan, an insult to the dignity of the Japanese as a nation that they never forgot. His name is hated to this day as that of King John is hated in England, as a traitor and a tyrant.

In the dark days of war and tumult the power of the Buddhist priests was very great in Japan. Their monasteries were enormous stone-walled fortresses filled with weapons, and they assisted one faction or the other as policy might dictate, and at times withstood and conquered both. In 1571 the monastery of Hiyeizan, the strongest in Japan, was destroyed by a chieftain named Nobunga, a warrior who had grown up among the Buddhists. Hiyeizan was surrounded by beautiful grounds and gardens, and its domain was comprised in thirteen valleys, in which there were more than five hundred shrines, temples and priestly dwellings. The religion of Buddha was no longer the simple ceremonial forms of ancient times. The priests wore splendid robes, chanted a litany, and their forms of worship were so much like those of the Catholics that the early Christian missionaries to Japan could hardly believe that the Buddhist faith had not the same origin as their own. From the time of

the destruction of this famous monastery dates a persecution of the Buddhists in Japan that finally destroyed their influence. When Columbus sailed away from the harbor of Palos on that



Charles E. F. H.



memorable voyage that resulted in the discovery of America, it was in quest of a wonderful land described by Marco Polo, a Venetian traveler who in the thirteenth century had found his way to the court of the Tartar Emperor, Kubla Khan, and had there heard of a land far to the east called Jipango, from which our modern Japan is derived. He did not find the country, but he inspired a Portuguese mariner, Mendez Pinto, to search for the fabled islands. Mendez was the first European who landed on Japanese soil. When he returned to Portugal he told so many marvellous stories of Japan and its people, that he was nicknamed Pinto the Liar."

As the coming of the Spaniards brought disaster and sorrow to the people among whom they prosecuted with such cruelty their search for gold, so the advent of the Portuguese in Japan brought sorrow to the natives. Other adventurers followed. The natives were taught to make firearms and gunpowder. Slave traders and missionaries followed, and in 1581 there were two hundred Jesuit churches, and one hundred and fifty thousand Catholic natives in Japan. Catholicism was so nearly like Buddhism that the natives readily accepted it. Then began a persecution of the Christians by the heathen Mikado which lasted one hundred years, and almost resulted in their extermination. As late as 1829 seven persons were executed in Japan for being Christians.

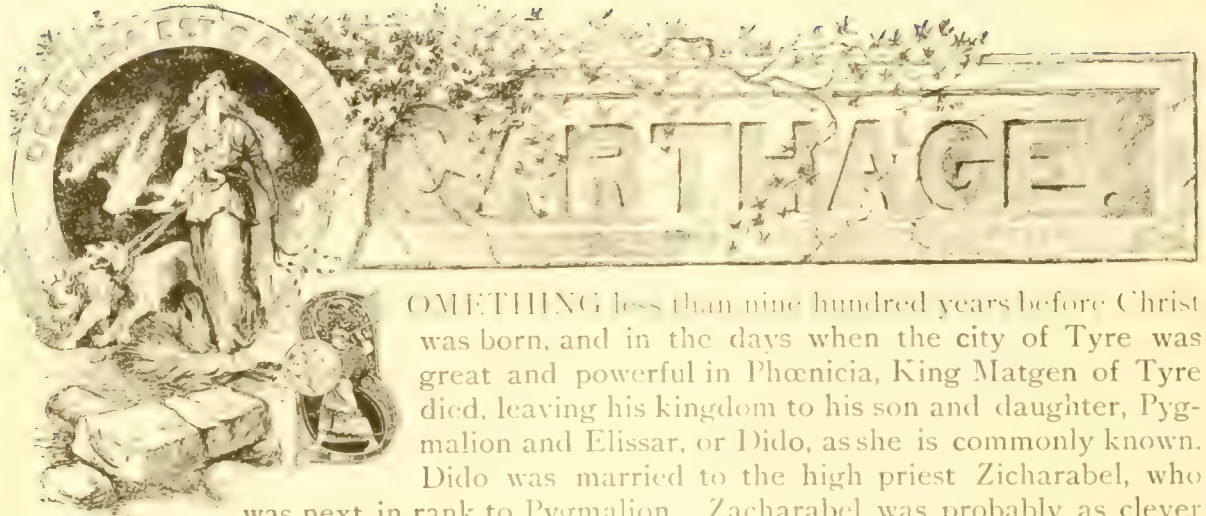
In 1853 Commodore Perry, on the good ship *Susquehanna*, sailed into Yeddo Bay, and through his influence and the naval power of the United States, the Japanese ports were opened to commerce. Since that time Japan has steadily progressed, and to-day, with its European manners, customs, constitutional government, its improved laws and its acceptance of the Protestant faith, is the most promising and remarkable of all the Empires of the East.



Chinese Warriors.

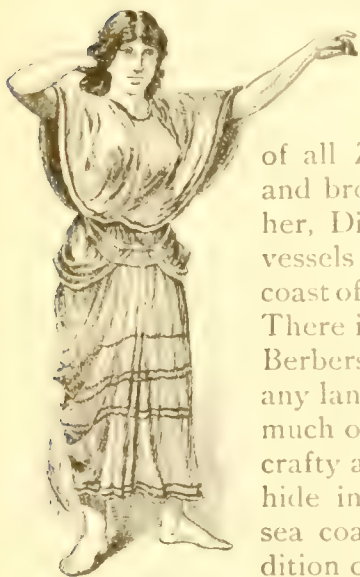


Sampan or River Boat.



SOMETHING less than nine hundred years before Christ was born, and in the days when the city of Tyre was great and powerful in Phœnicia, King Matgen of Tyre died, leaving his kingdom to his son and daughter, Pygmalion and Elissar, or Dido, as she is commonly known. Dido was married to the high priest Zicharabel, who was next in rank to Pygmalion. Zacharabel was probably as clever a knave as the pagan high priests of those days usually were, for he had grown enormously rich, and had chests and casks full of gold and jewels. In some way he had become unpopular in Tyre, and the people, knowing that if Dido was permitted to rule jointly with her brother, she would be under the dictation of her husband, decided that one ruler was quite sufficient for them, and named Pygmalion as their choice.

Zicharabel was a nobleman, and as there was a chance of his coming to the throne, Pygmalion, wishing also to possess himself of the high priest's wealth, ordered him to be quietly killed, and an assassin was found who was willing to do the deed. Dido, thus robbed of her husband and her inheritance, planned with the



Woman of Carthage

Phœnician nobles to dethrone her brother, and when her plot failed she professed to repent of her design. To throw her brother off his guard, she told him to send for her to come and live with him. Thinking he would thus come into the possession of all Zicharabel's treasures, Pygmalion was very gentle with his sister, and brought her home to Tyre. When he was no longer suspicious of her, Dido and some three thousand of her friends seized upon some vessels lying in the harbor of Tyre, and sailed away to the northern coast of Africa, with all their goods and treasures, to found a new city. There is a tradition which relates that when Dido landed in Africa, the Berbers or Moors of that part of the coast refused to sell or to give her any land, but finally agreed, at Dido's suggestion, that she should have as much of their country as could be enclosed in an ox's hide. Dido was as crafty as the Phœnicians usually were, so, we are told, she cut the ox's hide into small strings and enclosed a large piece of ground along the sea coast. The natives consented that she might build a city on condition of paying a yearly rental for the ground. The fugitives, so runs the tale, at once began to excavate for the foundation of buildings, but



the first man to strike spade in the soil found an ox's head buried in the ground. The priests who made up and "interpreted" the omens declared that a town built in that place would be unlucky, so the Phœnician adventurers went farther up the coast until they came to a beautiful semi-circular bay with a fine deep harbor surrounded by rich plains. As anyone could see with half an eye, that it was just the place a seafaring people like the Phœnicians would



Hannibal Crossing the Rhone.

naturally choose for a city, the priests, after much divination and solemn nonsense, declared that the Tyrian colonists might begin to excavate. When they did so and found just below the soil a horse's head, probably placed there by the priests, the "omen" was declared lucky, although how or why a horse's head was supposed to be luckier than that of an ox, either on or off the living animal, I am sure I cannot say.

The country in which their new city,—they called it Carthage,—was founded is in the modern State of Tunis. All along the Mediterranean shores of Africa there had long been Phœnician colonies. Utica, Hadrumentum and Leptis, were quite large towns, but Carthage soon eclipsed them all and became the mistress of Northern Africa, and of Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic and Canary Islands, and many small islands in the Mediterranean sea. The harbor of Carthage was the best in Northern Africa, her people the greatest traders and manufacturers of ancient times, and with the rich soil and advantages for commerce, wealth flowed into the city from a thousand channels. With this wealth the Carthaginians hired tribes of Arabs, Numidians and other natives to fight their battles, and bought numerous slaves to row their galleys and triremes. Carthaginian ships soon sailed to every port of Asia. Tyre was always friendly toward the new city, and to show that the Carthaginians still loved the home of their ancestors, was yearly presented with a shipload of presents.

The fame of Dido's beauty reached the ears of Sarbus, King of the Moors, in the early days of the city, and he demanded her hand in marriage, threatening war if it was refused. When Dido was urged to accept, it is said that she built a funeral pyre, sacrificed to the gods, and then, because she had so dearly loved her dead husband, killed herself. After Dido's death Carthage became a Republic. In modern republics the people first elect their government officers and then pay them a salary, and any one may rise in politics who becomes a favorite with the people, but in Carthage only the richest men could afford to hold office, for the government

officers received no salary, and must spend large sums of money feasting and bribing the voters to elect them. Instead of a President, Carthage had two Suffets or Judges, who were military officers as well, and a Council of several hundred rich citizens who filled all the public offices. As the vices of the rich in olden times were very great, Carthage soon became a corrupt State. Its great wealth from the mines and fields of conquered nations, and its numerous avenues of industry prevented any abject poverty, and gave its people the pride and patriotism which is usually the result of successful and wise government. Carthage was built upon a peninsula, connected with the mainland by an isthmus. West of the city was a point of land extending out into the sea making this a double harbor. Across this isthmus was a triple wall, eighty feet high and thirty feet wide, built of freestone in two stories, the inner containing, it is said, stables for three hundred elephants, four thousand horses, and barracks for twenty thousand soldiers with their arms, provisions, and material for war, and provided with numerous towers. The citadel of Byrsa also guarded the isthmus, while along the sea was a single wall.

The city itself rose from the center to the walls somewhat like an amphitheater, and the houses, lofty like those of Babylon, were built of stone, planks, shingles, reeds, or a mixture of shells and beaten earth. They were magnificent or squalid, according to the means of their owners, but as no ruins remain I cannot accurately describe them.

There were no doubt many beautiful temples, for the Carthaginians worshipped not only the gods of Tyre but those of Greece also, and the rich had fine gardens and pleasure grounds. Of the Carthaginian people all that has been learned we have been told by their enemies, the Romans, and granting that they do not paint them in the best light, it is certain that springing as they did from Tyre, they were crafty, deceitful and cruel. The same bloody and debasing religion practiced in the mother city prevailed in Carthage. The chief god was Moloch. A horrible statue of this god, made entirely of iron, stood in the temple of Saturn, in the midst of the city. This statue was hollow inside, and there were holes in the breast large enough to admit a human victim. The sacrifice was placed on the movable arms of the figure, and by a mechanical device were worked rapidly back and forth, causing it to disappear in the hollow inside the statue, where a very hot fire was built. Mothers were expected to witness the sacrifice of their children without a tear or sigh, and the public, hardened to sights inhuman and cruel, could not be expected to be otherwise than it was hard-hearted and perfidious.

When a Carthaginian general was defeated in war, no matter how brave a man he was or how many victories he had previously won, he was either killed or banished. For two hundred years Carthage had pursued a career of conquest. When we first hear of her in history it was under the rule of Malchus, who after conquering several tribes on the African and Spanish coasts, and subduing Sicily, was defeated in Sardinia. Returning to Carthage he was sentenced to banishment, but as he still had command of the army he refused to go and led his troops against the ungrateful city. Of course the Judges, having no army to man the walls, were in a great state of alarm. Thinking that Malchus might be influenced by his son, the Suffetes sent the young man to plead with his father to spare the city. The unnatural father crucified the messenger from the Judges in the sight of the anxious watchers upon the walls, stormed the city, took it, and silenced his enemies most effectually by putting them each and every one to death. It was while Mago, the successor of Malchus, was



the ruler of Carthage that Cambyses would have marched against it had not the Phœnicians refused to aid him. If he had done so perhaps the story of Northern Africa would have been very different. In the days of Xerxes, Carthage sent a fleet to help that famous Persian king in his expedition against the Greeks, agreeing to harrass the Greek colonies while Xerxes proceeded against Greece. Sicily was very valuable to the Carthaginians as a naval station, and several flourishing Carthaginian colonies were planted upon the island. Then Carthage undertook to subdue the entire country, which contained several free Greek cities, Syracuse, noted for its art and learning, being one of these. On the day when the Greeks won immortal glory at Thermopylæ, the great Carthaginian army was defeated in Sicily, and for seventy years Carthage was too busy conquering African tribes to venture to attack the island. When the people of the Greek city of Segasta asked Carthage to bring an army into Sicily to help them conquer Syracuse, the Carthaginians were glad enough to seize upon the pretext to conquer the whole island. After battles and sieges lasting seven years, they were will-



Storming of the Byrsa, Carthage.

ing enough to leave Sicily for the time in possession of the brave Greeks, excepting only a half dozen Carthaginian walled towns. Eight years afterward, Carthage was again fighting Sicily and for the next fifty years Syracuse and the other Sicilian cities were compelled to defend themselves against Carthage, and at last beaten and defeated at every point, threatened with rebellion at home, the haughty African Republic asked for peace. Again after a few years the Greek cities fell to quarrelling among themselves and, taking no warning by the past, invited Carthage to interfere. This time the Syracusans invaded Carthaginian territory, defeated their generals, and although Agathocles, the Greek commander, by his unwise conduct lost all the advantage of his victories, Sicily after two hundred years of war was still unconquered. Carthage had poured out freely her blood and treasure to win the island, and was still determined to possess it. Carthage, as we have said, bought the services of soldiers to fight her battles, and Agathocles, the Greek, did the same in this Sicilian war. A company of Agathocles' hired soldiers, some Campanians from Italy, seized the city of Messina in Sicily, and killed or drove out all the people. Calling themselves by a high-sounding name, "The sons of the war-god," they fortified themselves in Messina, and held fast to what they had gained. The King of Syracuse, the wise and brave Hiero, marched against these Mamertines or "Sons of the war-god," and in a great battle beat them so soundly that they were glad to get behind the shelter of the walls of Messina. It is said that when "thieves fall out, honest men get their dues," but this was hardly the case with the Mamertines. They fell to quarreling, and while one party sent across the sea to ask aid of Rome, the other sent to Carthage. When the Romans responded by sending soldiers and supplies, they found the Carthaginians already at Messina eager to begin again their war for the conquest of Sicily.

By a clever trick the Romans captured the two Carthaginian generals in command, and they agreed to surrender the fortress of the city if the Romans would allow them to go free again and withdraw their forces peaceably. Thus Rome gained Messina without bloodshed. As soon as the released generals returned to Carthage they were crucified for their blundering and new generals appointed, but these new generals, instead of fighting Hiero, joined with him to fight the Romans. The Romans agreed to leave Sicily if Hiero would promise not to molest the Mamertines, which Hiero, being a just man, although the historians call him a tyrant, refused to do.

The Romans had no fleet, and of course could not hope to hold any power in Sicily without one. Good fortune threw a stranded Carthaginian vessel into their hands, and working hard, with the captured vessel as a model, in a few weeks they had built a hundred like it. The Carthaginians jeered at the Romans for hoping to be successful against the greatest naval power in the world, and thought them foolhardy for attacking them in such rudely built ships of green timber. Nevertheless at Mylæ, the Romans defeated the Carthaginian fleet, and afterward landed an army in Africa, plundered the rich provinces of Carthage to the very walls of the city, and leaving an army before it, sailed back to Rome with the ships laden with booty.

Rome and Carthage had long been jealous rivals, and the return of the Roman ships created great rejoicing in the capital. The joy was increased when it was known that the army the Romans had left under Regulus in Africa was carrying everything before it, and had brought Carthage to humbly ask for peace. Regulus



made such hard terms that Carthage would not agree to them, and sent for aid to Sparta, the home of the greatest fighters in the world. The Greeks had little love for Carthage, but they had less for Rome, and moreover Carthage offered such a good sum for fighters that Xantippus, and his band of free companions, professionals and tried soldiers every one, went at once to Africa. After drilling the Carthaginian troops awhile they fell upon Regulus' army, cut it to pieces and took the Roman general prisoner.

The Carthaginians sent him to Rome with terms of peace, making him promise to return to Carthage if the Romans refused them. His countrymen would have honored him as he certainly deserved when he reached his native city, but he reminded them that he was the slave of Carthage, and refused to enter the walls but waited outside for the senators to meet him, as though he were an ordinary foreign ambassador. This Regulus was a true hero—as we would like to believe all the old Romans were—a man worthy of his reputation for truth and patriotism.

After presenting the terms offered by Carthage, Regulus made an eloquent appeal to his countrymen to continue the war. He then returned to Carthage as he had promised, and died, so we are told by the Roman historians, of the awful tortures inflicted upon him by the enraged Council, although later historians tell us that the Romans merely invented the horrible story of Regulus' death to exasperate the common people against Carthage, and make them willing to renew the war. At any rate the war was begun again as soon as Regulus returned to Carthage, and for eight years more cruelty and bloodshed, battles, sieges and marches are the chief events in the history of the rival republics. Hamilcar Barca, one of the Suffetes of Carthage, was stationed with a fleet off the coast of Sicily, and he swooped down again and again upon the unprotected portions of the Italian coast, carrying off slaves and treasure from plundered cities, until the Roman Senate was almost in despair, for it had no money wherewith to build a fleet to oppose him.

The patriotic citizens of Rome, notwithstanding the fact that for several years they had been heavily taxed to carry on the war, built two hundred ships at their own expense. When these at last blockaded Hamilcar, Carthage, defeated at every point, again asked Rome for peace. Rome granted it, Carthage agreeing to give up all her islands and to pay Rome a large sum of money.

As soon as this war, called in history "The first Punic war," was over, another danger threatened Carthage. Its immense army of hired soldiers had not been paid, and instead of disbanding and returning to their homes to wait until Carthage could recover sufficiently from the war to pay them, they demanded their money and would not be pacified though they were given fair promises. At length this unruly army—among whom were Gauls, and Iberians or Spaniards from Europe, and Numidians and other African tribes—began to plunder the towns and villages of the republic, and to burn, slay and destroy. They besieged Tunis and put to a cruel death thousands of people of surrounding villages, who had not time to retreat to the walled cities. They surrounded Utica, too, and even Carthage itself. The terrified Carthaginians shut themselves up in their city and besought their gods for help. Three hundred children of noble families were offered to the dreadful Moloch, and many victims voluntarily threw themselves into the sacred fire, foolishly thinking that thus they might please their offended deity. Instead of attributing their troubles to their own bad policy, the Carthaginians thought that Moloch was angry with them and had taken this manner of punishing them. In the midst of all this terror and confusion, Hamilcar

returned. With his courage and genius he soon reduced the rebellious soldiers to such distress that they surrendered and were, no doubt, cruelly punished. In Sardinia, too, the hired soldiers revolted, and Rome, in violation of the treaty of peace with Carthage, seized the island and held it, knowing that Carthage was powerless to resist.

Hamilcar Barca was a proud and patriotic man as well as a great general. The surrender of Carthage to Rome at the end of the First Punic war had bitterly grieved him. The conduct of Rome while Carthage was making such a valiant struggle against the revolted soldiers, filled the heart of Hamilcar with implacable hatred, and he vowed upon the altar of Melkarth, the Tyrian Hercules, to devote every energy of his mind and power of his body to the restoration of his country to

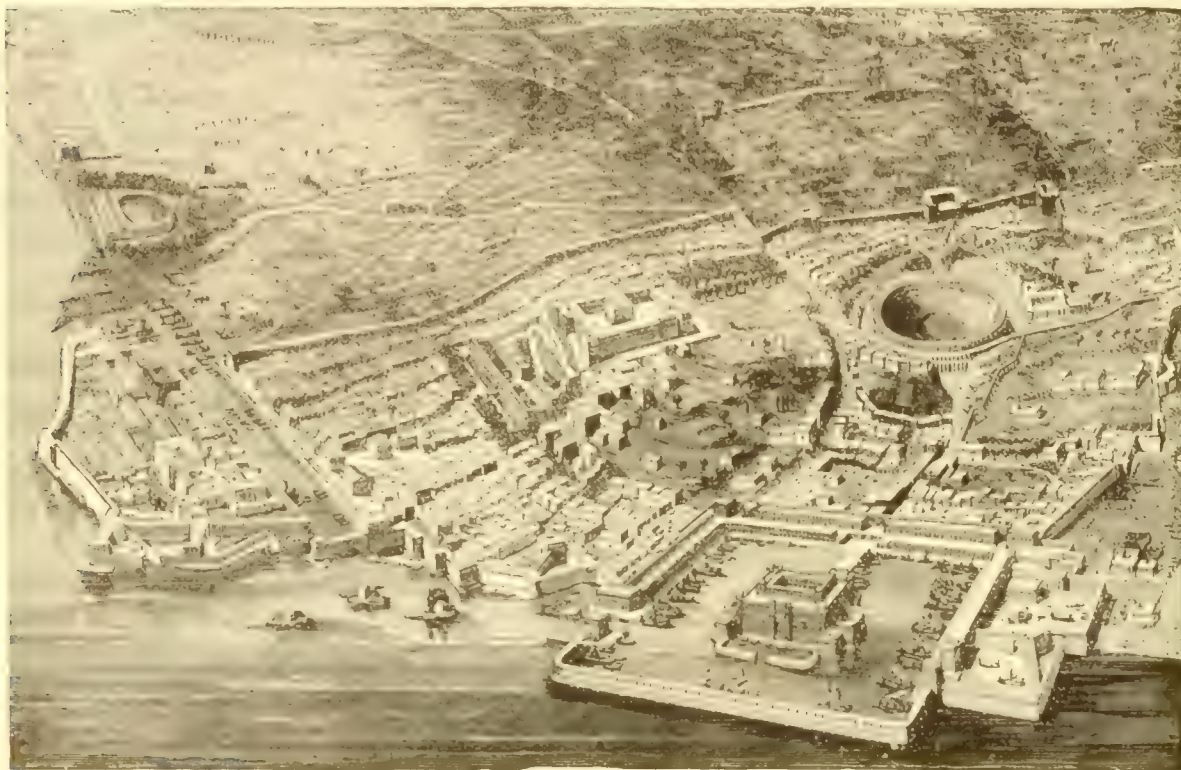


FIGURE 1. THE HARBOR OF CARTHAGE.

such a pitch of prosperity that it would be able to win back what it had lost.

Across the Mediterranean lay Spain, a country peopled by half-savage Gaulish tribes known as Iberians. Carthage had long possessed colonies on the Spanish coast, and knew that the interior was rich in minerals, and had a soil of great fertility. It was Spain that Hamilcar designed to use as the country through which Carthage was again to become rich and powerful. He raised an army to conquer the inhabitants of Spain, and before he sailed away from Carthage took his little son Hannibal, a boy nine years of age, who had pleaded so hard to accompany him that Hamilcar at last consented, and made him also swear upon the sacred altars of Carthage undying hatred to Rome and devotion to his country's cause.

For nine years Hamilcar commanded the Carthaginian forces in Spain, sending home rich treasures to Carthage, and keeping always before him his one idea of making Spain the hammer wherewith to strike Rome. As soon as he conquered the



people of a tribe, he tried to make friends with them, treating them with great kindness, and showing them how to till the soil, to build cities, and, above all, drilling them so that they could successfully fight civilized enemies. Often he made friends with tribes without first fighting them, signing treaties which gave them all their liberties, left them their chiefs, and disturbed none of their laws while they agreed to furnish him a certain amount of grain or other goods, and to allow him to drill the able-bodied men for war.

In the year 227 B. C., Hamilcar was killed in a battle with one of the savage Iberian tribes, and when he fell his young son Hannibal was bravely fighting by his side. All these years Hannibal had been with his father in Spain, and war had been his nurse and foster-mother. We may be sure that he had not forgotten his vow against Rome, and in the nine years in the camp he had been trained to endure cold, hunger, sleeplessness, danger and all the hardships of soldier life. He had been practiced in running, leaping, shooting the bow, hurling the javelin, handling the spear, and could ride like an Arab. Beside these warlike accomplishments, Hannibal had learned all that was usually taught Phœnician youths, and in addition to mathematics, astronomy and other such branches, he could speak the Greek language and many Iberian dialects as well as he could his native Punic. At the time his father was killed, the young Hannibal was already famous as a cavalry leader. His brother-in-law, Hasdrubal, succeeded to the command of the army, and Hannibal, although only eighteen, was given charge of the whole cavalry force. He trained it in such a way that it afterward became famous throughout the then civilized lands of Western Asia and Southern Europe.

Hasdrubal was a clever statesman, and it is almost certain that he intended making Spain an independent Republic. To this end he married the daughter of a Spanish King, and founded a magnificent new capital, now called Carthagera. His ambitious plans were all frustrated by the dagger, which cut short his life, for he was murdered by a Gaulish slave and Hannibal, already the idol of the army for his skill, eloquence and bravery, became commander of the Carthaginian forces in Iberia. Hannibal was but twenty-eight years of age when he became the head of the Carthaginian army, and the Roman historians who were chary enough of praise for an enemy, declare that he was gifted with a rare power of inspiring the confidence and affection of men.

In person, like nearly every great general of ancient or modern times, Hannibal was small of stature and slight of build. Nature rarely lodges the great nervous energy for long protracted effort, extraordinary quickness, cleverness, and those other qualities necessary to a great general and conqueror in a large bodily frame. Rarely, indeed, do we find that the heroes of history are the majestic individuals in appearance that our fancy conjures. Hannibal, Alexander, Cyrus, Grant, Napoleon, and scores of others who have achieved immortal fame as leaders of men and as military geniuses were small and slight of body. The energy, courage and training, of the young leader was well known to the Roman Senate, and it knew, too, the vow he had made of relentless hatred and vengeance. Thinking to turn him from his purpose, when it was rumored that he was about to cross the Ebro, Rome sent him a stern message to observe the treaty which Hasdrubal had signed when Rome threatened Carthage if he refused.

This treaty confined the Carthaginian dominion in Spain to the west bank of the Ebro. Hannibal probably remembered how Rome had seized Sardinia, and ear-

ing little for treaties that interfered with his plans, when he had conquered the remaining tribes of hostile Iberians, crossed the Ebro and laid siege to Saguntum, a Greek city on the eastern coast of Spain, under Roman protection. That Hannibal did not do this without an understanding with his government is certain. The Carthaginians were again eager to engage in a war with Rome, and encouraged Hannibal to provoke it, that they might win back Sardinia and humiliate the haughty mistress of the west. As soon as it was known in Rome that Saguntum had been besieged and was taken, the Roman Senate sent ambassadors to Carthage demanding that Hannibal and his whole army be given up to them for punishment. The Carthaginian Council had already received and distributed among the people of the city the rich spoil of Saguntum, and rejected the Roman demand, accepting the war which the ambassadors offered with a right good will.

Thus was begun the second Punic war, and in all history there is nothing just like it, for it was the struggle of the genius of one man against the power of the most highly civilized nation in the world, the patriotism and vengeful spirit of a single individual against the patriotism of a whole people. Hannibal knew that should Rome invade Northern Africa, Carthage, with no means of supply, besieged by sea and land, would fall. He determined, therefore, to engage Rome upon her own soil, and to stir up her recently conquered provinces against her. The Carthaginian power was firmly established in Spain, but in Italy the brave Gauls of the north hated the Romans with a hatred as implacable as it was powerless against Rome's trained legions. These Gauls Hannibal hoped to win to his cause, and Rome was not so sure of the Samnites, Etruscans and Lucanians that successful campaigns by the invaders could not tempt them to rise and throw off the yoke.

The Roman Senate had not dreamed that Hannibal would invade Italy, and making leisurely preparations for a war with Carthage, had ordered one of their generals to prosecute a campaign in Spain when the news was carried to the Capital that Hannibal had crossed the Rhone. Hannibal had left his brother, Hasdrubal, in command in Spain, and with ninety thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry and thirty-seven elephants left New Carthage, and crossed the Pyrenees. Here his army plundered the rich valleys, and Hannibal dismissed nearly half of his force laden with booty to return to Carthage, promising the other half that in Italy they should find a field for plunder unequalled in the world.

It was late in October when Hannibal with his fifty-nine thousand men and thirty-seven elephants, guided by Gauls, began the ascent leading across the Alps. The troops he took with him, born and bred under the blue skies of the Mediterranean lands, must have thought those bleak and terrible mountains, with their bitter winds and drifting snows, the very gates of death, and such, indeed, they proved to many a brave warrior. Not only cold and hunger, snow and desolation confronted them at every step, but from the cliffs the Boii, a mountain tribe loyal to Rome, hurled stones upon their heads, struck them down with arrow and javelin, barricaded the passes, and did everything their ingenuity could devise to harass them.

It is a remarkable fact that amid all these dangers the army was faithful to their leader, and although their comrades dropped by the thousands, and their bones were left upon the icy summits or bleak slopes, the remaining troops eagerly pressed on, inspired by the example of Hannibal. At last, after fifteen days of suffering, reduced to barely twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse, they saw below them the



green valleys of Italy. How the dauntless heart of Hannibal must have thrilled when he beheld at last the land which he had risked so much to reach, for now he would avenge his country's wrongs and would find death or glory face to face with the Roman legions.

He was disappointed in his hope that the Gauls would hail him as a deliverer, for when he reached the plain where his weary troops rested and refreshed themselves, not a Gaulish tribe showed him signs of friendship. Therefore Hannibal was anxious to gain a victory which should show the Gauls that he was able to succeed in the enterprise he had undertaken. Scipio, the Roman general, was equally anxious to fight, and the two armies soon came to blows. Scipio being totally defeated, the Gauls, as Hannibal had foreseen, flocked to join him.

Mago, Hannibal's brother, with his cavalry ambushed themselves soon after near Trebia, and when the Romans attacked the Carthaginians and thought themselves certain of victory, Mago and his horsemen broke from their concealment and routed or cut to pieces the Roman army. The news of this second defeat caused such alarm in Rome that Flaminius, a brave soldier and talented general, but a man personally unpopular with the Roman nobles, was given command of a new army. Hannibal's forces were rejoicing in plenty in the heart of the most fruitful portion of Italy, and Hannibal, true to his vow, slew every Roman that fell into his power, and burned, plundered, and destroyed Roman property, taking good care to spare that of the Gauls and of the provinces that he hoped to win to his cause.

The Numidian cavalry struck terror to the Romans everywhere, for they rode their perfectly trained horses without saddle or bridle, and their onset was so fierce and irresistible, that both the Roman defeats were due to them. Flaminius kept well out of their way upon the high ground as he followed Hannibal, watching his every movement, and waited for a favorable place and time for attacking him.

Hannibal avoided a battle until he had decoyed the Romans into a narrow pass between Lake Trasimenus and a mountain, then turning he fell upon them with such fury that the Romans were cut to pieces or put to flight, and Flaminius himself was killed.

All Rome was moved to tears and lamentations when the news of this dreadful disaster reached the city. The temples were crowded with citizens, who implored the gods to save the Republic. Hannibal took from the bodies of the Roman soldiers their armor and weapons, re-organized his army, drilled and equipped it in the Roman manner under the very eyes of Fabius, who had been sent to follow him and attack him.

Fabius was a cautious soldier, and disposed his forces in such a way upon the high ground that Hannibal was hemmed in, but Hannibal outwitted and escaped him in the following manner.

Among the plunder of the army were two thousand oxen. One night when Hannibal's army seemed utterly surrounded in a narrow valley, and hopeless of breaking through to the plains beyond, the Carthaginians, by Hannibal's orders, bound to the horns of every ox a bundle of faggots, lighted them, and while they were driven toward the Roman camps in the hills, the army quietly prepared to move. Terrified by seeing a column of flames rushing upon them, the Romans fled in a panic, and in the confusion the Carthaginians marched past them to the plains and were soon out of danger.

Victory after victory followed, and Hannibal rapidly made himself master of the

fairest portion of Italy, sending home shiploads of plunder to Carthage. Capua hailed him as a savior, but in the course of the sixteen years, while Hannibal devastated Italy, it was retaken, and except the twenty-seven Senators who poisoned themselves rather than submit to Rome, the inhabitants were either put to the sword or sold as slaves. Hannibal seemed to bear a charmed life, and although his soldiers deserted by hundreds to the Romans, and Mago who was



The Stratagem of Hannibal.

sent to Carthage to ask for aid was detained there until it was too late for him to be of any assistance, Hannibal, by his swift movements and wonderful generalship, kept the Romans in a constant state of anxiety and alarm. Everywhere except in the heart of Italy Rome was victorious. Upon the seas the Roman fleets defeated those of Carthage, and in Spain Hasdrubal, too, was defeated. He marched with his army to the aid of Hannibal, was met by Nero, his army routed and he himself slain. At last Rome sent an army under the Scipio, afterward called Africanus, to attack Carthage. When he had taken Utica the Council summoned Hannibal to aid in expelling the foe, or if that were not possible, to protect Carthage.

It was with the deepest grief Hannibal retired from Italy, but his vow had not been ill-performed, for in the seventeen years that he had commanded the army in Italy, he had slain 30,000 Romans, sent home vast treasures, and had drained the Roman resources by compelling the Roman armies to constantly be upon the alert. Hannibal's fame had long preceded him, and when he landed at Leptis, after thirty-six years' absence from his native land, thousands flocked to join him. It was with only a handful of his veterans and these raw recruits that he was expected to front and conquer Scipio.

Hannibal knew that no amount of experience or military genius could insure his success with such soldiers, and he attempted to negotiate peace with Scipio. The Roman made such terms that Hannibal could not honorably accept them and he reluctantly determined upon battle. It was at Zama that the Carthaginians utterly defeated by Scipio, saw the sun of their hope go down in blood. Nothing was left but to accept the peace offered by Rome, giving up her ships, her army, her foreign



possessions—even Spain, and promising to make no war without Rome's consent, and to pay an immense yearly tribute to the victor, Carthage, at the end of the second Punic war was humbled to the dust.

Carthage, true to her ungrateful and cruel character, drove Hannibal into exile, but although his conqueror, Scipio, received the greatest honor from his countrymen, he, too, died a wanderer from his native land about the same time that Hannibal, hounded from every refuge by Roman vengeance, at last took poison to escape capture, dying as he had lived Rome's enemy to the last.

After the second Punic war Carthage was harassed by her foes at home, but Rome always sided against her when she complained to the Senate. These humiliations were borne until the Numidian king, instigated perhaps by Rome, seized upon some of the territory of the Republic, when the Carthaginians resorted to arms in defense of their rights. The Roman Senate, influenced no doubt by the eloquence of Cato, who hated Carthage, declared war upon the republic, pretending that it had violated the treaty. Carthage hastened to throw itself upon Roman mercy, whose quality is now pretty well known, and was not very different from what Carthaginian mercy might have been under the same circumstances. After banishing three hundred of her citizens and giving up all their arms, the Carthaginians thought Rome would be pacified, but when they were commanded to leave their city forever that it might be burned to the ground, and to build a town without walls ten miles from the sea, the Carthaginians, made desperate by such a cruel demand, determined to die beneath the ruins of their city with weapons in their hands rather than submit.

They had neither arms nor military stores, but they turned their temples into workshops, tore down public buildings to provide wood and metal, and made catapults for their walls, arms and munitions, for their troops. Men, women, and even children, who were old enough, aided in the work, the women cutting off their long hair to be twisted into bow-strings, and inspiring the men to defend them and their homes to the bitter end, all alike knowing that the end would be death and destruction to their capital. During all this time the Romans lay but six miles away at Utica, and when they advanced against Carthage expecting to find the walls without defenders, they were astonished to see that Carthage had still left some of that martial spirit that had won her renown in the olden days. For two years Carthage repulsed every attempt of the Romans to take it, but in the third year it was captured, the inhabitants fighting the Romans in the streets and from the house-tops, until Scipio, the adopted son of Africanus, set the city on fire. Even then the Carthaginians refused to surrender, and not until the flames had raged for six days did the fifty thousand surviving men, women and children give way and deliver themselves to the Romans.

One of the Suffetes, a certain Hasdrubal, deserted his countrymen just after the Romans called upon the citadel to surrender, and submitted to Scipio. The conqueror made him sit at his feet in sight of the Carthaginians, who reviled him as traitor and coward. His own wife cursed him, killed her two children before his eyes and cast their bodies into a burning temple, flinging herself also into the flames rather than submit.

Thus after seven hundred years of wealth and prosperity, Carthage was destroyed and her whole people, that had not perished by fire and sword, were sold into slavery. All the towns that remained faithful to her were treated in the same way, and Rome, now undisputed mistress of the West, was fully launched upon the flood-tide of

conquest that led her to glory and ruin. At the time its destruction was decided on by Rome, Carthage had 700,000 inhabitants, only 50,000 of whom surrendered to the conquerors, the others having fallen in the siege or voluntarily sought death in the flames of the burning city. Carthage died in the noontide of its glory, for its vigor had not passed away and it would for a thousand years have ruled the commerce of the world and held an honorable place among nations, had not lust of wealth and power dominated it. The rivalry with Rome was its doom, for never yet did an Aryan nation struggle in vain against Shemite or Cushite, and never yet did the strength of the North meet the fire of the South but that it eventually quenched its brightness. The old gives way to the new, and thus is written "The story without end"—the world's history.







# REECE.

**N**OW that we have told you the chief facts in the early story of Asia and Africa, from Egypt, the oldest founded of dead empires, to Carthage the latest, we will turn our eyes to the northward, to the continent of Europe, the stage upon which the great Aryan race has played the chief part in the drama of history. Look upon the map and you will see that the southern part of Europe is made up of three bodies of land, whose ragged and irregular outlines would almost lead us to think that some dreadful force within the earth had torn them from the continent of Africa, and that the sea, the blue Mediterranean, had rushed in to fill the rift thus made. Fragments of land—little islands—everywhere dot this sea, as though they too had been torn from the one continent or the other. Long, long ago, before men or animals lived upon the earth, there might have been such a convulsion, and when the earth recovered from it, the appearance of the various bodies of land and water was very different from what it had been. At all events, the three peninsulas of southern Europe were formed in some way, at some time, and the most western, Spain, the country known to the ancient world as Iberia, is a rough square. The central peninsula, Italy, is long and narrow, shaped something like a boot, with Sicily lying very near the toe, and separated from it only by a narrow strait. The most Eastern peninsula of the three is so strangely penetrated by the sea that its lower half is nearly an island, while islands lie clustered about it so thickly that there is hardly room upon the map to print their names. This division of the Eastern Peninsula is made by a long narrow gulf sweeping so far into the land that the southern part hangs only by a slender isthmus to the northern. Upon the coast-line of this southern peninsula the sea has worked its will, notching its edges and cutting far into its sides, until it has given to it very much the shape of a mulberry leaf, the isthmus being the stem and the lofty mountains which cross it the veins and ribs, holding, as it were, the land together. The northern peninsula, too, is scarcely less indented, but while we might imagine the blue sea creeping to the edge of the land and shouting defiance to the mountains, contesting with them for the lovely green valleys and fertile plains of the south, the northern peninsula is less plowed and furrowed by mountain chains, and gradually widens to the mainland, pushing back the eager arms of the ocean that so lovingly embraces its southern neighbor and all the fair little



isles to the East. This is the land of Greece, and not only the peninsulas and the islands, but the coast of Asia beyond them, have been made famous in song and story. There lived the Greeks, a people whose character, religion, love of nature and freedom, we may better understand if we will try to remember that they were cradled between seas and mountains, and had thus ever before them two of nature's most inspiring aspects. These two peninsulas, together with the islands, are no



larger than the State of Pennsylvania, but the land of Greece, small as it is, may be compared to a great light set upon a tower on some lofty rock of mid-ocean, for it cast a reflection not only upon the lands of the Mediterranean, but to the very heart of Western Asia and the limits of Egypt, in its own day of glory. That light has come down to us with undiminished brightness, as rays from stars that have been quenched for ages are still traveling through space to reach the earth.

Unlike the rays of those vanished stars of the astronomers, the light from the fallen star of Greece is not scattered and lost in the world's darkness, but has been gathered into our literature, art and building, inwoven in our thoughts, laws, and customs and will grow brighter and brighter as the centuries of the world's civilization pass. The Greeks were an Aryan people, and it was probably from Phrygia, in Asia Minor, where this branch of the Aryans rested, when the movement began that peopled Persia and India, that the Greeks came, founding near the Hellespont on the "Ilion plain," the city of Troy, thence crossing over into Europe. How long they remained in Asia is not known, but long enough, no doubt, to have changed by contact with the pagan nations they found there, their notion of one God, an unseen, all-wise Creator, and to gather other ideas that they afterward worked out in their civilization.

I do not mean that the Greeks would ever have been like the Cushite or Semite peoples, had they always lived among them. There was something high and noble

in the Greek mind, even in its early rude days, which refined and beautified that which was coarse, and took delight in nothing brutal or savage. It was long before the Hebrews went down into Egypt that the first Achaean and Ionian tribes of Aryans peopled Greece, and when the two tribes of Dorians and



Parthenon, Athens





CHINESE HEAD-DRESS

found some of the country already occupied, perhaps by Celtic races. These people they conquered, taking their lands and either driving them out or making them slaves.

The Dorians settled in the north and the Ionians along the coast, while in some parts of the southern peninsula the old Achæan population lived and built cities, and early began, as did the Ionians, to show what remarkable people they were. It is through the Greeks that we have received all that was best in the civilization of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and perhaps older empires still, and what they bequeathed us they so refined by their touch that we have been unable, in spite of all our modern cleverness, to add much that is valuable. The Greeks imitated nothing, but were able to sift out and use the best of everything in the civilization that lived upon earth in their day, and it is not God's plan that the worst shall ever be preserved. You will be able to trace, as you follow civilization from the banks of the Nile to Asia, Europe, America and Japan, where only China and Russia intervene to break the complete circuit, back to the pre-historic empire of Central Arabia, how "truth crushed to earth" has risen again, and how error has been sifted out and thrown aside.

Every civilization that we have studied is an improvement upon the one which went before it, for men's minds grew little by little until in the Greeks a natural genius for civilization led them on to accomplish in comparatively few centuries more than all the other nations combined had done for the world in all foregone times. The Greeks called themselves Hellenes, from their ancestor Hellen, and every country in which the Greeks settled was called Hellas. They called all other people "barbarians," even the Phœnicians, their neighbors in the early times, and later, the Romans, who were of their own blood but did not speak the language of Hellas, that being their manner of judging barbarians. Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, are mostly level countries, with a large river for a natural highway, and no mountain barriers. On this account the people of each of those countries mixed freely together, and early became a united nation under one ruler; but Greece has not a single river that can be navigated, and is crossed by mountains lofty and almost impassable, which separate completely its different portions, therefore it was natural that Greece should have many states, all independent and often unfriendly to each other, and every



Green P. Dress



1. *Proprietary* (i.e., secret) information.



FIG. 1. Two Women in Ancient Greece.

one holding itself strictly and proudly apart. These states were so small, with so few people and little wealth, that the king could not be surrounded with a splendid court and hold himself above the people, keeping himself secluded. Thus certain of the people consulted with him as to the best laws, and the idea of government which was maintained for the sole pleasure and benefit of the ruler, gave way after a while to the idea of government of the people—an entirely new one in the ancient world.

Where there were so few people each individual was of importance, and his rights were regarded, while in Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, where there were so many millions, the king could do about as he liked with the lives and property of his subjects without fear of rousing rebellion.

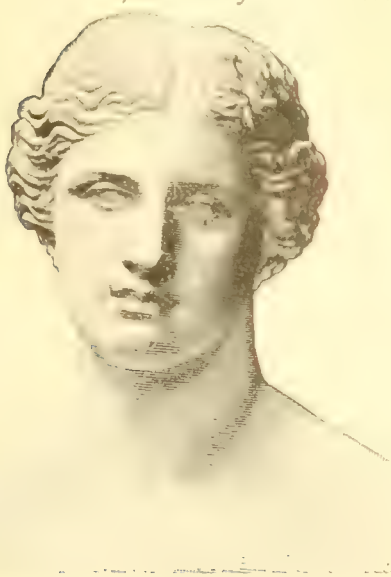
It was not long after the Greeks established themselves in their new home in Europe that they came in contact with the Phœnicians, who were even at that early day sailing the seas to distant countries, bringing home in their ships gold, silver, dye-

wood, wool, and the thousands of things they needed in their manufactures.

The little Greek communities, although separated from each other by mountains, were nowhere distant from the sea, and there was but one Hellenic State that had no sea coast. Being the cleverest, keenest-witted and most ingenious nation that ever lived, the Hellenic people soon learned all that the Phœnicians knew. They had already invented a language whose richness and eloquence were wonderful; and the alphabet which the Phœnicians taught them enabled them to write their songs and stories, although at first they cared little for writing. They did care for ship-building, though, and built crafts modeled after those of the Phœnicians, and in time became great sailors. They may have learned of them too, how to build houses of stone, as they certainly did how to weigh and measure articles and to do other things just as useful. When the Greeks first began to sail the seas it was not for trade, but they would shelter their vessels in some snug island bay, and swoop down

upon the Phœnician merchants ships, capture and plunder them, or descend upon the coast towns and villages of their neighbors, carry off the goods they found, and make slaves of the people. This pirate-life was not considered at all disgraceful, for those were the days when might was understood as right, and those early Greeks probably thought piracy far more honorable than trade.

We cannot go back to the very beginnings of the Hellenic people in Greece, because for hundreds of years nothing was written of their history, and even Homer's poems, from which we learn so much about the early Greeks, were for centuries unwritten, and were merely related by those who had in turn received them orally from others. Who Homer was, and when he was born we do not certainly know, but as the Greek word "homer" means blind, he is supposed to have been a blind Greek poet, born in some portion of Asiatic Hellas long before



Head of the Venus of Milo. Louvre, Paris.



David, the poet-king of the Hebrews, reigned over the Jews. He is often called "the father of poetry," for he is supposed to have been the first poet who composed really great works. The two poems of Homer that have come down to us are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and as they tell not only of the great deeds of Greek heroes but explain also the nature of their gods, the Greeks prized them highly as sacred history somewhat as we do the Old Testament. The *Iliad* tells of the siege of the city of Troy, which, according to the reckonings of historians, occurred 1500 B. C., and the *Odyssey* describes the wanderings of Ulysses after the city was taken.

Although the Trojan war occurred before Nineveh was founded, and but fifty years after the children of Jacob went down into Egypt and pitched their tents in the Land of Goshen, the Greeks must have been even then a civilized people, for not only did they know how to build vessels, but to manufacture arms and armor, to build cities with walls, and to carve images of their gods. To explain to you how the Trojan war came to be fought I must tell you the story of the creation that the Greeks believed, and give you some idea of the gods they worshipped, for the early history of Greece is so inwoven with their religion that we cannot separate the two. Perhaps you have noticed that the higher idea people have of deity, the higher respect they have for their fellow-men, and when you understand the Greek ideas of the gods, you may be able to comprehend why the Greeks, in spite of their genius and reasonableness, thought it no harm to lie, steal, and practice many other vices.

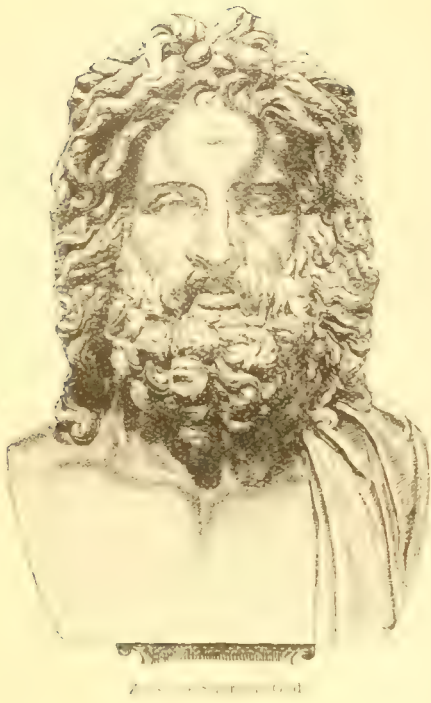
The land in which the Greeks lived was made up of verdant valleys that in the spring were gay with violets, primroses and rare and beautiful flowers, and crossed by mountains whose summits seemed to touch the blue sky. The mild climate and pure air, made them not only vigorous, strong of body, and beautiful to look upon, but imaginative as well. Every clear stream slipping through the groves and meadows, every fountain and forest nook, they believed to be presided over by some unseen spirit, and the fair islands lying in the shining seas, upon which the sun smiled so lovingly and the moon shone with such a mellow light, they peopled with creatures of their fancy, and this same imaginative faculty they exercised in accounting for the creation of the world. In the beginning, so the



Ideal Bust of Homer.



Laocöon Rhodes, 2nd Century, B. C. Marble Group in the Belvedere of the Vatican, Rome.



Greeks believed, all was confusion, and chaos and darkness covered all the universe. After awhile the earth separated itself from the sky, and over it there was a goddess, Gæa, while over the sky was a god Uranus, both having been born of Chaos. Uranos and Gæa married, so runs this story of the creation, although they were so different from each other that they could never agree. They had many children, seven of them beautiful and some hideous, and they all lived together on a high mountain, the most unruly family I think that can be imagined who quarreled and fought much like half-savage humans. One of the sons, Kronos, whom we represent as "Father Time," at the command of his mother Gæa killed his father, Uranus, with a sharp sickle, and became king of the gods in his stead. Kronos married one of his beautiful sisters, Rhea, and she was the first goddess or mortal to have a mother-in-law, and Gæa was as bad a mother-in-law, according to the Greek fable, as has ever been since, for after causing Kronos to kill Uranus, she told him that he should lose his kingdom through one of his children. To prevent this, Kronos swallowed each child that was born to Rhea as soon as it came

into the world. At last Rhea, by Gæa's advice, wrapped a stone in a cloth and gave it to Kronos to swallow instead of one of her children, and so saved one of her sons, which she carried to the island of Crete, where he was cared for by a beautiful she-goat.

This son was named Zeus, and when he grew up, he was so grateful to the goat that had nourished him that when she died he took one of her horns and made a magic horn of it, that yielded to its owner whatever he wished for, to eat or drink, so you see the "horn of plenty" or cornucopia which we use as a symbol of abundance is very ancient. Rhea, so we are told, as soon as Zeus was well grown, gave to Kronos a drink that made him sick, and he threw up the five children he had swallowed, all now full grown, too, and these Poseidon, Pluto, Here, Demeter and Hestia, led by Zeus, began to war against Kronos, and the other older gods and goddesses. When they had chained their enemies in Tartarus, guarded by the ugly monsters who had helped them in their battles, the six young gods fixed their dwelling in the skies and began to reign over men, for men had in the meantime been created. Gæa could not bear to see the young gods peaceful and happy, so she created a race of giants to fight them. These giants tore up great rocks to fling at the gods, but in spite of their efforts, for they piled Mount Pelion upon Ossa, they could not throw far enough, and Zeus at last crushed them under those very moun-



Greek Two-Wheeled Cart

tains, where they lay groaning forever after. Gæa then created a dreadful monster, but when he, too, was about to be vanquished by Zeus she threw him into Tartarus, and did nothing more to annoy the gods, who had many children who were also gods. Next to Zeus were Apollo, the god of music and of the sun, Athene, goddess of wisdom, Artemis the goddess of the chase, Aphrodite, the goddess of love, and Demeter.



goddess of the fields, whose care was the flowers, grain and fruits of the earth.

It would take a very large book to tell you all the fables or myths as they are called, about these gods, their loves, hates and adventures, but all of these stories have a moral. To us this religion of fable seems very strange, and we cannot understand how men as wise and clever as the Greeks could believe such nonsense, but when we examine it a little closer we find that it is not so unreasonable after all. Nature was to the Greeks a sealed book, and as little children watch with wonder the rising and setting of the sun, the twilight glow upon the western sky, the great round moon, twinkling stars, the darkness of night, and see in them something marvellous, so did the Greeks, and believed that creatures much like men, but with grand forms and beautiful faces, caused all these changes to happen. In other words, the Greeks saw something divine in every movement of the sun, moon and stars, in the winds and waters, the daylight and the night time, and so may we even though we know they are but elements governed by fixed laws, many of which we know. It is not hard to see in the marriage of Gæa and Uranos the union of good and evil in the nature of men, as well as the union of night and day, which makes what we call time, for Kronos meant Time. Kronos, swallowing his infant children, Time swallowing up the hours, or Death swallowing up all men (for earth-life is but the infancy of man and eternity, where he will gain his growth), and delivering them up full grown, points to the immortality of the soul, while the victory of the beautiful and strong god, Zeus, is a symbol of the victory of goodness, even over time as well as over all difficulties and dangers. The changes in the earth by convulsions of nature, earthquakes and tempests, find their symbol in the contests of Zeus with the giants, and so we may find, if we search carefully the little seeds of truth among the errors of those old Greek fables.

One of the fables of this old Greek religion or mythology, as it is called, tells how Athene—who, being the goddess of wisdom, should have known better—invited all the gods and goddesses to a wedding feast, but slighted Eris, the goddess of Discord. When the gods and goddesses were seated at the banquet, the malicious Discord stole slyly up and threw upon the table a golden apple, upon which was written "For the most fair." Here, the queen of heaven, Athene and Aphrodite all immediately claimed the apple,



Head of Hermes, the Messenger of the Gods, from the Statue by Praxiteles.



Ares or Mars, the God of War.



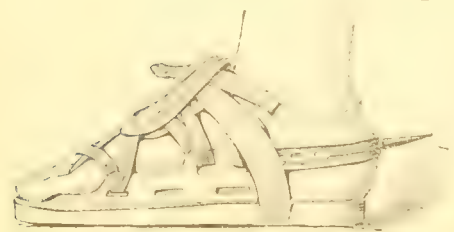
HELEN AT THE COURT OF TROY.

and as the gods, very wisely I think, refused to decide the question, the three goddesses called upon Paris on Mount Ida, the shepherd son of Priam, king of Troy, to judge which of the three was "the most fair." Here promised Paris power and riches if he would decide for her, Athene offered him wisdom, but Aphrodite whispered that she would give him the fairest and most loving wife in Greece if he would award the apple to her, so Paris decided for Venus, and to get "the fairest and most loving wife in Greece," sailed at once to that country.

He landed in Laconia, on the southern coast, and led by Venus, went direct to Menelaus, the king, whose wife Helen was not only the most beautiful woman in Greece, the land of beautiful women, but in the whole world. As Paris was very handsome and winning he soon persuaded Helen to go away with him to his father's court of Troy. Before Helen married Menelaus she had many lovers, and when she finally chose the Laconian king for her

husband, these lovers vowed to be her friend until death, and to fight for her cause if need be; then like the sensible Greeks that that they were, they each and every one went about their business, fell in love with somebody else, married and "settled down."

These former suitors were unwilling enough to help Menelaus bring back his fickle Helen, but when he called upon them for help, Ajax, a very giant in size, Ulysses, Diomedes, and Nestor, the oldest Grecian chief, are said to have finally placed themselves with their followers under Agamemmon, brother of Menelaus, although we can hardly believe that in those rude days of war and violence the Greeks forgot their jealousies of each other and did what they never would do afterward, all unite under one leader for any purpose whatever. We are told that with their followers they sailed away to Troy and besieged the city for ten years, doing there such great deeds, that even now the valor of Achilles and Hector, as painted by the glowing strains of Homer thrills the most unwarlike reader. The gods were mixed up with this siege, some fighting upon one side and some upon the other. The Trojan hero, Hector, was killed by Achilles, and his naked body dragged at the chariot wheels of his slayer, three times around the city's walls. Achilles himself, was struck in the heel by a poisoned arrow from the bow of Paris. Ajax killed himself because the armor of Achilles was given to Ulysses rather than himself, and his blood wherever it fell, so runs the tale, caused hyacinths to spring up from the ground those beautiful flowers bearing upon their leaves the Greek letters Ai, the first two of the name of Ajax, and meaning also "woe," as symbolizing what Ajax felt in seeing wisdom placed before bravery. Still the Greeks could not



THE WOODEN HORSE.

take Troy. There was within the city a statue of Athene which was said to have fallen from the skies, and as they believed that this statue prevented the capture of the city, Ulysses and Diomedes disguised themselves, passed by night into Troy and stole the statue, but were no more successful afterward in the siege than they had been before. At last the Greeks built a huge wooden horse, filled it



with soldiers, and pretending to leave it as an offering to Athene to win her from the Trojans, sailed away, not very far, however, but just out of sight, and lay with their ships behind an island.

The Trojans, in spite of the warnings of Laocoon, priest of Neptune, dragged the horse into the city, and made a great feast of rejoicing over the departure of the Greeks. At night when the Trojans were asleep the Greeks who had sailed away, sailed back again, the soldiers came out of the wooden horse, opened the gates of the city, and Troy was taken, Paris and king Priam being killed and Helen given back to her husband. Ulysses wandered a long time and finally reached home safely.

For centuries historians did not believe the story of the siege of Troy as told by Homer in the Iliad, and as some of it is certainly fable, thought that it all was untrue. In our own times a learned German, Dr. Schliemann, has found the ruins of an ancient city buried deep under the mold and dust of ages, at the place where Homer describes Troy as having been, and bearing marks of having been destroyed by war, so we may really consider the Iliad as a mixture of history, fable, and mythology, and learn much of the manners and customs of the early Greeks by reading it.

From Homer we learn that the Greeks in very early days had kings who were also the priests of the people, just as all nations do in their beginning, but in Greece, the kings had a number of chiefs for their counsellors. Although the kings did not always follow the advice of the chiefs, who told the common people the will of the king, their advice always had weight with him. The common people had no voice in anything that concerned the government.

The southern peninsula of Greece whose outline is so much like a mulberry leaf, was called the Peloponessus. There is a legend that declares that long before the dawn of history, Pelops, son of the Phrygian king, Tantalus, brought thither the great wealth he had received when his father died, and founded a kingdom, so the southern portion of Greece, like the northern, traced the descent of its people back to Asia Minor, where so much of Hellenic history began and ended. Just south of the Peloponessus, is Crete, an island shaped much like a sickle, and it was there that Minos, a great and wise king is said to have lived and ruled before the days of Pelops. It was not until long after his time that Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war ruled in Argolis, but that the many cities of Argolis had thick walls for their defense against plunderers and pirates we know, for their massive ruins are still standing.

The Peloponessus, is about as large as the State of New Hampshire, and had long been inhabited by the Achæans and Ionians when the Dorians, who had grown into a hardy war-like tribe in the mountains of Northern Greece, left their homes, entered the Peloponessus, and after many years of war captured the strong castles and walled towns of Argolis. Just when they did this is not known for certain but it is supposed to have been about the time when the Trojan war ended. Leaving bands of their comrades to hold what they had taken, the Dorians moved southward, conquering as they went, either driving out the Achæans and Ionians or making slaves of them. To these more refined Greeks the Dorians must



Greek Warrior.



Grecian Head Dress.



FIG. 100.

have seemed rude and half barbarous, and rather than submit to them many left their homes and sailed to the islands and the coast of Asia Minor. It was then that Miletus, Ephesus, and many other cities of Asia Minor that became famous and splendid were founded, and all along the shores of the Mediterranean sea Greek colonies were planted, and Greek influence began to make itself felt in the world.

The Dorians, too, made foreign settlements, and when the real history of Greece begins we find them masters of the Peloponessus, having little by little conquered it all except a mountainous State in the center of the peninsula called Arcadia and the State of Achæa in the northwest, both peopled by the tribes who had once been all powerful upon the peninsula. The Dorians had made slaves of thousands of the conquered people, but unlike the lowest caste in India who were made slaves in the same way, the conquered Achæans were Greek like their conquerors, and like them, had the pride and independence of the Aryan race. The poorer classes were made Helots, and were compelled to work the

land of their owners without reward, while those who had been land owners were allowed to hold their land but not to sell it, were compelled to give a certain portion of their crops to the support of their conquerors, but had no voice in the government, and like the Helots were forbidden to marry Dorians. On account of the nature of the country the invaders were obliged, in making their conquests and settlements, to divide into bands and as these bands increased in numbers, new States were formed and new cities sprang up. These States were small, often no larger than a county in our own country, and the citizens could all meet at some place to decide upon matters of public importance. Although the people of these little States spoke the same language and worshipped the same gods, their laws and customs were very different, and there was never a union between them, such as we find between the States of America, but they would often join each other in celebrating religious games and festivals, and would agree no matter what cause they might have of quarrel, to lay it aside during such time as the festival was being held.

FIG. 101. Combred Chiton and  
Girdles worn by Women.

Worshipping together at the altars of the same gods, finally led several of the States to form a league to preserve the temples of these gods, and although these States might quarrel or even fight, they made a solemn vow, which they faithfully kept, that they would not destroy each other's towns, nor cut off the running water from each other's cities in time of siege, thus robbing war of much horror. Besides their deities the Greeks had heroes from whom the kings were descended, and these helped by the gods, performed marvellous deeds. One of these heroes, Hercules, the son of Zeus and Alcmena, a mortal, was hated by Hero from his birth, and through this hatred he was compelled to perform twelve labors, among which were the strangling of a lion, killing a monster, and doing various other difficult things. When these labors were all performed, Hercules, like Samson of old and many common men of modern times, was brought to grief by a woman. His wife was jealous of her great lord, and gave to him a shirt which she had dipped in the



blood of a dying Centaur whom Hercules had killed, for she thought the shirt thus dipped would prove a love charm to win Hercules back to her, but instead it was deadly poison, and killed him.

In the wanderings of Hercules he had been driven out of the Peloponessus, and as the leaders of the Dorians who invaded that peninsula, claimed descent from Hercules, their conquest of the Peloponessus was known in history as "The Return of the Hereclidæ." The Aetolians who helped the Dorians in their conquests were given a small State in the western part of the peninsula which they called Elis, in which grew up several cities. Achæa had twelve cities. These cities, the Dorian city of Argos (which was very rich and owned a fertile strip of territory down the east coast,) the two Dorian cities, Corinth and Sikyon, and nine others joined in a league to protect the temple at Argos—Argos being the leading State in this league. The Delphic oracle had long been protected by such a league, and gained great fame all over the ancient world.

Among the many bands of Dorians that founded cities in the Peloponessus, there was one that seized upon the wheat fields that had long been cultivated by the Achæans at the foot of Mount Taygetes, on the banks of the river Eurotas in the southern part of the peninsula founding the city and State of Sparta.\*

Each of the Dorian bands in the Peloponessus had been obliged at first to live in the conquered communities as bands of soldiers, but after awhile they made friends with the conquered people, gradually took up peaceable ways and lived in their cities more like city people live in our own day, Sparta alone being always at war with the old Achæan population and neighboring Dorian colonies.

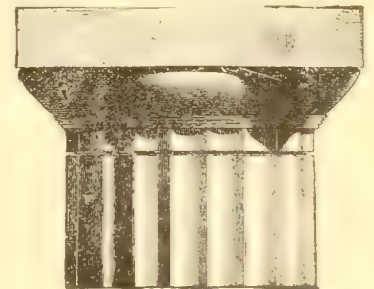
The tendency of Sparta to rule the Helots harshly and to quarrel with her neighbors, compelled the Spartans to always be on their guard against dangerous uprisings, and so they lived in their city much as soldiers live in a camp, and every man was trained for war as his chief occupation in life. The city was built without walls so the people should be compelled to rely upon their own bravery to defend their homes, and as it was so far from the sea, and was surrounded by mountains, their Achæan slaves and their neighbors were the foes they most dreaded, since there was little in Sparta to tempt a foreign conqueror.

The Spartans were a remarkable people, and the laws and customs which formed their character made them different from the other Dorian tribes, and from any other nation, ancient or modern. These laws are said to have been founded by Lycurgus, one of their earliest law-makers, but when we study them, we find that they arose one by one out of the necessities of the people, surrounded as they were by enemies, and they are probably not the work of any one man or any one period of Sparta, but grew up little by little.

Lycurgus, then, while he may have been a wise and great man who did much for his country, could not have been the founder of Spartan laws and customs, any more than Menes



Greek Peasants.



Doric Capital.

\* Sparta means the "sovereign lands."



clay Boot.

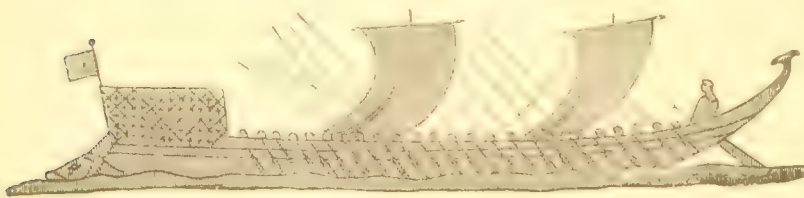
could have taught the Egyptians everything that was unknown before his time, or the Chinese Emperors could have invented all the wonderful things attributed to them; for laws like other human institutions are of slow growth, and keep pace with the development of nations. In all countries the citizen of a State is taught that he owes a certain duty to his country, but he is supposed to consider his family and his personal affairs, in time of peace, of the chief importance. In Sparta the citizen was taught that his whole life belonged to his country, and that society, business, his family or personal affairs were not to be considered before his duty to the State, and in fact, were not to be considered at all, as the State would take care of them.

Upon the sea coast the Dorians soon became rich, for they traded with the Phœnicians, and learned to manufacture articles for commerce. Riches brought luxury, and contact with Asiatic civilization in time, changed the old simple manners of the people, and the military spirit so far declined, that the Dorian rule was broken, and the old Achæan population mixed in the government and gained power. Sparta was so placed that it could keep itself free from foreign influences, and when it was seen to what a pass the Dorian rule in other parts of the Peloponessus had been brought by the growth of riches, the Spartan law-givers determined to prevent their people from engaging in trade at all.

To this end they coined iron as money, a metal so heavy that one person could not carry very much of it about with him, and so common that the neighboring States would not take it in payment for anything. Thus the Spartans were themselves compelled to make the few articles of clothing, arms and furniture that they used. As the Helots tilled the soil to supply them with grain, vegetables and fruits, and as wild game was plentiful upon the mountains and in the forests, the Spartans were enabled to get all the necessities of life, their iron money being as good as any other for the little trade in the articles of daily use that they required.

The Spartans, having but few household goods, built plain and simple houses. Yet the Spartans were Greeks and the Hellenic genius for the beautiful tinged their plain dwellings and their simple furniture. Their chairs, vases, cups and utensils were of the most graceful patterns, exquisitely made, and everything served the double purpose of use and ornament.

It was this appreciation of the beautiful, that kept the Spartan character from growing, under their singular laws, as cruel and unlovely as that of the Carthaginians and made them always sympathize with the noblest strains of the poets and the grandest efforts of the sculptors of Hellas. From the hour of his birth to the hour of his death, every Spartan was considered a citizen of the State, and he early learned to prize that citizenship above everything else in the world. Only strong and healthy infants were allowed to live, and the puny and misshapen babes were exposed



Greek Galley (From a Vase Painting)

naked, to die in a deep chasm on the mountain side. The Spartans had an idea that it was a real kindness to a deformed or sickly child to take its life in that way, and thus save it from suffering, and a duty to the State to bring up only strong, hearty



and well-formed children. I suppose Spartan children were loved as children are the world over, for there is no law that can govern mother-love or fatherly pride, but Spartan parents were forbidden to show affection for their children, or to pamper them in any way, for it was not desired that children, especially boys, should form an affection for



Doric Architecture. Gable and Frieze. From the Temple of Minerva at Acragas.

their home, or parents, that might rise above their love for their country. When the Spartan boys were seven years old, they were supposed to know enough reading and writing to answer every requirement they would have for such an unwarlike accomplishment, and they were then put in charge of a "boy-leader" and trained. The Persian training was mild compared to the Spartan, and the boys who lived through it, grew up so hardened to suffering, that they could endure hunger, cold, weariness, pain and sleeplessness with indifference, and they had been so accustomed to danger from babyhood, that they feared nothing.

Their beds were made of reeds which they gathered with their own hands from the river banks, and for blankets they could gather dry grass and thistle down if they were so luxurious in their tastes as to want to sleep warmly covered. Their clothing thin and scanty, was the same both in summer and winter, and frequent bathing was discouraged as too effeminate. The Spartan lads ate their meals at public tables, fifteen boys at each mess, and their chief article of food was black broth with now and then a few figs or olives or a little meat or fish, and the portion served to each was so scanty that the boys of our day would hardly think it deserved the name of a meal.

While they ate, the boys were questioned by their pedagogue and their answers were expected to be sharp and ready, and they were encouraged to joke each other without giving offence, sing songs, dance and recite poetry when assembled for the public meals.

Their whole time during the day was spent in gymnastic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling and hurling the javelin, and they were sometimes publicly flogged before the altars of the gods, until the blood flowed from each stroke, and, though they might die under the torture they uttered no complaint. The Persian boys were taught to speak the truth, but the Spartan lads were taught to lie and steal and fearfully punished if they were discovered in either, so they grew up few of words, bold of deed, hardy, courageous and crafty, and although they had little love for learning and no family affection, they possessed veneration for the old men of the city, and a passionate devotion to the State that had been such a hard task-master to them.

When they were grown up, however, the training of the Spartan citizen continued much the same. When he arrived at the proper age, twenty-five, he was obliged to marry or was compelled to do disgraceful acts of penance for being a bachelor. When he was married he was not allowed to live at home with his wife and little ones, but was compelled to eat at the public table, sleep in the barracks

and spend his leisure time, when not drilling, in hunting, dancing at the festivals of the gods, or in some public affair, and could not idle away his days or evening hours at home.

The Spartan girls were trained as much as were their brothers, except that they ate and slept at home. They grew up healthy, strong and beautiful, with a hatred for cowards and a love for brave men. The Spartan women were not kept in seclusion, as they were in most of the Greek States, but attended all the festivals and public gatherings, and were present at the gymnastic contests, and they had so much of the patriotism and high spirit of the men, that they were far more like the women of America and England to-day than any women of ancient times; the Spartans and Roman matrons being the most attractive of history. The Spartan laws were

enforced by two kings, and a senate of twenty-eight old men, all beyond sixty years of age, but in course of time they had also Ephors or Judges who performed all State business, and were not called to account by anybody. Having always a large body of soldiers, the Spartans began slowly to conquer the country eastward, and soon took some of the coast territory of Argos, and made of that State a rival and enemy by driving the Argives completely out of Laconia and making all the land between Mount Taygetus and the sea, on the east, her own. Sparta became the leading State in the Peloponessus.

Most of the Grecian States were not long in getting rid of kings, (although they only had one at a time,) and establishing the rule of either the nobles or the people, but Sparta had two kings for centuries, who acted as a check upon each other, and this is how it came about, if we are to believe the story,

The chief of that Dorian band that founded Sparta, had twin sons who were mere babes when their father died. The Dorians sent to Delphi to ask the oracle which of the infants they should make their king,





and the oracle, always clever and two-sided, sent back the reply that they should make them both kings but give the eldest most honor. The mother of the twin sons pretended that she did not know which was born first, and so the Spartans were in a dilemma. Finally they set a watch upon her, and noticed that she washed and fed the same child first every day, so they concluded, stupidly enough I think, that this was the elder, brought him up in the palace as king, and when he was grown up, his envious brother hated him, and they quarrelled and plotted against each other as did their descendants ever after.

Perhaps the Spartans thought that two kings were better than one or even none, for they were so busy hating each other and planning to limit each other's authority,



Olympian Games.

that they had no time to interfere with the liberty of the State. At anyrate it usually happened that way, and the little authority divided among two, became very small indeed. One of the honors vouchsafed the Spartan kings would not be very eagerly sought after by most kings, that was leading the advance in battle, and being the last in retreat, but to the glory of Sparta's kings be it said, they prized that honor as they did their crown.

Sparta, as the leading State of the Peloponessus, put itself at the head of the eighteen cities that were united for the protection of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, in the northwestern part of the peninsula, and instituted a festival and games in honor of the gods which became famous throughout all Greece and Asia Minor.

This festival was celebrated every four years and lasted from June 21 to July 21, the victors in the contests of strength and skill receiving a crown of wild olives as the



prize. The most powerful princes and even kings tried hard to win this prize, and every State took pride in the victory of one of its citizens, the Spartans allowing such victors to fight side by side with their kings.

In time all the roads leading to Olympia were improved and the grounds whereon the festival was held were adorned with statues of the victors and of the gods. A magnificent temple and statue of Zeus, and treasure houses of the different Greek States were also located on the grounds and every device of art and nature employed to make them attractive.

Once in four years the Greeks felt that they were a united people, for they laid aside all bitterness, quarrels and warfare, and mingled their prayers to the same gods in the same language, felt a like eagerness for the victory of their champions and a like joy in their success. Time came to be reckoned by Olympiads, (as the period of four years between the games

was called) from 776 B. C., forty years before the Spartans took the lead. The games had been celebrated for so long a period before the first recorded Olympiad that the Greeks declare that Hercules instituted them. After the conquest of Laconia and being acknowledged the leader of the religious league, martial Sparta decided upon the conquest of the Dorian tribe that had established a State west of Sparta, which they had called Messenia. Two long and bloody wars lasting nearly forty years were fought, and though the brave Messenians struggled manfully they were at last overcome.

We are told that the Messenian hero, Aristomenes, whose daring deeds inspired again and again the courage of his countrymen, entered Sparta by night and nailed his shield upon the walls of the temple of Athene as a token of defiance, and to show the Spartans how little his countrymen feared them.

In the second war the Messenians gained victory upon victory, and the Spartans were almost in despair when the lame Athenian poet, Tyrtaeus came among them. Tyrtaeus was a school-master, a character not very highly esteemed in Sparta, and we are told that when the Spartans despairing of success sent to Athens for a leader in the war, the Athenians sent Tyrtaeus to them, meaning thus to mock and insult them. Lame, though Tyrtaeus was, however, he had the sacred fire of poesy burning within his deformed frame, and his martial songs so fired the imagination and roused the battle frenzy of the Spartan soldiers as they sang them before the tent of the king and on the march, that the decision to conquer or die, to vindicate the glory of the Spartan name or fall beneath the swords of their enemies, urged them to deeds of valor that turned the tide of war and made them victors.

The wisest and most skillful Athenian general that could have been sent to Sparta in her hour of peril could not have done more for the State than did the lame school-master, for the sword strokes of the Spartans were timed to his poetry, and the victory that neither patriotism nor skill could gain, was won by song. No doubt the Messenians, who were all made slaves, hated Tyrtaeus right heartily. Certainly they hated their conquerors, and with good cause. For three hundred years the



Messenians were Helots, and so many and dangerous were their insurrections, that from time to time bands of Spartan youths were secretly sent out to murder the most intelligent and able bodied Helots, both Dorian and Achæan. The Spartans with all their cruelty, could not crush the spirit of liberty which dwelt with the Messenians in their slavery, for no Aryan people ever yet tamely submitted to such a fate, nor ever will. The heritage of the Aryan race is a freedom that brooks neither the tyranny of kings nor the pride of conquerors.

Could the story of the Spartan Helots have been preserved to us, the deeds of Homer's heroes, who fought more for the love of battle than for a cause, would no doubt seem tame when compared with their heroic but useless struggle against their hard fate. What poets, artists, sculptors and warriors were crushed by Sparta's iron hands! What genius was forever silenced! What creations of fancy stifled in the brain of the slave who toiled in the fields, that his fathers had reclaimed from the wilderness and dwelt upon a free man! In the veins of the Helots the Doric blood may have been as pure as in those of his master, or perhaps Achæan valor, and Dorian subtlety were the motive power, which, tempered by the Hellenic genius, might have evolved civilizations as glorious as that of Athens, and might have left to the world new forms of worth and beauty, instead of that spectacle of a Spartan military despotism which conferred no blessing upon the world. Sparta, as a State, left no worthy example for the world to follow, and although its sway lasted for centuries, it made no lasting impression upon the history of the human race, and that only is the true test of greatness.

The history of Sparta is not all of the story of the Dorian race in the Peloponessus. In the northeast corner of the peninsula were two little States, Sikyon and Corinth, and Megara on the isthmus joined the two peninsulas. In all of these States bands of Dorians lived among the old Achæan population. These various Dorian communities soon did away with kingly rule, and the nobles took the government into their own hands, and, keeping themselves apart from the common people over whom they ruled, considered themselves the State. Not only were they a law unto themselves but they worshipped the gods in a manner not allowed to the common people, and would not even fight side by side with them against their enemies.

After enduring these haughty and unreasonable nobles for a long while, the common people of Sikyon put themselves under the leadership of Orthagoras and made him a king or tyrant, the Greek word tyrant meaning not one who is necessarily cruel, but who reigns contrary to former laws. For a hundred years the descendants of Orthagoras ruled over Sikyon, one of them being Cleisthines, the wise and gracious tyrant from whom many famous Greek poets and Statesmen were descended.

At Corinth, too, kings gave way to nobles, who were as haughty and foolish as those of Sikyon and were overthrown in the same way by a certain Cypselus, whom the ever-convenient oracle was said to have declared at his birth to be the future ruler of Corinth, although it is my humble opinion that the oracle, who always favored the richest inquirers, was bribed to give the prophecy about the time Cypselus made up his mind to become tyrant of Corinth. When Cypselus, who was a wise and good ruler, died after a reign of thirty years, he left his kingdom to his son, Periander, who was a tyrant indeed, as bloody and cruel as any Asiatic despot. Periander murdered his wife, Melissa in a fit of jealousy, and then claimed that he was commanded to do so



Ionic Capital.



PERIANDER, TYRANT OF CORINTH.

by the oracle, who was obliged to shoulder most of the sins of the Greeks, and was willing enough too, perhaps, if richly rewarded. His son, Lycophron, refused to have anything to do with his inhuman father and fled to Corfu where he became king. When Periander grew to be a very old man he repented of his evil deeds, a sort of repentance that counts for little I should say, for a man who has grown too feeble to do evil finds it easy enough to refrain from it and to repent. Periander then sent to Lycophron and asked him to come back to Corinth, so that he might inherit his kingdom, but when Lycophron steadily refused to return as long as his father was king, Periander offered to give him Corinth and in exchange receive Corfu. The Corfuans, when they heard of the proposed exchange of kingdoms, killed Lycophron to escape having his bloody-minded old father for their king, so Periander having no son to whom he could leave Corinth, left it to Gordius, one of his relatives.

Sparta saw with much uneasiness the Dorian rule broken down at Corinth, Sikyon and elsewhere in the Peloponessus, and the seating of tyrants by the revolted Achæan and Ionian common people. Determined that they would never permit such a state of things in Laconia, they executed their laws very strictly and after the death of Periander decided to drive the tyrants from the Peloponessus. For this purpose Sparta sent to the States of Northern Greece proposing an alliance and when these alliances were made the dauntless Spartans drove the tyrants from Sikyon and Corinth about the middle of the Sixth Century B. C. and became supreme in the Peloponessus, although tyrants continued to reign in the Greek cities of Asia Minor.

By this time the Greek cities planted around the Mediterranean were rich and flourishing. Massalia (Marseilles) in Southern Europe, Saguntum in Spain, Syracuse and Agrigentum in Italy, Cyrene and Naucratis in Africa, Sinope and Trebizond on the shores of the Black Sea, and other cities upon the islands and coast of Asia Minor had risen into power. It was about this time, too, that Cambyses, the Persian king invaded Egypt, and when Samos revolted from the Persians and set up a tyrant, Sparta, dreaming of island conquest sent a Corinthian fleet against Samos. The tyrant, the famous Polycrates, patron of arts and literature, defeated the Spartans, and considerably humbled in their own estimation they returned to Laconia.

Just across from Argolis is Attica, a peninsula, shaped something like a shoe, which is surrounded on three sides by water. This peninsula, mountainous, poorly watered and barren, attracted little attention from foreign conquerors. It is but fifty miles long and thirty wide, and contains only about 700 square miles all told, in which there is not more tillable soil than is comprised in one of our great Dakota wheat farms. Small and barren though it is Attica has a climate of such wonderful mildness and evenness, an atmosphere so pure, transparent and invigorating, such blue skies and encircling blue seas, and such beautiful landscapes that it was just the place for the development of an artistic people. It was there surrounded by beauty, the mountains, seas and nature's most enchanting loveliness that the greatest noblest-souled, most reflective, deepest and yet keenest and cleverest people the world has ever seen built up a remarkable civilization.

From very early times Attica had cities, and long before the Trojan war, Cecrops the Egyptian, sailed away from the Nile valley and carried to Greece the arts and



civilization of his native land. This new and powerful influence quickened the artistic impulse of the people, and gave a new direction to their genius. Egypt was then in the golden afternoon of her day of glory, and her arts and building had reached their perfection, but to the Greek mind the rudeness of Egyptian sculpture was offensive and the hideous features of their gods inspired neither respect nor reverence.

We can see the real greatness of the Greeks in the way in which they adopted Egyptian architecture and art and made it characteristic of the Hellenic people, by giving new form and expression, grace and beauty to it. They purified and idealized the gods by giving to them instead of monstrous animal shapes the most perfect and beautiful human forms and calm, majestic countenances, endowing them at the same time with feelings and passions that brought them into sympathy with men.

Cecrops then, was like the rain or sunlight that calls forth from the earth the germ that lies hidden in the rich mold. In the Greek mind lay enfolded, as the oak lies in the acorn, that which only needed the sun and rain of a quickening power to make it blossom and bear fruit, and rich fruit indeed it was, for Attica soon became the heart and brain of Greece, the voice of Hellas. Tradition says that Cecrops divided the Attic people into twelve tribes, instituted marriage and the worship of the gods; did away with bloody sacrifices; founded Athens five miles from the sea and planted upon its sacred hill the altars of the gods; but all these things are so far back in the history of Attica that we do not know just when they occurred.

There is a Greek myth that relates that when Zeus saw the city which Cecrops had founded in Attica he knew that it would become great and powerful, and called a council of the gods to give it a name. Poseidon god of the sea that embraced all the Attic land, and had given favoring winds to Cecrops, claimed that he should have the city named in his honor, while Athene, goddess of wisdom, who loved the Attic people no less than did Poseidon, wished to have the city named for her. Zeus decided that if Poseidon should be able to bring forth out of the earth a gift for man, which the assembled gods should declare was better than that which Athene could produce, the city should be called Poseidona, if not, its name should be Athens. Upon hearing this decision of Zeus, Poseidon struck the earth with his three-pronged fork, and the hill, the Acropolis of Athens opened, and from the chasm, which closed after it, sprang the most beautiful snow-white horse that ever was seen. The horse galloped proudly over hill and valley, admired by all the gods, and Poseidon felt certain of victory. Athene stooped down and planted in the ground a little seed. The seed threw up stem, leaves, branches and grew high with dark green, clustering foliage, amid which gleamed an oval fruit.

"My Gift, Oh Zeus," said Athene, "is the olive tree, which shall bring peace, plenty and happiness to mankind, and shall give health, strength and freedom, while the horse shall bring only war and strife to men." The gods with one voice decided for Athene, and the city was called Athens.

We know of course that this story is only a myth, for horses careered over the plains of Central Asia, and olive trees grew wild in the valleys of Syria and upon the



Here, or Juno, the Queen of Heaven



Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom. \*

banks of the Euphrates ages before the first Greek set foot in Europe, but the Athenians believed it and to prove it pointed out an olive tree growing upon the Acropolis which they declared to be the very tree Athene had brought forth before the assembled gods.

From the days of Cecrops to the time of Theseus, who lived just before the Trojan war, the legends tell little about Athens. Theseus was the hero of Athenian legends, as Hercules was of the Dorian, and there are many beautiful stories told of his loves and adventures. He lived about the time Minos reigned in Crete and it was he who freed Athens from the tribute of seven youths and maidens that it was obliged to send every nine years to Minos who sacrificed them to a monster, called a minotaur, as propitiation for the blood of his son who had been killed by the Athenians.

From Cecrops to Theseus kings reigned in Attica, and from Theseus until the Dorians swept down from the north to find new homes in the Peloponessus other kings ruled, Codrus being king at the time of the Dorian invasion. Codrus sent to the oracle at Delphi to ask how to protect Athens from the Dorians who were sweeping everything before them, and the priestly humbug who pretended to be an oracle, probably having reasons for desiring the death of the king, replied that if Codrus were slain by the enemy, Athens would be saved.

It is not at all likely that the invaders had any idea of attacking poor and insignificant Athens or barren Attica for the rich plains to the south beckoned them, nevertheless Codrus exposed himself to the enemy and was killed, and the Athenians deciding that there was no one worthy to reign in the place of such a self-sacrificing patriot abolished the kingly office, and made Cedron his son, Archon for life.

The Athenians were probably ready anyway to abolish kingly rule at this time, for they had outgrown their ancient form of government. Their king, like those of the other early nations, was their high-priest as well, and in his double character of law-giver and the religious head of the nation had great influence and power, and a chance of accumulating much wealth from the offerings of the people at the shrines, as the nation increased in numbers, that would enable him to be a despot. Therefore the heads of several noble families took upon themselves, after the death of Codrus, the priestly offices and made the king simply a ruler, thus robbing him of a share of his influence and revenue and taking a step toward that kind of "government by the few" which existed at Corinth and Sikyon.

From the year 753 B. C., a little before Sparta began to reach out after Messenia, the Archons at Athens held office for ten years, but seventy years later they were chosen for one year only. Nine such Archons from among the nobles ruled at once, each having separate offices in the nation and being judges, commanders of the army and having charge of other branches of the government. All this time the common people, farmers, artisans and laborers, had

\* The statue of Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom, is now in the Louvre, Paris, France.

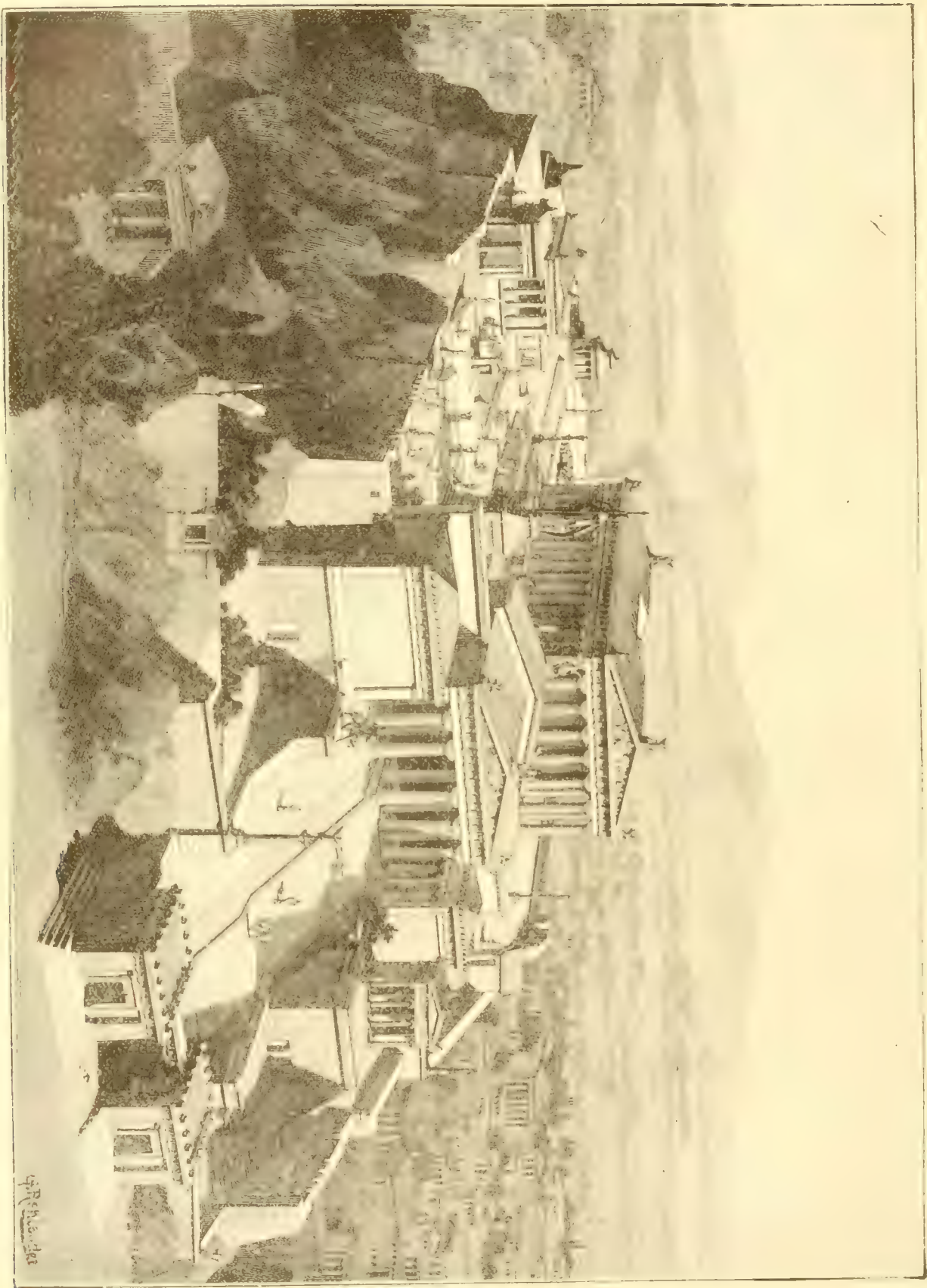


no share in the government. As there were no written laws and the judges were all chosen from among the nobles, they could neither get justice in the courts nor out. The people complained bitterly of the oppression of the nobles, and these complaints become so loud that the Archons, influenced, perhaps, by bribes from some of the common people who had grown rich by trade, appointed Draco one of the citizens from among the common people to collect and write all the laws then in force, and record also the legal punishments for all offenses. When this was done there was more dissatisfaction than before, for the laws were so unjust, so severe upon the common people and easy with the nobles, that the people were determined that the laws must be changed. At the height of this popular outcry against the nobles, a certain Cylon, himself a noble, seeing a chance to gain power declared himself for the common people, and told them that he was so grieved for their wrongs and so anxious to see them well-governed that he would sacrifice himself upon the altar of his patriotism and govern them himself. He then called upon them to drive out the Archons and Nobles, and with a few followers seized the citadel upon the Acropolis and there fortified himself. The Athenians were a sensible people and saw at once that they would gain nothing by exchanging their nine Archons and whole class of nobles, whom they could set upon each other and divide their plans of tyranny, for one tyrant who could do as he liked. Therefore they refused to help Cylon and his followers, and they were so closely besieged that finally they were forced by famine to surrender. In Greece, no matter what crime a person had committed should he take refuge at the altars of the gods and plead for their protection and mercy, no one would lay hands upon him to arrest him. On the Acropolis were several altars, and Cylon escaping, his followers took refuge there. At last when they were nearly dead of hunger, Megacles, the Archon in command of the troops, solemnly promised that if they would leave the altars no harm should be done them. They yielded to his persuasion and every one of the worn out and defenceless men were killed by the soldiers, commanded to do the deed by the treacherous Megacles.

This atrocious massacre roused the common people to fury. They declared that Megacles and his whole clan, the Alcæonidæ, should be punished, and that if they were not, the curse of the gods would surely rest upon Athens. The nobles refused to bring Megacles to trial, and for several years the common people were so violent against the nobles, that the city was on the verge of civil war. Some years before (about 679 B. C.) Solon, then about forty years of age had returned from his travels and settled in Athens, his native city. He was a noble who traced his ancestry back to good king Codrus, but when he grew up was so poor that he was obliged to engage in trade. As a merchant, he traveled in Greece, Asia, Egypt and many foreign



The Sacrifice to the Minotaur.



ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. View from the Propylaea.

1840

Temple of Nike.



countries, and had acquired not only a fine education, but what was better, a knowledge of human nature. He had learned what was calculated to raise man in the scale of civilization and what should be avoided.

When he had accumulated a comfortable fortune, Solon retired from business to enjoy his wealth and the society of his friends. It was about the time that he did so that Athens lost the island of Salamis. So severe had been the Athenian reverses in the war with Megara on account of the island, that when it finally ended in Athenian defeat the State made a law that whoever should even hint that Athens ought to attempt to recover Salamis, should be put to death. This law Solon thought shameful, so he wrote a stirring poem which set forth how disgraceful it was for Athens to submit to Megara. Pretending to be insane, he rushed into the market place, gathered a great crowd and read his poem to such good purpose that the law was revoked and an army raised and placed under his leadership.

With this army Solon retook Salamis and became the most popular man in Athens, being considered wise, brave, and patriotic by all classes of the people. It was Solon who at last persuaded the clan of Megacles to allow themselves to be tried by a council of three hundred citizens. They were found guilty and banished. It was considered that Athens was still under the displeasure of the gods, so Epimenides, a wise man from Crete, was called to the city, by the advice of the Delphic oracle, and he performed certain ceremonies that were supposed to remove the curse. By the advice of Epimenides, Solon was made Archon and given power to reform the State, which by this time so much needed reforming, that it would have soon been destroyed by the quarrels and fights between the nobles and common people had not the bad and unjust laws been changed for better ones. For centuries the rich had been growing richer and the poor poorer, until matters at this time seemed almost hopeless. The common people were deeply in debt to the nobles, and when they had mortgaged their farms and goods to pay these debts, were often obliged to mortgage themselves also and their wives, sons and daughters. Failing to pay, whole families were sold as slaves.

This state of things made the common people hate the oppressive nobles, who had so little regard for them as to treat them as though they were mere chattels. When Solon took the government he had a hard task to perform in setting matters right. He was so well beloved that he might have made himself king, but he was too wise to do so, and not only refused to exercise such power, but so formed his laws as to educate the people in ideas of self-government. His first act was to raise the value of the money of the State so that each coin had a much larger purchasing power. His next was to declare that all mortgages were unlawful. He forbade any man to pledge himself, his wife or children for a debt, and made it a crime for anyone to receive such a pledge. All who were slaves for debt were made free, and those who had been sold out of Attica were bought at public expense and brought back.

Solon saw that it was wrong for any one class to be allowed all the offices in the State and use the public money, so he divided the people into four classes, according to their wealth, taxing highest the richest, relieving the poor entirely from taxes, and allowing all who had a certain amount of property to be eligible to office, the poorest classes only excluded. The poor might rise to the other classes by accumulating property. To encourage the Athenians to manufacture articles which they needed, he prohibited the export of any of the products of the country except olive oil, and Athens soon became noted for its manufactures. Solon made a wise law which com-

pelled a man to take one side or the other openly on political questions, and either be for the government or against it, so there was no "fence" upon which demagogues could perch in Athenian politics. Every man, rich and poor, high and low had a vote, and was obliged to exercise it, an excellent provision against indifference to the public good.

Before Solon's time it was the custom in Attica as in nearly all ancient countries to look upon marriage as a sort of money bargain in which the wife was sold to her husband, or the husband paid by her relatives to take her. Solon saw what a wrong idea such a bargain was, and how it placed the wife at disadvantage, making her an article of merchandise, so he made a law forbidding both customs in Attica, making marriage more dignified. I should like to tell you more about Solon's laws, they were so wise and good, and many of them so curious, for they regulated private life as well as religion, and the behavior of public officers, but you will be more interested, I think, in Solon himself. When he had seen his laws all firmly established, he left

Greece, to escape the questions and criticisms of the Athenians, trusting that time would prove the wisdom of the constitution he had formed for them. He traveled about in Asia and Egypt for ten years, but when he returned he found that although his laws had been kept, there was much dissatisfaction. One of the party leaders, Peisistratus was so crafty and clever in his dealings with the people that he would finally be able to make himself tyrant. Solon, now an old man,



The Pythian Oracle Propheying.

tried in vain to show the Athenians the folly of yielding to the plans of Peisistratus and endeavored to stir them up to take arms to defend their laws. They would not heed him, so he went sadly away to his own house, placed his weapons outside of his door, saying: "I have done all in my power to defend my country and its laws," and never again raised his voice in public for Athens. He died in the first year of the reign of Peisistratus, who succeeded in making himself tyrant in 560 B. C., having realized nothing from his labors for Athens but anxiety, vexation and disappointment, but the world is indebted to Solon for many of its best institutions.

Peisistratus, like the first tyrant of the other Greek States, in each case proved themselves, was a wise and vigorous ruler. He not only preserved the laws of Solon, but he made Athens the most beautiful city in all Greece, building artistic temples and public buildings which were adorned by the most famous artists, erecting statues to the gods, and gathering about him learned men, poets and statesmen. It was



Peisistratus who collected Homer's poems, and caused them to be preserved in writing. After a reign of thirty-two years, Peisistratus died and left his kingdom to his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus. To one of these, Hippias, many of the disasters that afterward overtook Greece may be traced.

Hipparchus was killed by an Athenian father and son whom he had insulted, and Hippias, who had until that time reigned jointly with his brother, became sole ruler. He was so cruel and tyrannical that he rivaled in his atrocities the deeds of Periander. All this time, the clan and descendants of Megacles were in banishment. They had asked the Delphic oracle how to atone for the killing of the followers of Cylon, and the reply given commanded them to rebuild the temple at Delphi, which had in the meantime been destroyed by fire. This they did, and not only erected a far more beautiful and costly edifice than the former, but faced it with snow-white marble, adorning it with sculpture and a splendid shrine, for they were very rich. Of course the oracle was thereafter the sworn friend of the Alkmæonidæ, and when they requested that to every question asked by Sparta, the answer should be given "Athens must be freed," the oracle willingly agreed. The Spartans sent rich offerings with every question, but no matter what they asked, not a word good, or bad, could they get in reply but these, "Athens must be freed."

They hesitated for some time, but at length, fearing the gods would punish them if they did not obey, they marched to Athens, accompanied by the exiled clan which was headed by two chiefs, Cleisthenes and Isagoras. Hippias was at the height of his unpopularity, and the Spartans and Alkmæonidæ had little trouble in overthrowing his government. They seated Cleisthenes in his place B.C. 510. Hippias and his sons were banished from Athens and when the city was thus freed, the oracle was satisfied and the Spartans returned to their country.

Although Cleisthenes was a noble, he was of a far different stamp from his ancestor, Megacles, and was more like the wise Solon whom he greatly admired. Convinced that Solon's laws were the best his countrymen could receive, he enforced them strictly, and so amended them that the common people were given more privileges and a greater share in the government. He instituted trial by jury and the payment of private citizens as representatives and jurors, thus enabling the poor to serve in such capacity. He also formed a council of five hundred citizens of all classes to serve as a Senate and perform all public business. This council was empowered to determine at any time, whether the State was in danger of falling into the hands of an ambitious individual, and the people were to decide by vote who the individual might be, and banish (or ostracise as it was called,) such for ten years, six thousand votes being required for the banishment of the dangerous person. Anyone who desired to become Archon was obliged to submit his name to the assembly which selected a number of persons who drew lots for the offices, so demagogues had no chance of success. Ten generals or strategi, each commanding the army for twenty-four hours every ten days, took the place of military archon.

Athens was now free indeed, a true democracy, the first known to history. The Spartans witnessed with alarm the reforms of Cleisthenes, regretting that they had taken the advice of the oracle, and they were as anxious to overturn the democracy as they had been to unseat tyranny in Corinth and Sikyon, for both had been an expression of the will of the common people.

Sparta's common people were Achæan and Messenian slaves, and should they get the power, as they would in case democracy became so strong in Greece that it could

help them, Sparta's own fate would be swift and certain. Sparta sent an army to help Isagoras, the other chief of the Alkmæonedæ, who was jealous of the popularity of Cleisthenes, to crush the new constitution. Coming suddenly upon Athens, unprepared to resist, the Spartans banished Cleisthenes and seven hundred citizens, and proclaimed Isagoras tyrant. Athens had been cowed once by a tyrant, and had submitted peacefully to the rule of his sons, but Cleisthenes had given the Athenians a taste of that larger liberty for which they thirsted, and they were done with tyrants and tyranny.

They said as much to the Spartan king Cleomones, when he called upon the Council of Five Hundred to resign, and they backed up their arguments with such sturdy blows that when they had closely besieged Cleomones, his Spartans and Isagoras, in the Acropolis for three days, the invaders were glad enough to march out



THE PEACE OF ATHENS, 1860, AFTER THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

of Athens and return to Sparta, leaving Isagoras and his followers to be put to death as traitors. Cleisthenes and the seven hundred banished citizens returned and the new constitution, cemented by blood and the strokes of swords, stood more firmly than ever.

Again, Cleomones determined to seat a king at Athens, and this time he sent for help to the Bœotians, to Chalcidia and Thebes and several smaller States, jealous rivals of Athens. The Bœotians joined Cleomones to revenge themselves because Athens had freed Plataea from Bœotian rule. The soldiers from some of these smaller States, when they had advanced as far as Elusis, and were told they were to march against Athens, refused to aid Sparta, and turned back. As the others were not strong enough without them, the expedition was abandoned. In Athens all classes of people forgot their quarrels and offered themselves to the State to preserve it from destruction. War, the stern work-man, who has done so much good and evil for the world, was preparing the Athenians to receive the idea of Greece as a nation



so that when the hour of peril for Hellas, now near at hand, should come, they could do as a city, what they now did as individuals—renounce small rivalries and join hands for the common defense. Great was the rejoicing in Athens when the failure of the Spartans to hold their allies was known, and the Athenian army promptly marched out to punish the Thebans and Chalcidians, which they did right well, and then continued their war with Aegina which had been carried on for some years.

To explain how this war began, I must go back a few years in Athenian history. You will remember that Cyrus the Great conquered Cræsus about 546 B. C., and you will remember too, that he made himself master of all the beautiful cities of Ionia, in Asia Minor. These cities revolted again and again, but could never free themselves. The Persian conquests extended to several islands lying between Greece and Asia, and Athens was naturally anxious for her own safety, all the more so after they banished Hippias, and his two sons found refuge with the Persian king. Cambyses succeeded Cyrus as a conqueror, and his first victory in Africa was over the Greek city of Cyrene. Carthage had by this time become mistress of the West, and had for years waged war with Sicily, so between Persia and Carthage, Greece had cause for anxiety. When Darius crossed over into Europe to overcome the Scythians, he took with him troops from the conquered cities of Ionia, and skirting the fair islands and peninsula of Greece, dreamed perhaps, of European conquest. The losses in his Scythian expedition were so great and his empire so unsettled, that he postponed for the time, an attempt upon European Hellas. When he returned to his capital, having left trusted officers at Sardis, the Ionian cities saw an opportunity for revolt. They sent to Cleomones, king of Sparta, to ask his help, but he steadily refused to listen to their prayer. They then sent to Athens and there they had better success, for realizing that the independence of the Ionian cities would form a barrier between Persia and Greece, Athens sent a fleet and thirty thousand men who assisted in the capture and burning of Sardis,

Aegina offered to aid Darius to "remember Athens" and the Athenians, who never before would acknowledge Sparta as having the greater power, sent to the Lacadæmonian capital, representing that Aegina's treachery endangered Greece and asked Sparta to punish the islanders. The Spartans promptly marched to Aegina, made the people recall the treaty they had just signed with Persia, and carried a number of their noblest citizens to Athens as a pledge for the future good behavior of the rest.

After the wrecking of the fleet sent by Darius against Greece, the people of Aegina went to war with Athens to free the hostages, and this war dragged on for several years, was laid aside during the Persian invasion and renewed afterward. Darius, far from having given up his idea of punishing Athens after the destruction of his fleet, was more determined to invade Greece and more enraged than ever against the Athenians. It was not until 490 B. C., seven years after the first expedition, that he carried out his plans. Hippias had then been for fifteen years at the



Head of Bacchus, the God of Wine

Persian court, and had done everything in his power to aid the designs of Persia against his country. When Darius compelled the Ionian cities for whom Athens had fought, to furnish six hundred ships and a large number of men to attack Athens, Hippias sailed with the Persian generals, Datis and Artaphernes, to witness the humiliation of the Attic capital.

Darius had previously sent his heralds to all of the Grecian States, requesting earth and water as tokens that they were the property of Persia. Several of the smaller States had sent the tribute. Athens threw the herald into a deep chasm behind the city, and the Spartans cast the messenger sent them down a deep well, telling him there was earth and water, to take his fill. This still further angered Darius, and he commanded his generals to punish every State that had not sent earth and water, but to destroy Eretria, an Athenian colony in Eubœa, and to level Athens to the ground, sending the people of both cities as slaves to Persia.

Eretria was the first to feel the Persian wrath. After a heroic defense of six days it was betrayed by one of its own traitorous citizens, and fell into the hands of the enemy, its beautiful temples were destroyed and its people carried into slavery. Never doubting that Athens would fall just as easily, the Persians sailed for Attica and landed at Marathon, on a plain twenty-two miles from the capital. When the news that the Persians were coming, was carried to Athens, a courier, Pheidippides was sent to ask Sparta for help, and traveling the 150 miles in 18 hours, he eloquently represented the danger in which Athens stood, and begged the Spartans to send immediate help. The Spartans promised to do so as soon as their feast to Apollo was over, and with this reply Pheidippides returned to Athens. The Athenians waited for five days. Then the ten generals of the army met in council and gave their commands into the hands of one of their number, Miltiades, whom they knew to be brave and skillful, and surely bravery and skill were sorely needed when Athens stood face to face with such peril.

Miltiades had accompanied Darius as far as the Danube when he marched into Scythia. He and several of the Greek allies stood guard over the bridge of boats. It was Miltiades who advocated destroying the bridge, and leave the Persian king to perish in the wilderness, for he did not return at the end of sixty days, the time at which he promised to be again at the bridge. The other Greek generals would not consent. Darius returned in a few days and learning of Miltiades counsel, would have taken his life had he not escaped him and fled for safety to his native Athens. His bravery had often been demonstrated, and upon him now hung the fate of Greece. It was he who was to lead Athens to victory or defeat, but Providence had not willed that the fair flower of Hellenic civilization was to wither beneath the heel of Persian despotism.

The Persians leisurely made their preparations to besiege Athens, never dreaming that the nine thousand troops who had posted themselves the very day of the Persian landing, in such a position as to prevent the enemy marching upon Athens without first giving them battle, a mere handful compared to the hundred and fifty thousand Persians, would dare to hurl themselves upon the vast horde of invaders. Upon the tenth day Miltiades received a reinforcement of one thousand Plateans, every fighting man in that plucky little city, and as the day had now come when Miltiades was lawfully in command, he gave the word for battle.

The Persians, when they saw the Athenians rushing down upon their camp at a run, thought that they had gone mad and were courting death, but so impetuous was



the charge and conducted with such wonderful discipline, that the Persian soldiers were thrown into hopeless confusion. The heavy Greek weapons, metal armor and physical strength bore down rank after rank that was drawn up to oppose them, until at last, defeated and panic-stricken, the Asiatics fled to their ships, the Athenians wading into the sea to slaughter the fugitives, until not one was left alive on shore, and the fleet had put out to sea.

Fifteen to one was the fearful disadvantage at which the Greeks fought, and thousands of the foe fell under their blows, while only one hundred and ninety-two of the defenders were left dead on the field that red with blood and heaped with corpses bore witness to the valor of Athens and Plataea.

In Athens, while the men fought the women prayed, and anxious eyes turning toward Marathon saw at last an armed man running wearily as one who has come fast and far. The women rushed to the market-place where the men too old and the boys too young to fight had already assembled to hear the news of the herald, for he came from the battle-field, twenty-two miles away. "Victory is ours" gasped the herald as he sank dying from exhaustion to the ground, for he had made his way clad in his heavy armor, from Marathon to Athens in four hours, and was no doubt willing to welcome death since his had been the privilege of carrying such glorious tidings.

"Victory is ours," the people shouted and wept in their joy, but at night-fall their joy was changed to anxiety, for news had been brought that the Persian fleet was approaching the Piræus. Miltiades, had however, seen the direction the fleet had taken, and marshalling his heroes, trudged over the stony road back to Athens, beyond the city to the very shores of the Piræus. When early the next morning, the Persians prepared to land thinking Athens would now surely fall into their hands, for they supposed the army was encamped at Marathon, what was their confusion to see drawn up on the shore in grim array, the dauntless band that had dealt them such disaster the day before, ready again to do battle.

Such courage seemed to the Persians more than human, and fearing again to meet the men whom no danger daunted, and no exertion seemed to weary, fearing too, the spears and swords of patriots whose watchword was "victory or death," they put back to sea, and humbled and beaten retired to Asia.

Marathon! No wonder that its story thrills the soldier's heart, and that the echo of the blows there struck for freedom have rung down through all the ages to make music for the patriot soul, a music before which tyrants tremble. There the host that had conquered Egypt, laid Babylon low and subdued alike the proud cities of Ionia and the rude Scythians of the north was scattered like chaff before the wind by a brave little band to whom the liberty painfully won was so precious that rather than have lost it they would have died not one death but many had it been possible thus to save their beloved country.

Alone and unaided Athens stood with splendid heroism and devoted constancy to receive the shock of war, and when the Spartans, a pitiful two thousand strong,



Costumes of Greek Generals.



arrived on the evening of the day the Persians sailed away, their soldier hearts must have grieved that they too had not been there to share the glory and to help drive into the heart of the Persian monarch the bitterest disappointment and chagrin that ever vexed a despot. No need now to ask Darius to "remember Athens." The flower of his army lay dead at Marathon and he had placed the brightest laurel in the Athenian victor's crown. That twelfth of September, 490 B. C., was a black day to Darius the king. Five years after Marathon we find Darius straining every resource of his vast empire to again invade Greece, but death interfered and Hellas enjoyed a brief interval of rest. Miltiades, the brave Athenian general, who commanded at Marathon had been at one time ruler of the Thracian Chersonese and had commanded men nearly all his life. It was not unnatural that he should have been somewhat haughty and tyrannical and should have had, after the victory of Marathon, a rather high opinion of himself. Nevertheless Athens, in spite of all Miltiades had done to save the city from the Persians, could not overlook what he did soon afterward that was contrary to Athenian law. Without gaining the permission of the State, he took the soldiers under his charge to the City of Paros and besieged it, because he had felt himself insulted by the ruler of that State. He was defeated and wounded but to punish him as he merited, the Athenians tried him for the offense, found him guilty and sentenced him to pay a heavy fine, but he died of his wound soon after, some historians tell us, in prison. Two other Athenian generals, Themistocles and Aristides, who fought bravely at Marathon had for several years been great favorites with the citizens, and they now became popular leaders. They had such widely different ideas upon the subject of the best way for Athens to protect itself from the invasion which they had learned Darius intended and each had such a large following that the arguments and quarrels of the two parties alarmed the council and an ostracism was ordered, Aristides being banished. Themistocles was a clever far-sighted man, and knew that Athens could never hope to be safe from invasion so long as she had no fleet to defend her harbor. The war with Aegina, too, was dragging on and Athens needed ships for immediate use. It was Themistocles' idea that the proceeds of the public silver mines should be used to build two hundred trieremes and that a great wall should be built from Athens to the sea, enclosing also the Piræus, thus enabling the city to get supplies by water should it be besieged by land.

When Aristides had so bitterly opposed these two plans it was not because he was unpatriotic in his way, but because he believed that Marathon had proven that the Greeks could whip the Persians on land, no matter what odds were against them. We shall soon see how mistaken Aristides was. Again, Aristides was a noble, and was the kind of man who believed that new-fangled notions were all wrong, because they were new. He, like many others of his class, disliked the idea of having the people along the coast of Attica become a trading sea-faring population, adventurous and fond of change, for they would soon abandon the good old Attic



manners and customs if they sailed to foreign lands as did the Phœnician traders, and were constantly brought in contact with foreign merchants.

He had still another objection to the fleet, one rather unworthy of a patriot. He thought in case the fleet were built, it would be manned by poor people, and that should it succeed in winning battles at sea, the poor would naturally think that since Athens owed victories to them, it must give them more share in the government, and they already had greater share than pleased the nobles.

When Aristides was ostracised and Themistocles had thus proven that he had the majority on his side, his plans were adopted. The fleet was built and the harbor deepened. He now turned his attention to making the Greeks feel that they were not a number of petty States, hanging as loosely together as beads on a string, but that they were a nation, and that they must unite for the common defense or all perish. To gain Sparta ambassadors were sent from Athens to the Lacadæmonian capital. Their eloquence convinced Sparta and caused her to join with Athens in calling a congress of all the Greek States to meet on the Isthmus of Corinth in the autumn of 481 B. C., to agree upon some plan of defense. This congress met, and deputies came from all southern Greece except Achæa, who could not and would not join in any such congress unless all the other States of the Peloponessus would acknowledge Achæa as leader, and of course they would not. Argos refused to have anything to do with a congress in which Sparta joined. Athens, Platea, Thespiæ, Thessaly, and Aegina took part. Thebes favored the Persians, out of hatred to Athens. So only a small part of Greece was sufficiently patriotic to answer the call to the common defense.

Athens had won great glory in the last Persian war, and Sparta had done nothing. Yet, the Athenian deputies felt that the time was perilous for disputing which should be commander of the forces, and with tact and patriotism agreed that Sparta should command the allied armies by land and sea. This done, all the States represented in the congress made a solemn vow to resist the enemy to the last, if successful to devote one-tenth of the plunder to the Delphic god, and to make war on every State that had helped the Persians or yielded to Persian demands for tribute.

Xerxes had now been king of Persia nine years. For five years he had been too busy putting down rebellions in Egypt and other parts of his empire, to give any attention to his father's plan of invading Greece, but for four years he had been making the most remarkable preparations. At the time of the congress on the Isthmus of Corinth, he was assembling his forces at Sardis. I have told you elsewhere how, in the spring of 480 B. C., the Persian host began its march to the Hellespont, and crossed the strait on the boat-bridge. When Xerxes reached Macedonia he sent his heralds throughout northern Greece, excepting only Attica, and many of the States returned the tribute of earth and water. The congress had decided to protect the Pass of Thermopylæ, a narrow road running between the mountains and



Head of Apollo, the God of Music.

the sea at the head of the Malian gulf, and the only place Xerxes could enter that portion of Greece south of Thessaly. This road or double road, for there were really two running side by side a half a mile apart, was bordered on the east by an impassable morass stretching to the sea, and ran in such a way that a small army could hold it against overwhelming numbers. It was in June when Xerxes began his southward march, and throughout all Greece preparations were being made for the Olympian festival. The news from the north about the movements of the Persian army divided the interest with the games, and many of the Greeks who had been looking forward for four years to the festival, could not bring themselves to the point of giving up the expected pleasure for the camp and the field.

The Spartans were particularly anxious not to miss the games, and in place of a strong army sent only three hundred soldiers under their king Leonidas, to aid in defending Thermopylæ. These three hundred Spartans were joined on the way by troops from Phocis, Thebes, Thespiæ, Locris and Bœotia until fully seven thousand men were comprised in the force, hastening forward to bar the southward passage of Xerxes. At the same time the Athenian fleet with sixty thousand soldiers of the allied armies, twenty-five thousand of them from Athens, was sailing up the eastern coast to prevent the Persians from landing troops south of Thermopylæ, and thus entering Greece from the sea.

Xerxes' great army moved slowly southward through Thessaly, but when near Thermopylæ it halted, for out upon the waters a fierce storm was raging that might destroy the Persian ships, as once before they had been destroyed, and without his fleet Xerxes would not attempt to conquer Greece. The little Greek army had arrived at Thermopylæ some time before, and thus the Persian and Greek camps were in sight of each other, but the great host confronting the Spartans and their allies could not daunt them. They remembered Marathon and went calmly about their duties awaiting the assault with confidence. The Spartans combed their long locks, drilled, exercised, and behaved exactly as if they were at home in their own city, but the king preserved the strictest discipline among the troops watching the five hundred Thebans especially, for he doubted their faithfulness.

There was a narrow pathway leading across the mountain, that gave Leonidas some uneasiness. Of course only a person who knew the country thoroughly had any idea of the path, nevertheless the Phocians, one thousand in number, were posted on the mountain in the best place to drive back the Persians should they attempt to gain it, for a traitor might be found willing to act as their guide. For four days the wild storm raged upon the ocean. The Greeks believed that Poseidon, the sea-god, was thus aiding them and showing his friendship for their cause. The Persian king no doubt wished he had spared the wine, the golden bowl and jewelled sword that he had cast into the Hellespont as an offering to the god, who, in spite of them was showing himself so unfriendly.

After four hundred of the Persian ships carrying soldiers had been sunk and fifteen had fallen into the hands of the Greeks the storm passed over and Xerxes, learning that he still had three thousand vessels left, gave the order for battle. Leonidas had in the meantime sent messages to the Greek States earnestly urging them to send him more men, but no reinforcements came. Nevertheless, when the Persians advanced to the assault Leonidas was ready to meet them. Across the pass, on the Thessalian side was an old wall, and this the Greeks had repaired so that it became an effective defense. It was behind this wall and across the roads



that Leonidas posted his forces. The Persians were confident of victory, for what was the handful of men before them when compared to their great army. Xerxes singled out the Medes to take the pass and commanded them to bring to him alive the Greek defenders, not knowing that he now stood face to face with foes who differed as widely from the Asiatics and Africans whom he had been accustomed to terrify into submission by a show of power and cruelty, as the day differs from the night. Proud at being chosen for the duty, and of obeying under the eye of the great king the Medes advanced to the attack but soon found that it was no easy task their king had laid upon them, and that they could neither bring to him the Greeks alive nor dead. They fought valiantly, for the Medes were renowned throughout all Asia for their courage. They fell in great numbers, their comrades pressing over their bodies to renew the attack, and thus the whole day passed, Xerxes watching the stubborn fight, marveling no doubt at the fierce courage and perfect discipline of the defenders. At last he recalled the Medes and ordered his "immortals" the ten thousand who were the flower of the Persian army, to undertake the task.

Led by Hydarnes, their commander, the "immortals" pressed forward and hurled themselves against the Greeks, but multitudes fell at the first onslaught. The rest recoiled, renewed the effort, again retreated, and again threw themselves upon the foe, reddening the road with their blood and piling it high with their corpses until Xerxes in terror for the safety of those that were left, recalled them too, and the battle for that day was lost to him. Within the pass but few lay dead, and when these were given burial, the Spartans combed again their long hair and slept upon their arms. The next day fresh Persian troops advanced to the attack, the Persian king hoping by keeping the defenders constantly fighting, to wear them out. Leonidas, however, had provided against this plan, and dividing his army into relays, a certain number fighting while the others rested and refreshed themselves, was thus being able to present always vigorous defenders, and at nightfall the Persians were in despair.

Ephialtes, a treacherous Malian Greek, whose name is remembered only to be hated for ever, hoping for a large reward, made his way to Xerxes, told him about the secret path and offered to guide the Persians thus across the mountains, that they might fall upon the rear of the defenders and hem them in. Hydarnes and the "immortals" were sent under his lead to thread the narrow pathway, and all night they toiled behind their guide until at day-break they came face to face with the Phocian guards, who fought bravely, but were overwhelmed by numbers, and compelled to retire to the crest of the mountain where they waited for the Persians, ready to sell their lives dearly. The Persians, however, struck off, led by their guide, down a side-path, and thus gained the plain.

Leonidas learned that he had been betrayed, soon after the immortals left their camp and began the ascent. Calling his allies together, he told them how hopeless further struggle would be, and charging them to hasten home and prepare to defend Greece elsewhere, for Thermopylæ was lost, he said farewell to them and sent them away, keeping however, the Thebans as hostages, for Thebes had shown itself altogether too friendly to Persia in times past. Leonidas had declared his intention of remaining with his Spartans, to seek death at the hands of the foe, since he nor they would retreat in the face of danger, nor would care to live when Thermopylæ was lost. Seven hundred brave Thespians declared that they too, would voluntarily

lay down their lives for Greece, and remain with Leonidas to share his fate, whatever it might be.

Up to this time Leonidas had directed all his energies to defending the pass, and had remained within its walls but the third day, early in the morning he called his Spartans about him and gave the word to charge the Persian columns, already in motion. Did they look at the blue sky above them, the shining sea and the land they loved so well? Did they give one thought to their wives and little ones, their sweethearts and mothers, before they grasped their weapons more firmly, and led by their king, Spartan and Thespian side by side, uttering the same war cry, rushed down upon the foe? Or did they only think of the death that awaited them, and spring to it as a babe to its mother's arms?

To the surprised barbarians, thrown into utter confusion by the wild onset of the little band, they were like avenging angels, striking for Hellas. Stalwart, fair and beautiful, they dealt such blows as the old Greek poet tells us, Achilles and Hector struck, each man a hero that would shame the bravest Trojan of Homer's song or the doughtiest Greek who fought on Ilion's plain. Desperation nerved their arms, and they struck down the barbarians, drove them into the sea, slew them without mercy. Oh, what a fight was that, and how even the glory of Marathon pales before it! Hand to hand with the foe, face to face and giving no quarter. Spears fell splintered and broken from the hands of the brave little band, stemming so nobly the whole red tide of battle, and swords were snatched from their sheaths and wielded swift and merciless until they too, were bent and battered, unfit for weapons, or lost beneath the trampling feet of the Asiatics who surged about the Greeks, urged by the lash to close with them and pull them down. When all weapons were torn from them, or too far spent to be of use, still they fought on, those men from Thespiæ and from Sparta, their clenched fists giving blows that sent their foes to earth, where they were soon trampled to death.

Leonidas fell at last, worthy of his name of Sparta's king, worthy of the warrior-race from which he sprang, fighting until death stilled his arm, and cheering with his last breath, his brave followers. Round his corpse the wave of battle dashed high and dreadful, the Greeks fighting for the body of their noble leader, the Persians determined to bear it to their king, but at last a little band of Greeks, all that were left of the valiant thousand, bore it in triumph back into the pass.

The day had worn on, and it was now noon. Looking to the southward, the Greeks saw advancing the ten thousand immortals who had gained the plain, and looking to the northward, the great Persian host. Then they knew the last hour had come. With reverent hands they lifted the bloody body of Leonidas and bore it to a little hillock, closed up their ranks about it, and prepared to yield up their lives as brave men should. Back to back they stood, grim of countenance, stained with blood and dust, yet as undaunted of soul as ever. Showers of darts and javelins pierced them, and attacked both in front and rear, overborne by the trampling thousands, they went down fighting still, and not a man of them was left alive to tell the tale of how Leonidas and his thousand fell.

Had Xerxes been a brave man, with a soldier's heart, he would have had respect for so brave a foe as Leonidas had shown himself, but Xerxes had not the soul of Cyrus nor of Darius, his father, but was cruel, and cowardly. He caused the dead body of the Spartan king to be beheaded, and impaling it upon a sharp stake, left it to pollute the air, and to show to all Greeks what were the fruits of resistance to



Persia. The Thebans surrendered to the "immortals" without striking a blow, thus buying their dastardly lives, but Xerxes caused them to be branded as royal slaves, and surely they deserved slavery. Their living example was to Greece far more shameful than any indignity that could be wreaked upon the dead of glorious Thermopylæ. The news of the defeat at Thermopylæ was carried by the allies throughout Greece, but the disaster had within it the seed of after victory. The voluntary sacrifice of the Spartans and Thespians thrilled every loyal Grecian heart, showing to every patriot his plain duty.

There have been battles without number in the history of this war-worn world, battles where every passion, good and bad have had their play, but never was there a battle where men hopeless of victory, confident of death, went more joyously to their doom, or were more willing sacrifices to duty and honor. Twenty-three centuries span the gulf of time lying between us and Thermopylæ, and over that span many a heroic soul has passed to the eternity where the brave are rewarded, but the heart throbs of all those brave men, bind us to Leonidas, the Spartan, with electric cords that thrill when we read of battle and glory, and Thermopylæ is sacred to those who love noble deeds, and to whom patriotism is something more than an empty name.

Sparta wrote upon a memorial column the names of the three hundred who fell at the fatal pass, and but one man who went forth with Leonidas returned to the city, and he was henceforth shunned and reviled. It is related that he, Aristodemus, and another Spartan, Eurytus, were sick at Alpeni, near Thermopylæ, when the news was brought that the battle had begun. Ill as he was, Eurytus rose from his couch, put on his armor, made a slave help him to the field, and plunging into the action was killed. Aristodemus remained at Alpeni until he recovered and then returned to Sparta, but everywhere reproach and scorn were heaped upon him, and he only redeemed his character from the stain of cowardice by his heroism and death at the battle of Platea, of which I will tell you something hereafter.

While Leonidas was keeping the Persians at bay at Thermopylæ, a few leagues away, a sea fight raged through those three memorable days, but when the fleet learned that Thermopylæ was lost, it put back to Salamis.

Gelon, tyrant of Syracuse, had been requested to send an army to aid Greece, and the wisdom of his refusal was evident upon the day when Leonidas fell, for he that day defeated a Carthaginian army in Sicily, making for Greek valor another glorious record. Now Sparta, always timid in aiding Athens, left that city to its fate, and with its Peloponessian allies, began to build a wall across the isthmus, sending no land troops to co-operate with the fleet. Xerxes was marching southward, and the three hundred and sixty-six vessels of which the fleet was now composed, lay in the narrow strait between Athens and the island of Salamis whither all the women and children had been removed.

Some of the commanders were uneasy and wanted to get out into the open sea, but Themistocles knew that once out in the open sea, the fleet would scatter, each contingent of ships return to its own State, and Greece would be lost. This must be prevented, and to do so, he sent a slave to Xerxes, and this Helot pretending to desert to the Persians told them that the Greek fleet was about to escape, and would do so if not attacked.

Upon the night of the day when the Athenians saw the Persians march into their beloved city, and devote to the flames the beautiful temples and homes, the fleet had

about decided to leave the strait in spite of the utmost eloquence of Themistocles, but the next morning before it was light the banished Aristides, who had made his way with great difficulty and danger through the Persian lines to let Themistocles know that the Persian fleet had surrounded the Greeks, and would give them battle, arrived on board the vessel of his former rival. All rivalries were now forgotten. Themistocles told Aristides of his trick to force the fighting, and Aristides approved it, kept the secret and announced to the commanders who were thus early in council, the news he had brought to Themistocles.

At first the Greek commanders were much alarmed, but they soon rallied, decided on a plan of battle, and prepared for action. At sunrise the Persian fleet, one thousand three hundred ships and two hundred and fifty thousand men were seen drawn up in line of battle, while upon the shore Xerxes' army watched the combatants, ready to aid their comrades if opportunity offered. The Greeks began the battle, but resisted every effort of the Persians to draw them out into wider space. All day long the fight raged, Artemisa, the queen of Halicarnassus being one of the Persian admirals, and doing valiant service as did many another Asiatic commander, but at night the Persians had lost two hundred ships with their crews, and sailed away obeying the command of their disheartened and discomfitted king.

Xerxes now determined to return to Persia, and soon began his retreat to the Hellespont, with sixty thousand men, leaving Mardonius and three hundred thousand soldiers to continue the war. Forty-five days were consumed in this retreat, and as Xerxes had made no provision for defeat, his army suffered dreadful hardships. When they arrived at the Hellespont the Persians found that the bridge had been destroyed by a storm. The king was so anxious to be once more safely in Asia, that he crossed the Hellespont in a fishing boat.

Mardonius, with his three hundred thousand men wintered in Thessaly, and in the spring again marched to Athens and destroyed the city which the inhabitants had again deserted, but at Plataea, in September of the same year, 479 B. C., the Persian army was defeated and destroyed by the allied Athenians and Spartans. Mardonius was killed, and only about forty-three thousand of the three hundred thousand Persians who had a year before comprised the Persian army, escaped to Asia to bear the news of Persia's disaster and Grecian victory. The sea battle of Mykale completed the Persian reverses, and Greece was at last free from the spectre that for fifty years had haunted it.

Athens now put itself at the head of a great religious league, called the Confederacy of Delos, which favored democracy. Sparta and Aegina were jealous of Athens, and while Aegina renewed the old war on account of the hostages, Sparta desired to see established at Athens the old government by the nobles. Athens did everything to pacify Sparta except relinquish her constitution, and for some time ward off war, but at length Pericles became prominent, and by his advice Athens went her own way regardless of Sparta. Themistocles had fallen into disgrace. With all his talents he loved power and wealth, and when he had seen that he might receive both by betraying Greece to Persia, and in spite of all he had done to save his country from Xerxes, he entered into a plot to give up Greece to the Persians, was discovered, and fled to Asia. Pericles was of very different mould, a man whose genius and cleverness equalled those of Solon and Cleisthenes, and whose character was as noble as his mind was great. Aristides was now dead as was also Cimon, son of Miltiades, who had risen to high power after his father's unhappy



death, and the forty years of whose public career was the most glorious period of Athenian social and literary life, and is often called "the golden age of Pericles."

Pericles was the greatest orator of his time, imaginative, poetic and of wonderfully sound powers of reasoning, and drew about him the greatest men of the day. There was a certain famous philosopher, or reasoner, Anaxagoras, who was his intimate friend, as were also Protagoras, Zeno, and a clever and beautiful woman, Aspasia, at whose house the brilliant company of great men often met, Aspasia refusing to keep herself secluded as did most of the women of Athens, and being as learned and amiable as she was beautiful. Aristides, when he had returned to Athens at the close of the war and become again Strategus, in spite of his former objection to the common people, made a new law by which they were allowed to hold office, but the poor could not afford to do so, as they were obliged to labor to provide themselves and their families with food and necessities.

Pericles became prominent 467 B. C., and he at once influenced the council to build beautiful temples and great public works, not alone that Athens might be made beautiful, but that the poor should be employed and receive money from the public treasury, so that they might be able after a time to hold office. Sparta was still like a country town in appearance, and the Spartan jealousy of Athens grew as that city increased in power and beauty. In the year 464 B. C., a terrible earthquake occurred in Laconia, which nearly destroyed the capital and killed so many of the citizens and caused such terror and confusion that the Helots were not for a time watched as closely as usual. They were not slow in seizing upon the opportunity thus offered for a revolt, and rushing to arms attempted to complete the destruction of the city.

The young and brave king Archidamus drove them out of Sparta, but could not make them disband. They fortified themselves at Ithome, in Messenia and defended themselves so fiercely and stubbornly that the king sent to Athens for help, but when four thousand troops were given him, and they were on the march to Ithome, the Spartans began to fear that the Athenians, who were of the same Ionic blood as the rebellious Helots, would help them instead of Sparta, and sent them home again. This proceeding so insulted Athens that it broke at once with Sparta and joined an alliance with Argos, and soon Megara too joined the new alliance.

The fleet of Athens was now renowned and in 468 B. C., it had fought in Egypt, Cypress and Phœnicia aiding in revolts of those countries against Persia, and the same year gained many victories over Aegina, the old Athenian enemy. All these successes irritated the Spartans who in 460 joined Aegina, as did also Corinth in a war against Athens, Megara and Argos. This war lasted only a few months and ended by the Athenians crushing their foes and compelling them to make peace. A few years later Sparta, was so alarmed by the building of the long wall at Athens, which extended from the city on each side to the Piræus, that they tried to stop it by force, but Athens again made them acknowledge her power which was now so increased that it included all Bœotia, Phocis and Locris as well as Megara, and Argos.

In the next thirty prosperous years Athens, under Pericles' influence, became the center of Hellenic culture. Poets, artists, scholars and philosophers found there an appreciation that they received in no other city. Persia in 455 B. C., was compelled to grant a peace dictated by Athens, and the Ionian cities in Asia were again free, and no Persian vessels dared appear on the Aegean Sea. Everywhere democracies patterned after that of Athens, and protected by the power of that city, were estab-

lished in the States that were its allies and in 431 B. C., Sparta, having concluded its war with the Helots by conquering them, sought alliances to humble Athens.

In all the States, and in Athens itself, there were many nobles who disliked the democracy. When the Spartans saw that in some of these States the nobles were strong enough to rebel, they bided their time, knowing that it would not be long before Athens, now grown vain of her power would give Sparta a pretext for interference. Finally Samos revolted, for it had been forced against its wil to accept democracy. The Samians were defeated and made to feel most cruelly the weight of the wrath of Athens. Then Megara was charged with giving refuge to fugitive slaves from Athens and Pericles issued a law making the punishment death for any Megarian to trade in any port of Attica, a most cruel and barbarous law, because Megara could trade no where else.

Then Corinth was openly invited to war with Athens because against her solemn protest the Athenians took up the dispute between Corinth and one of her colonies siding of course with the colony. Corinth was joined with Sparta, but did not ask help of its ally in its quarrel with Athens until that city commanded Potidæa, another Corinthian town in the Athenian league, to demolish its walls. Then ambassadors were sent to Sparta for help. Potidæa refused to tear down its wall and Athens sent troops against it whereupon Sparta seeing now the chance for which it had waited so long invaded Attica with a great army and thus was begun the Peloponnesian war, one of the bloodiest and most cruel struggles that ever harassed the world which for many a long year made the fair land of Greece the home of hatred and plunged into grief and widowhood the wives and mothers of her bravest sons. The Spartans and their allies burned the crops and ravaged the fields of Attica, the farmers and villagers fleeing into Athens and watching from its walls the destruction of their homes, the uprooting of their orchards and vineyards and the pillage of all their possessions.

But fifty years before, Leonidas had died at Thermopylæ to preserve Greece from foreign invasion, and Sparta and Athens had stood side by side for Hellenic freedom. Now wasting each other by mutual warfare, they were both preparing for that fall which all the hosts of Persia had failed to effect. The Athenian fleet was not idle, for the fleet was the city's sole dependence, next to its strong walls and citadels. It swooped down upon the coast of the States allied to Sparta, burning, pillaging and murdering, Pericles himself leading the largest force ever sent out of Athens to pillage poor little Megara who, being cut off from Athens had joined Sparta, since that was her only hope. For nearly a year strange stories had been heard of a mysterious disease that starting in Ethiopia, had traveled up the Nile valley, crossed the desert and desolated Asia Minor. This plague was a fever, swift, painful and deadly, and while the people were crowded into Athens and the Spartans were converting the gardens of Attica into a wilderness, this dread disease broke out in the Piræus, and soon spread to the city. The superstitious people thinking their gods were venting spite upon them, implored their priests to give such prayers and offerings as would again win the favor of the deities. The armed foe without the walls was forgotten in the presence of the unseen foe within, that stalked through the streets in the long days and clear starry nights laying low young and old, rich and poor alike. The blackness of despair settled down upon Athens. The dead lay thick about the fountains in the streets and at the foot of the altars of the gods, and side by side with death, crime ran riot, for seeing that no piety availed to save from



the dread disease, and no one was certain that he would be alive another day, all hastened to gratify their tastes, and every law was set at naught. The Spartans, besieging the city, learned of the havoc disease was making. Brave as they were against human foes, they knew not how to war against the plague, and leaving Attica they returned to Laconia.

Pericles again set out with his fleet, but this time, it bore death not to the enemy but to the Athenian garrison at Potidæa, whom it infected with the plague, and when the army returned greatly reduced by the disease, to stricken Athens, the affairs of the city were in a desperate condition.

The plague had so reduced the army that the Athenians sent ambassadors to Sparta to sue for peace, but when they returned unsuccessful, there was an uprising in Athens against Pericles. He pacified the people for the time, but they soon attacked him again, and led by his enemies, brought him to trial. Unfortunate Pericles! He had done much for his country, and even his faults were those of a truly great man. He had made Athens famous and powerful, and had loved the city with his best love. His dear son and his prized friends were dead of the plague, his city in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, and now gray-haired, weary-hearted and bowed by sorrows, his ungrateful countrymen would punish him for what was the work of fate and not the work of man. No wonder that he sank beneath the last and bitterest blow of all. His mind failed, his body was racked with pain for a long year, and then he died, his blameless patriotism, honesty and greatness, being afterward a pure guiding star to statesmen, generals and orators for all time.

It was in the second year of the Peloponnesian war that Pericles died and two years later Platæa of immortal memory, was besieged by the Spartans. True Pausanias had promised, fifty years before when the Persians were defeated and overthrown at Platea that the battle ground should be sacred to Spartans forever. Fifty years was a long "forever," considering that Platæa was a devoted friend to Athens. Platæa had shared the glory of Athens, had struck hard blows for Hellas and now defended by eighty Athenians and four hundred citizens it was to give a last example of its courage. A large Spartan army surrounded the city, but so well did the brave little band within the walls defend the city from the enemy, that, despairing of ever taking the place, the Spartans built a high double wall about it with the horrid purpose of starving the garrison. When the Plateans and their eighty Athenian allies had been thus shut in for a year closely besieged by the Spartans, several of the garrison made a bold plan. There was but little food in the city, and more than enough men for the defense of the walls. Those who were not needed, took scaling ladders one dark night, climbed over the double Spartan walls, killed all who opposed them and made their way safely to Athens.

When all the food was gone the Plateans still held out until too weak from starvation to guard the walls. Then the Spartans entered and with a cruelty that would shame savages put to the sword the half-starved men, levelled every building to the dust, and they would have wiped the very memory of Platæa from the minds of men had it been possible. Still the unnatural war went fiercely on. In every community the common people arrayed themselves against the nobles, and as each State had only a few thousand citizens the losses were severely felt. Law was defied, might



Pericles. From Bust in British Museum.

reigned instead of right, and Athens and Sparta thus brought to the verge of ruin the States that it had taken centuries to up-build. In the battles fought by the two armies, captives were put to death and for ten years all Greece was at the mercy of a foreign enemy, had there been one who had the courage and ambition to assail the country.

The war was finally decided by accident, as so many events are. On the southwestern coast of Laconia is a bay known to us as Navarino, but to the ancient Greeks as Pylos. An Athenian general, Demosthenes, the first illustrious man of that name, made a plan of seizing Messenia, and by rousing the Helots against Sparta compel the withdrawal of the Spartans from northern Greece. To carry out this idea, and it is strange the Athenians did not do so early in the war, a fleet was sent, which was driven by a storm into the harbor of Pylos. For three days the sea was so rough the vessels did not dare to venture out, and the soldiers busied themselves in building a small fort on the point of land commanding the harbor. When the fort was finished, Demosthenes with five ships and a small force was left to hold it and the rest of the fleet continued on its way. When the Spartans heard that a fleet had sailed for Messenia, and that Athens had built a fortress in Laconia, their troops were at once called home. The Ephors, while awaiting their return decided that the little fort must be attacked, and it was, but Demosthenes held it until the fleet came back. Again it was attacked, and this time a dreadful battle was fought, but the Athenians came off victorious, and Sparta at once sent to Athens to ask for the very peace that Athens ten years before had so humbly begged of Sparta.

Had Pericles been alive that peace would at once have been granted, but the men in power thought more of their own popularity than of the good of the State. They were not patriots, but that class of citizens who fatten their purses on the misfortunes of others, and who were anxious that the war should go on, in order that they might rob the public treasury and gain wealth and power. Cleon, a tanner's son, was the chief of these. He was a loud-mouthed, coarse, brawling fellow, something like the worst form of ward politicians of great American cities, and it was he who caused the Athenians to refuse the peace. For three years longer, until 423 B. C., the war continued, and when it was ended Sparta found that although all Greece was weakened, Athens had lost little more than the rest of the country, and Sparta had gained virtually nothing.

There was one prominent Athenian, Alcibiades who was bitterly opposed to the peace, because the Spartans had ridiculed his youth, for he was a young man, and they had chosen instead, an old general, Nicias, to confer with, in regard to the treaty. Alcibiades was considered the handsomest man in Athens, and he was known to be brave, for he had fought for his country, and been wounded in the first year of the war, although he was then hardly twenty. In several battles during the long contest he had shown his metal. In spite of all his bravery and good looks, Alcibiades was a traitor, liar, and the worst man, perhaps, in whom a nation ever trusted. Of course he had some virtues otherwise Socrates would not have been his friend, nor would he have risked his life to save Socrates once in the heat of battle, as Socrates had done two years before for him, had he not possessed some spark of goodness. It was Alcibiades who persuaded the Athenians to renew the war, for he had a clever tongue. An alliance was made with Argos for this purpose 420 B. C., and a little later Melos, a city that had stood for seven hundred years as independent as even Athens, was asked to become an ally of Athens and agree to be ruled by



Attica. The Melians naturally enough refused, whereupon Athens besieged Melos, took it, killed all the men between sixteen and sixty, sold the women and children as slaves, and gave the city to the Platæans.

This savage proceeding shows how wicked Athens had become, for the people of Melos were Greek, had never done them wrong and did not provoke the war, but the expedition against Syracuse shows them still worse. Alcibiades was the moving spirit in this as in the Melian expedition. Nicias was old and wise and he opposed the expedition, but was obliged to give up to Alcibiades. Brave Syracuse had withstood Carthage and now withstood Athens to such good purpose that the expedition was a dead failure, and Alcibiades was accused of being the cause of the misfortune, as he certainly was, and called back to Athens for trial but instead of returning he went to Sparta, became a bitter enemy to his native city and went about through Greece stirring up the cities still faithful to Athens to revolt. In Sparta he gained the confidence of many of the Ephors, but he was so tricky, hot tempered, haughty and insolent that he made enemies right and left and finally was obliged to fly from Sparta as he had been from Athens. This time he went over to the Persians, who were about to help Sparta fight her battles with Athens, for the war had been renewed since the attack on Melos. He persuaded Tissaphernes, an important satrap of Asia Minor, that it would be better to let Sparta and Athens fight their quarrel out and weaken each other so that both would fall into the hands of Persia, rather than help one grow strong at the expense of the other.

As soon as he had convinced Tissaphernes that he ought not to interfere, the wily Alcibiades wrote to the generals of the Athenian army, then at Samos, solemnly promising them the help of Persia against Sparta, if they would overturn the democracy and make the nobles the rulers. The generals, who were as traitorous as Alcibiades, at once made a plan to put the nobles in office. They siezed the government, silenced by death every one who opposed them, the method so much in favor with tyranny and began to sue Sparta for peace. The soldiers, not knowing that Alcibiades had caused all this ferment and trouble, declared for the democracy, and knowing the exiled traitor to be a brave man and good soldier, sent to ask him to come back and be their leader. Ready for anything that would give him power Alcibiades forsook the generals forthwith, and put himself at the head of the soldiers, marched with them to Athens, overthrew the very nobles that he had been the means of placing in office, and allowed them to be tried and punished. He then set forth to fight Sparta, and in the next two years won back nearly everything Athens had lost in the long war.

In 412 B. C., Athens was still so high in influence and power that Darius Nothus, king of Persia, determined that she should not come out of the war victorious. To prevent it, he gave Sparta money to build ships, and in 405, the Spartan admiral, Lysander destroyed the Athenian fleet. After taking one city after another that had supplied food to Athens, he blockaded the Piræus and began to starve the Athenians into submission. The people patiently endured the blockade four months, but at last surrendered. The famous long wall was destroyed and at last Sparta succeeded in what she had so long and so vainly tried to do—she overthrew the democracy and



Portrait of Socrates.



A. 111111

put in power an oligarchy, or government by the few. The rulers selected by Sparta were thirty citizens who were to draw up new laws for Athens, but being thirty of the worst men of the city, they punished by death all those whom they considered deserved it, whether they had committed crime or not, banished Alcibiades and many others of the democracy, and since they were cowards begged Sparta to give them a guard to save them from the vengeance of the people.

When they had killed or banished most of the prominent men in the democracy, they began to select wealthy nobles as victims, for they appropriated the property of the men they slew, but here they created disturbance among themselves, and finally the thirty tyrants after having committed the most dreadful crimes were overthrown, and the democracy re-established 403 B. C. Alas for the glorious days of Athens under Clisthenes and Pericles! They were gone for ever, and the light of Hellas was waning! Amid all the gloom and terror of those days

of evil, of faithlessness, cowardice and blood, there was one fearless man whose life was a reproach to degenerate Athens, and who was greater than the best of the men who were gone, and in whose fame rests some of the brightest splendor of old Hellas. This man was Socrates, the friend of Alcibiades, the only man who dared speak openly and protest against tyranny, who stood ever for right and justice, and who had served his country well in war and peace. Socrates was of common birth, the son of a poor image maker, but like many other "common born" men of history, he had an uncommon soul, for "blue blood" as well as "common blood," nourishes many a feeble brain and a moral nature low and vulgar may dwell in the body of a king's son or the son of a swineherd, for it is something more than ancestry that makes the man.

Socrates was said to be the ugliest man in Athens but his soul was beautiful, and he had such a clear and plain idea of man's duty that some spark of divine revelation must have been his, for we must believe that God reveals himself to him who discovers a truth whose practice will make men better. Socrates taught that it was better to suffer evil than to do evil, that the gods were better pleased with good deeds than with meaningless offerings, that man had a conscience given him divinely to be his guide. He went about dressed in rough, poor clothing, barefooted and bareheaded, asking men questions such as "What is base?" "What is wisdom?" "What is courage?" and then answering them so plainly that all could understand. He not only preached new truths but practiced them too, showing to man by example the virtue of goodness. He was eloquent, brave, honorable and faithful, yet Alcibiades the traitor to Athens had heard his doctrines and still had gone wrong and Critias, one of the worst of the thirty tyrants had sat at his feet and yet had lived wickedly afterward. Thousands had received light upon their life through him and it had never been charged against him that he had betrayed friend or foe, had done a single act unworthy a manly man, yet when the democracy was restored Socrates, was the first to fall under its displeasure. He was arrested, charged with impiety, although he never had spoken slightly of the gods and revered his fellow men. He was declared guilty was condemned to death, his real offense being that his teachings of morality and justice were a reproach to the men who now ruled in Athens, and he was a stumbling block in their way. True he had declared that there was but one Supreme God, maker and ruler of the universe, and



that this God was so great that human minds could not understand him. He had preached too that virtue is the only road to happiness here and hereafter and that injustice is a crime against God and man.

It was for this that he was condemned, the first of that grand line of martyrs, for truth. When he drank the hemlock and went down to death as calmly as to a sleep his heroism was not less than that of the martyred Leonidas and in as noble a cause. We admire Solon, Pericles and Leonidas but we love the gray haired homely, good old man whose blameless life and pure teaching are like a ray of light in the dark sky of later Athens and who closed his eyes on his ungrateful city 393 B. C., in the 70th year of his age.

To return to the story of Sparta, which now runs along inwoven with all northern as well as southern Greece, we must go back to 404 B. C., when Athens desperate with hunger and hopeless of success, surrendered to the Spartan admiral, Lysander. This Spartan commander had been aided by Persian gold and Persian soldiers in his conquest of Athens, Darius having sent his son, Cyrus, to assist Sparta, and it was this very Persian help that afterward proved Sparta's ruin, as we shall see. You will recall that Athens soon ousted the thirty tyrants and restored the democracy, and although Sparta consented, Athens could not be trusted as friend or ally. Lysander was a haughty, tyrannical man, who very soon so angered Corinth and Thebes by his high-handed ways, that they refused to obey him at all, and became again independent. Darius Nothus died about this time, 404 B. C., and Artaxerxes Memnon became king of Persia. Cyrus, who had all along counted upon wearing his father's crown, being then Satrap of Asia Minor, determined to raise a revolution and possess himself of the throne. The Spartans were willing enough to help Cyrus, in return for the aid he had given them, and sent ten thousand of their best soldiers to join the forces he had raised in his Satrapy.

After the fall of Athens Alcibiades had again fled to Asia, and was now under the protection of Pharnabazus, Satrap of Phrygia. He saw that the resignation of Cyrus to his brother's rule was pretended, in order to throw Artaxerxes off his guard, and by persistent investigation he found out what Cyrus really intended doing. He told his suspicions to Pharnabazus, and declared that he would himself go to Artaxerxes at Susa and tell him what he had discovered, counting, as usual, upon gaining some great advantage for himself.

The Spartans were very bitter against Alcibiades for his double treachery to their cause, and now commanded Pharnabazus to put his meddlesome guest to death. Pharnabazus accordingly hired a band of ruffians to kill Alcibiades. These assassins sought the little Phrygian village where Alcibiades was living, but were afraid to enter his house, for they knew whatever faults the perfidious Greek possessed, cowardice was not one of them, and that he would sell his life dearly. After consulting together the murderers set fire to the house, and went off a little way. When the red flames were curling high around the dwelling, Alcibiades still majestic of figure and beautiful of face, although he was no longer young, holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a folded robe as a shield, rushed from the doorway toward the band of murderers, who ran for their lives afraid to encounter him.

At a safe distance they paused, and turning showered missiles upon their infuriated pursuer. He fell pierced by darts and arrows, slain at the command of his last friend. We are told that in all his misfortunes and treachery there clung to him a woman he had loved in happier days, and it was she, Timandra, who

wrapped the dead body of Alcibiades in her own garments and buried it, being the sole mourner over the grave of the man who might have been to Greece a second Clisthenes, had he willed it, for he had a great mind and was fitted by nature to be a ruler, had he not early allowed evil to master him, and made self his god. How differently died Socrates, the poor image-maker's son, discoursing with his last breath upon the great truths for which he gave his life, and humble and homely though he was, mourned by hundreds to whom he had given hope and comfort.

In the year 401 B. C., Cyrus, with his army started from Sardis, the old empire of Lydia, crossed Phrygia, Cilicia and the arid plains of Syria, to the Euphrates. Down the rich valley of this river they marched, the Greeks marvelling at the richness of the soil, the mildness of the climate, and above all, that nowhere did an army oppose them, and at last they camped at Cunaxa, in old Chaldæa, and upon that fertile plain, in September, 401 B. C., Cyrus was killed in battle, and his army dispersed, all except the ten thousand Greeks, who determined, although a thousand miles from the sea, to return to Greece. They refused the command of Xerxes to surrender, and notwithstanding the murder of their generals and that they were without maps or guides they set forth, led by Xenophon, to return.

It seems almost a miracle that this little army succeeded at last, after traveling through the freezing cold of a bitter winter, in reaching their homes. They traveled up the valley of Tigris to its mouth, crossing streams and mountains, constantly fighting, and arrived in Thrace eight months after the defeat at Cunaxa. This retreat of the ten thousand, is the most remarkable retreat in history, for we must remember that it was entirely within an enemy's country, and the little army was without machines for building bridges or trained generals to direct them. How their hearts must have leaped as they saw the blue waters of the Euxine spread out before them, the sea which meant safety to them. The "ten thousand" reduced to eight thousand in the long march did not disperse to their homes when they reached their native land, the ties of mutual danger bound them together, and they had learned to love adventure. They became a company of "Free Companions," or hired soldiers, entering the service of a Thracian prince, and afterward fighting for Sparta in the war with Persia, which followed in 398 B. C.

This war Sparta began, for, fearing that Artaxerxes would seize some of the islands under Spartan control, and being somewhat ashamed of having given up the Ionian cities to Darius Nothus long before, in return for Persia's aid in conquering Athens, Sparta now ventured to redeem itself in the eyes of Greece. The ten thousand had learned that Persia was not as powerful an empire as had been supposed, that the States which made up the dominion of Artaxerxes were hostile to each other in feeling, and ready to revolt from Persia upon any pretext. They had learned too, how greatly superior the Greek soldiers were to the Persians, and had a contempt for them, as opponents in battle. Sparta was now mistress of wide foreign possessions in northern Greece and the islands of the sea, but the laws of the old days were no longer enforced, and Sparta, like the rest of Greece was suffering from the disease of luxury. The war with Persia was popular in Greece, and as Sparta had rather a hard time to hold in check all the States which were counted as subject, the king Agesilaus hoped that by making war against the old enemy of Hellas to bring the hostile elements of Greece into harmony.

After capturing Sardis and ravaging Phrygia, Agesilaus was planning to march into the heart of Asia when he was called home by a revolution. The Persian king



feared to meet the Spartans, even with his vast forces, and had hired trusted agents to stir up the Greek States against Sparta. Money was freely used, and soon there was such a dangerous state of things that Agesilaus was obliged to set them right before continuing war with Persia. Lysander had been killed in the beginning of the trouble, and the other Spartan king, Pausanias had been defeated before Thebes, and upon marching back to Sparta, had been sentenced to death, but escaped from prison and safely hid himself away in Arcadia. Ismenias, a rich Theban had put himself at the head of an army, driven the Spartans from all the States north of Bœotia, and formed an alliance of ten northern States against Laconia, so it may readily be seen that Agesilaus had enough to do at home, and although he was sorry to leave Asia, he dared not stay longer. Pursuing

The Greatest Land Adventure—Return of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks.



the route Xerxes had taken a hundred years before, Agesilaus marched through Thrace, Macedonia and Thessaly, crossed the pass of Thermopylæ and reached the plain of Coroneia, and there meeting the Thebans and their allies, fought one of the most dreadful and bloody battles ever waged on Grecian soil. We



are told that while that fight raged no war cry was raised, and no sound broke from the struggling Greeks grappling with each other but muttered curses and hoarse panting. Agesilaus, the lame Spartan king, fought at the head of his chosen band, until he fell wounded by a Theban spear and would have been killed had he not been rescued by his bodyguard of fifty brave men. At last the Thebans cut their way through the Spartans and gaining Mount Helicon, left Agesilaus victor, though dreadfully wounded. It is related that the Spartan king had his wounds dressed and then caused himself to be carried on the shoulders of four soldiers through his camp giving orders for the comfort of the wounded, and the security of the living, and was then borne over the field of battle to assure himself that no wounded were left there without care.

When Lysander captured Athens eleven years before the battle of Coroneia, one Athenian admiral, Conon, by name, escaped with twelve vessels to Cyprus. This brave Athenian penetrated into the heart of Asia to the very foot of the throne of Artaxerxes, and succeeded in interesting that monarch to furnish him ships and men to join in the war against Sparta. It was in the autumn of 393 B. C., that this now large fleet crossed over to Laconia, burned the coast towns and carried away many prisoners. Conon did more, he persuaded the Persians to rebuild with their money the Long Wall, which some years ago they had furnished Sparta with the means of destroying. Conon dreamed of again making Athens mistress of Hellas, but he was rash enough to attempt to persuade the cities of Asia Minor and those on the islands to acknowledge Athens as their leader soon after the Long Wall was rebuilt. The Spartans now sued humbly to Artaxerxes for peace, and, their envoy, Antalcidas, so influenced that treacherous monarch against brave Conon that when he arrived at the Persian court, on a mission from Athens, he was beheaded, and Persia dictated to Athens and Sparta (B. C., 387) the terms of the peace which followed, and these were so formed by Antalcidas that Sparta became mistress of all Greece, sacrificing the cities of Asia Minor to Persia.

Sparta was a hard and unkind mistress to the Grecian States, and after conquering Mantinea, 386 B. C., and the little republic of Phlius, turned its army against Olynthus, a powerful city which had grown great in the last century and was now at the head of a league in Southern Macedonia and Thrace. Two brothers Eudamidas and Phœbidas in 382 B. C., were placed in command of the Spartan army against Olynthus, and when Eudamidas was defeated and killed, and another general shared the same fate Polybiades was sent and after burning, pillaging, and murdering in the unprotected districts outside the city walls, at last exhausted by famine Olynthus after four years of war surrendered.

It was during this four years' war, in fact at the very time Phœbidas was upon the march to Olynthus that another war was begun, a war which was to be to Sparta and to all Greece a long step down the decline to which they were all tending. Sparta and Thebes had been enemies since the second Persian invasion, and it was a Theban, Ismenas, as I have told you, who formed the league which created the revolution that was ended by the peace of Antalcidas. Thebes was a very rich city, and the democracy, under Ismenas, was in power. The nobles sent their leader Leontiades, secretly to the Spartan camp offering Phœbidas the citadel or fortress of the city if he would put them in power. When they heard that a Spartan army on its way to Olynthus was encamped near the city the bargain was made, and like most wicked bargains, bore bitter fruit. Phœbidas received the gate keys of the fort from



Leontidas, entered the city, and the nobles were placed in power, and began to exercise it in the most cruel and sickening way, killing those of the democracy who failed to escape to Athens, (and many did escape) taking to themselves property to which they had no right, banishing such people as opposed them, being supported in all this crime by the Spartan garrison in the fortress, for Leontidas himself went to Sparta and gained the permission of the Ephors to the Spartans remaining in Thebes. In Athens there was a number of Theban fugitives, among them being Pelopidas, a young and patriotic noble, who was a member of the democratic party, and his wise and virtuous friend Epaminondas, an old man who had joined the exiles but would not for a long time join in the plot they made to free Thebes, but did so finally, for he was destined to create great changes in Greece. Among the nobles in power was a certain Phyllidias, who soon became disgusted with the cruelty of his associates and entered into the plot against them. He invited the two rulers Archias and Phillipus, with the most prominent Spartan officers to a banquet at his house on a certain night in the year 378 B. C. Five of the exiled conspirators from Athens had entered the city as hunters that day, and, dressed in handsome female attire, were snugly hidden away in a room near where their enemies were growing stupid with wine. Under each silken robe was a sharp dagger, and when Phyllidias told the company that he would now bring in some Theban ladies, these daggers were grasped in brawny hands that were hidden in the folds of chiton or mantle and they entered all closely veiled, greeted with boisterous shouts, each choosing his man, but apparently carelessly scattering among the guests.

As one of the Spartan lords reached out his hand to lift the veil of the supposed woman nearest him, a keen blade flashed and was buried in his breast, and in an instant the plotters had fallen upon their foes, among whom was the traitor Leontidas, and put them every one to death. Then flinging aside their blood-stained female gear, they rushed to the prisons, opened the doors and set free five hundred friends of liberty, and in the still midnight all Thebes heard the death of the tyrants proclaimed. Young men and old grasped their weapons, donned their armor and hastened to join the deliverers of their city, and the next day and for several days thereafter, so many recruits flocked to the standard of Pelopidas and his friends that the Spartan garrison marched out of the fortress and left the city.

There was now a new king of Sparta in place of the son of Pausanias, and he saw that Thebes must be subdued or Sparta would have a very dangerous enemy always on the alert against it. So he led an army into Bœotia and had nearly persuaded the Athenians into forsaking Thebes for they were no longer the brave and fearless Athenians of the old days, when the Thebans bribed a certain Spartan general to force war upon Athens by invading Attica, and thus Thebes succeeded in forming with Athens a strong alliance of seventy cities all pledged to resist haughty tyrannical Sparta.

Epaminondas and Pelopidas led the Theban forces in the long war which followed, and prevented the wary and valiant old Agesilaus from gaining any important success in the next two years. In 374 B. C., the Thebans expelled the Spartans from all Bœotian cities, and in 371 B. C., Thebes after having shown itself in victory, for it was victorious both by land and sea, nearly as haughty and tyrannical as Sparta, offended Athens and the other allies and was left to carry on the war with Sparta alone. At the battle of Leuctra, 371 B. C., Epaminondas showed himself fully able to cope with any foe, for he was a genius, and not only a genius, but the

rarest military genius Greece ever produced. The Spartans fought bravely, but were defeated, and that too by a much smaller number of Thebans and the new king Cleombrotus was killed.

This was the first pitched battle in which the Spartans had ever been beaten by an enemy inferior in numbers to themselves and in Sparta the deepest humiliation was felt. Now Sparta was driven back to the Peloponnessus, after thirty-three years sinning, fighting and plotting to remain supreme in Northern Greece, and influenced by Jason of Thessaly, Thebes and Sparta declared a truce. Jason, we are told, aspired to conquer all Greece, now exhausted by war, and to invade Persia, equally exhausted by luxury, but he was murdered 370 B. C., and the Grecian States were reserved a few years longer to quarrel and fight among themselves before being brought under the yoke of a foreign power.

After the truce expired Epaminondas invaded Laconia and marched toward Sparta, but Agesilaus saved his capital by driving the invaders back toward the coast. After wasting Laconia with fire and sword, Epaminondas freed Messenia, which had now been three hundred years enslaved by Sparta, called back from exile the descendants of the original owners of Messenia, and organized the Arcadian towns and those of the liberated provinces into a league which hemmed Sparta in on every side.

The Athenians, strange to say, now interfered in behalf of Sparta and sent an army to help their old enemies, but Epaminondas retired to Thebes.

It was about 367 B. C., that Pelopidas marched into Thessaly to compel Alexander of Pheræ, brother of Jason, who was oppressing his own subjects and threatening Theban dominions to restore order, and forming an alliance with Macedon he brought home to Thebes Philip, afterward king of Macedon and father of Alexander the Great. It would be tedious to follow the fortunes of Thebes and Sparta throughout the long war, for it is a story of violence, plotting and dissension. The cities of the Arcadian league quarreled with each other and with Thebes. Some of the Arcadian leaders robbed the shrines at Olympia, and this involved them further with Thebes. Mantinea refused to have any of the sacred treasure, and the Arcadians finally joined with Sparta and Athens against Thebes.

Four times Epaminondas invaded Laconia, the last time penetrating to the capital, but being driven out. It was in this last invasion that Epaminondas fell at the Theban victory of Mantinea, and with him fell the glory of Thebes, as her star had risen with his entrance into public life. Pelopidas had been killed at the head of his "sacred band" of three hundred Thebans some time before, for after defeating his old enemy, Alexander of Pheræ in a fierce battle, he rode out alone from his company, and offered to fight his adversary in single combat, when Alexander's body-guard slew him with their javelins.

Lame Agesilaus, who had fronted so many different enemies in battle, and whose Spartan heroism equals that of any of the great kings in the old days of Sparta's glory, died peacefully in his bed the year after Epaminondas fell at Mantinea, being at the time on his way home from Egypt, where he had placed Nectanabis upon the throne of the Pharaohs, in defiance of Persia. Forty-one years he reigned over Sparta and made her the greatest State in Hellas, and though at the time of his death, (361 B. C.) he was eighty-four years old, his mind was as bright and his spirit as unconquerable as when he first donned his armor in his country's cause.

Philip had now become king of Macedon, and his people, although not Greek, resembled in their hardy, brave spirit, the Dorians of the early days, and were war-



like and bold. In a hundred years Macedon had made great progress, and having acted as allies of Athens and Sparta, the Macedonian soldiers had received a practical education in war. Philip too, was a military genius, and he studied the military art of the Greeks and improved upon it. When Epaminondas and Agesilaus were no more, Philip, knowing how weakened all Greece was by the long wars of the last three centuries, became ambitious to add to his own dominions the States whose quarrels threatened to destroy each other. He only wanted a pretext to enter Greece with an army.

I have already spoken of Chalcidice, and of Olynthus, the head of the Olynthian confederacy or league in that district. Chalcidice was just east of Macedon and still east of Olynthus was Amphipolis, a city which had once belonged to Athens, but which was lost to Attica and became independent during the Peloponnesian war. Philip made friends with Athens, and offered to conquer Amphipolis and give it back to the city, but when he had subdued it, he kept it for himself, crossed over into Thrace, where there were rich gold mines, conquered the western part and founded the city of Philippi. Of course the Athenians were angry enough at the loss of Amphipolis, but when Philip made friends with Olynthus, with its strong league and secured it as an ally he could snap his fingers at Athens.

Phocis had been under the rule of Thebes after the battle of Leuctra, but being a spirited and brave race, although small in numbers the Phocians soon threw off the hard yoke of their conquerors. They cultivated after their revolt, the plain of Crisa near the temple of Delphi, and this Thebes declared to be extremely wicked as they considered the plain sacred ground. The council or league which protected the temple, took the view of Thebes and sentenced the Phocians to pay a heavy fine, whereupon the Phocians seized Delphi itself, plundered it of its rich offerings to gain the means of raising an army, and when it had gained both Athens and Sparta, who of course were against Thebes in everything, the Phocians and their allies, aided too by some of the cities of Thessaly marched against Thebes and Locris, who had allied themselves with the nobles of Thessaly and Philip.

A great battle was fought in Thessaly in the spring of 352 B. C., between Philip and the Phocians, and Philip gaining the victory made himself master of all Thessaly. He would have marched straight into Phocis had he not found the Athenian allies strongly posted at Thermopylæ. As it was he turned back. While Philip had been preparing to conquer Amphipolis, a war broke out between Athens and her allies and nearly all of the large cities again became independent. The old military spirit was dead in Athens. There was neither patriotism nor bravery among the people, who now thought more about banquets and pleasures than their country's needs and when fighting was to be done hired soldiers to do it. The rich would neither serve the State in any way nor pay their taxes if they could avoid them, so being thus unfit to rule, Athens was ripe for its final fall. There was one man, however, who had within him the grand soul of the old patriots. He saw that Philip intended to conquer all Greece and that the liberty of Athens would be lost forever if the Athenians were not roused.

This man was Demosthenes, son of a sword-maker, who in youth was so sickly and delicate, so weak of voice and indistinct of utterance that he became the jest of his playmates. Nevertheless he had great and beautiful thoughts and he labored long and earnestly to master his defects of speech and at last did so, becoming one of the greatest orators the world has ever produced, renowned throughout Hellas

and even admired in Persia for his remarkable eloquence and force. Demosthenes bent all his great powers of persuasion, all of his eloquence and ability to awaken the Athenians to their danger. When Philip was successful in Thessaly he made his first great speech against him striving to make the people act at once against the dangerous enemy, to be worthy of their great ancestors, and not to sit idly with folded arms and let the Macedonians swallow them. Athens was stirred by Demosthenes to join Olynthus in an alliance against Philip, who now threatened the Confederacy, yet the Athenians did next to nothing while the Macedonian king took one after another of the cities of the north. At last he conquered all the Olynthian towns and destroyed them, and sold the people as slaves, then turned upon poor brave little Phocis with his powerful army, destroyed everyone of the Phocian cities and forbade the people to rebuild them. By having the votes in the Council which the Phocians owned transferred to him, Philip gained a power to interfere whenever he pleased in Greek affairs.

While these things were happening in northern Greece, in the Peloponnessus, the States were wrangling and quarrelling as usual. Philip turned these quarrels to his own advantage, and as Sparta was still the strongest State of the Peloponnessus, he tried to unite all the other States who were enemies of Sparta against her, in order that they might possibly destroy that State, and thus make Macedonian conquest of the rest easy. Demosthenes understood perfectly the plans of the wily Philip, and made a journey to the Peloponnessus, to warn the States of that portion of Greece against him, but while his eloquence was greatly admired and crowds flocked to listen, nothing resulted from it. At last the Athenians saw that Demosthenes had all along been right, and that Philip was an enemy to Greek liberty, and a strong party of citizens began to act upon the advice the orator had so often given them. The rich were compelled to pay not only their taxes, but a fair share toward building a fleet. The money spent so recklessly on the public festivals of the gods, was devoted to carrying on the war against Philip, whose offers of friendship had been rejected for an alliance with the city of Byzantium, which he was attacking. It is pleasing to know that Athens did actually prevent Philip from taking Byzantium 341 B. C., for the after history of the Athenian struggle with Philip, is a history of defeat. Aeschines, an Athenian, who favored Philip, succeeded in causing war to be declared against Amphissa, by the council of Delphi, and called Philip to take command. Instead of marching against Amphissa, the Macedonian monarch moved southward with a large army and seized a town commanding the entrance of Attica. At Athens there was the wildest dismay, for the dreaded Philip might be at the gates of the city at any moment. Everyone feared to speak, for they felt that Philip would revenge himself upon those who opposed him. All were silent in the assembly, and all eyes were turned upon Demosthenes.

Then the real greatness of the patriot orator shone forth, and he made a ringing speech that roused the courage of the faint-hearted, and inspired them with new resolution. He advised them to ally themselves with Thebes and meet Philip boldly. This was done, and August 7, B. C., 338, the Macedonian army utterly crushed and routed the Athenian and Theban allies at Chæronea, in Bœotia, and Greece, after centuries of freedom and glory, bowed her neck to the yoke of a master.

It was but a farce, the summoning of the congress at Corinth soon after, for the Macedonian conqueror possessed all Greece, and could take what he would, yet the congress met, and with a great show of good feeling appointed Philip commander of



all the Greek forces which were now to go forth to war with Persia. Philip was murdered at his daughter's wedding feast, while making preparations to march into Asia, and his son Alexander, then a mere boy of twenty, became the king of Macedon. Philip of Macedon had married early in life, a beautiful princess of Epirus, named Olympias, but he could no more be satisfied with one wife than with one kingdom, and while Alexander was still a boy he made other marriages. Olympias had but the one child, Alexander, and he was so beautiful and promising that it was no wonder that her heart was filled with jealous rage when a son was born to another princess whom Philip had married, and who, by her influence over the king was likely to gain for the infant the crown of Macedon. We may be sure that there were bitter quarrels in that royal household before the high-spirited Olympias, fearing for her own life and for Alexander's safety, retired from Macedon and went back to her father's court; the prince, now a young man was his mother's devoted champion and left the court with her.



Aristoteles.

Alexander had been carefully trained in his father's realm by one of the wisest men of Greece, the great Aristotle, and had made friends of the Macedonian generals who had fought in Philip's wars, some of them even taking sides with him and Olympias and accompanying them in their exile. Alexander had a naturally ambitious turn of mind which the clever Aristotle fostered, and he no doubt early made up his mind that he would be king of Macedon after Philip, no matter who might claim the throne. He knew he could count upon the support of the army, for his gallant conduct at Chæronea and elsewhere in Philip's ten months campaign in Bœotia and Phocis had made him popular with the soldiers.

Olympias and Alexander had been summoned to Macedon to the fatal wedding feast where Philip lost his life and it is not unlikely that one or both of them may have had a hand in his murder for as soon as Philip was dead Alexander put every other claimant to the throne aside with a strong hand and at twenty found himself ruler of an empire that was made up of Macedon, the Grecian States and of the country inhabited by several barbarian tribes in the Danube Valley. He had, also, a splendidly trained army under Antigonus, Antipater, Ptolemy, Seleucus, Lysimachus and Parmenio, who had long been his friends and counsellors, and soon showed his subjects that though he was a mere boy in years he was nevertheless every whit a king and was not to be trifled with.

Demosthenes must have been rejoiced at the death of Philip, and he too, it is said, was in the plot to murder him although it is hardly likely. His influence was powerful at Athens and there was a movement toward liberty which was taken up by the other States that might have caused Alexander some trouble had he not acted promptly; but he mounted his famous black horse Bucephalus and at the head of his army marched through the whole length of Greece receiving the submission of the cities as he went. Again the Congress met at Corinth and this time it made Alexander general of Greece, as it had before made Philip head of the forces of Hellas, and delivered many fine-sounding complimentary speeches to the young monarch, who probably took them for what they were worth. Certainly he trusted the Greek cities very little for he left garrisons of Macedonian soldiers in many of them, although he paid no attention to Sparta, who stood sullenly aloof and would

have nothing to do with him. Sparta was small game for this warrior-king. Persia was to be his prey, and he only waited to punish the barbarians of the Danube Valley, who now rebelled against Macedon, before pouncing upon Asia.

He passed over the high mountains lying between Macedon and the Northern Country, and after marching with his army through dense woods, and fording rapid streams came to the mighty Danube. When neither ford nor bridge, ferry nor boats could be found to carry his men across, nothing daunted, he caused rafts to be made and buoyed up with inflated ox hides and upon these his army crossed the stream, defeated the barbarians, recrossed and turned their faces southward. The king with



ARISTOTELIS PICTUR ABACHT

his victorious soldiers had scarcely reached the frontiers of Macedon when news was brought that the Thebans, having heard a rumor of his death, had revolted and were besieging the Macedonian garrison in their citadel.

Alexander wasted no time in hurrying to Thebes. Making one of those swift marches for which he was afterward famous, he arrived near the city, and stationed his army about it so as to cut off help which might be sent from Athens, before the surprised Thebans had any notion of his approach.

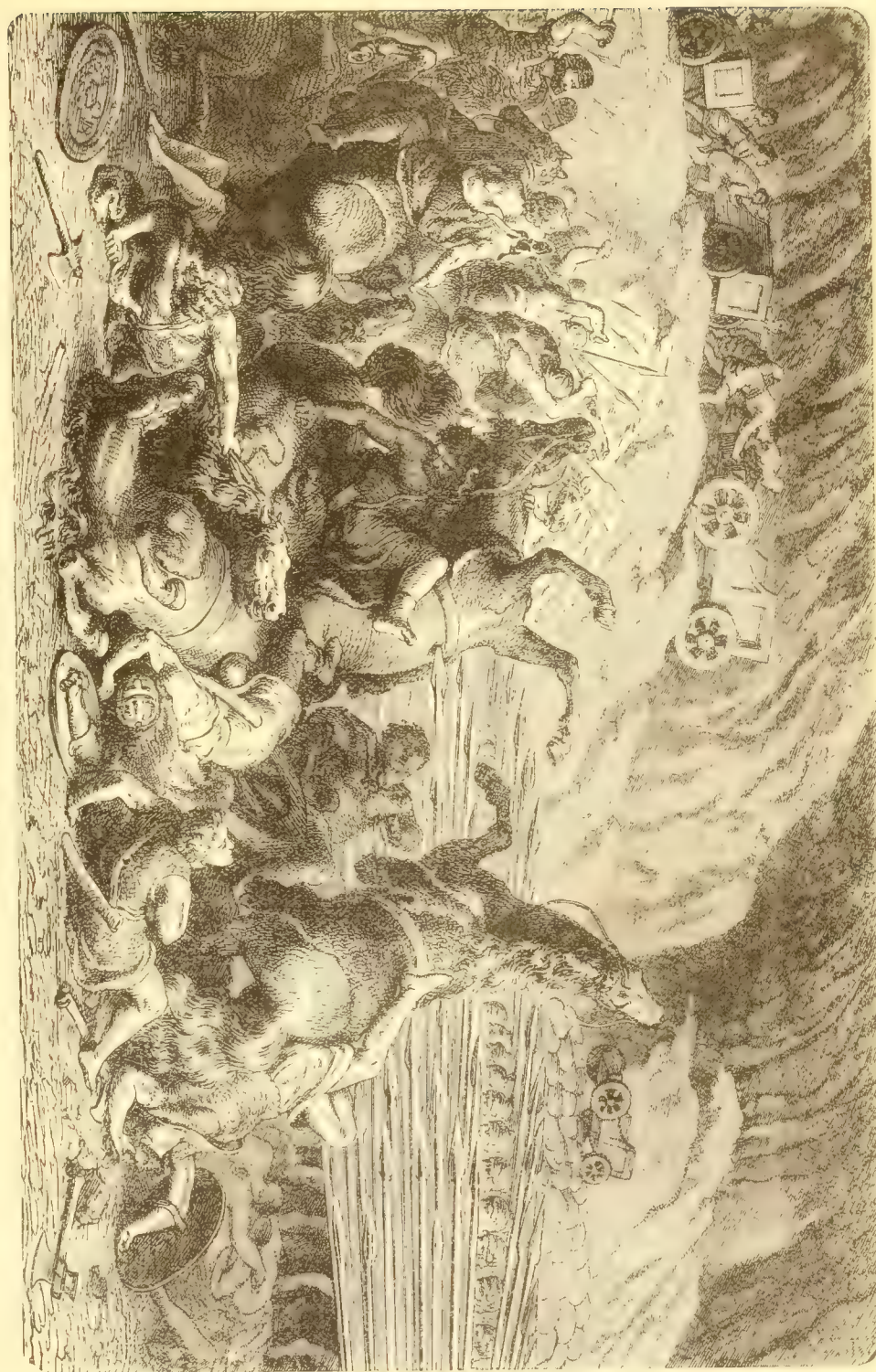
The Thebans, as you know, were valiant in war, and they were not to be frightened at the mere sight of an army, so they shut themselves up behind their walls, and refused to surrender to Alexander. The huge battering rams of the Macedonians were brought against the walls, and artillery that would sling stones and darts fully three hundred yards, rained missiles upon the defenders. When a great hole had been made in one side of the masonry, the Macedonians, fiercely



opposed by the Thebans, entered the city. There was frightful slaughter in proud Thebes that dreadful day, and its streets were red with the blood of women and children as well as brave men, but the doom of the living was pronounced by the Macedonian king, who commanded every person that had been spared from death should be sold into slavery. Every house and temple, every hovel and palace was leveled to the dust, only the home that had once sheltered the poet Pindar, being left to mark the spot where Thebes had stood. The other Greek cities were so terrified at this stern act of vengeance, that they gave up all idea of ever resisting Alexander, but Sparta still sent no embassy to him, and the Spartans may have dreamed of again making their State mistress of Greece when

Alexander was safely away in Asia. They did attempt a revolt when Alexander was busy in Asia Minor, which might have been successful had the cities of Ionia united against the Macedonians. Parmenio and Antipater were wise old generals who knew well the uncertainty of all things earthly, and they tried to

Defeat of the Thracians by the Macedonian Phalanx.



persuade Alexander to marry and settle quietly down to governing Macedon and Greece, for a few years, and then when he had a son to succeed him, go forth if he would to fight Persia. Alexander with the impatience of youth, would not listen to the wise counsels of his two tried friends. He left Antipater to rule over Macedon and Greece, much to the disgust of Olympias who wanted to rule over the empire herself, and proved herself a vexatious obstacle in the way of loyal old Antipater. Parmenio and the other generals of whom I have told you, went with Alexander, who crossed the Hellespont in the spring of 334 B. C., to begin ten years of wandering and fighting that were so full of adventure and romance that the world still hears of them with interest.

Alexander was too wise a general to strike straight for Persia, leaving enemies behind to trouble him in case of defeat, but after the hard-fought battle of Granicus, where he met and defeated the Persians satraps of Asia Minor, who had collected an army to bar his way, he turned southward.

It would require volumes, and fascinating volumes they would be, to tell you all about the movements of Alexander and his adventures by the way, before he reached Sardis, which opened its gates to him. He then conquered Halicarnassus, the city in which Herodotus, the first writer of history was born, some two hundred years before Alexander saw the light, and went to meet Darius in Syria. On the plain of Issus, a narrow strip of Syrian valley, lying between the mountains and the sea, Darius Codomanus, with his great army, met the Macedonian invaders B. C., 333, but he was so frightened by the havoc that the skilled soldiers of Alexander made among his cowardly Asiatics, that he ran away from the field when the battle first began, and by his flight so struck terror and panic to his army, that in spite of the valiant conduct of many of the Persian nobles, the day was lost to him, and Alexander gained his second great victory in Asia.

The wife and child of Darius, his mother and several ladies of the court had gone out with the Persian army, probably thinking that the Persians would so easily defeat the Macedonians that it would be mere sport. They fell into the hands of Alexander, together with large quantities of rich goods of the Persian king's household. Among the treasures were many golden vessels which Alexander sent home to Antipater with directions to him to have them melted and coined into money. Now Alexander felt free to strike a blow at Phœnicia, for Tyre was still the greatest commercial city in western Asia. He knew that the cities he had already mastered would not attempt to free themselves when they heard of the defeat of Darius. He even proclaimed himself king of Persia by right of conquest, and then marched to Tyre.

The old city of Tyre, on the mainland had been destroyed in a war with one of the Babylonian kings, and the new city that sprang up afterward was built on an island about three miles wide, a short distance out in the sea. The water all about this island formed good harbors. The city had many splendid buildings, lofty and beautiful, and there was great wealth stored in its warehouses. When the Tyrians heard that the dreaded Alexander was coming, they sent out some of their nobles to meet him and give him a golden crown as a sign that they acknowledged him as their lord. There was much complimentary talk between these noblemen and the Macedonian king, and when the former went back into the city, it was with the request preferred by the conqueror that he be permitted with his army to enter Tyre, and sacrifice to Hercules, the god most honored by the Phœnicians. The Tyrians politely



replied that neither he nor his army would be allowed to enter the city, and suggested that there was a temple of Hercules among the ruins of old Tyre on the mainland. Alexander had no ships, and he could not besiege Tyre by sea without them, and as they were so far from the shore the Tyrians felt perfectly safe.

Alexander soon showed what he intended doing. He set his soldiers to work felling cedars upon Mount Lebanon, and these were hauled to the water's edge and were driven down into the slime and mud, for the water between the island and mainland was only about eighteen feet deep. Great machines were made for driving these piles, and they formed the skeleton of an isthmus which Alexander began to build of timber, earth and stones, to connect Tyre with the shore. The Tyrians did everything possible to prevent the work. Alexander was compelled to get some ships from Sidon to protect his laboring soldiers, and there was often lively fighting between the besiegers and the besieged. At length, after seven months, this wonderful artificial isthmus was finished, and the Macedonian army stormed the walls of Tyre. The Tyrians fought with desperate courage, but the city was taken by the enemy, and the Macedonian soldiers, infuriated by the long siege and stubborn resistance of the citizens, slaughtered them without mercy.

When the brutal soldiers had satisfied their revenge, many of the Tyrians were still left alive. These Alexander himself claimed as his share of the prey, and caused hundreds of them to be thrown alive into the sea, other hundreds to be crucified along shore, and then had the others beheaded or stabbed, all of these cruelties being considered the right of a conqueror in those bloody old days of wrong and violence, a right in which Alexander exulted. He must have been blood-thirsty by nature or else being still so young a man, he would have felt some pity, and showed mercy to the people whose only crime was their patriotism.

Darius Codomanus now sent a very humble letter to Alexander, asking for peace, and offering to give up to him a large part of his empire. Parmenio advised Alexander to do as Darius requested, but Alexander wrote a haughty reply to the poor worried Persian king, declaring that he would take what he wished, whether Darius were willing or not, and intimated that among other things he meant to take Darius himself, alive or dead.

Alexander marched from Tyre through Judea, and passing Jerusalem, the Hebrew historians say through the city, but the Greeks do not confirm them, he stopped at Gaza, on the Mediterranean. Gaza, like Tyre, was very rich, and did not propose to let the murdering, plundering band of foreigners into the city if they could be kept out. The governor of Gaza was a Persian satrap, named Betis. He was a good general, and Alexander had a hard time taking the city, but it fell at last, and the scenes at Tyre were repeated.

At length Alexander had Betis brought before him, and when the captive general refused to make any reply to the insults heaped upon him, he caused his heels to be pierced, a rope passed through the holes, and then had him fastened behind a chariot and dragged over the stony streets until he died of the torture, a cruelty which cannot be excused, and was worthy of the fierce Gauls of the north rather than of this Macedonian monarch who made some pretense to the refinement and humanity of the Greeks.

War-wasted groaning Egypt, who hated Persia as heartily as in the days of Cambyses, welcomed Alexander as a Savior. The ties of a kindred religion bound the Egyptians to the Greeks, and Greek merchants had long found favor in the



Engraving of a ram by the Museum, Athens.



valley of the Nile. Alexander not only freed Egypt from Persia but he respected the gods of the people and sacrificed to them. While he lingered in the fertile Nile country he even had himself proclaimed son of Jupiter Ammon and received worship. In the year 332 B. C., Alexander founded at the mouth of the Nile, the City of Alexandria which soon became the greatest commercial city of Egypt and for nearly twenty-two centuries of varying fortunes has remained the metropolis of the Nile Valley.

Darius Codomanus was meanwhile preparing another great army and when Alexander, 331 B. C., entered the old empire of Assyria, the Persians made a stand against him at Arbela. Again Darius was defeated and again he escaped, fleeing this time into Bactria, followed by Alexander, who found him at last, it is said,



Alexander at Persepolis

dead of the wounds given him by his own Satrap Bessus, who had some idea of seizing the Persian throne. Susa with all its treasures of gold and jewels, and its splendid palaces, fell next before the conqueror, and he then destroyed the fair city of Persepolis, selling its people into slavery. Ship-loads of plunder were sent back to Macedon as the result of the gigantic robberies perpetrated by Alexander and his soldiers whom it now seemed that nothing would satisfy.

The Macedonians up to this time had claimed that the old quarrel between Greece and Persia justified their conquests, but after they had rested and rioted in Babylon and the other cities of the conquered empire, they still pressed eastward into India, and the bounds of the world only limited Alexander's ambition. The eyes of the Macedonians viewed with wonder the civilizations unfolded before them and though they carried misery and desolation to empires, they carried too the seeds

of new thought receiving the same in return. Paving the way for the after centuries they fulfilled a design of Providence although they never dreamed of so doing. At last, after conquering India, Alexander designed to penetrate still farther east. The weary war-scarred veterans refused to advance. They had won glory and plunder enough to satisfy them and knew that as they dropped by the way the king would supply their place with soldiers from the conquered natives and they would reap no reward from their toils.

Parmenio had been murdered by the jealous Alexander's orders long before, and another faithful general, he had struck down with his own hand in a drunken frenzy. He had discarded Greek manners and even Greek dress for the Persian and had practiced Persian vices until the affection of his soldiers may have wavered. At any rate they refused to go farther and suffering terribly in the deserts which border Persia they at last reached Susa on their homeward way, and after a few weeks again reposed in Babylon.

Alexander was now thirty-two years old, and covered with scars, bronzed, savage of temper, given to frightful fits of drunkenness, he was no longer the Alexander of other days. Once more in Babylon he gave himself up to the excesses of which he was so fond, and after a night of shameful revel he was seized of a fever which ended his life in a few days, 324 B. C. Among all of the conquerors of history none were more courageous than Alexander and none whose personal daring was greater. As a general, too, and military genius only one man, Hannibal, has ever equaled him. His vices were serious but he was generous, frank, brave and won the love of his soldiers. His great faults were developed by his victories and were natural enough to one whose youth was passed as his had been. Alexander's body was scarcely cold in death before his generals, who had probably discussed the matter while the king lay dying, were quarreling over his empire. In far away Macedonia there lived his weak-minded half brother, Philip Arrideus and his wife Eurydice, who was as clever as her husband was silly. The foot soldiers, led by Meleager at once declared Philip king, but Perdicas persuaded the army to give Meleager up to the Generals to be punished. He convinced the soldiers that it would be wise to wait and see whether Roxana, the wife of Alexander should give birth to a son. In that event the Generals should rule as satraps until the prince was of age, Philip bearing the name of king in the meantime.

The army made Perdicas regent, and he divided the empire into satrapies. Antipater had ruled Greece and Macedon well, and he was left in charge there, Craterus being sent to aid him. Ptolemy was sent to Egypt, Antigonus and Leonatus took between them Phrygia, Lycia and Pamphylia, Seleucus was placed in charge of Syria and Babylonia, Eumenes was assigned to Paphlagonia, and Cappadocia and Lysimachus was made satrap of Thrace.

When the news of Alexander's death reached Greece, Demosthenes, now an old man but as bitter as ever toward Macedon, stirred up a revolt, but Antipater put it down and Demosthenes fled from the city. When he was followed and about to be arrested, he killed himself to escape his enemies.

As might have been expected, as soon as the different generals were safely in charge of their satrapies, they at once fell to plotting and planning how to cheat the baby son of Alexander, who had now been born. Each general set to work to make himself an independent king in his own province, and greedy Antigonus wanted for himself the whole vast empire that Alexander had conquered. Antipater alone was



loyal to the little king as he had been to his father and grandfather, and knowing that his son Cassander would not protect the little lad's interest, he made a will leaving Macedon and Greece to Polysperchon, one of his old war comrades, and soon afterward died full of years and honor, for he was a good man and true. After much squabbling and quarrelling, the other generals came to open war. Craterus and Leonatus were killed before Antipater's death, Eumenes fell in 316 B. C., three years after Polysperchon began his reign, and the same year Cassander became, with the help of Antigonus, master of Greece and Macedon.



Diogenes.

Little Alexander was now eight years old, and his grandmother Olympias loved him as devotedly as she had loved his father. His aunt Eurydice, however, would gladly have put him out of the way of her husband, the weak figure-head king of Macedon. To save him from this fate Olympias caused Philip and his wife to be murdered and took charge of Roxana and the child-king. Cassander married Thessalonica, half sister of Alexander, as soon as he became master of Macedon and when he promised Olympias his protection she surrendered to him. Promises that stand in the way of a tyrant's power count but little, and Cassander was not sentimental upon the subject of promises, so as soon as he got possession of fierce, haughty, troublesome Olympias he gave her over to her enemies who killed her. Roxana and the royal heir he shut up in Amphiopolis and there he caused them to be murdered 311 B. C. The boy was then thirteen years old, and his sad fate can not fail to excite pity. Born the heir to the great empires of the east and west, the dominion of the whole known world, he was carried about from camp to camp and from city to city, his name being the excuse for wars and murders. The joys of healthy, happy childhood were denied him, and while nations were devastated by the wars of those who were seeking to rob him of his realm, and while the hearts of millions of people were waiting and hoping that he would be able to bring order out of chaos, he was cut off in his youth and innocence. Thus the sins of Alexander and of Philip were visited on the helpless child, and the blameless victim died by the hand of the cruel tyrant who coveted his inheritance.

All Asia was now like the field wherein the fable tells us dragon's teeth were sown that sprung up armed men. Lysimachus, Seleucus and Ptolemy were determined to hold their kingdoms and allied themselves against Antigonus, who was just as determined to have the whole empire himself. His brilliant and brave son Demetrius was sent to Greece with a fleet 308 B. C., to relieve Athens, which Ptolemy was besieging, for Cassander, as you will remember was allied with Antigonus and had gained his kingdom by the aid of the stubborn old general.

Demetrius drove Ptolemy to Cyprus, and there, off Salamis, was fought 306 B. C., one of the most dreadful sea-battles in the history of the world. Demetrius was victorious, and Ptolemy was driven back to Egypt. The Athenian people could not say or do enough to prove their gratitude to Demetrius. They set up his statue in one of their temples and worshipped him as a god, and did other things equally foolish. At this time Rhodes was a great city with a large fleet, and Demetrius was

anxious to conquer it in order that his father might have its ships to fight Ptolemy. For a whole year he besieged Rhodes, which Ptolemy was aiding from the sea, all the time, but was at last compelled to give it up. In the year 301 B. C., Antigonus and Demetrius met the allied generals at Ipsus, and in the battle that followed Antigonus was defeated and killed. Demetrius, with a few thousand men, fled back to Athens, where the fickle people, who had only a short time before worshipped him as a god, refused to let him in or have anything to do with him now that he was in trouble. Demetrius made friends with Seleucus, besieged and took the ungrateful city treating it with far more kindness than it deserved.

Soon after this Lysimachus married Arsinoe, a daughter of Ptolemy, one of the most beautiful and wicked women of history, and all the troubles he had been through in his long life were small compared to those his handsome wife brought upon him. Her half-brother, Ptolemy Ceraunos, visited the Thracian court, and he and the queen made a plot against Agathocles, the noble and well-beloved crown prince of Thrace, and persuaded Lysimachus to consent to his death. Ceraunos put Agathocles to death, but the relatives of the murdered prince called upon Seleucus to avenge his unhappy fate. He promptly responded, and not far from the place where the battle of Ipsus was fought, Seleucus met the Thracian king, and killed him. Lysimachus, the last of the companions of Alexander's youth, was slain at the age of eighty, 261 B. C. Ptolemy had died peacefully two years before, having appointed his son king and seen him firmly established over Egypt.

Seleucus was growing old, too, and weary of campaigns and battles, he gave up his kingdom to his son Antiochus, and started back to his youthful home in Macedonia to spend in quiet his old age. Ptolemy Ceraunos was now the husband of wicked Arsinoe, but because he murdered all the children born to her while she was the wife of Lysimachus, she fled from him to the protection of her full-brother, Ptolemy, the king of Egypt, who married her himself, although she was then forty years old and notorious for her crimes. This marriage disgusted Ptolemy's Greek subjects, who called him ever afterward Philadelphus (sister lover) and as such he is known in history. Ceraunos was now master of Thrace, and meeting Seleucus somewhere upon the borders of Macedon, he murdered him, and throwing into prison Demetrius, who had become king after Cassander's death, he seized the throne of Macedon and Greece 280 B. C. The country was delivered from the rule of the bloody-minded Ceraunos in a few months by a calamity so great that all the states of Greece were filled with terror. The dreaded Gauls, under a fierce and gallant chief named Brennus, left their homes in the north, and after killing Ceraunos in battle ravaged Macedon, destroying cities and villages, burning and murdering and giving no quarter.

At Thermopylæ, the allied armies of Greece met the barbarians and bravely opposed them, but over the same mountain path that Xerxes' "immortals" had been guided by a traitor, another traitor guided Brennus and his band, and the Greeks were obliged to retreat defeated. Down to the plain of Crissa the invaders swarmed, the dauntless Phocians hanging upon the rear of their army, and fighting valiantly, but they reached the neighborhood of the Delphic temple and were about to plunder it when a dreadful storm and earthquake ensued.

The superstitious Gauls were thrown into a frenzy of fear by this seeming wrath of the gods, and in their panic fell upon each other like maniacs and so many of them were killed that the rest made all haste to cross over to Asia Minor, where they



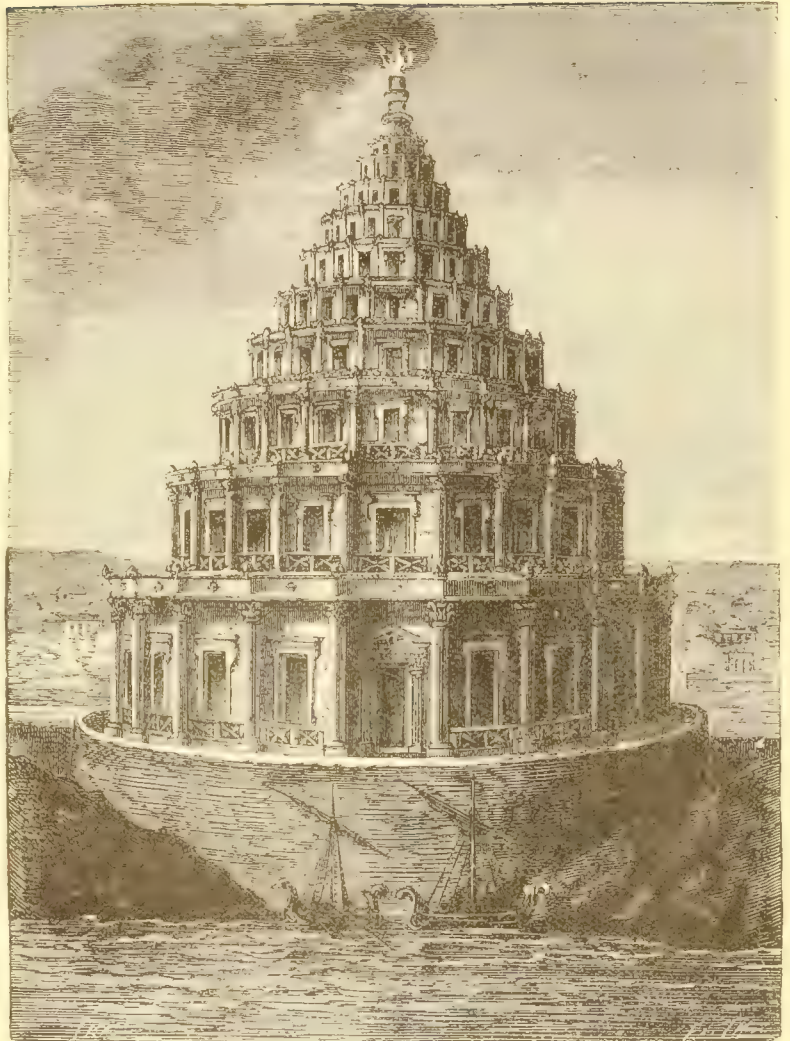
founded a kingdom called Galatia. Antigonus Gonatus, the talented and brave son of Demetrius, and grandson of Antigonus, became king of Greece after the death of Ceraunus, but Pyrrhus, the warrior king of Epirus, of whom I will tell you something hereafter, claimed Macedon and Greece as his own by right of his relationship to Olympias. He dreamed of vast conquests, like those of Alexander, and might perhaps have made them had he not been killed by a tile thrown from a house-top by a woman as he was fighting with his soldiers in the streets of Argos, 272 B. C., leaving Antigonus Gonatus undisputed master of Greece and Macedon.

During these years of war all Asia and Egypt had become Greek, and in Greece itself and in Asia Minor Epicurus and Zeno had founded two great schools of philosophy that took the place among thoughtful people of the old poetic worship of the gods, or of the earlier schools founded by Plato and Aristoteles.

Antigonus had much trouble with the second Ptolemy, because that king was constantly stirring up Athens and other Greek cities against Macedon. Ptolemy was not a warrior like his father, for he had very weak health, but he kept Egypt free from enemies by setting them upon each other. In every court in the world he had his agents who spared neither pains nor money to carry out their master's idea.

His father, Ptolemy I., had won the favor of the Egyptian people by respecting their old laws and religion, and his son followed his example. During the lifetime of Ptolemy I., Alexandria had grown into a magnificent city, and had become to Egypt what Tyre was to Phœnicia and Asia Minor before Alexander's time in its commerce, and what Athens had been to all Hellas in the days of Pericles. He had founded a library which was the center of scholarly lore, and being himself an author and literary man, he made his court a very attractive place for learned men.

Ptolemy Philadelphus carried on the work of his father, and not only built many beautiful buildings in Alexandria, and enlarged the library his father had founded, but collected a museum and made a botanical garden in which were shown all the plants of Africa. He re-opened, too, the old canal of Rameses the Great,



Pharos of Alexandria.

founded the port of Arsinoe, now Suez, on the Red Sea, and under him Egypt was restored to the glory and greatness of the old days. Its fertile fields, great commerce and freedom from war made the country prosperous, and the fame of its wealth was not less than that of its art and learning.

Philadelphus, in spite of all the weight of the affairs of his empire was as fond of pleasure as any easy-going Greek of his time, and his romances of love and adventure were many. He had one desire that could not be satisfied with all the wealth of his empire. He longed for the elixir of youth which would restore the failing powers of the body and keep men always young, strong and beautiful, and believed that it could be discovered. How much gold he paid to his physicians who experimented and searched after this elixir, will never be known, but he did not find it, and at sixty-three, worn out with the pleasures and labors of his wonderful life he died, leaving his kingdom to his son by his first wife, whom he divorced when he married Arsinoe, and his fame to posterity.

The most remarkable of his buildings was the great lighthouse, four hundred feet high, built of white marble, on the island of Pharos, which was long counted one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Rhodes, Pergamum and Antioch were all splendid cities in those days, but none of them had the influence on the world that was wielded by Alexandria. Caravans from the far East, and ships on the Red Sea, brought to Alexandria the carved ivory, porcelain and silks of China, the spices of Ceylon and the gold and jewels of India. Ships, too, on the Mediterranean, carried to Egypt the wealth of Spain, tin from the far-away savage British Isles, and amber from the shores of the Baltic, the copper of Cyprus, the timber from Macedon and oil and works of art from Greece, while in the workshops and factories, paper, linen, glass, and other articles were made to exchange for all these foreign goods.

Alexandria had two great principal streets, crossing each other at right angles, and these thoroughfares were adorned with beautiful buildings and colonnades. The other streets ran parallel with these, and in the time of Philadelphus, as in our own day, every known nation was represented among its visitors and residents. Greeks, Jews, Egyptians and Asiatics mingled in the busy throng, and its society was the most brilliant in the world. The greatest literary work of the reign of Philadelphus was the translation into Greek of the Hebrew Scriptures, and although that Greek was rude enough when compared to that of the Athenian poets and orators, it preserved to the world a treasure beyond price, for it prepared the way for Christianity.

It was in the year 246 B. C., that Ptolemy III., called Euergetes, succeeded his father. In Asia the descendants of Seleucus had made the Syrian kingdom great, comprising by their various conquests nearly every country lying between the Indus River and the Mediterranean Sea. Antigonus Gonatus, now an old man, was king of Macedon and Greece, and was still busied in holding back the barbarians in the North, and keeping peace among the Greek States in the South. Under the yoke of Macedon, the Greek cities had still some share of independence and through the long years when Alexander's generals were fighting over his empire the Achæan League, which at first comprised only twelve cities, was in existence. During the forty-five years of war the Greeks had seen how valuable was such a league, and it was formed in such a way that no city had a right to dictate to the others. The poor had little power in the league, and the poor were now many in Greece, but nevertheless the Achæan League became popular, and we shall see how it grew. There



was one man, Aratus of Sicyon, who at the time of the accession of Ptolemy Euergetes to the throne of Egypt was the idol of the Achæan League. Macedon found it easier to deal with one man, in its treatment of the Greek cities than with a public assembly, and so encouraged tyrants. Sicyon had been ruled by tyrants for a long time when Aratus was born, and his father Cleinias in some way offended the reigning tyrant when Aratus was a young child, and was murdered. Aratus had an uncle who was the husband of the murderer's sister, but it was this good woman who hid the little lad and sent him safely away to Argos to live with some of her wealthy friends in that city. Aratus grew up in Argos a strong, athletic young fellow, renowned as a boxer and gymnast, but having little of the education then so prized in Greece. He was much admired by young men like himself, and his father's murderer having learned what sort of man he had become was a little afraid of him, and sent spies to watch him. Aratus threw them off their guard, and when the tyrant thought himself secure, Aratus and his friends went secretly to Sicyon by night. The gates were shut but they had provided themselves with scaling ladders, and after waiting until the night watch had passed along the walls, they nimbly climbed up and over into the city, seized it, and burned the tyrant's house, although the tyrant himself escaped. Then they put the city under the Achæan League, and Aratus went over to Egypt to get money from Ptolemy Philadelphus, buying his favor with some fine pictures and statues of which he had plundered Sicyon.

He now made a night raid on Corinth, took it in nearly the same way he had captured Sicyon and placed it, too, under the league. Two kings still ruled in Sparta, which all the time had been more nearly independent of Macedon than the other States of Greece. Like these other States, Sparta had suffered from poverty, which resulted from the long wars, and because so many of its wealthy citizens, like those of other parts of Greece, had settled in Asia and Egypt, and its young men were hired as soldiers in foreign wars.

It is said that only seven hundred Spartan citizens of old Doric blood were left, and they held all the land, while one hundred houses contained all the property in the State. When Agis became king he determined to set matters right, and in the year 243 B. C., he placed before the Ephors his plan to declare all debts void, all land to belong to the State, so that it might be equally divided, the best to be given the four thousand five hundred Spartans, and the rest to the fifteen thousand Pericæki, and the old laws of Lycurgus to be restored. He was so young and full of hope, so enthusiastic and generous that he would not consider the dangers or difficulties in the way. He was very rich, as were also his mother and grandmother, but he and his relatives and friends gave all their land and property to the State.

The other king, Leonidas, was bitterly opposed to the plans of the noble Agis, as were many of the rich Ephors, and he finally caused Agis to be arrested and thrown in jail, as were also his mother and grandmother, who were willing to stand by him to the last. They were all murdered by orders of Leonidas, who exiled the brother of Agis, who of course had now a right to the crown, and remained master of the situation. Aratus, now the idol of the Achæan League, and virtual head of its affairs, was rejoiced at the sad ending of Agis, for he would have been very unwilling indeed to see Sparta regain any of her former greatness, and the old king of Macedon was equally glad, for now he had only one enemy, the League, to deal with.

Some time before, Aratus with the League, had joined with Sparta to fight the Aetolian League, a combination of the cities of Elis for the purpose of plunder, but

the noble, handsome, young Spartan king won all hearts wherever he went, and so inflamed the jealousy of the prize-fighter of Sicyon that he withdrew his troops and went home, so you see there was personal as well as political jealousy at the root of his dislike for the schemes of Agis.

Leonidas now compelled Cleomones, his son, to marry the widow of Agis, for fear she would marry some one who would carry out the idea of that unfortunate monarch, but the best laid plans that man can make, can be destroyed, and Leonidas had placed in the hands of the widow of Agis the very instrument to work the will of her dead husband. She won Cleomones to all his plans, and to deep pity for his unhappy fate, and he only waited for his father's death to carry out the division of property and the restoration of the old laws.

Antigonus died in 239 B. C., and his son Demetrius II., succeeded him. Ptolemy Euergetes had in the seven years since he had become ruler of Egypt, made that country the greatest monarchy in the world, and brought under its sway nearly every country that had been subjected by Rameses the Great. His tribute from these countries made him immensely wealthy, and though he soon lost most of his conquests, for a time it seemed that he would be a second Alexander. The Achæan League made him their friend, and he helped them, and the Aetolians in the war they made on Demetrius II. Demetrius fought valiantly against his Greek enemies, and when he saw that his case was desperate he let loose upon the Aetolians and Achæans, the savage Illyrian Gauls, who not only defeated both leagues, but spread such terror through all western Greece and eastern Italy, that Rome interfered and humbled the barbarians. Demetrius was killed in battle B. C., 229, and as his son was but a babe, the usual struggle for the kingdom began.

Ptolemy Euergetes had now reigned seventeen years gloriously in Egypt, and was no longer fond of war and conquest. He let the descendants of Seleucus quarrel with, and murder those who disputed with them the throne of Syria, to their hearts content, and was lukewarm in his support of Sparta against Macedon, for he aided Sparta in spite of the fact that he was favorable to the Achæan League. Antigonus Doson married the widow of Demetrius soon after the death of the former, and was now king, pending the time the baby Philip was growing up, and when Cleomones succeeded to his father's throne of Sparta 227 B. C., he found the Macedonian power fully established in the north, and the Achæan League strong in the south. He killed the Ephors at Sparta, carried out his reforms, and then made war upon the league. So many cities revolted that he virtually, for the time, destroyed the league. Aratus all this time was playing a double game with Macedon and the league, and finally his craft caused the defeat of Cleomones, who sailed away to Egypt with a few friends, his wife and children.

Had Ptolemy Euergetes lived a few years longer Cleomones might have again reigned over Sparta, but he died about this time, 221 B. C., and his weak and vicious son, his murderer, some historians say, became king and threw Cleomones into prison. Alexandria was in every respect a Greek city and Cleomones and his friends believed that the Alexandrians ought to shake off the tyranny of Ptolemy IV. They broke from duress after awhile and appealed to the Alexandrians to rouse themselves and become free, but they were laughed at for their pains and stood in danger of again being thrown into prison; Cleomones and twelve of his friends committed suicide together and his widow and children were murdered. Thus the last king of Sparta died an exile and a suicide and thereafter the Ephors appointed by Macedon ruled



under a Bœotian officer as superintendent and a few years later Sparta joined the Achæan League. Antigonos Doson died soon after, and Philip V., became king of Macedon, and Greece, 221 B. C., inviting Roman hatred by his offer of help to Hannibal. This hatred the Romans satisfied by making themselves masters of Macedon and Greece, 197 B. C., Philip having proven so cruel and unjust that the oppressed people gladly exchanged his rule for that of Rome.

It was Philip who poisoned Aratus, 213 B. C., and afterward sacked Greek cities, sold their people as slaves and became so formidable to Rome that it dared not undertake a war with him but frightened him into making peace.

In the year, 203 B. C., Philip, allied with Antiochus III., of Syria, attacked Egypt, which now that the king Ptolemy V., was dead was in the hands of a regency for the young Ptolemy, a child of six, and followed up his victories with such cruelties that he made enemies of Byzantium, the Aetolian League and Bithynia. He besieged Abydos but the whole people committed suicide rather than fall into his hands, and then the Romans sent an army into Thessaly. The Achæans joined Rome and at Cynoscephalæ the Roman legions met the terrible Macedonian phalanx whose long spears did such dreadful work among the Romans that they were all but defeated. At length the Roman elephants and cavalry broke the phalanx and as they did not understand that the raising of a long pike by the Macedonians meant surrender, killed thirteen thousand Macedonians after they had offered to give themselves up.

Philip, the author of so many deeds of blood and violence escaped, and was punished only by being deprived of his army, fleet and Greek possessions. Antiochus had proven traitor to Philip, and while he was busied with the Romans, had conquered several of his cities and now allied with the Aetolians was defeated by the Romans at Thermopylæ, and compelled to retire to Asia, where at Magnesia B. C., 190, Rome subdued him and began a career of conquest and plunder in Asia. Greece was now free, but it was only a freedom to quarrel and plot State against State. Macedon, under King Perseus 179 B. C., became a Roman province. The Achæan League was tyrannical. Sparta, fearing the two great leagues of the Peloponnessus, and being imposed upon by both, asked Rome to interfere 148 B. C. An army thereupon entered Greece, burned Corinth to the ground, took one thousand Achæan chiefs captive, and made Greece a Roman province under the name Achæa.

Egypt under the weak and vicious kings that followed Ptolemy III., had declined, and the miseries of the people were great, although the splendor of its large cities still excited the interest of the world. Civil wars distracted the country and destroyed its commerce, and Rome was again and again called upon to settle its foreign affairs. The last of the Ptolemaic rulers was the famous Cleopatra, who became queen B. C., 47, by Roman aid, Rome having now for a hundred years dictated in Egyptian affairs. She married her younger brother, for the example of sister marriage furnished by Philadelphus had been followed by all the Ptolemies, poisoned him, and became queen, reigning for seventeen years under the protection of Julius Cæsar, and afterward so bewitching Mark Antony that he proved false to his honor, his country and all he held most dear. Both committed suicide when Alexandria fell into the hands of the Romans. Of this event more will be said in the history of Rome, but here ends the Greek kingdom of the Ptolemies after having stood nearly three centuries.

There were several smaller kingdoms built on the ruins of Alexander's empire. Thrace was ruled by Lysimachus for twenty years, when it was absorbed into the

Persian kingdom of the Seleucidæ. Pergamus became a great city, famous for its art, learning and magnificence, and under the descendants of Eumenes, who was given by Perdiccas, the charge of the portion of Asia Minor in which it was located. It became a rival of Alexandria, having a magnificent library, noble buildings and great riches. It was bequeathed to Rome B. C., 133, by its last king, the wicked Attalus III. Bithynia was an old kingdom that had been conquered by the early Persian kings, and set up an independent ruler after the battle of Arbela, and successfully withstood all the efforts of Lysimachus and other Greek generals to conquer it. At various times Bithynia is connected with the history of Greece and Macedon, and it was in Bithynia that the valiant Hannibal gave up his life. Paphlagonia has a history very similar to that of Bithynia. Alexander's generals failed to conquer it, and from 200 B. C., to 94 B. C., it was an independent kingdom, Bithynia enduring twenty years longer and then becoming subject to Rome.

Pontus was conquered by Antigonos but became independent of Macedon 318 B. C. The most interesting portion of its history and that of Armenia is inwoven with Rome, and will be related in its proper place, all these kingdoms as were Hellenized, as results, Alexander's expedition while in Greece, contact with Asia, widened men's mental horizon. Two of the Greek kingdoms founded just after Alexander's death, Parthia and Bactria, were not swallowed up by Rome. Bactria was for a time a part of the empire of the Seleucidæ, but B. C., 255, it threw off the Syrian yoke, and for nearly a hundred years was independent, then was absorbed in Parthia.

Parthia proper was a country of about the same extent as Ireland, and is now known as the Persian province of Khorassan. It included lofty mountains arid deserts and fertile valleys, although the Parthian empire in its greatest days was one half as large as the old Medo-Persian empire, and comprised all the land between the Euphrates and the Indus, and had many great cities, Arbela, Appolonia, Babylon, Borsippa, Susa, Pasargadæ, and others equally famous being among them. The Parthians belonged to the Turanian branch of the Mongolian race, as do the modern Turks, were treacherous and rude, brave, enterprising, loving war, and like the Medes and Scythians, famous horsemen. They were the most skillful archers in the world, shooting while at full gallop, and both on the advance and the retreat.

For a century and a half Parthia remained under the Seleucidæ as it had long been subject to Persia but a certain Arsaces, the chief of a body of Scythians, headed a Parthian revolt, 255 B. C., and became king. Five kings of the named Arsaces reigned over Parthia in the next seventy-five years, but the sixth Arsaces or Mithridates I., as he is also called, who ascended the throne, 196 B. C., was the first Parthian conqueror. It was he who enlarged the empire, making it include nearly one-half of Western Asia.

From his day the Parthians became much like the ancient Persians in manners and customs, although influenced somewhat by Greek manners. Arsaces XVII., was king, B. C., 55, when Romans having conquered so much of the Western world and having just subdued Pontus invaded Parthian territory under Crassus and was cut to pieces. Three years later a Parthian army ravaged Asia Minor, destroyed a Roman army in Syria, occupied Sidon and after plundering Jerusalem placed Antigonus on the Jewish throne. For the next two hundred years the Parthians were frequently in contact with Rome, sometimes invading Roman territory in Asia and at others engaged in defending their own or regaining what the Romans had wrested from



them. Arsaces XV. was the last emperor of Parthia. For four hundred years the Parthians had ruled the Persians with an iron hand, cruelly oppressing them and Persian hatred of their dominion had grown with each century. The Parthians being of different race, religion and customs did not mix at all with the Persians and at last a descendant of the Great Cyrus, Artaxerxes, son of Sassan, finally overthrew the Parthians and founded the new Persian empire of Sassanidæ, A. D. 226.

Before turning back to Europe we will pause to briefly outline the history of Judea, which as a part of the Persian empire, was included in Alexander's conquest, and at his death became a bone of contention between the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemys. In the year 324 B. C., the first of the Ptolemys besieged Jerusalem and storming it upon the Sabbath day, took the city and carried one hundred thousand Jews captive to Egypt.

After the battle of Ipsus, Judea became tributary to Egypt, and for nearly a hundred years the country was prosperous, then the fourth Ptolemy attempted to profane the temple, and when he was prevented, perpetrated so many cruelties upon the Alexandrian Jews that the people of Judea sought the protection of Syria, although they scarcely bettered themselves by changing masters, for the Syrian kings were cruel to the Jews. One of these kings sold the office of the High Priesthood to a certain Jew who had taken the Greek name Menelaus, and this villian plundered the temple to pay the king for the office, and his crimes excited a revolution in Jerusalem. It cannot be wondered that the Jews rejoiced when they heard that this Syrian king had been killed at Alexandria, but they rejoiced too soon, for he was not dead, and hearing of the popular joy, he set out for the holy city with an army, took it by storm, murdered forty thousand Jews in three days, and sold forty thousand more as slaves, profaned the altars and the temple, took everything of value he could find, and then tried to force the Jews to worship the Greek gods.

Those were dreadful days for Judea, and to escape the cruelties of this wretched king, Antiochus Epiphanes, thousands of the Jews fled from their homes, and in the caves and bleak mountain fastnesses of their native land lifted up their prayers to Jehovah, braving death by starvation in the wilderness rather than relinquish their God-given faith. Women and young girls brought up in luxury, thus abandoned all for conscience sake, and old men and young, preferred the desolation of nature to the desolation of wickedness that was filling Jerusalem with such woe.

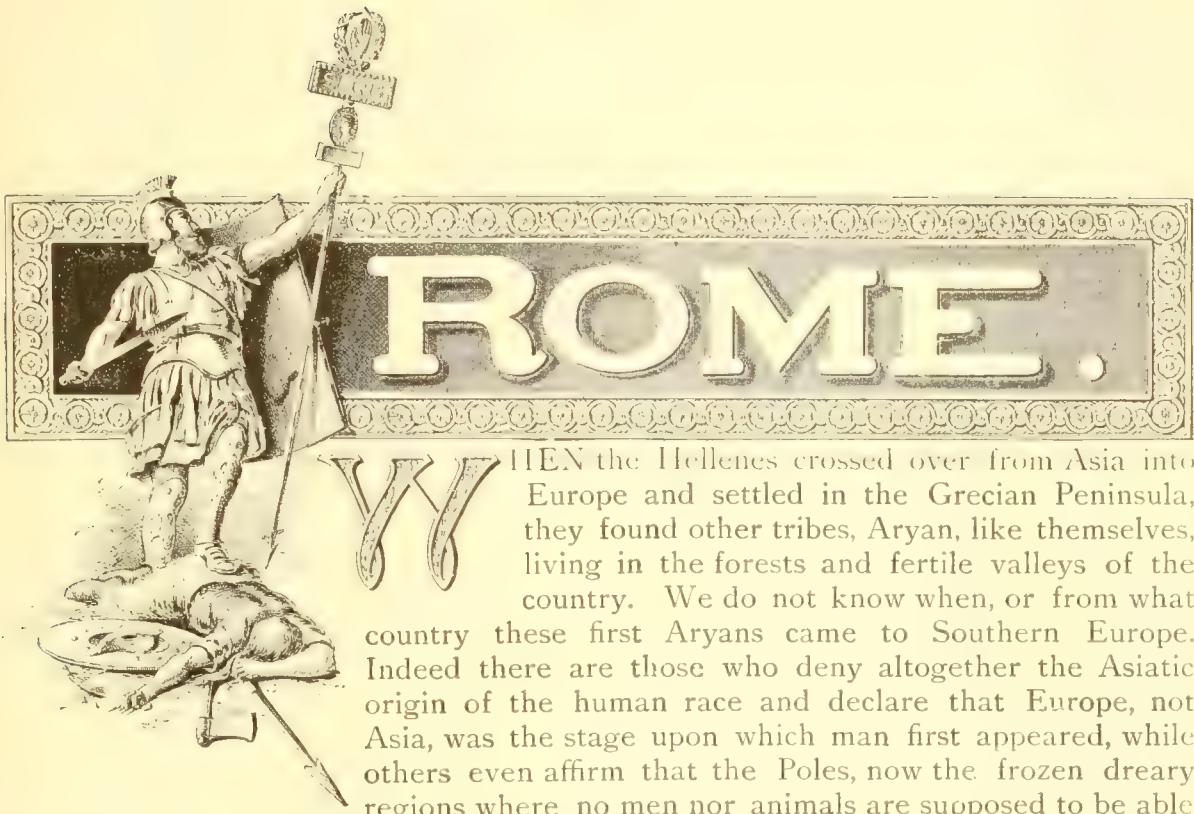
Upon the Sabbath day these heroic people would assemble in some cavern to sacrifice to God, and more than one such little assembly was disturbed by armed men who cut the people down or carried them away to prison and torture. One Matthias with his family and friends left Jerusalem and went to his native village of Modin. Here he was followed by a Syrian officer who offered the king's favor to those who would sacrifice to Zeus. One of the villagers was about to do so when Matthias struck him dead, and with his heroic sons at his side he overturned the heathen altars, then went forth into the wilderness.

Loyal Jews gathered about him in the desert, and with the army thus raised he restored the worship of Jehovah in several Jewish cities, but died B. C., 166, before he had delivered Jerusalem. It was his son Judas Maccabæus, who drove out the Syrians, restored the temple and then lost his life B. C., 161, in defense of his country. After him his brother Jonathan became High Priest, and under Simon, his brother, who succeeded to the office at his death, Judea became again free and

prosperous. Simon was murdered by his son-in-law, John Hyrcanus, and the struggle with Syria was renewed. While he was High Priest the Syrian king besieged Jerusalem for two years, destroyed the city's walls and again reduced the Jews to Syrian subjection, but this Syrian king died soon after and John Hyrcanus not only refused to obey his successor, but captured Samaria. He died 106 B. C.

Civil war distracted Judea for the next forty years, and these were at last settled by the Roman Pompey, who took Jerusalem, destroyed its walls and fortresses, but spared the temple and its treasures. From this time, 63 B. C., Judea, too, is bound up with Rome, and the thread of Jewish history will be found inwoven in that powerful web in which nearly all the known world of that day, sooner or later, became entangled, and the last great act in the tragedy of Israel was played before imperial Titus, and its story belongs elsewhere.





WHEN the Hellenes crossed over from Asia into Europe and settled in the Grecian Peninsula, they found other tribes, Aryan, like themselves, living in the forests and fertile valleys of the country. We do not know when, or from what country these first Aryans came to Southern Europe. Indeed there are those who deny altogether the Asiatic origin of the human race and declare that Europe, not Asia, was the stage upon which man first appeared, while others even affirm that the Poles, now the dreary regions where no men nor animals are supposed to be able to exist, were the places where men first lived on the earth.

Of course every one of these theories has many arguments that may be used in their favor, but as they are all mere speculations, I hold to the longest accepted and best tested one, suppose Asia to have been the cradle of the race and trace thence the story of man. The Aryan race entered Europe so long before the Trojan war, that even then the memory of their first coming had been lost. Indeed the native inhabitants of Greece were called Pelasgians by the Hellenes because they supposed them to have sprung from the soil as did the flowers and trees, and thought their race as old as the earth itself.

We know that when Agamemnon landed, with his allied Greeks, on the shores of the Ilium Plain, civilization in Asia and Egypt was already old, in China many emperors had reigned, and in India dynasties had flourished and decayed, but we do not know the beginning of man in Europe. Unnumbered centuries no doubt passed when no human feet trod the wilderness of Europe, and other ages saw only the cave-man living in a den like the beasts about him, after him the lake dwellers, too, came and went, and then the Aryan made his appearance from the Poles, from Central Europe, from Asia or somewhere, although, for the ends of history it is not really necessary to know whence he came, even if it were possible to find out for a certainty. You will see, if you look upon the map, that the long, boot-shaped

peninsula of Italy is not crossed in every direction by mountain-chains, as Greece is, but that one range runs like a seam or back-bone, down to its very extremity, being a little nearer to the eastern coast than the western, but yet almost along the middle of the entire country.

This mountain-range follows the line of the coast, trending to the westward a little way, then it turns abruptly to the north for about the same distance, then eastward and again southward to the sea, enclosing, north of the boot-shaped strip of land a rough square containing more than half as much territory as the peninsula itself. It was in this mountain-walled country, amid the snows, forests, wild, rugged uplands and rich valleys that the various tribes of Gauls lived, when the Pelasgians found homes further to the south, although that country too was settled by Aryans whom the Pelasgians no doubt conquered.

These first conquerors built walls and fortresses that outlasted all the traditions of their founders, who in their turn passed away before other conquerors. When the Roman story begins, several tribes, some of them off-shoots perhaps of these pre-historic peoples, lived in different parts of the peninsula, most of them constantly at war with their neighbors.

The Etruscans or Tuscans of western Italy, who may have been kindred to the Egyptians or some Asiatic nation, had twelve towns joined in a league at the time of the Trojan war. The Sabines, just south of them, were more like the Greeks, and were certainly Aryan. The Italians, divided into two tribes, Latins and Oscans, dwelt in central Italy, but as there were no mountain barriers separating the various people, they gradually influenced each other in language, religion and government. In southern Italy and Sicily, Hellenic tribes—driven from Greece by the Dorians or roving of their own accord to these more western lands—early founded colonies and built walled towns, and in time called the new country *Magna Græcia*, or Great Greece.

A legend tells us that a certain Arcadian prince named Evander, his name means "good man and true," brought a company of colonists from his native land to build a city at the mouth of the Tiber. The old story-tellers were fond of tracing the descent of their heroes from the gods, and they made Evander the son of a god.

The Etruscan king, Turnus lost no time in making the acquaintance of the Greek strangers, and as he too claimed kinship with the gods, he treated Evander with the greatest friendliness, and when he was finally established on the Palatine hill, taught his companions many of the arts that the Etruscans had long known, but of which the Greeks were ignorant. Writing and music are said to have been among these, and perhaps building. For a long time the Arcadians and Etruscans are said to have been friends and neighbors, although what became of the Greek colonists on the Palatine or of the noble Evander, we do not know.

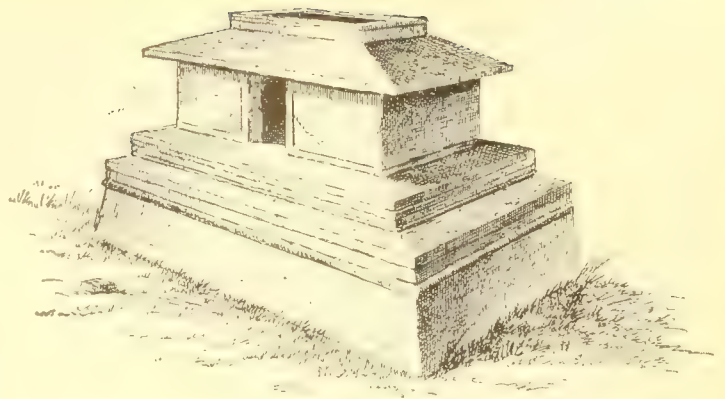
You must remember, when you read the legends that story-tellers are not historians, that fact and fancy are very different, and that a legend is often made to account for a custom, the real meaning of which is shrouded in mystery.

The legend of the founding of Rome was for so many centuries believed to be true, that I will tell it to you, only calling to your notice the fact that it is a legend, and that the early Romans were a Latin people, who never thought of claiming Greek descent until they began to admire the Greek civilization and culture.

We are told by the old Latin writers who loved to trace Roman ancestry back to the Trojan heroes, that King Priam had, at the time of the siege of Troy, an aged



relative, Anchises by name, who modestly claimed to be a son of Zeus, the king of all the gods. Anchises had a valiant son Aeneas, whose mother was the goddess Venus. Aeneas fought bravely in the long siege of the city, and when it at last fell into the hands of the Greeks he fled from the fire and slaughter, bearing upon his shoulders his venerable father, leading his little son Ascanius, and carrying his household gods. Thus with his hands literally full, he began those wanderings so beautifully related by the Latin poet Virgil, and after many wonderful adventures he landed with his son Ascanius near the mouth of the Tiber, in the country of the Latins.



Etruscan Cemetery, Vul.

This was not long after the days of Evander, for Turnus was still king of the Etruscans, although the Arcadians may have been driven from the Palatine by their Latin neighbors. At all events the Trojan adventurers became great favorites with the Latin king, who gave Aeneas his beautiful daughter Lavinia in marriage.

Turnus had long loved Lavinia, and her father had promised that the Etruscan king should wed the fair Latin princess, and when he saw himself robbed of his bride, Turnus collected a large army, crossed over into the country of the Latins, which was on the right bank of the Tiber, to revenge himself upon Aeneas and the false Latinus, Lavinia's father.

There was a battle fought between the Etruscans and Latins, in which both Turnus and Latinus were killed. Aeneas was left in peaceful possession of his bride and her father's kingdom, and founded the city of Lavinium as his capital.

We are told that Aeneas ascended the swift flowing Tiber, whose current was stayed by the gods in order that his frail craft might not be injured, when first he entered Italy, and it seems strange that he did not build his city on one of the hills which afterward were the site of Rome, rather than upon the low, unhealthy coast-land. After awhile Aeneas, some of the story-tellers say, was drowned in the brook Numicus, but others deny that the Trojan hero escaped the dangers of siege and ship-wreck to find his death at last in a petty rivulet, and declare that he fell in battle and died as befitted a warrior.

After his father's death Ascanius left Lavinium, and removing some distance inland, built Alba Longa (the Long White City) and was the first of a line of kings that for three hundred years reigned there, but whose names and deeds are unknown to history.

At last, so runs the tale, a certain Numitor became king. This Numitor was a gentle, amiable prince, who allowed his ambitious younger brother Amulius to win his people from him, take his throne and turn him out of his palace. Amulius seems to have been as cruel as Numitor was mild, and was so determined to hold the throne he had unlawfully seized, that he put Numitor's only son to death and shut his daughter, Rhea Silvia, up in a temple to be a vestal virgin or priestess.

The young priestess is said to have been so fair that when the god Mars saw her he wedded her, and used to visit her in secret. In course of time Rhea became the

mother of beautiful twin sons. Why the god did not save the babes and their young mother from the wrath of Amulius is as hard to explain as many other of the alleged acts of the old gods, but he allowed them to be thrown into the muddy Tiber and Rhea Silvia was drowned. The river had overflowed its banks, and the cradle of the twins was caught in some brushwood and weeds in a spot where the water was shallow, and there they lay safe and dry, stranded as was the infant Moses in the bulrushes. When the waters receded no beautiful princess came to the rescue of the sons of Rhea Silvia, but a she wolf carried them to her den and fed them, and a woodpecker daily took them acorns until Faustulus a shepherd, whose hut was already crowded with his own merry brood of a dozen rosy children, found the forlorn babes and took them home to his good wife Laurentia who reared them tenderly as her own, though with a secret reverence for them perhaps, on account of the mystery surrounding them.

The shepherds called the twin boys Romulus and Remus, and they grew up to be handsome and brave young men, leaders in all the simple rustic sports of their companions, just as the young Cyrus of the Persian legend was the hero of the shepherds among whom he was reared.

A quarrel between the shepherds of the exiled king Numitor, who fed his flocks on the Aventine Hill, and the shepherds of Faustulus, resulted in the appearance of the twins before their grandfather. Of course we must not inquire too closely into the story that Numitor at once recognized them as the children of his murdered daughter Rhea Silvia, nor ask how it was possible that he could do so as he probably had never seen them before, and so many years had gone by since Amulius had exposed them to the rage of the angry Tiber, for the legendary age was the age of miracles. Numitor, with the aid of the friends of his grandsons, put Amulius to death and took back the kingdom, although he was a very old man at the time.

The twins would not forsake the friends of their youth to live with their grandfather at Alba Longa, so he bestowed upon them a strip of land bordering the Tiber, and gave them permission to build a city.

The brothers could not agree upon a site for their capital. Romulus preferred the Palatine hill, while Remus favored the Aventine, and carrying their difference of opinion to Numitor, at his advice they agreed to decide the matter by augury.

All ignorant people believe in "signs" and "omens," and even in our own days there are those who tremble at the "bad luck" invoked by the breaking of a looking glass, passing under a ladder, or making the thirteenth at table, but the ancients had a regular system of "lucky" and "unlucky" signs, and supposed that the gods signified their will through them.

The Etruscans often watched the flight of birds as an omen, and this was the form of augury, Romulus and Remus agreed upon. After watching a day and a night Remus saw on the morning of the second day, six vultures fly over the Aventine and joyfully carried his omen to Numitor, but Romulus and his friends came in soon after solemnly declaring that they had seen twelve vultures fly over the Palatine, and thus decided the site of the new city to be upon that hill.

The twin brothers were now filled with envy and hatred toward each other, and Remus would have nothing to do with his brother's plans. Romulus sent to Etruria to learn of the Etruscan priests what ceremonies should be performed at the founding of the city, in order that the gods might be pleased, for the founding of a city in those days was a solemn undertaking. It is supposed to have been April 21, B. C,



753, when the first ground was broken upon the Palatine hill for the new city, in the presence of the people of the Latin tribes. A great hole was dug on the summit of the hill, and into it the people threw the first fruits of the year, flowers and grain. Upon these offerings each man among the spectators cast a handful of his native soil, brought thither for the purpose, and then the pit was covered with earth and an altar built over it, upon which a fire was kindled.

Then Romulus harnessed a snow-white bull and a snow-white heifer to a brazen plow and made a furrow where the walls were to be built, being careful that the earth was cast by the plow in the direction of the altar. Zeus, whom the Romans called Jupiter, thundered from one side of the heavens and sent lightning from the other, in sign of his approval, and Rome afterward mistress of the East and foster-mother of the West, was founded.

Celeres had charge of building the walls, and when Remus mocked at the puny barrier and leaped over it, struck him dead with his spade. Horrified at what he had done, Celeres escaped punishment by flight, but Rome had been baptized in blood—a dreadful omen for its future.

To be sure, learned historians tell us now that Romulus and Remus, Evander, Turnus and the other heroes of these early legends are myths, and that the name "Rome" was not taken from Romulus at all, but from an old Latin word, meaning "boundary," but it is a fact that from about 753 B. C., the building of the city went on, although for a long time but slowly, and Romulus may or may not have been the first king.

According to the legend, Romulus declared that Rome was a refuge for criminals and outlaws, whom nobody should dare arrest on Roman soil, and in consequence he soon gathered about him a thousand citizens who built huts, thatched with river-grass, straw or sod. These refugees from surrounding tribes were held in such little esteem by their Latin and Sabine neighbors, that Rome bade fair to be a community of bachelors, for those who were unmarried, and nearly all of the citizens were, could not secure wives.

Romulus was clever enough to conquer this great difficulty which lay in the way of Rome's advancement. He made a great feast in honor of Poseidon whom the Latins called Neptune, and to this he invited the neighboring Sabines, their wives and daughters.

The feast was held without the city walls, and as such occasions in Italy as in Greece, were always regarded as sacred, and the people engaging in them laid aside for the time all quarreling and fighting, the Sabines came unarmed to the festival, bringing their wives and daughters as requested. Games of strength and skill were usually celebrated at the festivals of the gods, and when the Sabines had become deeply interested in these, at a given signal the young Romans among the spectators rushed among their guests, each seized a Sabine maiden in his arms and carried her into the city, which now had walls and a fortress on the Capitoline hill.

The insulted and angry Sabine warriors went home, but soon returned with their weapons, determined to give battle to the audacious Romans, but the latter would not come out of the city and the former could not get in. Having no machines to batter down the walls, the Sabines had little hope of taking the city, and the Romans felt perfectly safe in their stronghold.

The Sabines carried great bronze shields, and wore glittering rings of metal upon their arms. Tarpeia, the daughter of the commander of the fortress saw the

shining ornaments upon the brawny arms of the besiegers and coveted them. Finally she made a bargain with the Sabines, promising to open the gates of the fortress if they would give her "what they wore on their left arms," meaning of course the golden bracelets.

The besiegers agreed to her terms and she opened the gates, whereupon the Sabines threw not only their golden bracelets but their great shields upon Tarpeia who was crushed to death beneath their weight, thus rewarding the treachery of which they were nevertheless glad to avail themselves.

A fierce battle was waged the next day in the valley between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills. The captive Sabine women, who had grown to love their Roman husbands, finally rushed between the two armies and pleaded that the fight might be stopped. It was done, and a great feast was celebrated on the anniversary of the peace for centuries afterward, and for centuries, too, when a Roman maid was married, her bridegroom pretended to carry her by force from her friends, as the Sabine women were, although the Romans were not the only people who practiced a ceremony of this kind, for many savage and half civilized nations either take their brides forcibly or pretend to do so.

The Sabines and Romans united under the name of Romanii, the former dwelling on the Capitoline and the latter on the Palatine Hill, and meeting to transact State affairs in the valley between the two which came to be known as the Forum. Romulus and Titus Tatius, the Sabine king, reigned together over the people for five years, then the Sabine king was killed in battle and Romulus became sole ruler.

Seven and thirty years Romulus lived as king of the Romans, and it was he who established the Senate and laid the foundation of the State, showing himself in war and peace so much wiser and more favored by the gods than men are wont to be, that when he suddenly disappeared it was said and believed that he was carried up to heaven as we are told Elijah was, although it is more than likely that the Senators murdered him and concealed his corpse.

Romulus left the people of Rome divided into two great classes, the Patricians, who were Romans, Etruscans and Sabines, who were considered true citizens, and who had the right to vote, and the Plebians, who were refugees and the people of conquered towns. Each of the three tribes of Patricians was divided into ten divisions or *curiæ*, and then thirty *curiæ* formed the *countra curiata* or assembly of the people, and three hundred of the Patricians were chosen for their age and wisdom to form the Senate.

Romulus organized the army into a Legion to which each tribe sent a thousand foot, and a hundred mounted soldiers, and when he completed all of his great work vanished from the eyes of men.

From the very first Rome made conquered people citizens, and it was in following that plan that the State in time became so powerful. From the very first too, the wisdom and patriotism of the Senate restricted the power of the king and gave the people liberties that otherwise they would not have enjoyed.

After the death of Romulus, Rome was governed a year by the Senate, then the crown was offered to the wise Numa Pompilius, a Sabine who was learned in the laws and religion of the Greeks. Those who know nothing of the duties of royalty may think that it is a very fine thing to be a king, and imagine that sitting upon a golden throne, dressed in rich garments and wearing a crown, or feasting at gorgeous banquets, and listening to the flattery of courtiers are the chief engagements of



monarchs, but it is a question whether all the splendor with which the mightiest throne of earth is surrounded can repay a good man for the heavy cares and responsibilities which he would feel as the head of a nation.

Numa was a good man, and one not to be tempted by wealth and what the world calls honor, and he would not consent to leave the peaceful happiness of his home, for the labor of governing a people already restless, warlike and hard to curb, until he saw that by sacrificing his own inclinations for a quiet life he might be able to perform a great work for mankind. He accepted the crown, and in his long and peaceful reign taught the Romans how to worship the gods, with prayers and feasts, did away with human sacrifices and ordained a special class of priests, separating that office from the kingly, for Romulus had been the priest as well as the king of the Romans.

It was Numa who built the temple to Janus, the double-faced god who was supposed to preside over the beginnings of all things, and whose name has come down to us in January, the beginning month of the year. This temple was between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, and we are told that once when an army was advancing against Rome, the god sent a stream of water rushing from the doors of the temple which swept away and drowned the enemy. Ever thereafter in time of war the doors of the temple of Janus stood open that the god might come to the aid of Rome, although we are not told that he ever again did so, and in time of peace they were closed. Through the doors of this temple the Roman armies marched forth to war, and through them they entered the city, and only at rare intervals and for a short time were the gates of the temple closed, for Rome, like other great States was cradled and nourished in war.

When the good Numa died at a ripe old age, Tullus Hostilius, a Roman who loved war as Numa had loved peace, was made king. Alba Longa had become jealous of the growing power of Rome, and when Tullus provoked a quarrel with the Albans, they advanced against Rome, dug a trench about the city and prepared to besiege it.

Tullus came out with his army and offered battle, but when the two armies faced each other for the fray, the Alban leader made a speech in which he placed before the Albans and Romans the folly of weakening each other by war, so that both would be at the mercy of surrounding tribes. He set forth the fact that the Romans and the Albans were of the same blood, and should be at peace, suggesting that the quarrel now between them should be settled, not by a great battle but by a fight between champions from both armies.

The Romans agreed to this, and selected the three brothers Horatii, strong and valiant warriors, to uphold the valor of Rome, while the Albans chose three equally brave and powerful champions, also brothers, the Curatii, to vindicate their cause.

In the sight of the two armies the Horatii and Curatii advanced to the combat. At the first onset two of the Horatii fell, and a great shout went up from the Alban lines, when the third turned and fled as if for his life toward the Roman army, that abashed and ashamed looked on what seemed defeat and disgrace. When the Curatii were widely separated in pursuit, the fleeing champion turned, slew them one by one, and stripping from the bodies their robes and taking their shields as trophies, returned to his comrades in triumph.

As the victor went back into the city bearing the spoil so bravely won he was met by his sister Horatia who loved one of the Curatii and had herself embroidered



Oath of the Horatii.

row, whose brother had robbed her of her dearest possession, next to life itself, and now robbed her of that. The Senate therefore did right in condemning the murderer to death, but the people to whom he appealed refused to allow him to be punished. Soon afterward the Albans were suspected of being traitors and their city was destroyed, the people being given homes in Rome.

Tullus was struck by lightning, the old chronicles tell us, and Ancus Marcius, grandson of Numa, was proclaimed king. He was a warrior as well as a statesman, conquering many Latin towns and bringing their people to Rome, making wise laws to add to those of Numa which he caused to be written upon a white board and set up in the Forum where the people might read them. Ancus revived the religious rites which Tullus had neglected, built the gloomy Mamertine prison under the Capitoline Hill, whose dungeons are still objects of interest in Rome, fortified the Janiculum Hill on the left bank of the Tiber and constructed a wooden bridge across the stream. For thirty years he ruled Rome, and when he died the Romans were just beginning to be a commercial people.

During the reign of Tullus, Cypselus overthrew the nobles of Corinth and made himself tyrant of the renowned Greek city. Many of these nobles found it neither safe nor pleasant to remain in Corinth under the new order of things and left Greece to settle in the flourishing Greek cities on the coast of Italy or in Sicily. One such noble, Demartus by name, a rich Corinthian merchant, accompanied by his slaves, relatives and several Greek artists and sculptors emigrated from Corinth and found a new home in the Etruscan city of Tarquinii where he married, after a while, a noble Etruscan lady.

His son Lucomio inherited his great wealth and also married an Etruscan lady, but in spite of the fact that his mother was an Etruscan and he had spent most of his life in Tarquinii, Lucomio was considered a foreigner, and could not hope to gain in Tarquinii any power, so he decided to remove to Rome where foreigners were welcomed and might rise to a high place in the State. His servants and his wealth

the robe which her brother had stripped from her lover's dead body. When she saw the trophy she shrieked and wept reproaching Horatius with the sorrow he had brought upon her. Enraged by her grief the haughty youth struck her dead with his dagger saying "So perish any Roman woman who laments a foe," which sounds very heroic indeed, and nearly makes us forget that the "foe" in this case was a blood cousin, life-long friend and lover and the "Roman woman" was a beautiful and innocent girl giving way to a natural expression of sor-



formed a considerable caravan which created quite a sensation, no doubt, as Tarquin and his wife Tanaquil leisurely journeyed to Rome followed by a long train of household goods, clients, friends and slaves. Tanaquil, it is said, could read the signs and omens, and these indicated that Lucomus was to become great in Rome, thus when he settled himself in an elegant house, his first care was to bring himself to the notice of Ancus. It was not long before he was very popular in Rome, he changed his name to Lucius Tarquinius, and the king was his firm friend, even naming him as his successor in place of his own sons.

The story of Tarquin, like other legends of Rome does not agree with history. For instance, the legend says that when Ancus died and Tarquin became king, about 611 B. C., that he conquered the Etruscans who sent him a golden crown, a sceptre, an ivory chair, a purple toga, an embroidered tunic and an axe tied with a bundle of rods, and from that day forward, those were signs of power. History is inclined to believe that the Etruscans conquered Rome about this time, and placed the Tarquins on the throne, and that the Romans invented the story they told about Tanaquil, predicting his greatness and his being named by Ancus as his successor, because they disliked to admit that their ancestors had been conquered by the Etruscans.

Tarquin was a great warrior who brought many captives to the city, compelling them to labor on the public works, for he was a builder too. He drained the Forum and enclosed it with porticos, fortified the hills with stone walls, constructed a great sewer which even now is a wonder, and commenced the famous temple upon the Capitoline hill.

These improvements cost a great deal of money, and it may have been to quiet the murmurs of the people that Tarquin amused them with games in the Circus Maximus, which he greatly enlarged, bringing fine horses from his native country to perform in it, and his long reign of forty years was a season of prosperity and progress for Rome.

There is a legend that has come down to us of the next king of Rome, which has often been repeated. It tells us that when Tarquin was in the height of his successful career, one of his servants saw a clear, bright flame playing about the head of a child, the son of a slave, who lay asleep upon the portico of the palace. The servant was about to throw water on the flame, when Tanaquil seeing in it an omen, refused to allow the little lad to be disturbed, and told to her husband the singular circumstance, interpreting the omen that the child was destined to a great future.

Tarquin thereafter took the boy, Servius Tullus, under his care, reared him as a royal prince, and gave him his daughter in marriage. When Tarquin died (killed we are told by the sons of Ancus who had nursed their wrath against him all the forty years of his reign) Servius became king, and although he may have been the son of a slave, he was as truly royal as any prince of the blood. He had always a sympathy with the Plebeians, and cared little that the proud Patricians relished his laws for the relief of the down-trodden Plebs as little, as they enjoyed being ruled by a man sprung from the common people.

Servius had the first census of the people taken, and when he found that there were eighty-three thousand, all told, upon the seven hills, he made a new division of the tribes, that gave the Plebeians more power. He also divided the Plebs, outside the city into tribes, and had a careful list written of property.

He made a law which provided that any Plebeian who possessed a hundred thousand Ases, about fifteen hundred dollars, might be enrolled among the Patri-



cians and have a vote. The As was the Roman one cent, and we get our word ace, which as you probably know is the single spot on playing cards, from the old Roman word, while the common expression "he came within an ace of doing this or that," dates back to that old law of Servius Tullus. Thus you see that a word may outlast a nation, and that language is a more lasting monument than mighty towers, palaces and temples. Servius also caused laws to be made which regulated the kind of arms and armor the different classes who served in the Legion, should wear. When all his reforms were finished, there was a solemn ceremony, the first of many such, celebrated on the Campus Martius, the plain above the city where all the warlike exercises of the Romans were held. The different classes, all armed according to the new law and carrying their several standards, passed in review before the king. They were then all purified by water, and while the priests burned a pig, an ox and a sheep on a great altar, throwing spices into the flame, the trumpets were blown, wine

was poured on the ground as an offering to the gods, and all the people lifted up their prayers for the happiness and glory of Rome, and such a "lustrum," as it was called was performed every five years for many centuries.

By his wisdom and services to his country Servius gained the love of his people and even the patricians were reconciled, but he had an enemy in his own household who at last showed him no mercy.

It is said that Servius had two daughters who married the two sons of Tarquin, but here there must be some mistake, for if Servius was the son-in-law of Tarquin, his daughters would therefore have married their uncles which the early Romans would hardly have done. Perhaps the legend is mistaken in saying that Servius married Tarquin's daughter. At any rate it is said that one daughter Tullia was ambitious and cruel, while her husband was gentle and virtuous, and the other daughter was amiable and good and married to the Tarquin who was as ambitious as was Tullia.

After killing her husband and her sister, Tullia married Lucius Tarquinius, her brother-in-law, and began to urge him to depose her father. Heart-broken on account of these domestic tragedies, poor Servius would have given the government over to the people to save them from the tyranny of the wicked pair who aspired to the throne, but Lucius Tarquin was determined to seize upon the royal power.

He appeared before the Senate and in a bitter speech he called the king "a slave and son of a slave," declared that Servius was on the point of handing the city over to the Plebs, and when he had finished, seated himself upon the throne. News was carried to Servius of his son-in-law's action, and he hurried to the Senate chamber. Lucius met him on the steps and grasping him about the waist hurled him upon the stone pavement. Bruised and bleeding the gray-haired king was painfully making his way homeward, when some of the followers of Lucius set upon him, killed him and left his body lying where it fell.

Tullia hearing of what had happened came out in her chariot to congratulate her husband upon his success, but was sternly ordered home by Tarquin who seems to have been somewhat less brutal than his fierce wife. Returning by another



street her charioteer saw the dead body of the king lying in the way. Horror stricken at the sight he checked the horses, but the cruel Tullia snatched the reins from his hands and drove over the corpse of her father, his blood spattering her robe. The Senate extolled the awful deed as patriotism, but her name has been execrated to all time and the street that witnessed the death of Servius was called ever afterward "the wicked street." Thus Lucius Tarquinius, called Tarquin, the Proud, was made king, 534 B. C., and, continuing the legend, he was a haughty monarch indeed. Like his father, a great builder, he was so exacting with the laborers upon the public works that they often committed suicide to escape his wrath. He not only plundered conquered people to add to the splendors of the capital, but took to himself what suited his royal pleasure from among his subjects.



Roman Dwelling

It was while Tarquin was king that a prophetess or sibyl from the old Greek city of Cumea in Magna Græcia, came to him and offered him, for a certain sum of money, nine books in which she declared that the destinies of Rome and the world were written. Tarquin would not buy them, for the sibyl refused to let him examine them, so she took her precious books away, burned three, and coming again to the king asked the same sum for the remaining six. Again Tarquin refused, and again the sibyl took the books away and returning with the remaining three still asked the same sum. Fearing to refuse what might after all be of great value, Tarquin bought them and they were placed in a vault under the Capitoline hill. In time of danger these books were solemnly opened and consulted by the priests, who read, or pretended they did, advice therein about the course the Senate and people should follow. Of course there was no way of finding out whether there was anything really written in the mysterious volumes, for nobody but the priests were allowed to look at them, and the cleverest witch that ever lived could not have foreseen the dangers to which the Roman State was to be exposed nor give sound advice as to the best means of averting them.

Tarquin hated the Plebeians and took away from them all the privileges Servius had bestowed upon them, on which account they no doubt returned his hatred with interest. He caused all his relatives, who might give him trouble about the murder of Servius to be put to death, sparing only his nephew, Lucius Junius Brutus, who seemed so dull and stupid that he was hardly worth killing.

Brutus had, in fact, pretended to be an idiot because he feared to fall a victim to the king's cruelty. Once when Tarquin offered a sacrifice upon the royal altar, a snake crawled out from under the floor of the palace and ate the flesh that had been dedicated to the god. The guilty-minded king of course thought this an omen, and sent his two sons to Delphi with rich gifts to find out what it meant.

Brutus asked to go also, and in his assumed character of an idiot, took a wooden cane to give to the priestess. The cane was however hollow, and filled with gold, and the oracle thus richly bribed secretly told Brutus the meaning of the reply she gave to Tarquin's sons. She told them that Tarquin the Proud would lose his

kingdom, and the one of the questioners who should first kiss his mother should rule after him. This seemed to bar out Brutus, whose mother Tullia had murdered, and the three hastened back to Rome. When they entered the city Brutus pretended to fall, and secretly kissing the earth, the common mother of all, bided the fulfillment of the oracle, which was near at hand.

The Roman army was encamped at Ardea when the three sons of Tarquin and their cousin, Collatinus, fell into a dispute concerning their respective wives, each man claiming that his spouse was the fairest, most sensible and virtuous of her sex. To decide the matter they made an unexpected call upon the matrons who were the subjects of the controversy, accompanied by several of their friends. The three princesses were found dressed in their best, their locks twined with garlands, feasting with gay companions, but Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, was sitting with her maid-servant's spinning. Sextus, one of the sons of Tarquin was much impressed with the beauty and modesty of his cousin's wife and at the same time jealous of her fame as the most sensible of the matrons whose qualities were subjects of dispute. He soon found an excuse for going to Collatia, where Lucretia lived, and because he was her husband's relative, Lucretia treated him as an honored guest. In the still midnight when all the household was asleep, the vile Sextus stole from his apartment to that of his hostess, and did her a deadly wrong, threatening her with disgrace if she betrayed him. Then he went back to the camp at Ardea.

In an agony of shame Lucretia sent for her father, Lucretius, and her husband, Brutus and Volumnius accompanied Collatinus and his father-in-law to Collatia, all wondering what the urgent summons might mean. Dressed in deep mourning and almost frantic with grief Lucretia appeared before them, related what had happened and plunging a dagger into her heart fell dead at her husband's feet. Brutus was filled with horror at the sight of the tragedy and the despair of Collatinus. Drawing the bloody dagger from the victim's breast he held it aloft, and calling upon the gods to witness his vow, he swore a solemn oath to revenge the innocent Lucretia and to follow Tarquin, Tullia and all their race with fire and sword. He swore also that tyranny should end in Rome and called down destruction upon any who should dare assume the title and the power of king. The bloody dagger was passed from hand to hand and the oath repeated. The four friends thus bound in solemn compact then lifted Lucretia's body, and bearing it to the Forum of Collatia laid it all bloody and ghastly where the people might see. Brutus told those who gathered to look upon the pitiful sight the story of Lucretia's wrongs. He reminded them of the cruel death of good and gentle Servius, and denounced the blood-thirsty Tarquins to the wrath of heaven.

Headed by Brutus the people of Collatia marched to Rome, and a vast multitude gathered in the Forum to learn what the excitement portended. To these listening thousands Brutus retold the tale of the dead matron with such eloquence and pathos that they were moved to the wildest excitement. When he ended by repeating his vow and calling for vengeance upon the Tarquins, a shout of approval greeted the demand. The citizens then assembled upon the Campus Martius and decreed that henceforth forever no king should rule in Rome, and declared it lawful to slay any person who proclaimed himself king, or who took upon himself royal authority.

Sextus fled to a city that he had sometime before treacherously given over to the Romans, having entered it pretending to desert his country, and asking protection from his father's wrath. The people rose up and killed the false wretch, and would



have been equally glad to thus dispose of Tullia, Tarquin and their whole brood, but they had sought safety in Etruria. Brutus and Collatinus were made Consuls and the Republic began its career that day on the Campus Martius when kings were done away, but there were those among the patricians who were dissatisfied when the Senate, which had been reduced greatly under Tarquin, was restored to its original size of three hundred. They were even more discontented when the laws Servius made were again put in force and secretly plotted to bring Tarquin back. The plot was made in a certain house whose owner was suspected of treason and constantly watched by secret spies. One such spy overheard the plan and caused the plotters to be brought before the Consuls in the Comitium. To the surprise and sorrow of Brutus, his two beloved sons were among the conspirators. The stern patriot con-



Brutus Condemns His Sons to Death.

demned them to death with the others and they were executed before his eyes. Tarquin next induced the Etruscans to give him an army. Valerius had become Consul by the resignation of Collatinus, and he and Brutus led the Romans against the advancing foe. Tarquin met them at Arisia, and in the battle that followed the Romans gained the victory although they lost Brutus who fell by the hand of Tarquin's son, and was mourned a whole year by the Roman matrons.

Another great Etruscan army, led by king Porsena, came against Rome, took the Janiculum Hill, and, driving the dismayed and defeated Romans across the wooden bridge built by Ancus Marcius, would have forced their way into the city had it not been for brave Horatius Cocles.

This valiant warrior with a stout soldier on either side of him, kept the Etruscans at bay while the Romans with frantic haste hewed and hacked at the supports of the bridge. When it tottered and was about to fall, his two companions rushed across, but Horatius still fronted the enemy, beating them back until a crashing of

timbers and the shouts of joy from the Romans assured him that the bridge was down, then, with a prayer to the rolling Tiber to bear him safely, all armored as he was, Horatius sprang into the stream. The arrows of the foe fell about him in showers but he swam steadily forward and reached the shore in safety. The Romans never forgot daring Horatius, and to this day the school boys of every civilized land love to relate the tale of

"How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old."

Porsena laid siege to the city, and moved by the distress of the citizens Mucius Scaevola determined to find some way of getting into the Etruscan camp and killing Porsena. Fortune favored him and he succeeded in penetrating to the very presence of the king, as he supposed, and stabbed him. Fearing some such fate Porsena had dressed his treasurer in his royal robes, and Mucius had slain him. The young Roman was seized and brought before Porsena. The king demanded the names of those who had helped Mucius to enter the Etruscan camp. Mucius refused to give them, and when the king threatened him with torture to make him confess, Mucius thrust his right arm into an altar fire that was burning near by and held it there until it was a burned and blackened stump.

Porsena was amazed at the Roman's firmness and gave him his liberty. When Mucius afterward told him that three hundred Roman youths as brave as himself had sworn to accomplish his death, Porsena hastened to make peace with Rome.

It was the custom in those days when a peace was made between two powers, to give as pledges some of the noblest citizens of each nation into the keeping of the other. These pledges were called hostages, and among those given by the Romans was Clœlia, a noble and beautiful maiden. Clœlia escaped from the Etruscan camp one wild and stormy night, swam the Tiber and reached her home, but the Romans sent her back the next day. Porsena was filled with admiration for the courage of the maid, and gave her liberty, so runs the pretty legend. There are many stories of this Etruscan war that are full of romance, but the story the Romans loved best to hear was that of the battle of Lake Regillus.

Tarquin secured the aid of a league of thirty Latin cities to restore him to the throne, and the Romans appointed for the first time a dictator, or general, who for a certain time had supreme power, and could do anything he thought best for the State. The Romans met the allied army of the foe at Lake Regillus and offered battle.

Most ancient battles began with single combats, and then the fighting became general. At Lake Regillus, Tarquin and the dictator fought a round, then the Latin dictator and Roman master of horse exchanged blows, and finally the two armies encountered. The Romans were almost discouraged when two tall and beautiful strangers, mounted on snow white horses and clad in shining armor, were seen fighting in their ranks, dealing blows which scattered the foe like chaff before the flail. The word passed from lip to lip, that these were the gods Castor and Pollux, sons of Jupiter and Leda who had long been worshipped in Greece and Italy. The Latins had not the courage to war against the immortals. They broke and fled, Rome was saved and Tarquin's hope gone. That night two stately riders, their horses and armor covered with dust and blood rode through the streets of Rome, and dismount-



ing at the well near the temple of Vesta, washed off the traces of battle, telling as they did so of the great victory.

"And straight again they mounted  
And rode to Vesta's door  
Then, like a blast, away they passed,  
And no man saw them more."

All these things are said to have happened 509 B. C., about the time Hippias, the tyrant was driven from Athens, but whether we are to believe the legends or not, we know that the republic was established after seven kings had reigned in Rome and about two hundred and forty-five years from the date of the founding of the city.

For many years after the Tarquins were expelled there were struggles within the city between the patricians and plebeians, and foes without that must be conquered. The task of subjecting her enemies was as often undertaken for the sake of booty as in self-defense, for Rome was so situated on her hills, distant from the sea and protected by the Tiber and by low-lying marshy land about her hills as to be in little danger of a long continued siege.

You must remember that from sea to sea was but a hundred miles and Rome was so placed that by separating her enemies on the north from those on the south they could not unite against her. Yet she had some powerful enemies near at hand. Etruria was just across the Tiber, and Veii, Ardea and Cære, hostile cities with strong citadels, were not a score of miles away.

At the beginning of the republic, the city of Rome was nearly as old as our own New York now is, but it was not at all imposing. True, there were some magnificent public buildings and temples, but the homes of the people were insignificant enough. Most of them contained an open vestibule, and a porter's lodge with a single low, mean, windowless apartment, which had a hole in the roof to let out the smoke and let in the rain which was gathered in a cistern. This was the family living room, where cooking, eating and sleeping had their seasons. The rich had separate bedrooms, dining-rooms and perhaps some means of heating them in cold, damp weather, but the masses of the people hardly knew the meaning of domestic comforts. Their habits, too, were rude and simple. They ate one warm meal a day, kept their persons and clothing clean, but cared nothing for books or art. The women performed their household work side by side with their slaves, and virtue and filial reverence were practical piety. The worship of the Romans was much like that of the Greeks. In the days of Romulus, Vesta, Pales and the Lares and Penates or household gods, were the chief objects of ordinary devotion, while Jupiter and Neptune were publicly invoked, but Here whom they called Juno, Athene or Minerva, Hermes or Mercury, Aphrodite or Venus, and the other dieties of Greece, were now universally known and honored.

During the reign of the last three kings, the Plebeians, who had of course increased greatly in numbers, had been constantly growing poorer. When they were called upon to fight Rome's wars, they were obliged to leave their crops to spoil in the fields, to be carried off by robbers, or destroyed by the enemy, and were not paid



Roman Ladies and Slave.



anything for their services in the army. When they were allowed to return to their homes, they were obliged to borrow money from the Patricians at a high rate of interest, in order to equip themselves again to till the soil, and woe betide them if the season was unfavorable or anything prevented the payment of the debt.

In Athens before the time of Solon, a debtor could be sold into slavery with all his family, but in Rome in the early days of the republic, his case was even worse. Not only could a debtor and his wife and children be sold as slaves, but nearly all of the rich Patricians had gloomy dungeons built where they could confine their luckless debtors, and starve them to death, cut their living bodies in pieces or do what they would with them. This state of things grew worse during the first twenty years of the republic, and the Plebeians were almost desperate, in the year 495 B. C. At that

time one of the bravest centurians, who had fought and bled for the republic, was thrown into prison for debt. While he had been away from home in his country's service, his house was robbed, his cattle driven away, his crops burned, and to pay his heavy taxes he was obliged to borrow of a Patrician. He could not pay the interest, and lost everything he possessed in the world and was cast into a dungeon where he was most cruelly treated. Finally this unhappy debtor escaped from prison. All ragged and famine-wasted he went out among the people. His grizzled hair hanging over his naked breast upon which seven and twenty scars told the story of his brave deeds for Rome, and his back bleeding from the stripes of the cruel jailer, spoke eloquently of his sufferings as he walked through the most crowded streets of the city, telling again and again the story of his wrongs in words of burning eloquence. The Plebeians were roused to revolt.

The Volscians were almost at the gates of Rome, threatening the city with destruction, and Appius Claudius, the haughty Patrician, was Consul. When he called upon the Plebeians to enroll themselves and go forth against the enemy, they boldly defied him and told him that since the Patricians divided among themselves the lands and plunder of conquered enemies they might fight their own battles. Appius Claudius stormed and threatened and the other Consul, Servilius, coaxed and pleaded, but the Plebs were firm. The Volscians, they said, might take the city if they could, and not for their own safety even, would they strike a single blow, unless the Consuls would solemnly promise to redress their grievances. Of course the Consuls promised everything and of course they meant to break their promise if occasion offered. The Plebs then enlisted, sallied out, defeated the Volscians and came back determined to make the Senate right their wrongs. The Patricians dilly dallied, excused themselves and tried to gain time but the Plebs would stand no trifling. They said again that the Patricians might do their own fighting and to show that they were really in earnest the Plebs all marched out of the city and camped on a neighboring hill.

Now the Patricians were really anxious and alarmed, for should the Volscians or Veilians or any of their numerous enemies learn of their defenceless condition, they might join with the Plebs and take the city. They sent humble messages to the Plebeians and going out to their camp the Senate made a solemn treaty with them which they sealed with prayers and sacrifices. They allowed the Plebs to appoint two Tribunes or leaders, who, no matter what they might say as representatives of



the people could not be punished, and who were to have two Aediles or officers to assist them. These Tribunes were not to be attacked or questioned in the discharge of their duty, and were to be allowed to listen to the deliberations of the Senate—though absurdly enough only at the door and not inside the Senate chamber—and nothing could be done without their consent. They were allowed to veto, or object to anything they did not like.

You will see how these Tribunes could keep the Consuls in check, and how long afterward the very officers who were created as guardians of the liberties of the common people became the tools of empire and made Rome what she afterward became. The Plebs were satisfied with the new order of things and after building an altar to Jupiter on the top of the hill, which ever after was called the Sacred Mount, they marched back to Rome with a clearer idea of their true relation to the State than they ever had before. Two years after this secession of the Plebeians to the Sacred Mount, the Romans were besieging the Volscian town of Corioli. The Volscians made a sally to drive them off but were defeated and retreated behind the walls of their city hotly pursued by the Romans. A Patrician who had gained honors at the battle of Lake Regillus and in many subsequent fights was so eager in the chase that he did not notice that he was actually within the gates until they were shut upon him. Striking down all who stood in his way the warrior reached the gates, flung them open and admitted the Romans, and was called from that time forward Coriolanus. Coriolanus was an extremely haughty man, who, in spite of his bravery, was not a favorite with the people, who would not vote for him when he was a candidate for the Consulship. In revenge for the slight Coriolanus suggested to the Senate in the year 491 B. C., when there was famine in the city that a favorable time had come for humbling the Plebeians. He advised that none of the food which the people of Syracuse had sent to feed the starving people, should be sold or given to the Plebs unless they would promise to give up the treaty they had signed on the Sacred Mount. The Tribunes brought Coriolanus to trial for this offensive advice, and the assembly of the people banished him from Rome. Perhaps Coriolanus had foreseen this result and made it an excuse for a further revenge. He quitted the city in a rage and going over to the Volscian cause, headed an expedition against Rome. The city was not prepared for war and the Senators went out to meet him, but pleaded in vain with Coriolanus to spare the city. When his mother, wife and little children, followed by all the matrons of Rome, came forth, fell at his feet and begged him to turn back, Coriolanus relented and gave the order for retreat. The disappointed and angry Volscians returned to their city, but killed Coriolanus because he failed to perform his promise to lead them to victory, and the Romans built a temple on the spot where their wives and mothers implored his leniency, to remind them for ages of the city's peril and deliverance. About this time, too, Cincinnatus was called from his plow to become dictator, for the Aequians were menacing Rome. At the head of the legions he defeated the foe, then laid aside his power to return to the life of humble toil and poverty whence he came. A few years later Spurius Cassius became Consul. He succeeded in having a law passed that gave the Plebs their just share of the lands and plunder taken from enemies, but the Patricians headed by the Fabians, a powerful noble family, put Spurius to death and refused to carry out his law. The Fabians were consuls for seven years, and once during that time the Plebs threw down their arms in the presence of the enemy and said again that the Patricians might fight their own battles since they



Shoe of Patrician.

had all the rewards of victory. Soon after this Marcus Fabius was elected Consul, and not only favored the cause of the Plebs but attempted to carry out the law of Spurius. For this he was treated with such indignity and scorn by the other Patricians that the whole Fabian clan declared they would no longer live in Rome, and with their friends and clients the Fabians, to the number of 4,306, camped a few miles above Rome, only one of their kin, a delicate little lad too, young to bear the hardships of camp-life, being left behind. For two years the Fabians unaided by Rome

held the Veians in check and protected the ungrateful city, but in the year 477 B. C., they were all killed in a dreadful battle, the solitary little lad in Rome alone remaining to found anew the Fabian house and perpetuate its great deeds. The Plebeians were now without a champion, and for the next twenty-five years the Patricians murdered, robbed and oppressed them, but could not frighten them into silence. The outcry against the laws became so violent that the Senate sent Appius Claudius, the third of that name, and several other public men to Athens to study the workings of the laws of Solon, and when they returned, Lucius Icilius who had done much for the Plebs, and the other Tribune and Consuls were compelled to give up their office.

Ten Patricians were appointed to make new laws, and they satisfied the people so well that they were allowed to remain in office for a year. Appius Claudius was one of these decemvirs, as they were called, and he managed to be continued in office the next year and to have as his associates nine men whom he could bend to his will.

To the laws already made, the new decemvirs added two others which were extremely unjust, but Appius and his haughty followers treated the anger of the people with contempt. There might have been a revolt in Rome had not the Aequians and Sabines just then united in war against the city, and the attention of the Plebeians turned from their own wrongs to the preservation of the State.

Virginius and Dentatus, brave and tried Plebeians, were sent with an army against the foe, and encamped a few miles from the city walls, to oppose their advance.

Now Virginius had a fair innocent daughter, Virginia, who was betrothed to the valiant Icilius. Appius Claudius had seen the maid and admired her beauty. He tried to win her from her lover, but Virginia scorned his advances, so while her father was safely out of the way, the wicked decemvir made a plot to get possession of her. One of his slaves was instructed to lay hold of Virginia as she was upon her way to school and claim her as his daughter. This was done, and although Virginia denied the charge, and declared that there were many people in Rome who had known her from her birth and could bear witness that Virginius was her father, the slave dragged her before the decemvirs when they met as usual that day.

A friend had hurried to Virginius with the tidings of his daughter's danger, but though he hastened to her rescue, he reached the Forum just in time to hear Appius declare her the property of the slave. The father rushed forward, drew the maid aside, and snatching a knife from a butcher's stall near by, plunged it into her breast, crying "thus do I free thee." The fond triumphant smile upon Virginia's face told more plainly than words could have done, that she welcomed death gladly rather than the fate Appius had in store for her. With this smile still on her pale lips, Vir-



ginia died, and her father laid the maiden's form in the arms of Icilius, then raising his hand to heaven called down on Appius an awful curse and left the Forum, the crowd parting before him in silent reverence as though the seal of the gods was upon him. Icilius held up the form of the murdered girl where all might see, and called for vengeance upon Appius. In a little while Virginius and Dentatus marched into Rome with their troops and demanded justice for the Plebs and judgment upon Appius. The common people flocked to them and threatened to leave Rome and build a new city. Upon their demand, the decemvirs were dismissed and Appius thrown into prison, where he died soon after by his own hand. The Consuls and Tribunes were restored, the Plebeians given more power. Thus Virginia, like Lucretia, did not die in vain, and it was the blood of two innocent women that effaced two of the darkest blots upon the pages of Roman liberty.

The city of Veii had been besieged nearly ten years, when in the year 426 B. C., the legends say, the Alban lake suddenly overflowed its banks in the driest season of the year, and spreading far and wide covered fields and meadows. The oracle at Delphi was consulted, and replied that when the lake found a new outlet to the sea, Veii would be taken. The Romans cut a deep channel through the rocky hills, no slight undertaking in those days, and the lake had a new outlet, but still Veii baffled every attempt of the besiegers, until Camillus was made dictator, then the Veiians sent to Rome and asked for peace. The Senate refused to grant it, and it is said a prophet of the Veiians thereupon foretold the downfall of Rome, that eight hundred years afterward occurred. Camillus dug a tunnel under Veii, and through it the Romans entered the city, the people were sold into slavery and their property divided among the Romans.

Soon after Camillus was banished from Rome for some trivial cause, and as he left, it is said, he cursed the ungrateful republic.

Since the days of the Tarquins the Gauls had from time to time descended from Hungary and Bohemia, crossed the Alps and plundered the rich Italian plain. In the year 391 B. C., a fierce Gaulish chieftain, Brennus, led his band into Italy and a hundred years later another Brennus swooped down upon Greece. Clusium was besieged, and sent to Rome imploring aid, but when the Roman Senate sent a messenger to Brennus politely bidding him to let the Clusiumans alone, Brennus returned the reply, whose substance was, that he meant to have some of Clusium's territory and that he cared as little for the objections of the Romans as he did for the wind that blew from his native mountains. When he had plundered Clusium, Brennus and his yellow-haired, fierce-visaged warriors advanced toward Rome, and now the people remembered Camillus and longed for the wisdom and skill of the banished general.

The Gauls were so eager to get to Rome of whose riches they had heard much, that they passed other cities by. The Roman army was drawn up to oppose them at Allia the place where the Fabians fell a hundred years before, but they were so terrified by the savage appearance of the Gauls that they made but a feeble effort to overcome them and those who were unable to retreat to the deserted fortress of Veii or to Rome, were either slain by the enemy or drowned themselves in the Tiber.



Shoe of Paedana.





The fugitives rushed into the city bearing the news of the defeat and the citizens knowing that they could not defend the walls, seized their valuables and fled to the capitol which they fortified, making no attempt to save the city. All this was disgraceful enough and we would like to believe the story they afterward told that the old Senators dressed themselves in their best togas and going to the Forum, calmly seated themselves and awaited the coming of the Gauls. The barbarians, they said, entered the city and curiously looked about them. At first they thought the gray-haired, stern-featured men sitting as impassively as graven images were gods. Finally one burly savage put out his hand to stroke the snow-white beard of an aged Senator. The proud Roman struck him to earth with his ivory staff. The enraged Gauls then fell upon them, murdered them every one and began to plunder and burn the city. Camillus was in exile at Veii, the tale continues, and would not come to the rescue of Rome until the Senators and Patricians shut up in the capitol sent him a written request to do so. They were nearly surrounded by the Gauls, those besieged Patricians, and could get no message to Camillus until a certain brave youth named Manlius, at the risk of his life clambered down the steep side of the Tarpeian rock, swam the Tiber, and reached Veii in safety bearing to Camillus the written commission. The Gauls discovered Manlius' descent and decided to go up the way he came down. The sentinel whose duty it was to guard that side of the capitol did not dream any one would try to scale the steep sides of the cliff, and slept at his post while the Gauls climbed stealthily up. They had nearly gained the height when the sacred geese in the temple of Juno uttered their cry, the garrison was roused and the foremost Gaul was hurled upon the heads of his companions who fell bruised and bleeding to the foot of the rock. Seeing that they could not take the Capitoline, the Gauls settled down to besiege it, thinking to starve the Romans into surrender. The heat of the southern sun could ill be borne by the northern barbarians, the dust and ashes from the ruins of the city blew into their faces, they sickened with fever and wearied with delay. At length they promised to leave Rome if the citizens would give them a large sum of money. The Romans were glad to be quit of the Gauls at almost any price, so the scales were brought out to weigh the money. While this was being done the Romans saw that Brennus was cheating and asked what he meant by so doing. The reply of Brennus needed no explanation. He cast his sword into the scale and cried "Woe to the vanquished." For centuries after the invading Gauls were dust and their first raid upon Rome was told only in song and story those fateful words were heard above the din of arms and cries of the dying on many a bloody field.

"Woe to the vanquished!" Suddenly Camillus stands beside Brennus his army at his back. "It is not with gold but with sharp steel Rome pays such debts," he cries, and scatters the gold upon the ground and falls upon the Gauls driving them out of Rome and far back toward their native land.

Alas for the dear old legends! They have every element of fact but one—truth, for Rome was not only burned by the Gauls 390 B. C., but was ruled by them until they chose to return to their homes, and Manlius we are afraid did not descend the rock nor swim the Tiber, and Camillus did not appear with his army until the Gauls had gone of their own accord, and did no more heroic thing than to persuade the Romans not to desert the site of their once proud city but rebuild it from the ruins of Veii. It is to the Gauls we owe many of the most beautiful legends of early Rome, for the Gauls destroyed the historical records, if there were any such, and left the



imagination of the poets to construct heroes and heroic events on a foundation of remembered fact but untrammelled by real history. Rome made a new start, but the same old quarrel between the Plebeians and Patricians went fiercely on, while her enemies without harrassed her on every hand, jealous of her growing power. The venerable Camillus was more than once called upon to interfere in the cause of peace, but it was not until the year before his death, which occurred B. C. 365, that the Plebs and Patricians settled their difficulties and came to terms. That year the plague raged, and among other things done to propitiate the gods, stage plays were introduced into Rome. These plays were poor, silly trash, and a god must have had very bad taste indeed to have looked with favor upon them. At one time it is said the Tiber, disgusted it was thought with the play and actors, left its banks and invaded the theatre, half drowning and wholly frightening the audience, so we cannot conclude that the theatre was a great success, and certainly the stage plays had far less effect upon the plague, though presented with much magnificence, than a few able-bodied scavengers could have accomplished in a short space of time, for Rome in those days, like some of the American cities in our own, was sadly filthy.

It was about this time that a story which in different forms had been told for centuries, was revived, and religiously believed by the Romans. It is said that suddenly a great hole yawned in the Forum, and unlike most caverns, this seemed to have no bottom. The stones and earth thrown into it by the ton, at once disappeared from view, but the hole remained as large as ever. Of course the inexhaustible oracle, who must have had a well-balanced mind to stand the strain of all the absurd questions put to it, was consulted as to the best way of filling the chasm, and replied that the best possession of Rome must be thrown into the hole and then it would close. Not knowing what this "best possession" might be, everyone brought what he considered best, but still the hole remained open, although statues of the gods, gold, jewels, precious books and other things had been flung into it. At last Marcus Curtius declared that the life of Rome's bravest man was her best treasure, and mounting his war-horse in full armor, he urged his steed to the brink of the yawning gulf and made him spring with him into the depths, whereupon it instantly closed over him. Now Marcus Curtius was right in saying this, and we would far rather believe the legend than the prosaic fact claimed by modern historians, who declare that the true story is, that during the consulship of Mettus Curtius, the earth in the Forum was struck by lightning, or cracked by an earthquake, and there was great difficulty in closing the rift, but that it was successfully filled in after much labor.

After the defeat of the Gauls in the year 390 B. C., Rome conquered, little by little, all the country about her nearly to Naples, but the Gauls again descended upon Italy in 349, and the long struggle with them, which lasted fifty years, was begun. The Samnites, too, were made subjects and aided Rome, in the war with the barbarians. While Alexander was conquering the far East Rome was establishing firmly her power in Italy. It was not until the year 283 B. C., that Rome finally conquered both the Etruscans and Gauls, but in that year a valiant Fabius, descended from the puny child saved so long ago to the Fabian house, broke the power of those two formidable enemies of the young republic. Now, again for the first time in nearly



a hundred years, the people of Rome oppressed by debt and tyrannized over by the Senate, rose up in their wrath and did a mighty deed, but a peaceful one. They abolished the veto of the Senate, declared the will of the people law, limited the land ownership, gave to every poor man a small tract sufficient for his support, and made a practical declaration of independence.

It was three years after this that the angry waves of the Mediterranean dashed to pieces the ship of a warrior-king who was sailing toward Southern Italy, and washed him on the shores of the peninsula half dead with exposure. This man we already know something about, for he was Pyrrhus of Epirus, who ruled over a mountainous state of Northwestern Greece and who dreamed of going forth to conquer the world like his great kinsman Alexander.

He had conquered, for the time being, the king of Macedon, and had set out, followed by a great army to subdue the Romans. The Greek city of Tarentum had great faith in Pyrrhus and when the Romans sent to the Tarentines and asked payment for some of their fleet which they had destroyed, (for Rome had now for thirty years or more possessed ships of war and commerce,) the Tarentines insulted the ambassadors sent by the Roman Senate and they returned home in great anger.

For this outrage Rome did not at once demand satisfaction but the people of Tarentum were eager for war and called on Pyrrhus to help them fight the city that had conquered nearly all of the Italians and stood a fair chance of conquering the Greek cities too.

Pyrrhus had only wanted a pretext to enter Italy, and now he had it. Beyond Italy lay Sicily, Spain and Carthage, and he thought that when once Rome was brought low, all of these would fall into his hands.

With his elephants, strange terrible beasts that frightened the horses of the Roman cavalry to that degree that they were utterly unmanageable, he gained a single victory over the Romans, but that honor cost him so dear that he sent to Rome declaring he would leave Italy forthwith if the Romans would promise not to punish Tarentum and the other Greek cities that had helped him with troops. The Senate was about to agree to his terms when blind Appius Claudius, a descendant of the great Claudian family of the old day, groped his way to the Senate-house and in a thrilling speech called upon the conscript fathers to vindicate Roman honor and refuse to treat with an armed enemy.

Moved by the eloquence of the blind orator, Rome sent a message to Pyrrhus telling him that when he had removed his army from Italy the Senate would treat with him. Pyrrhus then advanced toward Rome burning and destroying as he went, but when he learned that the Etruscans had made peace with the Romans, he quickly turned about and marched back again to Tarentum.

The next year a battle was fought in which Pyrrhus gained no advantage, and he arranged a truce with Rome in order that he might help the Greeks in Sicily against Carthage. For two years he remained there, but returned 276 B. C., to aid the Greek cities in Italy. He was baffled as before in his designs against Rome and with the bitterness of defeat in his proud soul, returned to Macedon to die an ignoble death in the streets of Argos.

Carthage had been friendly to Rome for a long time, and in the second battle with Pyrrhus had offered help to the Romans which they had the good sense to decline. Now, when it became known that Rome had actually conquered Pyrrhus alone and unaided, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Pharaoh of Egypt, made a friendly treaty

with the republic, and foreign nations showed it great respect. Indeed Rome was now the mistress of all Italy, was rich, great and prosperous, but away in the south-west, across the blue Mediterranean, a cloud was gathering that soon over-shadowed Spain, Carthage and Italy, and plunged Rome into a struggle for existence that was long, bloody and doubtful.

I have told you in the story of Carthage how some hired Campanian soldiers, whom by the way, the Romans had driven from Italy some six years before because they were such villianous robbers, seized the town of Messana, and calling themselves Mamertines, or sons of the war-god, killed and drove out the people. Hiero, king of Syracuse soon brought these professional bandits to such straits that they were obliged to ask for help, and quarreling among themselves, one party resolved to ask Carthage for aid, while the other sent ambassadors to Rome.

You will remember that Carthage had for centuries held all the western half of Sicily, some of the northern part and was anxious to conquer the Greek cities and possess the whole island. The Carthaginians came therefore very willingly to aid the Mamertines and the Romans found Messana already garrisoned by Carthage when they arrived there.

Now the Romans had tasted conquest, and although Hiero had always been their friend they had few conscientious qualms about fighting him. They drove both him and the Carthaginians away from Messana and protected the murderous Mamertines as zealously as though they were the most virtuous citizens in the world and then proceeded to take their pay for their righteous services out of the unoffending Greek cities.

They took Agrigentum and placed in it a Roman garrison and colony of soldiers, conquered also many other Sicilian towns, and to fight the Carthaginians on the seas built in two months one hundred and thirty clumsy vessels of green wood, as I have told you, and at Mylæ gained a great naval victory.

We may be sure the Roman people rejoiced at the news from Sicily. They made a great celebration in honor of the victory and set up a column all decked with ships' prows in the Forum. After a few more years of war Marcus Atilius Regulus was sent from Sicily to land an immense Roman army in Africa. The brave Carthaginian Hamlicar Barca met the Roman fleet near Cape Ecnomus, and after another sea-battle in which Rome was again victor the Romans entered Africa. That land which was so near, that we think it no distance at all, was to them as full of mystery as the Far East is to us, and beside was so peopled with legendary monsters and horrors that the Romans would not have been greatly surprised had they been confronted by an army of the headless men, or other creatures, described by some of their travellers. They were for some time busy in conquering the coast cities, captured great numbers of prisoners and sent ship loads of plunder home to Rome.

Finally Regulus sent word to the Senate that he had taken Tunis and the Carthaginians shut up in their city, were suing for peace. The Senate, confident that Regulus would soon take Carthage, called home twenty thousand of his men and sent such hard terms to the African city that it gave up all idea of submission.

It was then that Xantippus and his bold companions from Sparta came on this stage of war, and B. C. 255, after careful drilling the Carthaginians risked a battle, cut the Romans army to pieces and made Regulus prisoner. Five years brave Regulus lay in a Carthaginian dungeon before he was sent back to Rome bearing



the terms of peace. He performed his mission, then bravely urged his people to fight Carthage to the last, and went back to Africa to prison and a cruel death.

Four years longer the war dragged on, Hamilcar, from Mount Erete, and then Mount Eryx falling again and again so suddenly upon the unprotected Italian coast, that his last name Barca, which means "lightning," had a dreadful significance to the Romans.

All things must end, sooner or later, and so this long war ended in victory for Rome, whose glory by land and sea was thus established, although she was still to



Regulus Returns to His Carthaginian Captivity

suffer mortal anguish from the undying hatred of Hamilcar who refused to surrender to Rome, and when the war was over, marched from his eyrie overlooking Drepanum with his arms and ensigns.

It was in the year 241, just twenty-four years after the Mamertines seized Messina, that Rome ended her first Punic war, and in the four hundred and fifty years since the reign of the good Numa, the doors of the temple of Janus had never been once shut. We have already seen how Rome robbed Carthage of Sardinia and Corsica B. C. 227, and in the story of Greece have told you how the Romans humbled the Illyrian pirates which Philip V. let loose on western Greece eight years later.

but between these two events there was another threatened invasion by the Gauls. We are told that the mysterious Sybilline books were consulted about these Gauls who were still more dreaded by Rome than any or all of her civilized foes, and according to the directions of the priests, who pretended that the books so ordered, a very horrible thing was done. Two Gauls and two Greeks, a man and woman of each nation, were buried alive in the great market-place, and the people believed that the deed insured victory to Rome. Then the army marched out and conquered the barbarians who had penetrated as far as Etruria, and their generals Flaminus and Marcellus, plundered the Gauls as long before the Gauls had plundered the Romans, and the whole valley of the river Po became Roman territory, strong colonies being placed there to hold it.

In the years that lay between the first and second Punic wars, two things happened at Rome that made a deep and lasting impression upon the morals of the people. I have told you the story of Lucretia and the pathetic tale of young Virginia to show you how deep was the respect in which the Romans held their wives and daughters. The Romans, unlike the Aryans of Asia, and in later days the Greeks, only married one wife. In their early days, and until after the Carthaginian war, such a thing as a divorce law was never thought of, but now, B. C., 231, such a law was passed and worked great mischief in Rome, for it was so easy to get a divorce that the marriage relation was lightly entered into, and the sacredness of the family was in danger.

All the years of the life of Rome, in spite of the gods and goddesses brought from Greece and Asia, disbelief in the old poetic religion had been growing, until now the rites of Paganism were looked upon very differently from what they were in the early days of the republic. Some of the later ceremonies were so disgusting and vicious that they were a great deal worse than no religion at all.

These ceremonies seem so childish and silly as well as impure, that we wonder how the Romans who had become clever in other ways should have indulged in them; but no doubt they found it easy to worship the gods under the cloak of folly, for their gods, after all, were but other names for man's imperfections and frailties. The idea of repressing the passions for conscience sake may not be wholly the work of Christianity, but certainly Paganism, never dreamed of doing such a thing. The Roman people, thus little fearing the unseen powers, and making religious festivals, the excuse for revels of the worst kind, were growing reckless and hard-hearted. It was about the time that the Gauls were defeated that Marcus and Decimus Brutus, members of that same Brutus family who were before and afterward so renowned, introduced into Rome a new source of public instruction in cruelty.

Perhaps you have read of gladiators, or have seen somewhere a picture of the famous statue of the dying gladiator by one of the old Greek sculptors. These gladiators were skillful fighters with the short sword, the cestus, (a form of brass-knuckles) and the three-pronged spear. The brothers Brutus were the first to give at the funeral games of their father, a show in which swordsmen fought each other, and soon the bloody fight of the gladiators became a common public spectacle in the theatre and the circus.

It seems almost incredible that such cruel sport could give enjoyment to anybody, but it seems that the Romans loved the sight of blood and wounds. The rude, fierce captives taken in war did not show enough skill when pitted against each other, and fought with so little caution that they soon received or gave mortal wounds. The sport was therefore considered too tame, and after a time wealthy citizens selected



from among their slaves certain ones whose size, strength and beauty of proportion promised good results from athletic training, and they were placed in schools and carefully educated in all warlike exercises, then made to fight each other in the arena, as the level portion of the circus was called. In these schools the gladiators, in many of whom the best blood of Gaul or Greece, Campania or Carthage flowed, formed tender friendships. They ate at the same board, and drank from the same cup for months or years, then at last on the sands of the arena, were compelled to kill one another, a swift and fatal thrust when wounded being the only boon they could grant their dearest friend.

Not only rough men but delicate women looked calmly upon these dreadful scenes, and in all the books that were written in those days, no author has a word to say against the barbarous sport which had such a ruinous effect upon Rome, hardening the people's heart, searing their conscience, and blotting out all of those feelings of humanity which are the fruits, or should be, of a high civilization.

From the close of the first Punic war until the year 227 B. C., Hamilcar Barca had been in Iberia, as Spain was then called, winning victories over the Iberians and sending home to Carthage the treasures taken as tribute from conquered people. There was that in the nature of Hamilcar which made the Iberians willing to be ruled by him, and enthusiastic to aid him in building up in their country a new civilization. He was brave, self-restrained, and, with all his fierceness, knew when to be gentle. He had all the craft of the Phœnicians, but was steadfast in purpose, firm, just, and his genius as a statesman must have been very great, for he knew how to win and keep the favor of the conquered barbarians and to induce them to take kindly to work, instead of idly roaming about as savages.

Hamilcar did much to civilize the Iberians teaching them the arts of peace and quelling their tribal quarrels. He also united them in interest and drilled them as soldiers that they would be hard to conquer. Rome, who watched the growth of New Carthage with jealousy and who wanted to conquer Spain herself when she had settled her other difficulties, threatened to again make war upon Carthage if Hamilcar refused to sign a treaty to bound his conquests by the Ebro.

It was in the year 227 B. C., that Hamilcar fell fighting the Gauls. Six years later Hasdrubal, his son-in-law, who succeeded to his command, was murdered and young Hannibal who had shared with his father his adventures in Spain now proceeded to carry out the terms of a solemn oath sworn long ago on the altar of Baal, the Carthaginian Hercules.

We have seen how he conquered the city of Saguntum, after several months of desperate resistance, and when the Senators of Carthage answered the ambassadors from Rome who came bearing complaints from their general by declaring war, Hannibal crossed the Pyrenees went up the valley of the Rhone and the Isere, passed over the Alps and after five months of labor and suffering among the snows of the mountains, saw before him the dominion of Rome and the prospect of revenging the shame and humiliation of his beloved country.

Flaminius, the victor over the Gauls, fearlessly marched against the young Carthaginian general, but he was defeated and killed, and the Romans in telling the story used to say he could hardly have expected anything else; for he had not sacrificed to the gods when he was elected Consul, neither had the "signs and omens" been right when he started on the march. The next year Hannibal moving southward, suffered much with his army, and lost an eye by inflammation. He had little



knowledge of the country, and became entangled in the marshes of the Arno. All of the elephants which he brought from Spain had died except one, the favorite of Hannibal. The Carthaginian was once with some attendants looking for a passage out of the marsh-lands that his army might take, when he in some way became bewildered and lost. He would have died from exposure had not the faithful elephant sought and found him and carried him to a place of safety. Varro, a man of business, who had an eye to the main chance, sacrificed, consulted the "omens," and performed all the solemn ceremonies which were supposed to insure success, but was nevertheless beaten a few months later at Cannæ, B. C., 216, but he escaped to Canusium with his wrecked legions and succeeded in protecting them so well that the Senate did not call him to account for his defeat as it otherwise might have done. In Rome there was the wildest grief when the news was brought of Varro's defeat.

Sounds of lamentation were everywhere heard for the brave fathers and brothers who lay on the battlefield stark and silent under the blue Italian sky. In every house there was mourning, for within the short year and a half since Hannibal entered Italy, one-fifth of the citizens able to bear arms had fallen. The women crowded the temples of the gods, beseeching them to remember Rome and succor her in her distress. Eighty of the three hundred Senators had been slain, and Hannibal might soon be at the gates of the city to lay it in ashes as did Brennus, the Gaul. After a few days the excitement calmed down when the conqueror did not come and new legions were raised, debtors and criminals being taken from the prisons to don sword and shield for Rome, and the slaves, too, being enrolled. All classes brought all the money they could spare for the use of the State, and another army was raised to harass the enemy everywhere abroad to prevent them sending help to Hannibal, and to oppose the Carthaginian on Roman soil.

The Gauls now flocked to Hannibal's standard, and Capua next to Rome the pride of Italy, opened its gates to him B. C. 216. Many others of the southern cities also acknowledged his mastery the same year, and the Roman people almost despaired.

The year before at Trebia, a certain noble Roman, named Scipio, had been worsted by Hannibal, and in the years that followed the taking of Capua, the son of this brave old general, thirsted to make good the fame of his house and retrieve the disaster of Trebia. In 210 he offered himself to the Senate to aid in the command of the forces in Spain and was commissioned, though not without opposition.

Syracuse had been a friend to Rome for fifty years, but good king Hiero was now dead, and his son, Gelon, espoused the cause of Carthage. Sardinia, unjustly wrested from Carthage a little while after the first Punic war, also rose against Rome, and Philip of Macedon offered Hannibal his help. The old Scipio and his brother had both been killed in Spain, but new Carthage had been taken and Syracuse too, in 212 B. C., fell into the hands of the Romans.

Syracuse, so we are told, was besieged for two years before it fell, and it was Archimedes, the philosopher, who aided in the defence of the city, and long saved it from its fate. Although he was an old man and not a warrior, he baffled the enemy by what the Syracusans thought magic, but we call it science. He made a



great glass which threw the sun's rays on the rigging of the Roman fleet with such power that it caught their vessels on fire and burned them to the water's edge, and when fresh galleys were brought against the city, contrived huge machines whose long arms reached over the wall, grasped and upset the war-vessels. When at last Syracuse was taken Marcellus, the general in command of the Romans, gave orders that Archimedes was to be spared. Amid all the tumult and carnage in the streets of the unhappy city, the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying, Archimedes sat in his study deep in thought over a problem which he had outlined on the floor before him.

The Roman soldiers, hot from the fray, rushed in upon him, but he only said gently, "Don't disturb my circles," and did not even raise his head to see who the intruders were. Enraged by his calmness the soldiers struck him down and his circles were washed out with his life's blood.

At Capua, which was a Greek city, Hannibal's soldiers rioted and rested all the winter of 216 B. C., and went forth again in the spring to fight. For the next two years Hannibal showed how great a general he was. Carthage sent him no help and even kept in Africa his brother Mago, whom he had sent to represent to the Carthaginian Senate the urgency of his need. His luck was against him, but still he maintained himself in the enemy's country although defeated in two attempted sieges, and losing to the Romans many of the Greek cities that had gone over to him. Some of his famous cavalry and Spanish foot-soldiers also deserted him, but in 212 he captured Tarentum, and marching to Rome with his army slung his javelin over the walls, but retreated before the Romans who hurried from Capua to the relief of their city. Capua, a refined, luxurious and beautiful city, besieged by two of Rome's greatest generals, at last fell 211 B. C., and dreadfully did the citizens feel the weight of the wrath of Rome.

There is a sad story told of the last days of queenly Capua that has been repeated through all of the centuries as sorrowful tales often are. Twenty-seven of the Senators of the city knowing that their beloved Capua must soon fall into the hands of the hated Romans, whom the Capuans being Greeks, regarded as barbarians little better than the Gauls, and whose rule they had always hated, met together at a banquet. They lamented the sad days upon which they had fallen, made eloquent and touching farewell speeches to each other, pledged each other in a last cup of wine, then all took poison and went to their homes. The next day the city was taken and the bodies of these Senators were found by the Romans cold in death, a mute appeal for pity for those who were left.

But Rome had no pity for Capua and "woe to the vanquished," the old fierce cry of Brennus, echoed from its every street. Seventy of its Senators fell under the axes of the lictors, for you must know that the rods and axes presented by the Etruscans so long ago to the first Tarquin, were something more than symbols, and had often been laid heavily upon the enemies of Rome. Three hundred Capuan nobles wore out their lives in fetters, and the whole people sold into slavery in the mines of Spain and the plantations of Sardinia, remembered with bitterness the name of Hannibal, whose ambition had brought all these sorrows upon them. Tarentum two years later suffered a similar fate, aggravated somewhat may be by Rome's old hatred of the haughty



Roman Legionaries.

Tarentines, yet still Hannibal maintained himself in the fairest portion of Italy awaiting now Hasdrubal, his other brother, who driven from Spain in 207 B. C., started for Italy with his army.

Rome had in the meantime signed several treaties, and had made friends with the Aetolians, with Spithax, the Numidian king, and Ptolemy of Egypt. A certain general named Nero was entrusted with keeping Hannibal in Bruttium, which is in the toe of the boot-shaped peninsula of Italy. It was Nero who met Hasdrubal, defeated and scattered his army and killed him, carrying the bloody head to Hannibal's camp, and flinging it over.

"Alas, I see the doom of Carthage" cried Hannibal when the ghastly head was shown, yet for four years more he kept his army among the mountains of southern Italy, hoping against hope for some turn in the fortunes of war, and keeping always his retreat to the coast open, in order to avail himself of it in case of need. That need came in the year 203 B. C., for Scipio the younger, had transferred the war to Africa, and the Carthaginians, hard-pressed, sent a message across the Mediterranean, urging Hannibal to come at once or all would be lost. As heroic in defeat as in victory, Hannibal left Italy with only a few of the thousands who had entered the country with him, and what afterward befell him has already been related in the story of Carthage.

In the dark days after Cannæ the Roman Senate had passed a law that no woman should wear elegant garments nor own more gold than half an ounce, neither should she possess jewels nor ride in chariot. This law after the close of the second Punic war, when the spoils of African and Spanish conquest had made Rome again rich, was very odious to the matrons, and they made a great tumult, even entering the Forum and pleading with the Senators to repeal it.

Ten years before, when Scipio was living in splendor in Sicily, a red-headed, lank, awkward citizen, named Cato, who was nevertheless the most eloquent and able man in all Rome, complained to the Senate that luxury, literature and art were demoralizing Scipio and his army. An investigation was ordered in which Scipio, in spite of his refined tastes was found to have drilled his soldiers perfectly and attended to all of his duties.

Cato had a great hatred for the Greek luxury, manners and customs that were softening the stern character of the Romans and at the same time sapping their virtues. He had no patience with the dandies, who wore gold rings, perfumed their robes and argued that Romans were of Greek origin. Perhaps he foresaw Rome could conquer all her armed enemies but was in danger of being laid low by these same corrupting influences.

Cato hated, too, the new religious ceremonies introduced from Greece, and pointed out their absurdities. Once he was so shocked at some of the impurities he saw at a festival, that he covered his face with his toga and fled from the place as though followed by demons. He may have even regretted the wide streets, the new temples and aqueducts, and it is certain that he once tried to have a law passed removing the cold-water pipes from Roman houses, for he thought such improvements by lightening labor would make the people lazy. Stern, upright, and patriotic Cato "the Censor" gained the respect of the Romans but could not turn them from their ways.

When the matter of the repeal of the law regarding the wealth of the women came before the Senate, Cato made a very eloquent speech against the petition of



the matrons, but Lucius Valerius, the Plebeian Tribune, replied as eloquently and the Oppian law, as it was called, was repealed. This same Cato was a bitter foe to Carthage and all the time Rome was struggling with Philip of Macedon, the Aetolians and Antiochus of Syria and while another Scipio was conquering Western Asia to the Taurus Mountains, Cato was watching the renewing of the African city and warning Rome of danger.

One day he drew from the folds of his toga a fresh bunch of early figs and flung them before the Senators saying "These figs were gathered three days ago in Carthage, so close is an enemy to our walls! Carthage must be destroyed! After this he ended every speech he made to the Senate with the words "Carthage must be destroyed!"

Cato was sent with others to settle matters when Carthage complained of the conduct of the king of Numidia, and counselled war, when Carthage, at last driven to desperation by Spyhax, took up arms against him. So Cato's eloquence, as much as Roman greed brought about the third and last Punic war. Rome was not satisfied with the heavy tax Carthage had to pay every year, it wanted the whole wealth of the rich city and was determined to have it, and, as we have already seen, succeeded.

It was just after the second Punic war ended that Scipio's daughter, Cornelia, married a brave young soldier named Tiberius Gracchus and her three children, one daughter named, like herself, Cornelia, and her two sons were called the Gracchii. It is said that when some Roman woman showed her jewels to Cornelia after the Oppian law was repealed and asked to see hers in return, the fond mother pointed to her little ones and said "These are my jewels!"

Rome in those days had grown fonder than ever of Greek ways and every one who pretended to any education, spoke and wrote the Greek language. Cornelia's husband died while her children were still young, and she, like the other wealthy Romans, employed Greek schoolmasters for her sons, the wisest Greeks of the time training them in oratory, philosophy and other things. These sons were named Tiberius and Caius, and became famous in Roman history; Tiberius was nine years older than his brother, and as his sister had married Scipio Africanus the younger, he went with him to Africa and took part in the third Punic war, which ended as you know in the utter destruction of Carthage and made Rome courted and admired the world over. Tiberius Gracchus was sent to Spain after he returned from Africa and passing on his way through a large stretch of Roman territory, saw for the first time the wretchedness and poverty of the peasantry, and realized that the miseries of which the poor had long so bitterly complained were real.

Away back in the days of Spurius there had been a law passed that forbade the rich to have more than three hundred and twenty acres of land and gave to every poor man seven acres. Now Tiberius found scarcely a freeman in the whole State working on his own farm, but everywhere slaves taken in war worked the land, while the poor Roman citizen driven from pillar to post had not an acre to call his own and no other occupations except handicraft, war and robbery were open to him.

When Tiberius Gracchus went back to Rome he told the people what he thought of such a state of things, and asked them how they dared to urge the people who had no ancestral homes, no household altars, and not a clod of earth, to fight "for their country and for their gods." He told them too, in plain words that there was law for the poor as well as for the rich, and he meant to see that all had their rights. This was not empty talk to get the votes of the common people, but the noble



Roman Warriors in Armour

Gracchus fully meant to do all he could for the down-trodden poor, and when the common people saw that he was in earnest, they voted him into office, and he at once took from the rich the lands they had occupied for a hundred years or more, to be divided among the common people.

The aristocrats raised a great hue and cry, saying that Gracchus wanted to be king. Now the word "king" was to a Roman mob like a red flag to a mad bull and, as stupid as that beast, the common people set upon Gracchus one day and in a dreadful street riot killed him, and nearly three hundred of his friends, so you see it was nearly as dangerous to be a friend to the people as to be their enemy and on the whole they treated their enemies better.

Scipio, when he returned from Spain took the side of the aristocrats, and to prevent the land from being distributed to the poor as Tiberius Gracchus had intended, wanted to let the aristocratic Senate

have charge of it, but he was mysteriously murdered one day in the year 129 B. C., and the cauldron of wretched civil strife went on boiling.

The Italians, since they had to fight for the republic, thought they should have a right to vote, and demanded citizenship of Rome. Caius Gracchus saw nothing unreasonable in the demand, and was determined to give both them and the Roman poor their due. He saw that continued oppression of the people by the aristocrats meant danger to Rome, and should the conquered Italian tribes, burning with their wrongs, rise up against Rome there would be no power to quell them. The dictator himself, like other men that have held power for a time, might want to keep it, and might turn the dissatisfied common people, who made up the legions against Rome and destroy her or make himself king, for the nobles cared little for anything else but pleasure, and would not see the danger threatening the State.

The enthusiastic Caius labored successfully to pass certain laws to relieve the poor, and he in his turn so excited the hatred of the nobles that he met his death, and the poor of Rome were at the mercy of the aristocrats.

Those were sad days for Rome the beginning of yet sadder times, for the rich more than ever ground the faces of the poor, the provinces were plundered by greedy officers who pretended to act according to law, and the republic suffered from the wickedness of her politicians and the lust of wealth and power everywhere.

The Gauls and Germans from the north again threatened Italy. For two years the legions were defeated in every battle, four great Roman armies being cut to pieces in Cisalpine Gaul, and the barbarians passing by Italy went into Spain now prosperous and thriving, and ravaged the country.

Numidia had been an ally of Rome since the days of Hannibal, but B. C., 112, an enterprising Numidian prince named Jugurtha, made his country so powerful in Africa that it promised to be a second Carthage. Rome tried in vain to limit his power. He either bribed or defeated every general sent against him and when he was once summoned to Rome to tell to the Senate the particulars of one especially disgraceful bargain concluded with a noble, he bribed the Tribunes to declare him



not guilty of anything charged against him and a friend of the Republic, then complacently went back home. It is said that as he left the city he sneeringly called out "A city for sale to the highest bidder!" and certainly it seemed that money would do anything in Rome in those days.

At last Caius Marius, a rude, rough, honest soldier of the old Roman stamp, who had risen from the humble station of a farm laborer to a high place in the State, became a Tribune for the people and one of the bitterest foes the corrupt nobles ever had. Some one has said "Cornelia cast the dust of her murdered sons into the air and from it sprang Marius," and certainly he had much of the spirit of the noble Gracchii, in those early days, but in his old age he lost his good name by his cruelty but of that I will tell you hereafter. About the same time, Lucius Cornelius Sulla, a rich, vicious, Hellenized Roman, became prominent also, and for many years these two men, so opposite in every way, were rivals.

Marius finally captured Jugurtha and carried him to Rome, where he was thrown into the gloomy Mamertime prison and for six days endured the agonies of starvation in its damp and darkness. The conqueror added the spoils of Numidia to Rome, becoming more popular than ever. Sulla had been with Marius in Africa and claiming some share in the victory, began a quarrel that years after had a terrible ending.

The Gauls, who are always coming as unexpectedly upon the stage of Roman history as the villain does in a play, and like him always creating some crisis, now tired of ravaging Switzerland and Spain, and again threatened Italy. Marius, taking Sulla with him as an under officer, marched against them, and after a two-years' campaign routed them, in the year 102 B. C., near the modern city of Aix.

In Pourrieres Provence, famous for its fragrant roses and quaint old customs, there is a yearly festival. Perhaps the peasant lads in their curious blouses nor the village maids blushing behind their snowy caps, like their own native blossoms, cannot tell you just why they make a great fire of brushwood and dry grass on the top of a certain hill during this festival, and dancing about it, toss up brands and cry "Victory!" "Victory!" but history says that it was on the top of that very hill that Marius had piled a heap of Gaulish plunder, ready to sacrifice to the gods, when horsemen, all travel-stained, dashed up telling him that for the fifth time the Roman's had made him Consul. The sacrifice was lighted, and the soldiers danced about the burning plunder, rejoicing in their general's success, crying "Victory!" and singing his praises. So after Marius' body, worn out with its eighty years of battle and toil, was torn from its tomb and cast into the Tiber by jealous Sulla, his fame still haunted the forests of the far-away north, and was sung by innocent lads and maidens who knew not the meaning of their own song.

Sulla had been with Marius all this time and had covered himself with honor for he had plenty of the ferocious courage which his countrymen seldom lacked. When Marius, on his return to Rome, found that the Cimbri, another barbarian tribe were threatening Italy from the valley of the river Po, and that Catulus who had been sent against them was being held in check, he did not linger enough to celebrate his triumph but marched straightway to the relief of the harrassed general, again taking Sulla with him.

It was a most dreadful battle, that terrible fight at Vercella 101 B. C., perhaps the most dreadful yet fought with the northern barbarians, whose name from the days of Brennus had been such a terror that there was always kept on hand in Rome, a large sum of gold to raise an army to fight them. (That treasure, it was often declared,

was the very same that Camillus had torn from the Gauls when he drove them from the city 289 years before this battle.) The Cimbri, determined to conquer or die, had linked themselves together with strong iron chains, and it is said that there was such a multitude of them, that thus joined, they made a solid mass three miles square.

Against this living wall the Romans dashed themselves, hewing down with their swords the struggling mass, which encumbered with the corpses of the slain, could not successfully turn upon their assailants. Fighting fiercely the Cimbri fell, linked together, and when none were left alive their wives strangled their little ones and either rushed upon the Roman swords or flung themselves under the wheels of their wagons or the hoofs of their horses. Even the dogs of the barbarians fought to the death, but the victory was with the defenders of Rome. The Cimbri were thus wholly destroyed, and all of their belongings were carried back to Rome by Marius. The people freed at last from their long terror of the northern foe, could not praise Marius enough, and even called him the "Third founder of Rome."

Sulla claimed that the honor of the triumph belonged to him and Catulus, and was jealous of Marius, who was equally jealous of him. No doubt Sulla was secretly delighted when Marius failed as signally in conducting affairs of government, as he had succeeded in war, for a good soldier is not always a good statesman.

Rome was in a bad way when Marius entered upon his sixth Consulship, and the hard-hearted brave old soldier had not studied the situation carefully enough to know just what to do. He was anxious to continue in favor with the common people, who in the last five or six years had given much trouble, and even carried on a war to get what they considered their rights. To win their good will, he divided the lands wrested from the Gauls equally among the Italians and citizens of Rome, which gave great offence to the aristocrats. The Senate had always favored the aristocratic Sulla, who was educated, refined, and had all the fashionable vices, and they began to regret that they had not made him Consul. Another law which compelled the rich to sell corn at a low price to the poor, was passed by Marius, and this convinced the Senate that Marius in his blundering way, was doing what he could to better the condition of the common people. They united against him and elected a man in his place who was more after their own hearts.

A new war broke out in Rome ten years after the return of Marius from Gaul, which threatened for a time to lay the city low. It was "taxation without representation" that caused this war, and when we read how the Italian cities had long been used, we wonder that they did not reach the fighting point long before. In fighting for that principle, the same which caused our own war of the Revolution, a million and a quarter of brave Italians laid down their lives in this short but fierce struggle. The Italians were apparently successful in gaining a voice in the Roman government, but really not so, for they were still treated by the Romans more as slaves than freemen.

Marius now seventy years old fought for Rome in this war, and Sulla, too, did brave service, claiming as usual, when it was over, that it was he who had really brought the war to a close. Marius had little heart in the cause, for he believed the Italians were right in claiming voice in the government, and yet loved too well the city he had served so long to turn from it in its hour of danger. His star was on the wane and Sulla's was rising. It was a sad blow to Marius when the Senate sent Sulla to command the legions in Asia in the war against Mithridates the Great King of



Pontus, who was at this time interfering with Rome's concerns in the East. He had gone out on the Campus Martius every day for weeks, and by wrestling, leaping and running with the young men, had tried to show the people that in spite of his three score and ten years, his scars and fatigues, he was hearty and vigorous yet; but he was only sneered at for his pains, and his rival was sent, while he was left at home to eat his heart out in idleness, and to be vexed with Sulla's success. At last he succeeded in getting a new law gov-

erning voting passed, which made it possible for some of the common people who were his friends to have a voice in the matters of State, and the two Tribunes they appointed gave Marius the command of the army in the East.

Mithridates of Pontus, against whom Sulla was fighting, was a hero of romance as famous in his day as Richard the Lion Hearted of England was in later times. As a runner, rider and charioteer, no man in Asia was his equal, and we are told he could drive with ease a sixteen-in-hand, and in hunting often shot the game while he was at full gallop. He was gigantic in size and remarkable of countenance, and his court was famed not only for its banquets, where prizes were given to the best eater and drinker, but for the Greek philosophers, poets, artists and sculptors who found in the great monarch a patron who appreciated their ablest efforts. We are told, too, that he spoke perfectly the languages of the twenty-two nations over which he ruled, and that he was fond of disguising himself and wandering about through his empire, studying his people, the effect of his laws and seeking exciting adventures. He is said to have experimented with poisons until his system was proof against them, and all attempts to assassinate him thus miscarried. His ability in war was so great that he was able with inferior troops to keep up the struggle with Rome for twenty-five years.

Sulla was a sly villian, and although at heart he hated common people, he made a great show of being "hail fellow well met" with the roughest of his soldiers, and would sit with them for hours listening to their rude coarse jests, telling stories and sharing their mess. They thought Sulla a "good fellow," very different from stern grizzled old Marius, and they rallied about him and refused to receive Marius. Sulla caused the two Tribunes, who were friends of Marius to be murdered, and the old veteran, made desperate by the wrongs heaped upon him gathered together a motley army of slaves and attempted to resist Sulla but was defeated and compelled to fly for his life.

Sulla entered Rome as a conqueror and the hero of the Gaulish war, he whom the people a dozen years before had hailed as the "Third founder of Rome," was now a wanderer and an outcast, upon whose head a price was set. He first went to his farm at Solonium but was warned that Sulla's agents were on the way to take him, and in a wagon loaded with beans was carried to Ostia and there took passage on a



ROMAN LAWYER AND TRIBUNE

ship bound for Africa. Tortured with sea-sickness he was put ashore near Circea and followed by the hate of Sulla, was driven from one hiding place to another and finally into the marshes at the mouth of the river Liris, where he was captured and thrown into prison at Minturnæ. There he would have been murdered had he not frightened or bribed the slave sent to do the deed into declaring that he had seen a halo round the head of the great captain, and heard a supernatural voice forbid him to kill Caius Marius. Being released on account of this omen Marius finally reached Africa.

As Marius sat one day among the ruins of Carthage, brooding perhaps upon his own fate, no less sad than that of the city Rome had visited with such relentless hatred, the Roman governor sent and warned him to be gone, and as the conqueror of Jugurtha could find no favor in Numidia and no Roman province dared shelter him, he took refuge on an island in the Mediterranean and from afar eagerly watched developments in Rome.

Sulla was now again obliged to march against Mithridates, and in the next two years he re-conquered the peninsula of Greece which Mithridates had taken from the Romans, plundered the Greek cities, gave his soldiers a riotous winter in Asia, and brought Mithridates to terms. The wily Asiatic king knowing the Roman love for gold was fain to purchase peace. While Sulla was absent a man named Cinna was made Consul and he called Marius back to Rome. On the next election day thousands of Romans and Italians fought in the streets of Rome and Cinna was driven out of the city. The Consul gathered an army of Italians, Marius coming back just then joined him and together they besieged Rome.

We are told that Strabo, one of Sulla's generals was encamped not far from Rome, but would not advance to its aid, and that the plague broke out in the city and added to the terror of the distracted people. When at last Rome yielded, Marius and Cinna declared themselves Consuls, and the Senate was too much frightened to oppose them, for they proceeded to take a dreadful revenge on all who had shown favor to Sulla. Not even the men who had fought and suffered with him in Gaul would Marius pardon, but stood gaunt, haggard, clothed in the black rags of an outlaw, behind Cinna's chair, and his slaves struck down those whom he pointed out. The bloody heads of the Senators were displayed in the Forum, and Marius with his murdering slaves went about the city finding out the hiding places of those who were yet to be slaughtered. The stern old avenger looked unmoved upon the awful scene of blood and death with which his anger was satiated. He would have even gone out to Sulla who was before Athens and tried to compel him to yield up to him the Roman legions, but his strength failed, and after seven days of despondency, in which he never left his bed, he died—whether by his own hand or by the judgment of God, will never be known, and Cinna chose a certain Flaccus to help him in his misrule. Cinna was a loud-mouthed, mischievous fellow who had all the cruelty and none of the virtues of Marius, and all classes hated him.

In a few months the new Senate appointed by Cinna and Marius received a letter that set them to quaking with fear. Sulla had written that he was on his way home with his army, and he would take vengeance when he arrived at Rome on his enemies and those of the State. Cinna got an army together to oppose him, but was murdered by his own soldiers. The Samnites, always the friends of Marius, then gathered an army and marched to Rome. The mysterious destruction by fire of the temple on the Capitoline hill, and the Sibylline books sometime before, seemed to be



an omen that Rome's career was over, and the leader of the Samnites declared that it was, for he solemnly vowed that he would lay the city in ashes.

Sulla who had now marched from southern Italy, opposed by Sertorius and the son of Marius to the gates of Rome, defeated the Samnites, and then butchered eight thousand of them on the Campus Martius in the presence of the people, as an example of the revenge he meant to take on his foes.

We wonder in reading the bloody chronicles of the old days, that Providence permitted such awful crimes to be committed, but Rome was now reaping the harvest of centuries of violence, and Carthage and a hundred other cities cried to heaven for vengeance. If Marius had been cruel he had been mild compared to Sulla. Every city in Italy felt the weight of his bloody hand, and the streets of Rome were red with murder. Rewards were offered for the killing of men whose names were posted up in long lists every day, and for six months such dreadful crimes were committed by the self-appointed dictator, that history is unwilling to tell the tale.

Fair cities of the Italians were either levelled to the dust for favoring Marius, or were given up to Sulla's soldiers, his whole army being enriched with houses, lands and goods. The Samnites and Etrurians were utterly wiped out, and in Rome thousands of people were murdered and their property taken by Sulla, who made and passed laws unhindered and who broke his own edicts recklessly, but killed any one else who did so.

There was a certain young man, handsome, rich and seemingly much of a dandy, who attracted Sulla's attention about this time, because he was a relative of Marius. This youth was only eighteen and among the gay and fashionable young men of Rome was a favorite.

Sulla commanded this Roman dandy, Julius Cæsar by name, to divorce his wife, the fair and sweet young Cornelia, daughter of Cinna. As Julius Cæsar, though so young, had already divorced one wife that he had married at his father's command, and had married Cornelia because he loved her, he firmly refused to divorce her and fled from Sulla to the Sabine Mountains.

Powerful friends, who were in favor of Sulla pleaded Cæsar's youth and dissipated habits, the vestal virgins even interceded for him, and Sulla, who had sent a man to murder the stubborn boy, called the assassin back, and spared Cæsar's life.

Cæsar returned to Rome and it is said that Sulla who one day saw him arranging his perfumed locks, and trailing toga with the greatest nicety, was so struck with the look of intellectuality and power in the face of the seemingly careless youth that he said: "Beware! In that young trifier there is more than one Marius."

Cæsar went away to Asia soon after to fight in the eastern war and when he returned to Europe, lingered at Rhodes, studying oratory. He did not come back to Rome until Sulla was dead and then he soon became very popular and had a great influence over the people, for he was quick-witted, courteous, pleasant in his manner and fearlessly patriotic.

Another young man born in the year 106 B. C., obeyed, when Sulla told him to divorce his wife, and married Sulla's daughter. This was Cneius Pompeius, better known to us as Pompey the Great.

This young man was the son of Strabo, and he became Sulla's right-hand man in punishing the Italian cities and Spain, for Spain had revolted under Sertorius who was becoming so popular in that country that there was danger of his founding an empire. In Sicily, Gaul and Spain, Pompey won great victories, and his father-in-



through Pompey's efforts that Lepidus was elected Consul. Sulla who had certainly done enough mischief in his time, gave up his office of dictator, retired to private life 79 B. C., and when he died the next year, was given a great public funeral as though he had been the wisest and most self-denying benefactor of Rome instead of the bloody-minded selfish tyrant that he was. Lepidus, be it said to his honor, tried his utmost to prevent this outrageous mockery but in vain.

Marcus Crassus, the richest Roman of his day, an orator too in his way, was one of the prominent men in Rome in Sulla's latter days, and a certain Marcus Tullius Cicero had distinguished himself by telling to the Senate in the most eloquent language how cruel, greedy and thieving, were certain Roman provincial governors. As the history of Rome now becomes more and more the story of her great men, we must keep our eyes on Pompey, Cicero, Crassus and Cæsar, and pay some attention to Catiline, a fiendish, debauched aristocrat, whose very vices made him a favorite with Sulla, for he made him governor of Africa. Catiline had returned to Rome and became the head of the party composed of the warriors Sulla had settled in Italy.

Pompey had again marched into Spain to oppose Sertorius who for eight years had braved Rome, and while he was gone, a new trouble broke out in the Roman State. I have told you how the Romans kept schools where slaves, captives and criminals were carefully trained to fight each other for the amusement of the public. These shows where men killed each other for the pleasure of those who looked on, had greatly grown in favor, and at Capua there was a very large school or "family," as it was called, who were hired out to the public. Among them was a Thracian Spartacus, who it is said had been in his own country leader of a band of robbers. Now, ordinary highwaymen, we cannot help thinking, were far more honest than Sulla, who made himself public executioner, Crassus who robbed right and left by what was considered respectable means, and nine out of ten of the Roman provincial governors who were about the greatest robbers that were ever heard of.

Spartacus was just a plain every-day highwayman, for there was little left for conquered people in these days but slavery or a free, bold outlaw life in the mountains. One can hardly blame the courageous Spartacus, who was a man of great strength, beauty of form and eloquence of speech, for refusing to wear out his life, as so many thousands of others did, and cannot help feeling sorry for him when he was captured, tried, condemned as a criminal, and placed in the gladiator school of Capua, where he could contemplate at his leisure the prospect of being "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Every school boy has read the famous address of

law, becoming jealous of him after he had conquered the rebellious Numidian king, Hiarbus, commanded him to disband his army and return to Rome. Haughty Pompey obeyed the summons to Rome, but hardly in a humble spirit. He came at the head of his victorious army, and the whole people went out to meet him, and were so enthusiastic in their welcome that Sulla was obliged to give him a "triumph." It was



"Spartacus to the Gladiators," in which the poet makes him depict in glowing language the wrongs and miseries of their lot, and urge his comrades to free themselves. Seventy-eight of the "family" broke loose from the "school," and raiding a cook's shop near by, seized some iron spits and other implements and thus strangely equipped for battle captured a place where the short swords, shields, brass knuckles and other gladiators' weapons were kept. Then retiring to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, which was not at that time the fiery chasm which it is to-day, but a deep cavity of a seemingly extinct volcano, they were joined by slaves, peasants and pirates until Spartacus had a great army of ragged, desperate outcasts.

For two years this army ravaged the neighboring cities, having armed itself with weapons taken from the defeated Romans. Spartacus was anxious to cross the Alps into his native Thrace, but he could not control his herd of desperadoes who at last were dispersed, all but five thousand who with their valiant leader were driven down into the most southern part of Italy and might have crossed over into Sicily and roused revolt among the ill-used people of that island had not Pompey met and exterminated them.

Crassus had driven them into this extremity and claimed the honor of the victory; not so great a victory with the trained legions of Rome against such an undisciplined rabble that it need cause a quarrel, but clad in a robe embroidered in gold, and wearing a laurel wreath, Pompey entered Rome with triumph in a chariot while Crassus who had only an ovation, came on foot and wore a wreath of myrtle. This happened on the last day of the year 71 B. C.

We have seen how Mithridates made peace with Sulla and as soon as the dictator was dead he began his third and last war with Rome. A certain Lucullus was sent against him, in course of time defeating him and driving him into Armenia. Lucullus was too moderate and honest a man to suit the Roman soldiers for he tried to be just and mild with the Asiatics and thus reconcile them to Rome and would not allow the soldiers to rob or wrong them in any way. In Rome both Pompey and Crassus were in private life, but both were still powers in the State and, Pompey succeeded in having a law passed that a general of consular rank be ordered to free the Mediterranean pirates.

Of course he was himself chosen and Julius Cæsar who had become more and more popular was glad enough to be rid of him that he might quietly work out his own plans for he intended to be Consul himself some day.

When Pompey had won fresh laurels by driving the pirates from the sea, and had become sufficiently jealous of the fame of Lucullus in Asia, Cicero and Cæsar, each for their own ends, proposed that he should take charge of the army in the east. Pompey was only too willing to add to his fame, and the two schemers, each acting in secret from the other, cleverly contrived to have Pompey sent to take command in Asia.

Of course the strength of Pontus was already broken for Lucullus had conquered him and dispersed his army. It was easy enough to drive the poor king to despair by tampering with the few friends he had left, and he committed suicide when he found he was forsaken and betrayed by his own sons.

Pompey overran all western Asia, which now for centuries had been distracted by war, and was an easy conquest, and finally came back to Rome 61 B. C., with a great train of captive princes and ship-loads of treasures. He had the grandest triumph ever given in Rome, and boasted that he had taken a thousand fortresses, eight



CICERO.

hundred ships and many towns, and had founded thirty-nine cities. While Pompey was gone Catiline, with several ferocious and vicious nobles like himself, plotted to seize the government and kill the Consuls, but was foiled, and when two years later Cicero was made Consul, he tried again. This time the plotters decided that the city, too, was to be destroyed, and with its plunder they were to found a new capital elsewhere. Cicero discovered the plot and in four wonderful speeches that stand side by side with the *Phillipics* of Demosthenes, as the best examples of eloquence in the literature of the world, he told the Senate of Catiline's treachery in the presence of Catiline himself, who listened to the orator until he could no longer bear his scathing words, then rushed out to consult his followers.

The plotters thus foiled fled for safety, and Catiline himself, with quite a large force made all haste toward Gaul, but he was killed in battle while trying to cut his way through the Roman forces, and Cicero caused nine of the conspirators who failed to escape, to be put to death, then he too, went back, much against his will, for he loved power, to private life, which alas was never again to be quiet.

Clodius, a man of the Catiline kind, became his enemy, and succeeded at last in having him banished from Rome for causing the death of the nine conspirators without proper trial, and for a year the orator eloquently lamenting his exile, remained in banishment, and when he was then recalled and pardoned, was for a long time so broken in spirit that he seldom spoke in public.

Cæsar was now (60 B. C.) forty years old and he had not seen all the various struggles of the republic in his time for nothing. He had shown himself clever, fearless and patriotic and had succeeded, in the face of the aristocratic Senate, and in spite of the eloquence of Cicero, in securing a condemnation of the wicked deeds of Sulla and had escaped the efforts of his enemies to mix him up with the conspiracy of Catiline. He was now ready to take a prominent part in the government for he had won many friends and outwitted all his foes. He was deeply in debt to Crassus and as Crassus had in his possession large treasure from Spain and was so jealous of Pompey that he would gladly see Cæsar Consul in his stead, he supplied him with money to entertain the people with shows of different kinds.

When Pompey came back, in spite of all his victories, he found that the people were cold to him, Crassus jealous, and Cæsar, who was in Spain with two Roman legions, a favorite with the Senate and the public.

The proud old warrior wanted to be again elected Consul, but Cæsar came suddenly upon the scene and by a stroke of genius bound Crassus and Pompey in friendship for each other and toward himself and after bribing the people with great shows of gladiators and games in the circus proceeded with the money of a wealthy friend to have himself elected Consul. Once in office Cæsar began to lay a solid foundation for popularity. He had seen the fall of too many Roman favorites of the hour by the plots of the aristocracy not to know that it was the great mass of the common people to whom he must look for safety.

Clever, crafty, brave, far-sighted, Cæsar slowly and surely went forward. He saw plainly enough that the days of the republic were numbered and that the people had been spoiled by centuries of luxury and the strife of their leaders and could no



longer rule wisely, so when his term of office was over as the first step toward success in his plan of empire he caused himself appointed governor of Gaul for five years.

For centuries the mysterious north land had been to the Romans a source of terror and only a little strip of Gaul belonged to Rome. There had been generals such as Marius who had dreamed of conquering the world of forests and mountains of broad rivers and fair valleys stretching away where Roman feet had never trodden nor the Roman banners had never been flaunted in the wind, but none had penetrated far beyond the Alps into the land of the brave Trans-Alpine barbarians.

In the year 58 B. C., Cæsar crossed the Alps and in the next three years the Gauls upon the banks of the Saone and Siene, the Rhine and the Rhone saw among them for the first time the Roman soldiers cased in mail and invincible in courage. Ariovistus, the great German chief, was driven back into the heart of the Teutonic forests, the powerful Belgic confederacy was broken, and with the plunder thus taken Cæsar not only kept his soldiers in a good humor but constantly bribed his friends in Rome to loyalty.

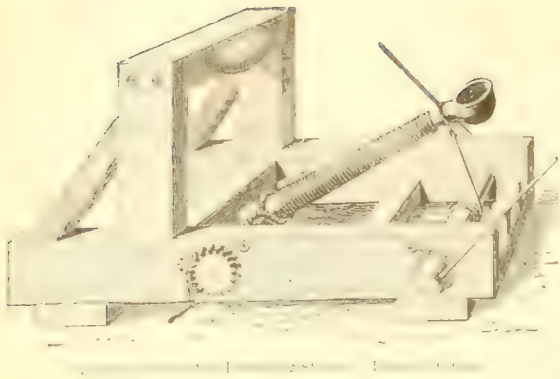
It was in the autumn of the year 55 B. C., that Cæsar crossed the German Ocean to the islands whose white cliffs could be seen from the coast of northern Gaul, and encountered for the first time the savage Britons, but his horse-soldiers were driven back by a storm, and some of his vessels were broken to pieces, so he was glad enough to go back across the rough boisterous channel. Again, the next spring with eight hundred ships and thirty thousand men, he set out from Gaul to conquer the British islands. He had some hard fighting before he could lay claim to having subjected the Britons, but even when his success was doubtful, he was sending dispatches to Rome, telling glowing tales of his victories, and secretly bribing his friends against a time of need. He crossed back into Gaul, after receiving tribute from the British, and fought many battles, going to Lucca every fall, where hundreds of his Roman hangers-on and tools gathered to receive their rewards for singing his praises in Rome and carrying out his political plans and to receive instructions as to future actions.

In the second year of Cæsar's absence from Rome, Pompey and Crassus quarrelled, and met Cæsar at Lucca to arrange their difficulties. There it was agreed between them that Pompey should rule in Spain, Cæsar in Gaul another term of five years, when his first was over, and Crassus in Syria.

Crassus went to the far East, but Pompey was suspicious of Cæsar and would not leave Rome. He built there a great theater where savage beasts and savage men reddened the sands of the arena with their blood, for he thought that by thus pampering the people with their favorite sport, he would win their hearts, but Cæsar's great deeds in Gaul were constantly on their lips, and Pompey began to hate him most fiercely.

Crassus in Asia, was determined to eclipse Cæsar in Gaul by his performances but he soon closed his career, for invading Parthia with an army for plunder and glory, he was killed, and when his head was sent to the Parthian king, he had it filled with molten gold in his derision for the aims of the Roman robber.

In Cæsar's sixth year in Gaul, a noble barbarian named Vercingetorix, the kingliest figure in all the history of Gaul, a patriot, general and chief, worthy of his great renown, went from tribe to tribe and united the Gauls against the invaders. By his advice the people laid their country waste, burned their grain, drove off their cattle and in every way prepared against the Romans, and hoped by destroying



everything upon which the army could be supported, to starve them out. Vercingetorix then gathered a great army from the very tribes whom Cæsar thought he had thoroughly conquered, but these brave, troublesome barbarians, in spite of their fear of the Roman army, and knowing that Cæsar's veterans would show them little mercy if they failed, decided to make a last effort, and a valiant effort it was. They gained a great victory at Gergovia and Cæsar himself lost his sword and came near losing his life. Nothing could have

pleased Cæsar's rivals more at this time than to hear of his death. It was a constant matter of wonder to them that he who in youth was so slender and delicate, that he was almost girlish in his looks, and who as a man was apparently never robust and strong, should be able to swim rivers, cross mountains, and bear all the hardships of the climate of the northern land, but destiny had reserved him to prevent the utter destruction of Rome, and though he was thus dreadfully defeated in Gaul he was not cast down.

In the northern part of the Gaulish country, which we call France, one of his lieutenants checked and worsted the very tribes that had defeated Cæsar at Gergovia and the great pro-consul himself then united his legions and surrounded Vercingetorix at Alesia, near the modern city of Dijon. Notwithstanding the fact that the great Gaulish captain had eighty thousand warriors, he was overcome, but more by famine than by Cæsar, for he was so closely besieged in his stronghold that he could get nothing to feed his men and the vast army that came from all parts of Gaul to drive off the Romans and rescue their beloved chieftain, were defeated with terrible slaughter.

At last seeing that all hope was lost Vercingetorix offered to give himself up to Cæsar that his followers might be spared, hoping that his death would satisfy the Romans. He had tried to save his people and keep for them their liberty but it was not to be, for upon the ruins of their freedom was to be built in future days a grand civilization and Rome was planting in the soil watered by their blood and tears the seed from which great nations were to spring, a lasting monument to her own glory and that of her most famous citizen, Julius Cæsar.

The conqueror did not treat these northern races with the haughty cruelty and proud contempt which Rome usually vouchsafed to conquered peoples. He had studied them well and knew that they would not submit to losing their lands, their laws and their religion and he did not care to exterminate the Gauls, even if it had been possible.

When he had conquered them with his sword Cæsar again conquered them by his tact and kindness and when he left the country pacified and tranquil to work out his plans of empire he bore with him the good will of the people who enlisted to recruit his legions. One whole legion was made up of stalwart yellow-haired barbarians of Gaul who were as proud of their great leader as any Roman could have been.

Indeed it is said that it was almost wholly with the brave soldiers from southern Cisalpine Gaul, that Cæsar won his campaigns in the north, and that amid all the privation and suffering of those years of war they never once rebelled or murmured,



but followed their leader everywhere with unwavering constancy. The Italian or Roman soldiery could be depended upon for fiery courage and daring, but they had changed much since the days of the Punic wars, and it was upon the constancy of the legions of Gaul that Cæsar most depended.

In Rome where there were no newspapers to tell the people the details of Cæsar's victories and no telegraph wires to flash the news from the seat of war, the people were nevertheless not ignorant of what was happening to their pro-consul, and learned all that Cæsar desired them to know about his marches and retreats; for he wrote long letters home to the Senate, sent gold to build temples, plunder with which to decorate them, and in every way he could devise kept the interest in himself and his movements up to fever heat. Cato the Younger, a descendant of old Cato the Censor, so famous for his hatred to Carthage, tried in vain to prevent the appointment of Cæsar for a second term of five years as Governor of Gaul, but Pompey was still eager to become a favorite in Rome and was glad enough to keep Cæsar at a distance. It was Pompey's influence, aided by Cæsar's clever policy of bribing powerful friends that succeeded, and Cæsar remained in Gaul.

Pompey was glad, too, to be rid of Crassus, the news of whose death at the hands of the Parthians, 53 B. C., caused a great sensation in Rome. Now that his young wife Julia, Cæsar's daughter, was dead, he broke with Cæsar, and instead of going to Spain he staid at Rome and governed his Spanish territory by his lieutenants, keeping some of the legions which the Senate had given him to support his authority at Brundisium.

There were three loud-mouthed, brawling politicians in Rome just now, who unconsciously helped Pompey in his plans. They demanded to be made Consuls, and even threatened to compel the people, who as you may see could no longer boast of being free, to elect them. There were riots and murders, quarrels and fights in Rome to a degree that Cato and the others who really cared about the State, were half distracted. They knew of but one man who could bring order out of this chaos, and that was Pompey. They dreaded making him dictator, for since the days of Sulla that name was almost as hateful at Rome as the name king, but they gave him nearly the same power, for they decided to have but one Consul, and Pompey was the man selected for the office.

Cæsar was not blind to Pompey's intentions, and wanted a second time to be made Consul, but Pompey resigned at the end of six months and had two of his friends appointed in his place. One of these Consuls was a haughty aristocrat, who was a willing tool of Pompey, and he insisted that Cæsar should be recalled, notwithstanding the fact that his great victory over Vercingetorix had fired Rome with enthusiasm for him. Just now Pompey fell sick, and because the Romans prayed for his recovery in all the temples and seemed so glad when he at last got well, he began to think that after all he was a greater man than Cæsar and could do what he had long dreamed of doing, make himself emperor.

Cæsar's term of office had nearly expired, and he declared himself willing to give up his command if Pompey would also hand over the legions that had been given him for service in Spain, but which he kept close at hand. This was a fair enough proposal, for Cæsar knew that he had so many powerful and jealous enemies that his life would not be safe in Rome without his army, and he read Pompey's designs too clearly not to know that he would refuse to resign. Cæsar had been gradually collecting his soldiers and bringing them nearer and nearer to the Alps,

but Pompey had so high an opinion of his own popularity, that he did not bring any of the legions from Spain as his friends advised him. "I have only to stamp my foot, and armed legions will spring up," he said haughtily, when some one suggested the wisdom of providing himself with soldiers.

The Tribunes both friends of Cæsar, one of them being Marc Antony, protested loud and long when Pompey's tools in the Senate declared that Cæsar should disband his army by a certain time or be considered an enemy to the State, but that Pompey should keep his legions. No attention was paid to their protests, and fearing they would be murdered if they remained in Rome, they fled to Cæsar's camp at Ravenna, and told him what had happened.

Cæsar at once called together his soldiers who loved him so well, and told them the wrongs the Senate had heaped upon him, and asked them if they would stand by him and see him righted. We can imagine the shout that went up from the legions as they pledged their faith to the noble Cæsar and offered to follow wherever he led.

There is a little river in the north of Italy, which is called the Rubicon. This stream had long been considered the sacred boundary of Italy. On the banks of the Rubicon Cæsar halted his army, his soul weighed down with the awful responsibilities which he felt were upon him.

Should he cross that stream, it was the same as declaring war against his country, should he not cross it, Pompey would renew in Rome the horrors of the days of Sulla, for Pompey had more than once expressed his desire for vengeance on his political enemies and the friends of Cæsar. Which of the two evils was the less and how would history look upon his action?

At length he said with his peculiar firmness and decision. "The die is cast let us go where the gods and the injustice of our enemies direct us," then he plunged into the stream at the head of his army and urged his charger across.

In Rome there was the wildest confusion that had reigned since the days of Brennus. Cæsar was coming, bringing with him the dreadful Gauls! Cæsar was coming to kill every man who had opposed him and to make the streets run with blood! Cæsar was coming whom the Senate had so bitterly wronged! Not now as in the days of Brennus did the white-haired fathers of the city seat themselves in the Forum to await, in calm dignity, the foe. They scattered in every direction not even stopping to take their gold and jewels, which was very unlike the Romans, nor to sacrifice to the gods. If Pompey now stamped upon the ground for soldiers "to spring up," he stamped in vain, for not a legion, not even a single soldier sprang up, and not a volunteer came to his aid. Every man who feared Cæsar got out of Rome and into hiding as fast as he could, and Pompey himself hastened to the place where his legions were, so closely followed by Cæsar that he came near being caught, but he escaped during the siege of the city of Brundisium, and sailed away, intending to rouse the nations of the east and come back into Italy as a conqueror. Many of the Senators and aristocrats who had followed him to Brundisium would not leave Italy with Pompey, for they knew him to be selfish and feared he would turn traitor and sacrifice them, so they came back to Rome to surrender to Cæsar, whose conduct in sparing the lives and property of the cities conquered on his way south in pursuit of Pompey, had relieved the fears of the people.

Cæsar went back to Rome and the city opened its gates to him. Thus in two months from the day he crossed the Rubicon he was master of all Italy. He went into Rome almost alone, to show the people that there was no cause for fear on either

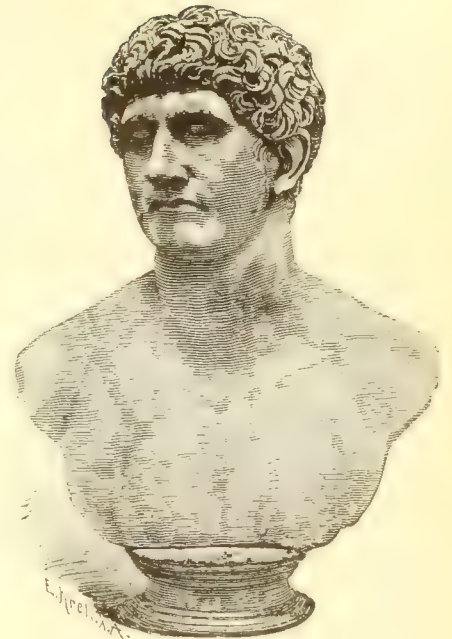


side. He told them his version of the quarrel between himself and the Senate, and said that since the Consuls had run away rather than face his claims, the people might trust him to preserve their rights and to violate none of the laws. He told them, too, that they need not be afraid he would repeat the horrible deeds of wicked Sulla, for he came to restore peace and order, not to create confusion. He stayed about a week in Rome and then leaving Lepidus and Marc Antony to keep order, he hurried to Spain, where he conquered Pompey's friends and made them his own by dismissing them unharmed. He even took many of the legions there into his army, and then went back to Rome, where he had been made dictator, rather an empty form, for he had already dictated so decidedly that no one need be at all uncertain about his powers. Eleven days he remained dictator, and no dictator before or since ever did so much in the same time. He called home the exiles, and gave back the rights of citizenship to the children of the many Senators and knights murdered by Sulla. He afforded the miserable debtors relief and organized the Senate. In short, he brought Rome into better order than it had been for many a day. Then he caused the Senate to declare him Consul and taking his legions he sailed away to Greece where Pompey had gathered a very large army of Asiatics, Greeks, and a few Italians.

In Pompey's camp there were three hundred of the Senators who had left Rome when they heard Cæsar was coming. There were enough of them to declare all Cæsar's acts against the laws, but they didn't. They were so sure Pompey would win in the struggle before them, that they actually made out long lists of the men they intended to murder, on account of their friendship for Cæsar, and fell to quarrelling about the offices they meant to have, and the estates they meant to plunder. "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip," is an old and true saying. These Senators and vain-glorious Pompey thought that they would crush Cæsar with their forty-five thousand foot-soldiers, seven thousand cavalry, and numerous Asiatic slingers and archers, for Cæsar had not half as many men.

Indeed Cæsar had been defeated just after he landed in Greece, but it was because some of his vessels had been driven back by a storm. It is said that he crossed over the Adriatic with a part of his army, and as he was uneasy about the remainder, he crossed back again in an open fishing-boat to see what was the matter. There was a wild tempest raging on the sea, and the angry waves seemed about to swallow up the little boat. The pilot trembled with fear, for he thought the frail bark would sink to the bottom of the sea and all would be drowned. Cæsar, the man of destiny, sat calmly in his seat, and observing the fear of the boat's crew, he turned to them and said: "Fear nothing you carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

He reached the land in safety, saw his troops embarked, then crossed back again to Greece, but his war-vessels were driven a hundred miles out of their course, and when at last Marc Antony, who had them in charge, landed, he was obliged to use very great caution in order to get his forces safely to Cæsar and the rest of the army. When the countries that had been doubtful which side they would take in the



Marcus Antonius

quarrel, saw Cæsar's little army successfully blockade Pompey and his great force at Petra, they were moved to admiration of his daring, for he cut off the supplies from the place and reduced the enemy to great straits, and when he was at last routed, he had gained so many friends by his courage and good generalship, that they aided his retreat and made it safe for him to retire from the sea-coast, and venture to meet Pompey in the open country in Thessaly.

Pompey with all his great army, was actually afraid to give battle, and when he marched to Pharsalia, in spite of the fact that the priests declared all the signs and omens were in his favor, he hung back and avoided a fight. It was not until Cæsar threatened to cut his communications with the coast, that Pompey consented to a battle.

Cæsar gave directions to his veterans, when they made the charge to pay little attention to the Asiatic allies, but to strike for the faces of the Roman knights with their spears. He knew that the Knights and Senators formed the strength of Pompey's cavalry, and that those aristocrats would bear cheerfully severe wounds on the body, but dreaded a scratch that would mar their comely features.

The gallant German horsemen led Cæsar's advance, for he began the battle and they were followed by spearmen on foot, who obeyed Cæsar's directions to the letter, and soon the gay band of Pompey's Roman cavalry, who had before the onset assigned to each other what part they would take in their general's triumphal procession, were fleeing from the field pell-mell. Cæsar had ordered his army to spare, whenever possible, the lives of Roman citizens, and when they were in full flight he told his men to cut down their allies without mercy, and this they did you may be sure.

When he saw his army flying in every direction, Pompey mounted his horse and fled too, and reaching the sea-coast took passage on a merchant-ship for the island of Lesbos, and with his wife and sons and two thousand men sailed away to Egypt where he hoped to receive the help of young Ptolemy against Cæsar.

Ptolemy was at war with his sister Cleopatra, who had been expelled from Egypt, although by the terms of her father's will she was to rule jointly with her brother, and Pompey sent to the young Pharaoh and asked his aid. The advisers of the Egyptian ruler saw a chance to win Cæsar to Ptolemy's side in his quarrel with his sister, so he sent a friendly message to Pompey and a vessel to bring him into the royal presence. In that vessel were two Roman murderers with sharp daggers, and when they had taken Pompey on board and were safely away from his friends, they killed their passenger, cut off his head to carry to Ptolemy and cast his body into the sea, where it was washed up by the surf on the shore.

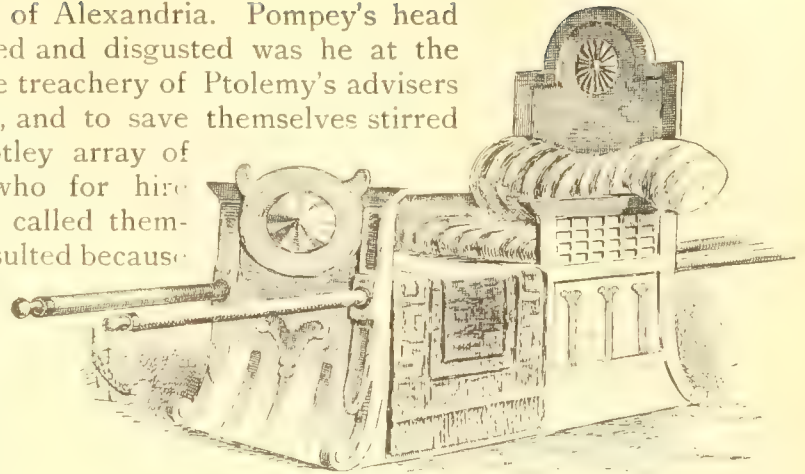
There Phillipus, a friend and companion of the murdered chief found it, and wrapping it in his own cloak, made a rude funeral pyre out of an abandoned fishing boat and burned it as was the Roman custom. When the body was consumed as thoroughly as circumstances would allow, faithful Phillipus buried the blackened bones and ashes in a hollow scooped out in the sand and set over it a rough board on which he scrawled with the blackened end of a stick, "Magnus."

Thus perished Pompey the Great, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and we cannot but remember once more the wise words of Solon to King Cræsus, "Call no man happy until the end of his life is seen."

Cæsar promptly followed Pompey to Egypt with four thousand men and thirty-five ships and landed his army, marching it with the Roman eagles at the head of



their ranks, through the streets of Alexandria. Pompey's head was shown to him, and so horrified and disgusted was he at the sad sight, and so bitter against the treachery of Ptolemy's advisers that they were much frightened, and to save themselves stirred up a riot in the city. The motley array of Greeks, Italians and Asiatics, who for hire supported Ptolemy's claims and called themselves an army, professed to be insulted because the Romans had carried their eagles through the streets of Alexandria, and this was one of the excuses for the bloody riot that occurred soon after the Romans entered the city. Cæsar had been pressing the regent Ponthius to return to him some



money he had borrowed, and it is not at all unlikely that this was another reason why Ponthius had secretly stirred up a disturbance. It was during one of these days of turmoil that Cleopatra, rolled in a great bundle of merchandise, was smuggled into Cæsar's presence, and by her wonderful beauty and her blandishments won him to declare in her favor. He surrounded the young king Ptolemy with Roman soldiers and made him a prisoner in his own palace. Upon this the people of Alexandria rose in arms angrier than ever, and Cæsar was driven into a part of the city where he was cut off from the water of the Nile. To keep his retreat open by sea, he set the Egyptian fleet on fire. The flames spread to the shore and destroyed many beautiful buildings, among them the great museum and the library founded by the first Ptolemy, which at the time contained four hundred thousand of the most priceless books of the world.

During the battle that resulted from Cæsar's attempt to take the island of Pharos, he came near losing his life, and only escaped by swimming ashore, bearing in one hand the notes of his precious "Commentaries on the Gallic Wars," which for a thousand years students have read with great interest. Cæsar had written these notes while on the march, borne in a litter by his soldiers, or in camp, in far away Gaul, and he knew their value to future historians.

Cæsar finally placed Cleopatra on the throne 47 B. C., crossed over to Pontus, where Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates had taken up arms against Rome, and in a campaign of five days gained complete victory. It was from Zela in Pontus, that he sent to the Senate that famous message, "I came, I saw, I conquered," which to this day is perhaps the briefest description ever written of a great military campaign.

He conquered the feeble remainder of Pompey's friends in Africa, and then went back to Rome, that in the meantime had made him dictator for ten years, with the name Imperator, from which we get the word emperor. There he celebrated four great triumphs, and to please the multitude gave shows of gladiators and wild beasts, which were celebrated in arenas decked with silken awnings, where even the knights of Rome fought to show their powers. He feasted the citizens at twenty-nine thousand tables, and loaded his friends with honors, distributing the spoils of war among the people. The cringing Senate hailed him as father of Rome. It was in the midst of this rejoicing that a mutiny arose among his troops at Campania, and they marched

to Rome. Cæsar went out alone to meet the revolted legion, the same that he had led to victory on many a hard-fought field, and when they saw their beloved leader all the claims they meant to make on Rome were forgotten, and when he asked them to state their grievances, they only asked for their discharge. "I discharge you citizens," replied Cæsar, and ashamed of their conduct, the legion begged to be again taken into favor and led to battle.

Cæsar soon showed that he was as great a statesman as he was a general. He set himself to work to make Rome a State which all the citizens should share in the privileges, that before his time were only given to Italians. Gauls, Iberians, Greeks and every conquered people were to become harmonized, and no Roman before or after Cæsar ever made such a liberal plan of government. He had conquered Pompey's sons in Spain and gained new honors, but he wanted to be king in name as well as power and keep the succession in his family. For this purpose he adopted Octavius, his great-nephew, and was having him carefully educated and trained in arms.

He had great plans too, for the improvement of the city, and did much practical work in that direction. With all his success, Cæsar had his enemies, who knowing his ambition, had determined that he should never be king. One morning there was a laurel wreath and a crown fastened to Cæsar's bust in the Forum, and when the Tribunes tore them off and indignantly trampled them under foot, the people shouted their approval.

Another time when Cæsar was returning with a great multitude from a religious festival, mysterious voices hailed him as king. An angry roar from the multitude caused Cæsar to cry out "I am no king, I am Cæsar." Still another time Mar Antony offered him a crown as a tribute from the Roman people but again he saw the anger of the people and refused it. We cannot comprehend why Cæsar should have so set his heart on bearing the fatal name of king and the privilege of wearing a crown, knowing as he did the hostility of the people.

Cleopatra had followed Cæsar to Rome, trusting her kingdom to her officers, and lived in his splendid palace on the Tiber. There Cæsar and his friends often visited her, to the scandal of the Roman people, and many other private acts of the same kind raised still new enemies against him. Among these was Marcus Junius Brutus, a descendant of that Brutus who drove the Tarquins from Rome. He had been one of the last to join Pompey and the first to forsake him at Pharsalia, and he had not been too patriotic to accept honors, money and office from Cæsar. Caius Cassius, another Roman, whose life had been spared at Pharsalia, a man who had wandered and fought with Crassus in Asia, was also Cæsar's enemy, and he, with Brutus and seventy-eight Senators, made a plot to kill Cæsar. Perhaps they thought the Romans would hail them as deliverers and that they would gain high honors for the deed, and it may be they even believed Cæsar a tyrant and that his acts justified his death.

Cæsar had often been warned of his danger in going to the Forum without a guard but if he had little confidence in the people, he assumed to have much and went about like any other private citizen. His wife dreamed a dreadful dream, a priest warned him of the day of his death, and a friend wrote him a letter telling him of the plot, but he paid no attention to the various warnings, perhaps trusting in the goddess Fortune to bring him safely out of the dangers which compassed him. Upon the 15th of March, B. C. 44, he went unattended as usual to the Senate chamber.





Antony offering the Diadem to Caesar.

When he had seated himself in his chair the conspirators, at a certain sign crowded about him, preventing his friends from coming near. Some held him down while the others stabbed him. Cæsar resisted bravely until he saw Brutus, his trusted friend, aim a stroke at him. "What, thou too, Brutus!" he sorrowfully cried, and drawing his toga over his face made no further effort for his life but fell bleeding at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Brutus had composed a speech to deliver to the Senate, but when he turned to address that body he found the room empty, for not knowing who might be the next victim the Senate had fled. With their daggers in their hands and with a banner formed of liberty cap hoisted on a spear, the seventy-eight conspirators, led by Brutus, made their way to the Forum, where an excited crowd had gathered. Instead of being hailed as deliverers, such angry and menacing words were hurled at the plotters that they retreated to the Capitoline where some hired gladiators came to join them and there they waited and deliberated.

Marc Antony had escaped to his house soon after the murder, and sent secretly to Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, for her husband's private papers and treasures. Being a Consul, he ventured to open the national coffers, and draw out a large sum of money, with this money, he bound to his cause, Lepidus, Cæsar's master-of-horse, who with a legion, was camped outside the city, and filling the Forum with soldiers he called the Senate together two days after Cæsar's death.

Cicero, who had in turn been a friend of Pompey and Cæsar, became the friend of the assassins, for he was always seeking the popular side, in order that he might possibly gain power. He advised them to have nothing to do with Antony, who had succeeded in having Cæsar's acts confirmed, although by so doing Brutus and several other of the assassins were left in office. Antony also succeeded in having a public funeral granted Cæsar, and he, himself, as chief magistrate of the republic, and Cæsar's nearest friend, pronounced the oration. He caused a splendid shrine of ivory and gold to be erected in the Forum, and the coffined body of the dead dictator was laid upon a golden couch. At its head, like a trophy of victory, was hung the cloak which Cæsar had worn when he was slain, all stained with his blood, and bearing the three and twenty rents, where the assassin's daggers had struck him. The body was hidden from view, but a small waxen figure, on which each wound was faithfully marked, was shown to the people. First Antony read Cæsar's will, in which he adopted Octavius as his son, gave to the people his gardens on the banks of the Tiber, and to every citizen a sum of money. Then he told the multitude how the Senate had heaped honors upon the dead emperor, declared his person sacred, his rule supreme, and had hailed as father of his country, and pointed as an example of their faithlessness, to the bleeding corpse.

At last the crowd, swayed by his eloquence, was excited to the last degree of frenzy, and when Antony shouted "I am ready to keep my vow to avenge the victim I could not save," and moved toward the capitol where the conspirators were still fortified, the people forbade Cæsar's body to be carried out of the city, chairs, tables and benches were brought from buildings near by, and piled into a pyre, and upon it the corpse was placed. This pyre was not far from the temple which had been built to Castor and Pollux long before, in remembrance of their aid at the battle of Lake Regillus. Suddenly two youths, gigantic in figure and clad in shining armor, were seen applying the torch to the pyre, the people in awe struck tones, told each other that the twin gods had descended from the heavens to do honor to Cæsar, and



in superstitious devotion cast their treasures into the fire, weeping and lamenting, his untimely fate. The soldiers flung their arms upon the fire, the matrons their jewels, and Gauls, Iberians, Africans and Romans who had known Cæsar and loved him, alike crowded about his bier, vowing vengeance on his murderers. When the body was consumed the frantic multitude seized burning brands and rushed through the streets to set fire to the houses of the conspirators who fled in terror from the city.

Antony was now, of course, the chief man in Rome. He might have made himself dictator, but instead secured the passage of a law forever abolishing the office. Riots were fermenting everywhere in the city and Antony asked the Senate for a body-guard pretending that his life was in danger and a whole legion was granted him. We have told you how Antony possessed himself of Cæsar's private papers. He now induced the Senate to agree to perform everything Cæsar had intended and then in Cæsar's name proceeded to do things that Cæsar himself would never have dared, shamelessly selling places and privileges and reversing the dead dictator's own laws. Within a week after Cæsar's dead body had been burned in the Forum, Antony had set himself up as a tyrant.

Young Octavius, when he heard the terms of Cæsar's will, was resolved to go to Rome and claim his inheritance. In vain his mother pleaded with him and tried to hold him back. He had the iron will of his adopted father, Cæsar, and had no doubt determined in his own mind that the Empire Cæsar had vainly tried to establish, he himself would attempt. He was but eighteen years old, slight and sickly and Antony probably never dreamed that his plans could be thwarted by this delicate stripling.

Octavius had no sooner come to Rome than he claimed his rights and in a forcible speech to the people told them he would pay over the sums Cæsar had bequeathed to them so soon as he should come into their possession. Then he demanded of Antony Cæsar's money and treasures and upbraided him for not punishing the assassins. Antony had spent the money and he bluntly told Octavius so. For a time the young man, who had taken the name Julius Cæsar Octavius was at a stand, but not for long. He sold all that was left of Cæsar's property, everything that he had himself, borrowed of his friends and relations, and paid the legacies of Cæsar's will, making thus thousands of friends.

Antony began to be a little alarmed, but he still had the Senate under his thumb. The conspirators were yet in Italy, and Cicero was with them in their hiding, but the orator made his way back to Rome in secret, and sitting in the Senate chamber heard Marc Antony make a bitter speech against him. He immediately went home to his house and prepared a speech against Antony, that encouraged the Senate to pluck up spirit and refuse to obey him. Several months had now passed since Octavius came to Rome, and he had improved his time. He had raised ten thousand men in Campania, bought over Antony's own legions at Brundisium and won Cicero, who was like an animated oratorical pendulum, swinging this way or that as his self-interest moved him. Cicero composed fourteen of the greatest speeches of his life



Julius Cæsar.

against Antony, and delivering them to the Senate, hopelessly damaged the cause of the Consul. Lepidus had four legions and Antony several more, and they joined forces and proclaimed civil war on the Senators. Octavius had thirty thousand troops, and the Senators sent the two Consuls they had chosen, with other soldiers to join him and attack Antony. This was done, and both Consuls were killed, some said by Octavius himself, who wanted all the honor of the victory, for victory it was. Octavius had little faith in the Senate, and when he asked to be made Consul the next year, Cicero who was as faithless as the Senate, agreed with them when they refused to do so. He sent four hundred of his veterans to plead his cause, but not till he crossed the Rubicon with eight legions did the Senate consent to make him Consul. Then he made overtures of peace to Antony and Lepidus, and as Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus had divided Roman dominion among themselves, so Octavius, Antony and Lepidus did with the single difference, that the first triumvirate, as it is called in history, was not stained with the crime of murder, but the blood of thousands of Roman citizens, sealed the second, for like Sulla, the three rulers decided to exterminate their enemies.

Cicero fell in this horrid butchery, and his head and right hand were nailed to the rostrum from which he had so often addressed the people. Antony, it is said, openly exulted in the sight of that ghastly head, his wife Fulvia pierced its tongue with a needle for the words it had uttered against her husband. Octavius who being so young might have been expected to show some compassion, looked coldly on these dreadful scenes, he had his own plans, and meant to work them out.

Brutus and Cassius were meanwhile in the East where Cassius had enriched himself and the legions who gathered round him with the plunder of cities. Laden with booty they crossed over into Macedonia and met Octavius and Antony with their legions at Phillippi. It is said that Brutus saw one night in a tent a gigantic figure standing motionless at his side. "Who art thou?" he asked, "I am thine evil genius," replied the shrouded shape, "we shall meet again at Phillippi," then it vanished, and Brutus questioning the guards was assured that no one had passed in or out of his tent, and he thought he had seen a ghost. It was more than likely that his uneasy conscience had conjured up the figure, for Cassius who was more hardened but equally guilty, saw no such shape. There were two battles fought at Phillippi, and in the first, the forces of the liberators might have succeeded, had not Cassius in a fit of despair, killed himself to escape being captured by the enemy.

Brutus, indeed, escaped during the first battle, and after twenty days in which he tried every device to encourage his troops, he hazarded another battle on the same ground and was utterly routed. He fled into hiding with a few companions, one of whom at his urgent prayer presented his sword upon which Brutus threw himself and by suicide escaped the vengeance of Octavius. The two successful triumvirs now determined to ignore Lepidus, and they did later, giving him Africa or Carthage as his territory, while Octavius took Gaul and Italy as his portion of the Roman dominion, and Antony selected the East.

Antony had often seen beautiful, wicked Cleopatra when she lived at Rome, and when he summoned her to meet him in Tarsus and she came in her silken-sailed barge attired as Venus, her attendants representing sea nymphs, Antony always pleasure-loving and easily influenced by beauty, became her willing slave. He forgot his rich provinces beckoning him, his wife, everything, in wild revels with the fair Egyptian queen, and following her home to Alexandria, plunged into dissipations



which were scandalous and foolish. Fulvia hoped in some way to recall him, and at last she succeeded in stirring up a revolt against Octavius. Many of the Italians had been driven from their lands by the young Cæsar and had a bitter hostility toward him. Placing herself at the head of these and some disaffected legions, she opposed Octavius who defeated her again and again and finally shut her up in a city in Etruria with her army.

Antony, at her urgent prayer or perhaps more because his delays and excesses had endangered his fortunes in the east, determined to make an attempt to overthrow Octavius. He failed to capture Brundisium and made peace. He had before this met Fulvia at Athens and bitterly upbraiding her, left her on her death-bed. After the peace he married Octavia, the sweet and noble widowed sister of the Cæsar, and the triumvirs made another agreement for five years then joined hands with Sextus, a son of Pompey, and the prospects for peace seemed once more promising. This was in the year 40 B.C. Sextus was a sort of pirate king of the Mediterranean and was admitted into the partnership, because he had it in his power to annoy Rome by cutting off with his vessels the supply of corn.

The four captains, after meeting and making all sorts of professions of friendliness for one another B. C. 39, divided the empire among them, and had hardly parted from each other until they were all fighting as before, only with added fierceness. Sextus continued to harrass the Roman merchantmen and Octavius sent against him Agrippa, one of his generals, who scattered his forces and chased Sextus himself into Asia where one of Antony's officers afterward killed him. Then Lepidus took command of Pompey's land forces and intended to make war upon Octavius but suddenly found himself without an army, for Octavius coming almost alone into his rival's camp made an eloquent speech to the soldiers and won them all over to his side. Lepidus was sent home to his estates in disgrace, leaving Antony master of the East and Octavius of the West.

In the meantime Antony had marched against the Parthians and when he was defeated, instead of returning to his young wife, Octavia, hastened to Egypt where Cleopatra gave splendid and costly feasts, dramatic shows and all sorts of entertainments to soothe and amuse him.

The conduct of the Roman captain and the fair Egyptian scandalized the whole world. Antony was not content with yielding up his name and fame to Cleopatra, but he gave her half a dozen rich Roman provinces, and when he heard that his wife, Octavia, was coming to visit him, he sent orders for her to return to Rome and announced that he was going to marry Cleopatra.

Upon this the Romans deprived Antony of his Consulship, but that made little difference to the infatuated general. He continued his folly, gave other Roman provinces to the Egyptian queen and in every way showed that he intended becoming master of the whole Roman world. Octavius now made war upon him, and at the sea battle of Actium, B. C. 31, notwithstanding that Antony had more men and more and larger ships than the Romans, he fled from the scene of action following Cleopatra's fleet that suddenly deserted.

He left his army and his fleet to its fate and the men who had risked their lives in his cause were so disgusted by his conduct that they went over to Octavius. Deserted by his army Antony formed a plan with Cleopatra to escape from Octavius by the way of the Red Sea. They knew the Romans would soon be in Alexandria and feared the revenge of Octavius. The plan was not carried out, and when Octavius,



L. F. S. P. R. E. T. A.

after taking Pelusim, advanced to Alexandria, the Egyptian fleet deserted to him, as did also the cavalry, for Cleopatra was false to Antony and anxious to win the favor of Octavius, had secretly instructed her army to come to terms with the Romans.

In fact Cleopatra had hoped to be rid of Antony at Actium. She had long dreaded his jealousy and had built for herself a sort of a tower into which she had caused all her treasures to be carried, covering them with fagots, so in case Octavius would not come to terms with her she would threaten to burn them and herself, or in case Antony tried to harm her she could shut herself up there and keep out of his reach.

Antony returned to Alexandria and was told that Cleopatra had killed herself, was overcome with despair and asked his slave, Eros to kill him. Eros loved his master devotedly and taking the blade, plunged it into his own heart, falling dead at Antony's

feet. Antony was touched by this act of devotion but not turned from his purpose. He snatched the sword from the bosom of the dead slave, his last friend, and stabbed himself. As he lay bleeding and dying he was told that the queen was alive and begged to be carried to her. Cleopatra feared to open the gate of her tower, and her dying lover had a rope which she lowered for the purpose placed about his body, and was thus raised to a window and admitted.

He breathed his last in the arms of the queen, and when he was dead she beat her breast and tore her hair, bewailing him as her lord and lover. She was not so overcome with grief, however, but that she could scheme to secure another lover. Octavius had entered Alexandria, and one of his officers climbed the walls of the tower and persuading Cleopatra of his master's good will toward her, induced her to return to the palace. Octavius there sent word to her that he would visit her at a certain time. Now, the wily queen had captivated one Cæsar, and thought she might fascinate another. True, she was no longer young, but she was in the ripe fullness of her beauty, and Octavius was but thirty-two, and was a Roman, and she had learned the weakness of the Roman character. So she dressed herself with great care, and displayed in her apartment portraits and busts of Julius Cæsar, his love tokens and letters, and awaited Octavius.

Octavius came, and Cleopatra put forth all her arts to charm him, but in vain; he was as cold as marble, as stern as fate. He bade her give him a list of her treasures, and then left her. Cleopatra learning that she was to grace the triumph of Octavius in Rome, determined to die rather than live a captive, disgraced and humiliated. She again entered her mausoleum or tower, crowned Antony's tomb with flowers, and killed herself. Cleopatra had often experimented with death. She had caused her physicians to give to her slaves various poisons, and by noting their death agonies, had found that the sting of the asp was the swiftest and most painless form of death, and it is said that it was an asp which she had caused to be brought her concealed in a basket of figs that caused her death, for the Romans closely watched her, fearing she would attempt suicide. Cleopatra's young son, Cæsario, the child of the first Cæsar, was put to death, but her two other sons, children of



Antony, were spared. Egypt became a Roman province after having been governed three centuries by the Ptolemies. When Octavius, after setting the affairs of Egypt in order, and arranging Rome's eastern dominions, returned to the city, the Senate gave him the title, Imperator, and allowed him to keep the command of the army. He at once set about the task of re-organizing the Senate, and so popular were his reforms that the people made him their Tribune for life, and after a time, the Senate made him head of the national religion, and chief Consul year after year. Thus, while keeping up the form of the republican government, he held in his own person by gift of the people, all the chief offices, and was really king.

He was too wise to take the name king, or to surround himself with royal pomp. He did not even live in a palace but in a simple mansion on the Palatine hill, like other rich Romans, and the only real sign of his kingship, was his title Augustus the Divine, which was bestowed upon him by his admiring countrymen.

He was wise and clever, and kept himself free from the errors of Julius Cæsar, and while striving to interest all the higher classes, pacified the lower. He revived the old religion, built anew the temples that had fallen into decay, maintained the old laws, and left nothing undone to make Rome great and progressive. But in spite of the appearance that nothing was changed, everything was changed, but it was upon the old foundations that the new Roman State was built. The days of the republic, which for a hundred years had been days of blood, strife and turmoil, were forever over, and the days of the empire had begun.

Education at the time of the beginning of the empire, was in high favor, and Latin poets, historians, dramatists, and comic writers were much esteemed. Grammar, logic, geometry, oratory, agriculture, law, astronomy, music, medicine and architecture were studied in schools. The great number of provinces made the Romans able to get the products of the known world, and their houses under the first Emperor were not only enlarged and made beautiful, but there was added luxury of living. Augustus used to boast that he found Rome brick and left it marble, and indeed it was true. Millions of money were received every year in tolls, customs and tribute, and a large share of this was spent in magnificent public buildings, while the rich vied with one another in the beauty of their palaces.

Augustus may not have had the brilliant genius of Julius Cæsar, but he was certainly one of the greatest men Rome ever produced. He performed a task almost superhuman and the results of his work lasted for centuries. He kept in order the turbulent city which held 700,000 of his subjects and reconciled the many factions. Italy and all the provinces which in that time comprised all of Western Europe, nearly all of Western Asia and Northern Africa, were to be governed, but Augustus in his long reign of forty-four years twice closed the doors of the temple of Janus.

He was just as determined to keep Gaul as Cæsar had been to add it to Roman dominions, but he was very much worried by wild tribes who would persist in invading Gaulish territory where the people had made some progress in civilization. Savage tribes too harrassed the Roman provinces in Spain, and it was not until many vexatious years of war in which Augustus himself bore the weariness and hardships of his legions that Gaul was made peaceful. He went to Asia, too, and subjected the Parthian king, bringing back to Rome the standards taken from Crassus so long before, and the people of Rome grew to love their emperor who not only made the Roman name glorious abroad, but was genuinely interested in their welfare at home. They could not praise him enough and after he died declared that not one

single act of injustice or cruelty to a citizen could be brought forward against him. Happy as Augustus was in the love of his subjects and the favor of fortune, his private life had its sorrows. His only daughter was so wicked that her name was a by-word in Rome and Augustus at last banished her. His grand-daughter was as vicious as her mother, and his grandson was a dangerous madman, who had to be constantly guarded. His two noble and virtuous grandsons, Lucius and Caius, died in early manhood, and Octavius' son, Marcellus, too, died in his twentieth year, lamented by all Rome.

To insure the continuance of the empire Augustus adopted his step-sons Tiberius and Drusus, but Drusus was accidentally killed, and Tiberius was so crafty and calculating that Augustus feared him and kept him much in Gaul with the legions.

It was during the reign of Augustus, in the very height of his glory and power, that Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, the Herod, who put the innocent children to death, having been seated on his throne by Mark Antony. This great event happened four years earlier than the date usually given, B. C. 4, and a few years later Rome lost in the forests of Germany a large army. The brave German Arminius exasperated by the oppression of the Romans, roused his countrymen to arms and falling upon the Consul Varus in the Teutonberger forest one wild tempestuous day, A. D. 9, cut the Roman army to pieces, only a few horsemen escaping to carry the news of the disaster to Rome, but Augustus was so grieved over the loss of his army that he used to lament it with bitter tears, crying "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." Augustus passed nearly eight years beyond the allotted space of man's life, dying as calmly and majestically as he had lived.

He had set the Roman people an example of public virtue that was not soon forgotten, but the Romans were growing more corrupt and wicked with every generation, for the civil wars had taken the heads of the best families and the old traditions of liberty and virtue were no longer regarded.

Tiberius had waited impatiently enough for the event that would make him ruler of the Roman world, but he was a clever, crafty fellow, and knew how to cover his real thoughts. His mother Livia concealed the death of Augustus from the people until Tiberius arrived at Benvenutum, where the aged emperor breathed his last. The new emperor went to Rome and assembling the Senate was of course hailed as the emperor, but true to his crafty nature, he pretended to be very unwilling to take on himself the cares of the State, but in reality he feared that the legions would seat on the throne the gallant young Germanicus who had not only avenged the death of Varus and his legions, but had a fair prospect of reducing Germany to a Roman province. Augustus had scattered throughout Rome and Italy a large number of veterans to keep order and do a sort of police duty, and upon these Prætorian Guards, as they were called, Tiberius could rely, but not upon the legions whose commander he himself had been, though never a favorite.

Indeed the legions were fully determined to make young Germanicus emperor, but the brave young general rebuked them and refused to countenance any such plan, and Tiberius could and did now accept the honors showered on him by the Senate, and took upon himself unlimited power.

Alas for the golden age of Augustus when life and property were sacred, and Roman liberty under law, was something more than a name. The man in whose hands the power was now placed, was a monster in human shape, and the nobility of Rome, all that was best and all that was worst, suffered alike from his cruelty, dis-

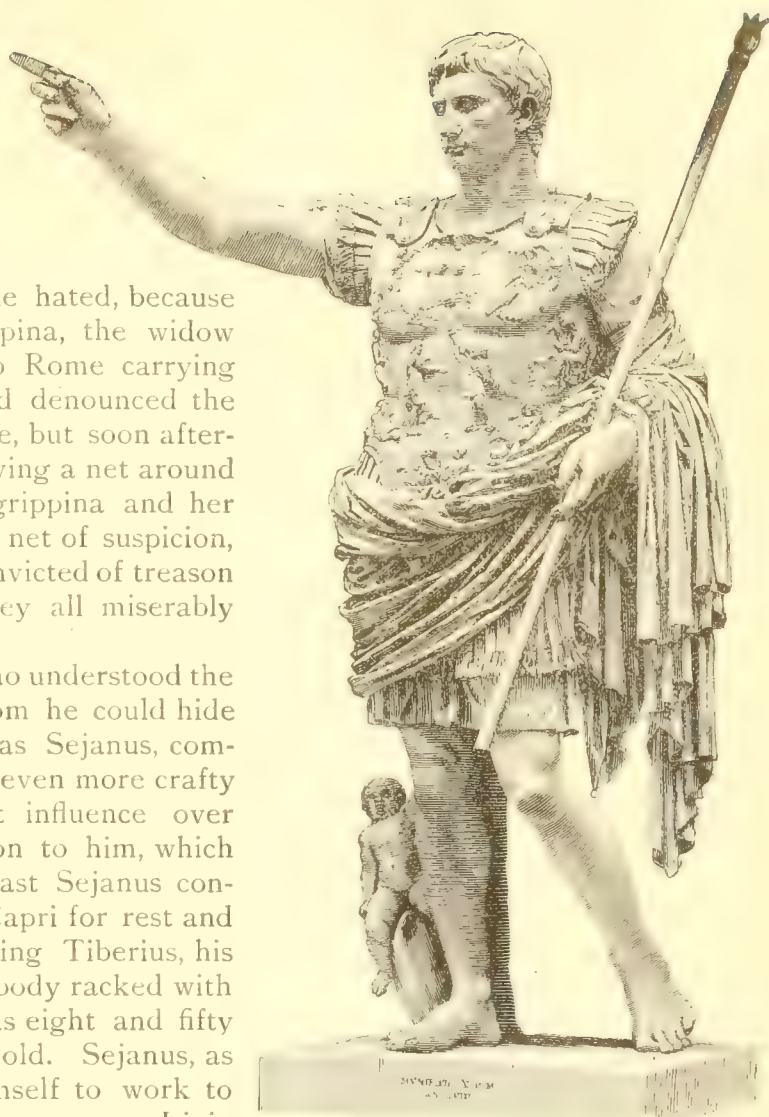


guised at first but hideously exposed after a while. First he called Germanicus back from the borders of the Rhine, and giving him a great triumph, sent him to Asia, sending along at the same time one of his own creatures with orders to poison the popular young Roman, his own nephew, whom he hated, because others loved him. When Agrippina, the widow of the murdered man came back to Rome carrying the ashes of her dead husband, and denounced the murderer, he gave him up to justice, but soon afterward, like a great black spider weaving a net around helpless flies, Tiberius wound Agrippina and her two bravest and best sons in such a net of suspicion, that he succeeded in having them convicted of treason and thrown into prison, where they all miserably perished.

There was one man in Rome who understood the cruel, crafty emperor, and from whom he could hide none of his designs. This man was Sejanus, commander of the Prætorians, who was even more crafty than Tiberius, but gained a great influence over the emperor by a pretended devotion to him, which shrank from no cruel work. At last Sejanus contrived to have the emperor go to Capri for rest and recreation, and the lean, bald, stooping Tiberius, his face covered with ulcers and his body racked with pain, was growing weary, for he was eight and fifty when Augustus died, and was now old. Sejanus, as soon as Tiberius was gone, set himself to work to make himself the successor of his master. Livia died about this time at the age of eighty-six, and her death was equally welcome to Tiberius, upon whom his imperious mother was always a check, and to Sejanus who feared her.

For three years now the Prætorian commander was the real ruler of Rome, and the emperor at Capri gave himself up to such wild and vicious orgies, such beastly indulgences and pleasures, that history shrinks from relating them, but all the time, crafty as ever, he was, keeping an eye on Sejanus, and knew perfectly well at what he aimed.

At length Sejanus made a plot to kill Tiberius and seize the empire, and it was at the moment when he felt himself the safest and most powerful that Tiberius directed the Senate to destroy the presumptuous plotter. Obedient to their master, and not unwilling to wreak their hatred on the man who, for three years had lorded it over them with such a high hand, the Senate obeyed and strangled him in prison, then threw his body into the street and trampled on it. This was the beginning of terrible days for Rome. Some of the noblest citizens despairing of their country and fearing



Triumphal Statue of Augustus.

the vicious emperor, killed themselves, and many others unjustly condemned, died by his orders. From his island he sent orders for the murder of those he believed his enemies, and men, women, and even innocent children were slain by this monster whose thirst for blood seemed to increase every day.

To be sure, it was only those of noble birth upon whom his wrath fell, and the common people who received regular supplies of corn, and were paid largest from the public funds and not interfered with by the emperor's caprice, cared little what befell their natural enemies, the rich and great. Roman arms, too, were successful abroad. Asia, Africa and Gaul, were firmly held in check and in the main well-governed and it was only Rome itself and Italy that felt the blight of tyranny.

With Tiberius at Capri were his two nephews Caius, a son of Germanicus, and Claudius, the son of Drusus, both of whom he had adopted. Claudius was so timid and shrinking that his uncle thought him an idiot and left him to his own devices. The other Caius, called Caligula by the Roman soldiers, because when a little child he used to strut about the camp in a pair of miniature caliga or military boots, was his favorite. This Caius shared his uncle's orgies, and being crafty by nature he paid such court to the old tyrant as to disarm his suspicions, or he too would perhaps have lost his life.

The emperor, after eighteen years of such crime as made his name ever afterward hateful to the Romans, felt death near, but would not name his successor. One day in March, 37 A. D., he had a fainting fit and was thought dead and Caius was proclaimed his heir. He revived after awhile, but his most trusted friend, Marco, caused him to be smothered with the blankets of his couch, and Caius became emperor.

He began his reign well, for he was beloved for his father's sake, and the army and people were enthusiastic in their welcome to him. He made some good laws and proposed others; projected public works, recalled the banished from exile, and was in a fair way to justify the expectation of a good reign when he was suddenly prostrated by a fever. He recovered his bodily health, but his mind, never very strong, nor well balanced, was completely turned and Rome had now a madman for an emperor.

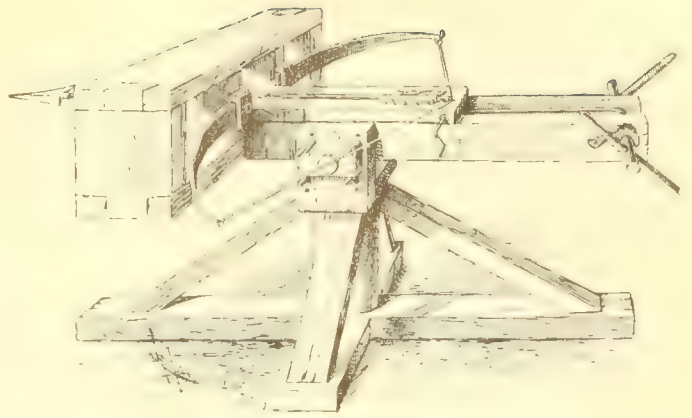
The deeds of Caligula almost pass belief in their wild folly, and that the Roman people submitted quietly to him is a wonder indeed, but we forget what they had become. He murdered people right and left, without form of trial, his father-in-law falling a victim. He rejoiced in the bloody combats of the arena, and contrived absurd spectacles in which he figured as a conqueror. He held angry disputes in a whisper with Jupiter, fed his favorite horse at his banquet table, and would have made the beast a Consul had he lived long enough to commit such folly. His banquets were upon scales of wildest extravagance, and he poured out the treasures of the empire to satisfy his insane caprices. He even went into Gaul as far as the shores of the British Channel, and sending home a heap of shells, gathered from the sea shore, had them placed solemnly in the capitol as "spoils of the ocean."

No more dangerous madman than Caligula figures in all history, and his example is that of unlimited power in the hands of a man without conscience. For four years his excesses shocked and terrified the people, then he was killed as he deserved to be, and the weak Claudius, whom he had long ago forgotten, was made emperor.

Like his nephew, Caligula and his uncle, Tiberius, Claudius had a taint of madness, but the Prætorian guards, notwithstanding that his weakness was known, made



him emperor. Compared with Caligula, Claudius was a good ruler, but compared with Augustus, how weak was this degenerate Cæsar. True, he led his legions to the borders of the German ocean, and sent them into Britain, so planning their campaign that they gained important victories, and even in Asia, Roman arms were successful under his generals. His son Britannicus was greatly admired by the Roman people for his victories in Britain, and would perhaps have succeeded his father, had not his mother,



Roman Catapult

Messalina, fallen into disgrace. She was the most wicked woman Rome ever produced, but for a long time skillfully hid all her crimes from her husband. At length she carried her sins to that extreme, that Claudius learned of them, and put her to death. Soon afterward he married Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, who was a widow with one son, Nero. Agrippina was ambitious, and she easily persuaded the weak-minded emperor to make Nero his successor. When she had secured her son's future, she poisoned Claudius, and Nero ascended the throne. For the first five years Nero ruled judiciously, for he was under the influence of a wise tutor, Seneca, and an honest statesman Burrhus. At the end of that time he threw off all good influences and began a career of crime that made his name forever odious to the Romans. He put people to death to secure their riches for himself, and even condemned Seneca himself to death. He caused his mother, Agrippina to be assassinated because she wanted to share his power and then gratified his vicious tastes unrestrained.

He descended into the arena to display his skill with the gladiators, and sang and acted on the stage. A terrible fire that destroyed the most beautiful portion of Rome, it is said Nero kindled with his own hand, and enacted the drama of the Destruction of Troy, singing and playing on the harp, while thousands of his subjects were being rendered homeless.

The people, irritated beyond endurance, would have risen and crushed him then and there, had he not taken the warning of his friends and gone forth, and with the money produced from the sale of the estates of nobles he had murdered or banished, given them means to rebuild their dwellings.

He did more. He accused the Jews and Christians of setting fire to the city, and seized thousands of them. They were thrown to wild beasts, devoured by dogs or burned to death, and many Romans who had offended the emperor but who knew nothing of the doctrines either of Jews or Christians were punished in the same way and their wealth seized by Nero, until the people sick of such horrid spectacles of suffering and injustice prayed him to desist.

From this time forward Nero acted much like the insane Caligula. He made a journey to Greece and brought back to Rome eighteen hundred garlands, prizes of musical festivals, for who would dare contest the prize with a monster who murdered all who thwarted him. He built on the ruins of the burned portion of the city, a great palace extending over three of the seven hills, embracing groves and lakes and on a scale of magnificence never before seen in Rome. The people grew more and





war. The Jews had been so goaded by Roman tyranny, that they had determined to be free, and Rome at once sent an army to put down the rebellion. As soon as Vitellius learned Vespasian had been proclaimed by the legions, he sent an army out against him, but it was defeated, and the victors marched to Rome where the people were rioting in a drunken festival. Vitellius defended Rome, but his soldiers, weakened by debauchery, and bought off by Vespasians' friends in the city, gave way, and the streets were reddened with slaughter. Vitellius was killed by the infuriated populace and his body thrown into the Tiber, and until Vespasian himself arrived in the city, for of course the Senate proclaimed him emperor, there was dire confusion. Vespasian soon straightened matters out, for since the days of Augustus Rome had been subject to no such worthy master. He made good laws, repressed violence, brought Roman Gaul into an orderly condition, and conquered Britain to the river Tyne. He left his son Titus to carry on the war in Judea. The heroic Jews had been in sad straits during the reign of Nero, for the rule of the Herods, vile though it was, they thought happy, when compared to that of the Roman Provincial Governors, who since the year 44 A. D., had filled Judea with misery. Murders committed in the name of religion and liberty; robberies under sanction of law, and all manner of internal disturbances distracted the unhappy country. The Roman Governors shared the profits of banditti and excited riots in the city of Jerusalem again and again, so that they might plunder the temple. They tried every means that oppression could devise to drive the Jews into open rebellion, so that they might plunder them, still farther, and at last they succeeded. The Jews armed themselves, drove the Romans out of the holy city, while the many Christians who had residence there, voluntarily exiled themselves.

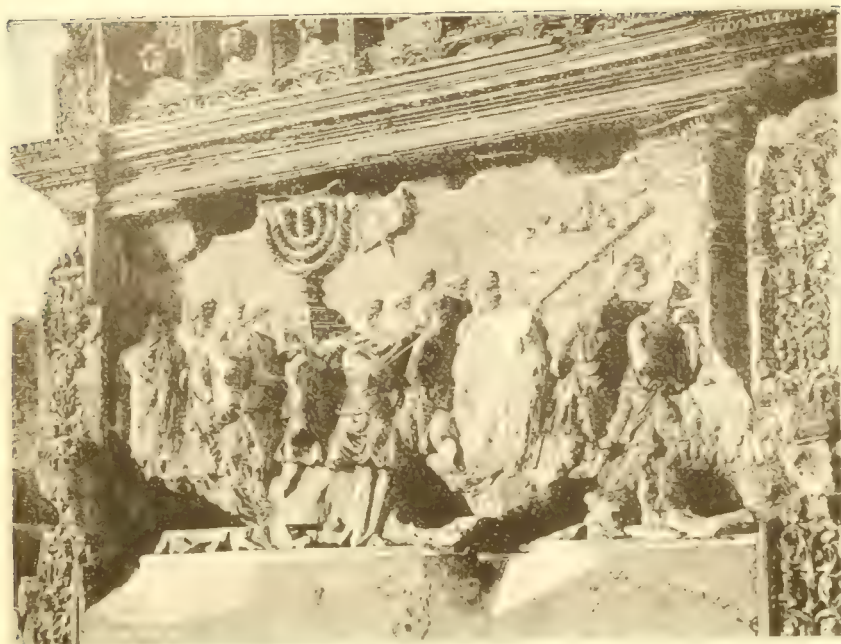
Among the Jews themselves, were three factions, and shut up there in Jerusalem, menaced by the legions of Rome, these three factions fell to quarreling, and finally to fighting. Six hundred thousand people were collected in the city to celebrate the Feast of the Passover, when Titus finally appeared before the walls. A large army defended Jerusalem with the courage of despair. The helpless women and children, as well as the brave Jewish soldiers within the town were soon suffering the pangs of famine, but there was no thought of surrender.

Six months the siege was carried on, and the horrors of those months, long ago foretold by the old prophets, were such as to daunt any people less brave, but the factions fought and quarreled as fiercely as ever, and as fiercely as ever repulsed the Romans, assaulting their defenses.

They were found fighting in the very courts of the temple, when the Roman battering-rams at last made a great hole in the walls, and Titus and his army entered to complete the work of carnage so terribly begun. The temple was burned, the people were massacred, and many threw themselves from the towers rather than submit to the Romans. At last Mount Zion was plowed and sown with salt. Then Jerusalem was leveled to the ground, only a broken wall and three melancholy towers being left as a memorial of Rome's vengeance. The Jews who had not perished by the sword, starvation or fire, were taken captives to Rome. The golden vessels used so long in the service of the temple, adorned the triumph of Titus, and in Germany,



Nero



THE DEATH OF JESUS. BASE OF ST. PETER'S BAPTISTERY, ROME.

Gaul, Italy and every country of the world, were scattered the descendants of Abraham, bearing in their hearts the memory of the great traditions of their race, still as separate and distinct a people in their fall as in their greatness. Long afterward they tried to rebuild the temple, but balls of fire bursting from the ground, probably the fire-damp that sometimes gather in old cellars, frightened the workmen away. From the Jews the Messiah sprang and among them lived his wonderful life, and from Jerusalem went out that influence, which growing stronger and stronger

as centuries went by, purified the race, built up new civilization and made faith something more than dead form.

Thus the world became the empire of the Jew, for the Christian is but a newer and broader Jew whose God, law, hope, past and future, are so entwined with the story of the chosen people, that the holy city still lives imperishable in the minds of men, and the temple of the living God, purified forever by the blood of the blameless offering stands to-day above the power of time and war. The Romans destroyed the visible signs of the Jewish empire but they nevertheless widened its spiritual sphere, and in spite of the offerings to wild beasts and persecutions of ten consecutive emperors, Christianity, the new Judaism, conquered Rome and all Europe, and from Rome set out to subdue the islands of the sea and the remote bounds of the earth.

This then was the great achievement of Titus, though he never knew its import, and when Vespasian sank to rest after ten years of rule, on the whole wise ones, and Titus became emperor, he was called "the delight of mankind" on account of his amiable character.

It was in the first days of the reign of Titus that the crater of Vesuvius, where so long ago Spartacus and his robbers made their lair, began to send forth strange mutterings and rumblings and to belch smoke and flame. Down at the foot of the mountain lay two rich and beautiful cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. Their inhabitants knew what the strange sounds portended, and many of them immediately took ship and sailed away, while others, with the possessions they could easily carry, fled by land. No doubt there were many hundreds of human beings in the two cities on that dreadful day in August, A. D. 79, when the mountain poured forth its deadly torrent of fire and lava. Down the slopes it rushed like a flaming sea, and the air was so thick with gases and ashes that it was like darkest night. The wave rolled onward, burying houses, temples, shops and people, covering deep all vestiges of the cities, entombing everything in its way. There the corpses of the



dead cities, enclosed in the hardened lava, lay for centuries, and Pompeii and Herculaneum were utterly forgotten upon the earth, until some workmen, digging one day at the base of Vesuvius, uncovered the top of a statue, and this resulted in the finding of those buried cities, where everything showed how sudden and awful had been the calamity that had overtaken them.

Titus only lived two years after he became emperor, and when he died Domitian, his brother, came to the throne. Again did cruelty, lust and violence devastate Rome, and murder lurk in its palaces and banquet halls. Domitian lived sixteen years to vex the earth with his crimes, and then Nerva, the mild and moderate, was called from Spain to take his seat on the blood-stained throne of the Cæsars, for the people were tired of born princes who proved at last to be ruffians, and were willing to try the experiment of creating an emperor from a man of ordinary birth. Nerva reigned two years and then Trajan whom Nerva selected to follow him wore the purple.

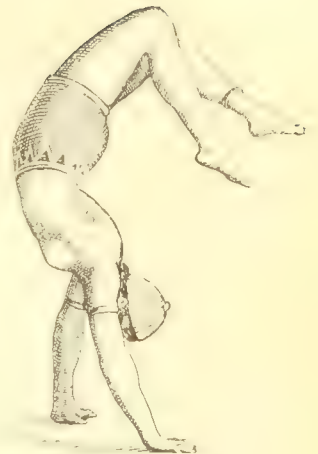
Trajan was a soldier of the old Roman kind, though he was born in fair Seville, in sunny Spain, and under him Rome's golden days seemed likely to return. Peace and order at home, the conquest of foreign foes, and the subjugation of the far East, are among the great deeds which stand recorded to his honor on sculptured column and storied arch in Rome, and nineteen years the empire flourished under his mild rule. When Trajan died in far-away Asia his ashes were carried in a golden urn to the Capital and buried under the column on which his northern conquests were recorded.

True, he carried on the third great persecution of the Christians, and the good St. Ignatius of Antioch died a martyr, along with thousands of others, during his reign. But in his day such a persecution was considered virtuous, for the Pagan world was striving to crush out a truth that would make plain the falsehood of long ages and discredit the legends of the gods that had been worshipped by their ancestors long before the dawn of history. Neither Pagan Rome nor Christian Rome, with the various refinements of the cruelties of the amphitheater and the inquisition, could stay the irresistible tide of faith.

The reign of the next emperor, Hadrian, was one of peace and prosperity, though it was not unstained by private crime. The Romans were used to such things now, however, and let him indulge his humor. He traveled much and brought the provinces into order. It was Hadrian who built the Roman wall in Britain, the ruins of which, overgrown with grass and weeds, still protects the Scotch shepherds from the sun in hot summer afternoons, yet there was little grief when, after a reign of nineteen years, he died, and Antoninus Pius, the first of the Roman rulers to protect the persecuted Christians, became emperor.

Marcus Aurelius, the author of a famous book of "Meditations," that is still read and enjoyed, followed Antoninus on the throne and was like him in his virtues, although unlike him he persecuted the Christians and many martyrs revered in after years, died during his reign a cruel death. His son Commodus was as vicious as Nero, and Marcus Aurelius may be considered the last of the Roman emperors who cared anything for the happiness of the Roman people.

Under Commodus the Prætorian Guards gained their old odious power, and murder, plague, revolt and all the evils bred by tyranny, urged Rome forward with



Female Acrobat



M. 1665. A. 25.

fearful speed down the decline of her greatness and glory. Twelve years and nine months this cruel emperor was permitted to live; then he died a violent death, by the hand of his most trusted female slave. After this, for nearly fifty years, the various generals of the legions were made emperors of Rome, holding the power sometimes for only a few days, weeks or months, and at others for a few years, before they fell victims to plots and conspiracies. A Thracian, a Syrian, a Moor, an Arab and several wicked Romans, among them Caracalla, whose name in history is placed side by side with that of Caligula, Nero, and Commodus for cruelty, ruled over Rome in that time. None of these deserve to be remembered for their good deeds until we come to Valerian, who in the year A. D., 253, came to the throne.

From the southern banks of the Danube, known long ago as the home of the Scythians, the Goths issued, and in their rude but well managed crafts, crossed the Euxine, ravaged Asia Minor, and threatened Italy, while the

Allimani had come down into Italy, Spain and Gaul, crossed the straits of Gibraltar and plundered a great part of civilized western Europe. The Persians under the new empire of the Sassanidæ were retaking the provinces so long tributary to Rome, and against all these difficulties Valerian contended. At last he took the field against Persia, and was captured.

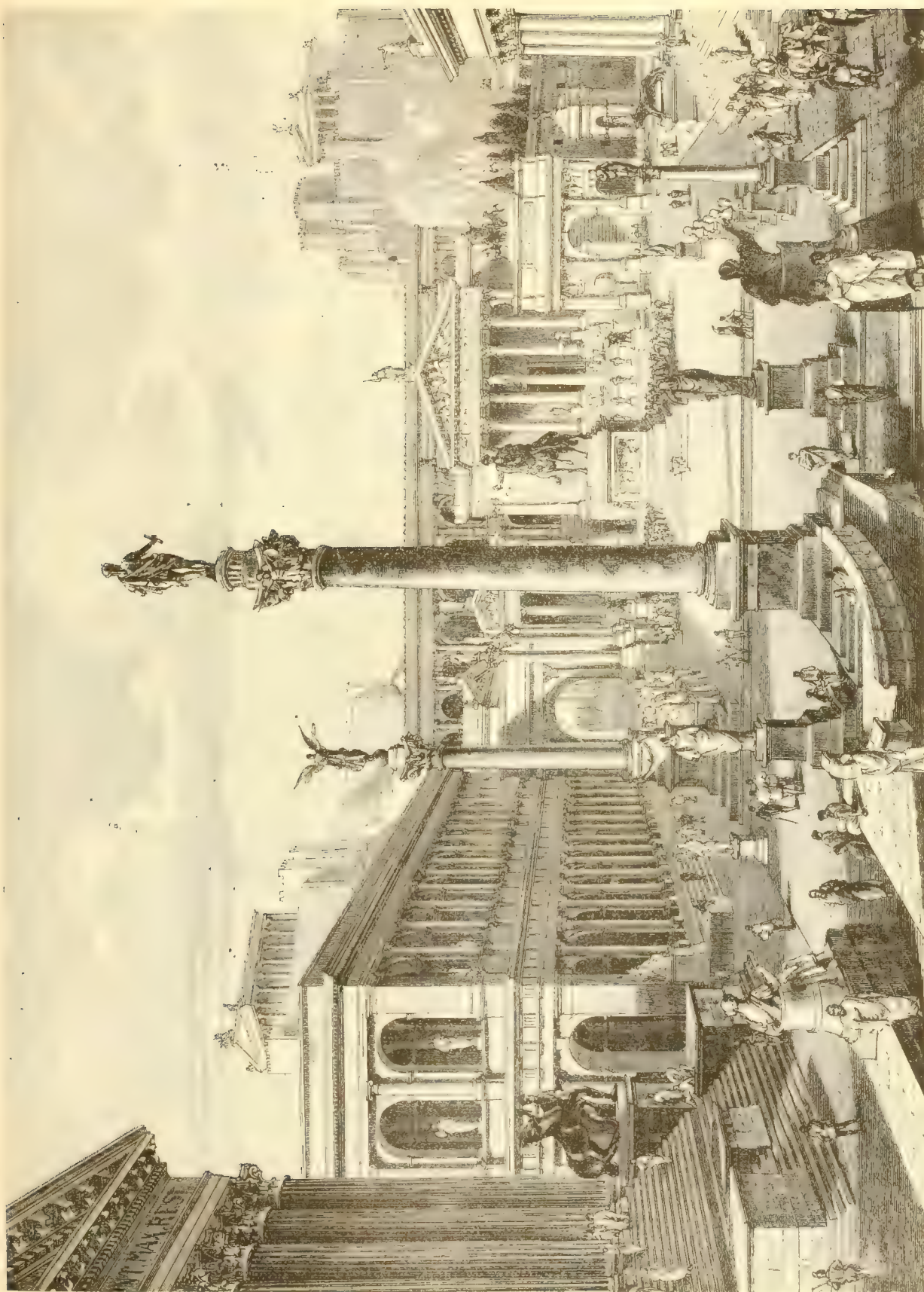
For seven years Rome had the humiliation of knowing that her emperor was a captive, insulted, ill-used and suffering, but they could not or would not succor him. In the ten years following this calamity and shame to Rome, the empire was overrun by barbarians and in nearly every province of the empire a pretender sprang up, and established an independent kingdom which perished with its founder after a brief and inglorious career.

Odentatus, a Roman citizen, founded in Syria at this time the kingdom of Palmyra. When he was murdered by the Romans, his brave and beautiful queen, one of the most noble and picturesque figures in history, not only ruled Palmyra wisely, but defied Aurelian, the bravest general of his time, who became emperor of Rome, A. D. 272, after a romantic career in Gaul.

For six years this valiant woman held her kingdom, and conquering Egypt began to think of being supreme in Asia. Aurelian at length besieged her at Palmyra and Zenobia at the head of her army defended its walls with courage and skill until hope was gone. Then she tried to escape to Persia but was captured by the victorious Aurelian and the city fell.

The conqueror left a garrison in the city and started home to Rome with his army. But the Palmyrenes revolted and massacred every Roman soldier they could find. Aurelian then marched back, slaughtered the people young and old, men,





THE ROMAN FORUM



CONSTANTINE THE GREAT ON HIS TRIUMPHAL ARCH, A.D. 315.

women and children, stripped the city of its wealth, and leaving it in ruins took his way back to Rome with the captive queen in his train. He wrested Spain, Gaul and Britain from the barbarians who had meanwhile almost wiped out Roman civilization in those provinces and when he finally reached Rome he was given a great triumph. Zenobia was treated with much respect, and settling near Rome became a private citizen. Her daughters married Romans but never laid claim to being princesses of Palmyra.

Three Roman emperors reigned in the next eight years, but A. D., 284, Diocletian, a Dalmatian, was chosen by the legions. Diocletian saw that the Roman empire was in danger of being torn into fragments by the ambition of the generals in the far-away provinces, to become independent rulers, so he concluded to divide the empire himself. There was in his army an Illyrian peasant who was loyal, brave and well beloved by the legions. This man, Maximianus, was chosen to rule Gaul, Italy and Britain, with the force of the legions in those provinces and regularly made joint emperor. Very soon Diocletian, who had gone to the far East, realized that he still had more territory than he could

rule properly, for you must understand that the parts of the Roman empire, made up wholly of conquered nations who were oppressed by taxation and degraded by being so often subjected, could not be relied upon to be loyal unless frightened into peaceableness by the presence of an army.

Diocletian now took two more joint rulers into the imperial partnership, and there were now four emperors, but not one of them made Rome, sadly sunken in luxury and wickedness, his Capital. When Diocletian had been twenty years emperor of Rome, he resigned his office, as did Maximianus also, at the same time, and left Constantius and Galerius, whom he had last chosen to aid him, rulers of the divided empire.

It would be hard to follow all the quarrels and difficulties in the various provinces after Diocletian retired to private life. Constantius had his hands full in Gaul and Britain, where he conquered the Alemanni and the Caledonians, and when he died at York, in England, his son Constantine was proclaimed by the Legion's Emperor of the Western Empire.

Now comes the long struggle between the Roman empire of the East and the empire of the West. Constantine, finally, in the year, A. D. 312, conquered the pretenders to the dominion rightfully his through his father, then engaging in war with the emperor of the East defeated him and gained the whole vast empire for himself. Constantine has been called "the great," on account of his many different victories



both military and political, but more especially because he protected Christianity which had by this time spread to the far-away British Isles. He persecuted Pagans, as several emperors before him had persecuted Christians, as a matter of policy. Although we are told that he himself was a Christian he was certainly rather a fierce sort of adventurer to bear such a name. He murdered his wife and his own brave son, Crispus, because he was jealous of the love which his people bore them, and his private life was not one whit better than that of Tiberius or Nero.

Constantine did not live at Rome, but wandered from city to city in Gaul, and finally built Constantinople on the site of Byzantium, for his capital, where he could be near the eastern frontier of the empire. Rome was stripped of her beautiful works of art. The wealth of Italy was carried away to adorn the new city, and the Roman Senators invited to the eastern capital. The Roman Senator was now as different from those of the old days, as the Roman Emperor was different from the great Augustus. These emperors copied the manners as well as the vices of the oriental kings, wore a diadem and robe, and the Senators prostrated themselves like slaves in the royal presence. The army too, was no longer made up of Romans, or even Italians. Gauls, Britons and Germans considered themselves citizens, and were the fighters, while the descendants of the old Romans were vicious, debauched idlers.

The Christians had been quarreling among themselves in regard to the nature of the Deity, and were almost as furious against each other as they were against the Pagans. There were Catholic bishops who denounced Arian bishops with all the sulphur and brimstone at their command, and the Arian bishops returned the compliment. Constantine undertook to make peace between them, and from the throne expounded the dogmas of the faith of Christ to the bishops and people, thus uniting Church and State.

Rome all this time had a Pagan Senate, but Rome was now of little account in the empire, and the Senate's power only extended to the boundary of Italy. The Romans did not dare persecute the Christians, and so they increased in numbers.

In the East Greek ideas and culture had spread far and wide, and Constantinople gathered them up and formed upon them a new empire that lasted long after Rome's glory had forever vanished. In the East Christianity took a different form, and in Eastern Gaul it received the impression of Constantinople. A few years after the death of Constantine the empire was again divided, and never afterward united.

I will not follow in detail the history of the eleven emperors who ruled from 306 A. D., to 394 A. D., over these two warring empires. Some of them were uncommonly barbarous Christians, who fought with other Christian emperors, and plotted, conspired and assassinated in the same old heathenish way.

In the year 395 A. D., the Goths, a Germanic people living on the shores of the Black sea, who had greatly troubled the emperor Valerian, had become somewhat civilized, and Christianized, were driven from their homes by a horde of Mongolians or Turks who ravaged their whole country. These Huns, as they were called, were so fierce that the Goths, who were unwarlike themselves, believed them to be war demons and not real men, so they crowded to the Rhine and begged the Romans



Disc Thrower

to allow them to pass over. The Romans finally agreed to give them land and food, and thousands of the Goths crossed into Gaul, having been compelled to leave their weapons behind them, for the Romans intended treachery. This treachery was completed as soon as the Goths were in the heart of Roman territory. The Roman officers took away their wives and daughters, if they happened to be fair of form and face; taxed and starved the whole Gothic nation, until they in revenge took up arms against their oppressors, and in a great battle at Adrianople, defeated Valens, the Roman emperor. They then rushed on to Constantinople to take still further revenge for the outrages they had received. The city withstood them, and as Theodosius, a Spanish peasant who became emperor about that time, was really by blood, kindred to the Gothic people, he succeeded in pacifying them, and enlisted great numbers of them in the Roman army.

After Theodosius died, Alaric, one of the noblest Goths of his time, a general who had served Theodosius well in his wars, demanded of Arcadius, his successor, the command of the armies of the east. Rufinus was Arcadius' prime minister, and he promised Alaric what he desired, but broke his promise. The Goths were settled in Moesia, a country just north of Macedon, and they united into a nation, by putting themselves all under the rule of the brave, handsome, warlike Alaric, who was just such a hero as the martial Goths admired. Placing himself at the head of an army of his countrymen, Alaric ravaged Macedon, Thessaly and Greece, carrying off from the cities of Hellas what remained of their riches. Stilichio, a brave old soldier, himself a German of the Vandal tribe, who had defeated all the other foes of Honorius, the emperor of the western empire, drove Alaric back to Moesia, but ungrateful Honorius soon after caused Stilichio to be killed, because he was jealous of him, and Alaric pressed on toward Rome, the Germans and Gauls in the Roman provinces flocking to his standard.

Of course the cowardly emperor ran away and left Rome to her fate. He sheltered himself behind the strong walls and fortresses of Ravenna, and not a blow was struck by the degenerate Romans for their homes or their country's glory. No brave Horatius Cocles guarded the bridge; no valiant Flaminius, Varus or Scipio led out the legions; no prayers were offered in the temples; for Rome's gods, like her heroes, were dead, and her patriotism was only known in legend and song.

A million people dwelt upon the seven hills, and among them were Senators whose houses were filled with gold, silver and jewels, the bribes of office and the spoils of war. The churches were rich with treasures no less valuable than those



Constantine the Great





Costume of Roman Matron.

that in the olden days were offered upon the shrines of the heathen gods. In the stillness of an August night the trumpets of the Goths in the streets, awakened Rome. Alaric had entered, and like Brennus of old, demanded great treasure as the peoples' ransom. His coming had been long expected, but there was no escape. His army had seized the port of Ostia, slaves and legions had deserted to his standard, and yet the Romans had hoped some lucky accident might deliver them. Long ago when Alaric was young, a prophet had foretold that he should destroy Rome, and now like the fairy prince in the old story, he was urged onward by mysterious voices, but not as was the legendary prince, to rouse to life by his touch, a fair princess, but to bow low in the agonies of death, the proud queen of the west, who still in her old age was royal, for Rome was still great and splendid, though her political glory was gone, and she yet occupied a place in the minds of men that invested her with dignity. It was the twenty-fourth day of August, 410 A. D., just eight hundred years after Brennus and his warriors first set foot within the precincts of Rome and gazed in wonder on the Forum and the Capi-

toline, that Alaric led his army through the gates opened by the guards at his command. Pagan Rome had become Christian Rome and heathen Goth had become Christian Goth, yet the hatred of the eight centuries was much the same, for national hatred like wine often becomes stronger with age and ferments in silence and darkness.

Alaric could not restrain his soldiers and the palaces of Rome were set on fire to light them as they plundered and pillaged. Six days and nights the work went on—cruel work, unhindered by the wail of women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been slain in the defence of their lives or their honor. The churches were spared, for as the Pagans sought asylum at the shrines of their gods, the Christians sought sanctuary in the great cathedrals, and the Goths respected the churches, neither burning them nor robbing them.

For six more days the Goths revelled in their triumph, marching out of the city at the end of that time to ravage the country beyond, sparing nothing. Rich nobles lost slaves, treasure and houses. Their families were scattered or slain, and Italy received a blow from which it never recovered.

Alaric laden with plunder reached the most southern city of Italy and was about to cross over to Sicily and Africa, but death found him in the height of his triumph, and not upon the field of battle, but like the humblest and most peaceful peasant who never heard the clang of arm nor felt the fierce joy of conflict, he died in his bed of a common illness. His last command to his followers was that his body should be buried where no man might find his grave. So the Goths diverted the channel of the river Busentius, and laid him beneath its bed, then turned the waters back again, and to this day no man knows just where Alaric's dust reposes, or whether the river, ages ago bore his bones out to the sea, for the slaves who dug the grave were put to death, and the Gothic chieftains told not to their children where their king's body was lain.

For ages Rome had stood as the emblem of power and now when she lay prostrate it seemed as if the end of the world had come. The gods that the Pagans believed would protect Rome forever, had been shown to have no power and from

that time forth Rome became wholly Christian. Another horde of barbarians, the Vandals, had entered Spain and in a few years made themselves master of that province which had cost Rome two centuries of war and vast treasure to conquer and hold. Some of them also crossed from Spain to Africa and founded a kingdom. Thirteen years after the sack of Rome the descendants of Alaric founded a kingdom in Spain, after conquering the Vandals.

The terrible Huns, all this time, nearly seventy years, had held the country on the borders of the Danube, and about the time that the Emperor Honorius died, A. D. 423, their King Ragilas also passed away, and his two sons Attila and Bleda were made the leaders of these wandering robbers of the north.

Attila was the most ferocious and bloody-minded savage king that the world ever saw. He had but one pleasure—destruction. He never built a palace or a house of any kind, for like most of his people he was uneasy under a roof, and felt that walls were fetters. He called himself "the scourge of God," and certainly he was a terror to mankind, the Greeks, Romans, and rude barbarians of the North being equally afraid of him. In our own day the Turk and Mongol blight every land they touch, for they have no proper notion of civilization or government, so we may have an idea how the Mongol Turk as a savage could easily be considered a scourge.

Attila ravaged the Roman empire of the East until Theodosius bought him off, then he turned westward and his passage through Gaul was marked with fire and sword. He intended to advance on Rome but the Vandal king in Africa invited him to wrest Spain from the Goths. Gaul, you must remember, had long been considered all the country between the Danube and the Atlantic and from the Alps and Pyrenees to the northern border of England.

Franks, Gauls, Burgundians and Romans united against Attila and near Chalons, a dreadful battle was fought in which the Huns were beaten. They at once turned southward and with fearful cruelty ravaged poor war-wasted Italy. The inhabitants of several of the cities retreated to the islands of the Adriatic and founded Venice, and the Huns spread over Cisalpine Gaul and would have attacked Rome had not Pope Leo gone to the camp of Attila and by his eloquence roused the superstitious fears of the barbarian king. Attila went back to the stockade on the Danube which he called his capital, where the vengeance of God overtook him. He was found covered from head to foot with his own blood, dead on his couch one morning, and no wound showed how he died. It may be that he broke a blood-vessel in the night, but of course there were those who believed that his death was a judgment for his sins, although if it were, it was certainly too light a punishment for the evil he had been permitted to do.

Perhaps you can see how Providence, throughout all history brings good out of evil, and weaves everything in the great web of human destiny in such a way that no threads, however dark or bloody, are allowed to make the fabric worthless, though it is dreadfully stained here and there with crimes, sorrows, and mistakes.

What the Goths had left in Rome the Vandal king who had so long threatened the empire, bore away to his capital in Africa, 454 A. D. The treasures which they did not care to take, the Vandals broke to pieces and destroyed, so that to this day, "vandalism" means wanton destruction. Pope Leo, in vain pleaded for the city. The barbarians spared nothing, they plundered the churches of the treasures taken from Jerusalem by Titus, and when the city was stripped, and they had for fourteen



days rioted in its streets, they took the empress, who was thought to have invited them into Italy, and with sixty thousand captives and great treasure, sailed away. For the next twenty-two years, first one emperor, then another, was set up by the hired barbarian troops of Rome. Then Romulus Augustulus became the last emperor of Rome, as a Romulus Augustulus had been the first king of the ancient kingdom. The second Romulus was soon an emperor without an empire or a scepter, for the German chief Odoacer, deposed him and was made ruler of Rome under the title of "Patrician of Italy."

After Romulus Augustulus, bishops and barbarians ruled Rome, until a German prince, of whom I shall tell you hereafter, three hundred years later revived the name, but not the glory of the Roman empire, for its glory departed forever, when Alaric the Goth completed the work begun long centuries ago in the moral decay of the people.

Thus you see the story of empire repeats itself with some variation. The lines of all ancient history lead to Rome, and the lines of all modern history lead from it, but before we pass on to the great empires founded on the ruins of Rome's dominion, I must tell you a little more about Constantinople.

As Athens had once been the center of Greek culture, so now was Constantinople, and the empire of the East was a Greek empire. It had so little influence on after history, though for ten centuries it dominated the East, that I will pass over it but lightly. I have told you that the Christianity of the East was different in practice from that of the West, and the Greek church was separated from the Roman or Catholic church before the days of Honorius. After Arcadius, who reigned in the East while Honorius reigned in the West, there were several emperors who were not in any way noticeable, and who had short reigns, until Justinian came to the throne 527 A. D. He was king thirty-nine years. He overthrew the Vandals in Africa and the Goths in Italy, through the genius of his great general, Belisarius, whom by the way, he rewarded, as princes have usually done those who serve them well, with ingratitude.

Justinian waged war with the new Persian empire for many years, and began that struggle with Bulgarians and Slavonians, which has never been quite settled.

The Persian empire under a long list of valiant kings, had grown great and powerful, and in many campaigns against the Romans in Asia had subdued nearly all the provinces held by the Romans to the Strymon river, taking Armenia, persecuting Christians and establishing again the old religion of Zoroaster, and the history of the empire at Constantinople after Justinian died, is a story of continued struggle between these two powers.

It is not necessary to burden the memory with the names and campaigns of these various Eastern sovereigns. Justinian may be considered the last truly great of the Byzantine or Greek emperors, for after him the empire declined. As for Persia under the Sassanidæ, it too died and left no sign upon our times, so we will leave it to its repose under the dust of centuries, and go on to tell you how the Aryans of Europe traveled the highway of civilization, and their adventures. In fact Asia is now bound up with the history of Europe, as is also Africa, and I shall only incidentally tell you the future story of those grand divisions. The history of Asia belongs to the past, and the wars of petty kingdoms cannot interest us greatly. We are following link by link the world's story, and as Asia and Africa have played their part, we will pass them by, telling you only of a great religious revolution which

occurred in the dark ages. While the Byzantine empire defending itself from the Persians in the East, and Rome in the West, was ruled by bishops and barbarians, in the desert bordering the Red sea, an event occurred which changed the destinies of the whole civilized world, and for twelve centuries, up to this very hour, has influenced the life and thought of one hundred and eighty millions of people.

This was the birth of Mohammed, the great law-giver and apostle of the Arabs, who founded a new religion and kindled in Asia and Africa a new light. When Mohammed was born the world was in a sad state of disbelief. The Christians were quarreling and wrangling so much over the nature of Christ, whether he was simply one person, two in one, or a Trinity, that they neglected to follow the example of the great teacher. Image-worship and pompous forms, had more place in men's minds than the noble truths of religion, and the Christians though of course having received a glimmer of divine revelation through priests and preachers were ignorant, superstitious and almost as idolatrous in their Christianity as they had been in their Paganism. The Jews scattered over all Asia, though still holding on to the faith of Abraham and rejecting the new faith, had now long had no visible kingdom and Paganism, Zoroastrianism, Magism and idolatry of various kinds filled the East, and truth seemed likely to die amidst the mass of error.

It was in the year 509 A. D., that Mohammed was born, a son of the Koreish tribe of Arabs, whose ten chiefs were then the rulers of Mecca, the old, old city that had been the center of Arabian life for ages. His people were a mixture of the Cushite and Semite, a wild, noble, passionate race, whose minds were brilliant and whose bodies were beautiful, lithe and graceful. Quick of thought, swift of action, and firm of purpose these Arabs of the desert, like the Hebrews of old, were poets by nature.

The land in which they lived was a country of desert, and fertile valley, or barren mountains and fruitful oases, of tropic heats and desolation, away from the rivers and streamlets, but by their sides was such verdure, coolness and perfume that they called the portion where rivulets most abounded "Arabia, the blessed." Over all was the deep blue sky with its glittering stars and fathomless mystery, and these impressed the fancy of the race.

Mohammed, when he was a lad, tended his uncle's flocks and herds amid the solitudes and grew up, like the prophets of old, a wandering shepherd. His father and mother had died when he was very young and his kind-hearted uncle had given him a home. This uncle was a man of some wealth and much influence in his tribe, and when he went to Syria on a caravan journey when his little nephew was thirteen years old, took him along. In Syria the young Mohammed received many new impressions and these were deepened and strengthened by other journeys made in the next five years. He came in contact with Christianity and Judaism and pondered much over their great truths.

When he was five and twenty, he was noted for his pure life, sober manners and beauty of person, winning the heart of a widow, "rich, fair and forty," he married her and lived a quiet peaceful life in his native city.

Now you must know that the Arabs were idolators who worshipped the sun, moon and stars as did the Cushites of old, but like the Jews they had traditions of the Patriarch, who went out from Ur in the old times. At Mecca was a temple called Caabah which they declared Abraham built and in it suspended from the roof was a celebrated black stone which they said fell from heaven. Near by was the well of Zem-



zem, so-called from the musical gurgle of its waters and there it was that the angel directed Hagar and their ancestor Ishmael. The city itself, they strongly asserted, was as old as Adam. The Caabah was a sacred place to all the Arab tribes, and Pilgrims came every year to the well of Zemzem which was also considered holy. Merchants also came, and in time Mecca became the fair of Arabia, just as Njina Nov-gorod is now the fair of Russia. It was natural that a city should grow up about the temple and the well, even though they were situated in a melancholy valley surrounded by dreary rugged hills but scantily clothed with verdure, and Mecca soon became a station of the commerce between India and the Western countries.

Mohammed was convinced after years of thought, for he was a thoughtful man, that the image worship of his nation was a false religion, that Jesus had been divinely sent and that there was but one God. His faith in this God was submission, or Islam, and when he told his wife his belief she was convinced that he was right and became his first follower. To Seid, his slave, he told the same story, and to Ali, his young cousin, and they believed him, but when he told this man and that man who came to worship in the Caabah that the idols were only senseless images, they would not listen, and in three years he had but thirteen followers. Then he made a feast to which he invited forty men, and when the banquet was being served, preached to them the revelation his soul had received, about the true God, but only Ali professed faith in it.

After this Mohammed preached with the natural firey eloquence of an enthusiast but not with the skill perhaps of the learned bishops of the church, for he could neither read nor write. His creed slowly gained ground until the Koreish tribe determined to kill him, fearing that his success would make their city no longer the resort of pilgrims. Mohammed fled from his foes and lived in a cave until the danger was past, then he went to Medina, two hundred miles away, where he made many converts. He had been patient many years, and now he was growing old and there was little time left to accomplish what he considered his mission. He thought he had tried gentle means long enough, thirteen years, so now he took up arms against those who would not believe. His followers were fired with the same zeal, and for three-and-twenty years he preached, fought and taught, conquering everywhere, wresting Syria as well as all Arabia from the Jews, Idolaters and Romans. When he died, in the sixty-third year of his age, one hundred and fourteen thousand soldiers were enlisted under his banners, and from the Persian gulf and Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, Mohammedanism was the accepted faith, the new religionists calling themselves Moslems or Mussulmen, (the faithful).

To the very last, though surrounded with the pomp of oriental royalty, Mohammed lived a simple life, eating only barley bread and dates, and drinking water, clothing himself in rough garments which he himself washed and mended.

After him, the Caliphs who ruled his empire, carried Islam with fire and sword into Egypt, took Alexandria from the Greeks, burned Carthage which had long been rebuilt, but was only a shadow of the once mighty city, and destroyed the Vandal kingdom in Spain. They also overthrew the new Persian empire and made western Asia and northern Africa Moslem, which they are to this day. The Mohammedans crossed also into Europe, and conquered the Goths in Spain, for these people grown



civilized and unwarlike in that country, had built cities and towns, and founded a flourishing kingdom long before. In Spain, for eight hundred years they reigned, leaving beautiful specimens of their art and architecture. The good Horoun-al-Raschid of "The Arabian Nights" was one of these mighty Mohammedan kings, whose capital of Bagdad was the Athens of the East, where learning, arts and sciences which are useful to this day, were preserved to us, and where ambassadors assembled from every court in the known world.

The Mohammedans conquered Jerusalem, which had been rebuilt by the Christian Romans, and was revered by the whole Christian world. But Jerusalem was a holy city to them, also, and they let the Christians keep "the place of the holy sepulchre," but built on the ruins of the temple of Solomon, the mosque of Omar, which still stands there. They ravaged the coast of Italy, Sicily and Crete, and settled there, and if they had succeeded in their many attempts to conquer Constantinople, all of Europe might have become Moslem, and Christianity and civilization been long delayed in their development. It was very early in their warlike history that the Moslem gained the title of "Saracens," or Marauders, and they were so fierce, zealous and persistent that the Koran, which is their sacred book, seemed likely to become the gospel of the whole world. It was the invention of a combustible material called Greek fire, which saved Constantinople. The valiant Saracens believed this material to be some demoniac preparation, but we know that it was only a combination of pitch, naphtha and sulphur, which Callinicus, a Christian subject of the Caliph, discovered and made known to the Byzantine Greeks.

This liquid death was poured upon the besiegers of Constantinople from the walls of the city, shot by arrows dipped in it into their armors, and to the rigging of their ships. Water only made it burn more fiercely, and when an unfortunate wretch was once struck with a shaft dipped in the compound, his flesh was burned to the very bone, and he died in dreadful agony.

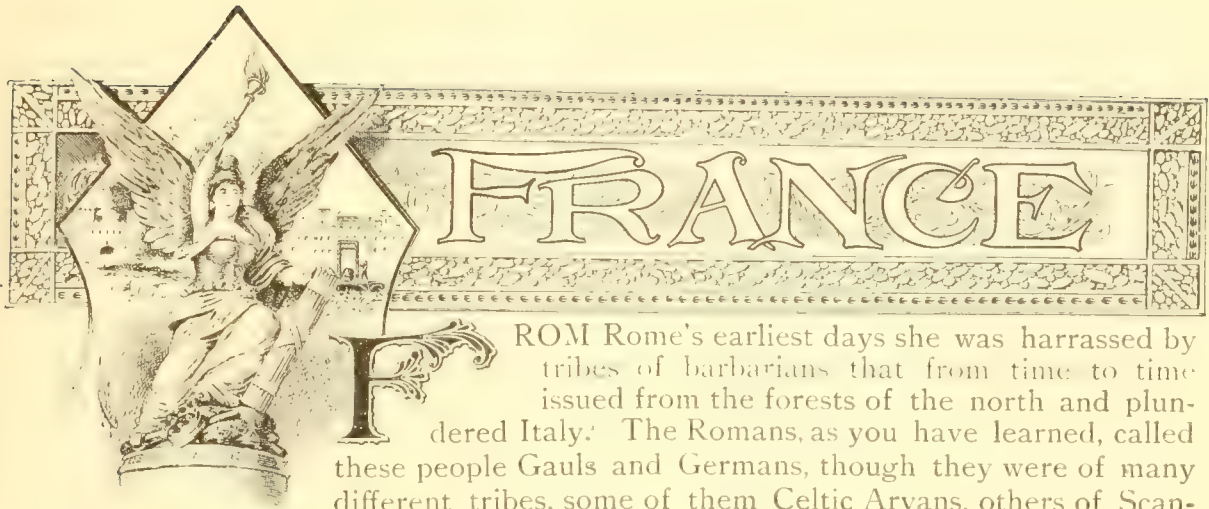
After awhile the Saracens determined to conquer all of Europe starting from Spain, but the Christian hosts under the Frankish king, Charles Martel, met them at Tours and there just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, the greatest struggle of all history took place. For seven days the hosts confronted each other and on the eighth Charles Martel earned his title "the hammer," by driving the invaders across the mountains with the loss of many thousands of their bravest troops and ended forever all Moslem attempts upon Europe. The Saracen kingdom in Spain declined from that time, was broken into several petty states, and finally conquered by the Christians sovereigns of Arragon and Castile, Isabella, of blessed memory, and Ferdinand, her husband. This occurred in the greatest year of the world's history, 1492, and except the year of the advent of Christ none other was so momentous since the dawn of history.

In the East the Saracen empire long flourished, and in Egypt Christian civilization almost perished under their heavy yoke, but after awhile both were conquered by the Turk, as we shall see hereafter.



Temple of Apollo





**F**ROM Rome's earliest days she was harrassed by tribes of barbarians that from time to time issued from the forests of the north and plundered Italy. The Romans, as you have learned, called these people Gauls and Germans, though they were of many different tribes, some of them Celtic Aryans, others of Scandinavian origin, and all extremely fierce and warlike.

Marius carried war beyond Cisalpine Gaul into the country where these barbarians hunted in the woods, fished in the streams and lived in huts built of mud and sticks, something like those in which the Indians of North America lived a hundred years ago, but the defeats he inflicted upon the Gauls were not lasting checks. It was Julius Cæsar who was the first of the great Roman generals to realize that Rome could only be preserved from the Gauls by thoroughly conquering and civilizing them.

We have seen how well Cæsar accomplished the work of conquest and how his successors followed it up with civilization. We have also seen how Southern Gaul became thoroughly Romanized and Christianized, and even the Goths received the Arian form of Christian doctrine before they settled in Spain. We must remember, however, that when the Romans spoke of Gaul, they meant all the land between the Rhine and Atlantic and stretching from the borders of England to the extremity of the Spanish peninsula.

At the time when Atilla, "the scourge of God," threatened the civilization of Gaul with utter destruction, there were several German tribes settled in Western Gaul who joined themselves to their Romanized kindred of the South to beat off the invader, and it was for these later comers into the Gaulish land that the victory over Atilla bore the richest fruit. The Romanized Gauls had laid aside their martial habits, while these Germanic tribes that had settled in the country were as warlike as ever, thus it was natural that the latter should in time conquer them and become possessors of the soil.

How long the Franks had been fixed in Gaul, when they first appear in history, we do not know, but evidently for many centuries. They were divided into two tribes who lived along the Moselle and Rhine, and at different times had allied themselves with the Romans against various enemies of the empire. They had traditions of several kings before the fifth century, but their sovereign power was exercised



under the eyes, and with the consent of the Roman governors of Gaul, and was bounded by the narrow limits of the place of their first residence in the country. The Franks (or freemen) of the river Saale, felt themselves strong enough in the fifth century to throw off Roman restraint, and under Clovis, their great nation-builder, became respected and feared by their neighbors, the Burgundians, who had founded a kingdom on the Rhone and Saone, and by the Romanized Gauls. Clovis was the grand-son of Meroveus, the founder of the first historic line of Frankish kings. His people were imperious, fierce, half-savages, Druids in religion, who despised the civilization of the Romans with its restraint upon personal freedom. Clovis was only sixteen years old when he became the chief of his tribe, but even then he had an ambition to be something more than a petty chief. At one-and-twenty the bent of this ambition was clear, and thereafter he followed it as long as he lived. At Soissons, not far from the country of the Salian Frank's, the tribe over which Clovis ruled, there was a Roman governor who had shown himself hostile to them. Clovis determined to conquer him, but as he was not strong enough to accomplish it alone, he sent to Sigbert, chief of another Frankish tribe upon the Rhine, and asked his aid.

Sigbert, fearing the vengeance of the Roman Gauls in case of failure, refused. His cousin, Ragnacaire, chief of the Cambrian Franks, was, however, persuaded to join Clovis, and the two allied tribes drove the Romans from Soissons, and plundered the city.

What reward Ragnacaire received for his help I will tell you in due time, but thereafter Soissons was for a long time the headquarters of Clovis.

The Christian churches in those days were almost as rich in the treasures which the pious had dedicated to the service of religion, as the heathen shrines were in ancient times, while the monasteries, too, had their share of worldly goods. It was against these churches and monasteries that Clovis directed many of his plundering expeditions, for he had a desire to enrich himself and his people with gold and movable property as well as with land. In reality the Salian Franks were then but a ruffianly band of robbers, who took everything they could lay their hands upon, and their king was but a bandit chief.

Nevertheless, Clovis became the hero of the Franks, for he was not at all particular about the rights of others, and did not scruple to knock upon the head those who opposed him, cut their throats, or otherwise dispose of them, and take unto himself all of their possessions. In the old days of violence, when society consisted only of two classes—those who were doing wrong and those who were being wronged—the wrong-doer received the lion's share of name and fame, and conquerors from the days of Rameses the Great, or even before him, down to our own times have usually been ruffians, gilded with a halo of romance.

Clovis was as fierce and brutal as the people over whom he ruled, but he was crafty, too, and could be patient when there was any motive therefor. To show you this trait in his character, I will tell you an incident that occurred when he was still a very young man.

One of the expeditions he led out from Soissons plundered the church of the town of Rheims, taking from it, not only the silver candlesticks, richly embroidered altar cloth, censors, images and like temporal emblems of spiritual things, but carrying



away also a beautiful vase of remarkable size and workmanship, which was the baptismal font, and highly prized by Saint Remi, the bishop. The good Saint Remi was greatly vexed on account of the loss of all the costly ornaments of his church, and especially concerning the vase. In times past he had shown himself the friend of Clovis, and he therefore decided to send a messenger to the king and request him to return the property of the church, or at least the vase.

The messenger came up with Clovis and his band near Soissons, and preferred his request. The king told him it was not in his power to grant it just then, but if he would follow to Soissons he would cause the vase to be restored. Accordingly the messenger went on to Soissons where the booty taken upon the expedition was heaped up to be divided among the warriors. Lots were cast, each warrior receiving his share, according to his rank and valor.

In those days the king could not claim the whole right to any conquest and reward whom he pleased, but was obliged to take his portion. Clovis was allotted his, and when it was separated from the booty, he asked to have over and above his share the vase taken from Rheims. Most of the warriors were willing, and told him to take not only the vase but anything else that he wished, for his valor and power deserved the best that could be offered. There was one hot-headed young warrior, who could not see any justice in the king having more than his lawful share and he cried out:

"Thou shalt have naught of all this but what the lots truly give thee," and struck the vase an angry blow with his battle-axe.

There was a great hubbub, we may be sure at these presumptuous words and the young Frank was unceremoniously crowded into the back-ground by his elders who with many apologies pressed Clovis to accept the vase. Clovis took it with an air of patience and dignity that implied that he was above the hurt that the young warrior's words were intended to convey; he gave it to the messenger to carry to the bishop, and soon all had forgotten the hasty words of the young Frank—all but Clovis and he never forgot an injury.

All that year Clovis was busy conquering and plundering cities, and showing to his Gothic and Roman foes some of the qualities of his genius as a warrior. When the year was over he called all of his men fully armed to parade before him for inspection. He passed his warriors in review, one by one, until he came to the Frank who had spoken so insultingly to him concerning the vase. Pausing before him Clovis scanned the young man fiercely from head to foot, his blue eyes flashing and his proud lips curling in scorn. No doubt the young warrior's heart quaked, for even a courtier needs to fear when his king looks thus upon him, much more, then, a blunt-spoken offender against majesty; but the man who has the courage to defy a king can bear his most withering glance and the young Frank returned the gaze calmly, without any outward sign of confusion. After a brief pause the king spoke: "None hath brought thither arms so ill-kept as thine; nor lance, nor sword, nor battle-axe fit for use," he thundered, and plucking the soldier's battle-axe from him flung it on the ground.

The soldier said not a word in reply, and if Clovis had been a little less brutal he would have been satisfied with the humiliation he had already heaped upon the warrior. When the Frank, shame-faced, at the public rebuke, as unmerited, as unexpected, bent and would have recovered his weapon, the king raised his battle-axe and with a mighty blow clove the fellow's skull saying, "Thus didst thou to the

vase of Soissons." Having shown how he would revenge insults the king then allowed his warriors to disperse.

When Clovis was about five-and twenty he began to cast an eye about him for a wife. There were many fair maids among the Franks but he set his heart upon a Burgundian princess named Clotilda, or rather he set his heart upon gaining Burgundy through his marriage with Clotilda. The maiden was the niece of the Burgundian king, Gondebaud, and like all of the heroines of romance was "the fairest woman in the whole world." Clotilda had been orphaned by Gondebaud, who had taken the precaution, not unusual in those days, of killing his brother, fearing that he might one day aspire to the throne.

His prudence did not stop there. He cut off the heads of his two nephews and cast their bodies into a deep well and flung their mother into the river Rhone with a weight about her neck to make sure that she would drown speedily. His two nieces he spared, allowing one of them to go into a nunnery, and the other, Clotilda, to live in humble poverty and retirement in Geneva.

Now the fame of Clotilda's beauty and goodness reached the ears of Clovis and fired his imagination. She was a royal princess, of old German blood, a fit consort for him, and above all by marrying her he might have a just pretence for seizing the kingdom of Burgundy.

It seems that Gondebaud kept strict watch over his niece and would allow no suitors to approach her, but Clovis was clever enough to attain his object. He knew a Roman named Aurelian, the same who was afterward emperor, who was anxious to help him win the maid. Aurelian had his own reasons for desiring Clovis to prosper in his wooing. Clotilda was a devout Catholic, and Clovis was a Pagan. If Clotilda married the Frankish king, she would no doubt convert him, and the church throughout that portion of Gaul would have in him a powerful protector. Aurelian dressed himself in rags and went on foot to Geneva, appearing as a holy pilgrim before Clotilda, who was as charitable as she was beautiful. The gracious lady received the supposed pilgrim who blessed her with as much unction as any holy father could have done. As she bent over him to remove his dusty sandals and minister to him, he whispered to her: "Lady, I have great matters to announce to thee," and asked to have a secret talk with her. Clotilda managed to find an opportunity to hear the purport of Aurelian's mission, and when he showed her Clovis' signet ring, and told her that the Frankish king loved her for her beauty, sorrows and good deeds, and wished to marry her, she was glad and told Aurelian to hurry back to Clovis and tell him to send messengers at once to her uncle, Gondebaud, to ask her hand. This haste was necessary, she said, for her uncle's chief adviser, Aridius was in Constantinople and might return at any time and persuade him not to grant the request of Clovis. This Aridius was her enemy, and she feared him, but with haste all might be well.

She gave her ring to Aurelian that he might carry it to Clovis, and after receiving, also a purse from her hands he journeyed back home. On the way he was robbed of the purse by a holy pilgrim, for many of them were thieving vagabonds, who found it more easy and profitable to get a living by mumbling prayers and robbing travelers than to work for it, but he took the ring to Clovis, to whom he recounted his adventures, and also related Clotilda's suggestions.

Without an hour's delay, a deputation was sent to the court of Gondebaud, to propose the marriage. The Burgundian king either afraid to refuse, or thinking that



he could make a powerful friend of Clovis by marrying his niece to him, at once consented, and after the ambassadors had offered a small sum of money, according to an old German custom, Clotilda was declared bethrothed to Clovis, and the deputation demanded that Gondebaud yield her to them straightway, to be married to their king.

At Chalons, the Franks received Clotilda from Gondebaud, who sent along also, some treasures as her wedding gift, and they put them and her into a covered carriage drawn by oxen, to take her to Clovis. Some faithful friend had told Clotilda that Aridius had returned, and was perhaps, even then, at the court of Gondebaud. Fearing that her uncle might repent his consent after he had consulted with his adviser, upon dismissing the Burgundian escort who went some distance with her upon her journey, she told the Franks that they must take her out of the carriage—a slow lumbering affair drawn by oxen, put her at once on a swift horse, and take horses themselves, for if they did not make all haste, they would surely be overtaken by messengers from Gondebaud, and Clovis robbed of his bride. The Franks did as she desired, and rode night and day to Villers, where Clovis was waiting her, and as a sign to her uncle of what the future had in store for him, just before she crossed the borders of his kingdom and entered Frankish territory, Clotilda received permission from Clovis to plunder, burn and destroy, in his name, all Burgundian property for a space of six-and-thirty miles along the road, and having done this she was taken to Clovis who was overjoyed to meet her, and they were married.

Now Aridius had indeed reached the court of Gondebaud and was amazed when he heard the Burgundian king had given his niece to Clovis. He excited the fears of the monarch by predicting endless wars which she would incite the Franks to make against him, in revenge for the murder of her relatives. Gondebaud speedily repented his haste, as Clotilda had foreseen, and sent a body of armed men to bring his niece and her wedding portion back, but she was safe with Clovis when the Burgundians came to the place where she had left the carriage and taken to horse, and they were compelled to return without her.

The Catholic Christians were greatly rejoiced when Clovis and Clotilda were wed, and thought that his love for his queen might lead him to profess the faith, but for a long time, in spite of her arguments and persuasions, he would not do so. In course of time a son was born to the royal pair, and pious Clotilda wanted to have him baptized. She told her husband, as she had often done since their marriage, that his gods were only senseless wood and stone, but that the great unseen God was the only true one. For some time Clovis refused to allow the babe to be christened, but at last consented, for despite his fierce cruelty, his craft and wickedness, he loved his fair young wife too well to refuse her anything upon which she had really set her heart.

Soon after the little creature was baptized, it sickened. All that agonized love could do, all the prayers of the mother and the good bishop who had touched its forehead with the holy water, and made upon it the sign of the cross, in memory of Him who loves little children, did not save the young prince. He died, and Clovis in his grief declared that it was because the babe had been dedicated to the God of the Christian, that his life had been taken.

Another son was born to Clotilda and he too was baptized in the name of Christ, and he too sickened. Again did Clovis reproach his queen, but the child lived, and Clovis began to believe a little less in his Pagan idols, and more in Christ. At



length, accompanied by Aurelian, Clovis led his Frankish army against a wild German tribe who were attacking the Franks that were settled upon the Rhine. A desperate battle was in progress at Talbiac, near Cologne, and the Frankish forces were being driven back when Aurelian turned to Clovis and urged him to have faith in Christ and the God of Clotilda and all would be well. The Pagan king solemnly called upon Christ asking Him for the victory, pleading with Him to save his cause and he promised that should his prayer be

granted he would forever worship God and abandon his old idols. Afterwards leading his Franks again to the charge, Clovis gained a glorious victory.

Great was the joy of the good queen when she heard of the vow of her husband and she straightway sent to Saint Remi, the Bishop of Rheims, to ask him to come and labor to show Clovis the truths of the Gospel. He came and the Franks all assembled from far and near at the bidding of the king, who expected them to murmur a little when commanded to give up their gods. Perhaps the people remembered the incident of the vase of Soissons, or it may be they were really tired of their gods, at any rate before the king could open his mouth to command them, they cried out that they would no longer worship idols and would believe in Christ—all except three thousand warriors, who shouted for their old gods and marched off to join Ragnacaire, the chieftain, who, as I told you, was Clovis' neighbor and cousin at Cambria.

It was on Christmas Day, 496, that Clovis was baptized with great show and pomp in the presence of his people. As he stood with his head bowed over the font, Saint Remi said solemnly, "Lower thy head, with humility, Si-Cambrian. Adore what thou hast burned and burn what thou hast adored." Then he baptized the king, his two sisters, and three thousand of his warriors with their wives and children and the Salian Franks, or Franks of the Saale, as they were called, became Christians.

Clovis and his people were not very much changed by this baptismal ceremony. They plundered and killed as before, sparing however the churches, and the king used his fame and influence as a Catholic, just as many people of all creeds use their religion these days—he made it a cloak for his evil designs and an instrument to work out his ambition. We know he had always intended to conquer Burgundy, but being now a Catholic he had a good excuse. The disputes between the Arians and Catholics of that kingdom Gondebaud had vainly tried to settle, for secretly, Clovis all the time fermented them through trusted agents. These gave him a pretext for an invasion into Burgundy with an army in defense of the Catholic cause. He subjected Gondebaud and only consented to leave him his crown on payment of heavy tribute receiving the hearty congratulations of the Pope for his action and pluming himself greatly on his services to the new faith.

The Visigoths in Southwestern Gaul were Arians and now the righteous Clovis, who burned with the desire to seize their lands but pretending to burn with zeal toward the Catholic faith, determined to conquer them. The king of these Goths was Alaric II., son-in-law of Theodoric the Great, king of Italy, and he was married



to the sister of Clovis. He was an amiable, peaceful, monarch who had never injured Clovis or his kingdom in any way and there was no real cause of dispute between them.

When Theodoric saw that Clovis was inclined to war he was anxious that bloodshed might be avoided and to this end brought about a meeting between the two kings on an island in the river Loire. They were so very loving and courteous to each other that one who did not know them would have thought all their extravagant pledges of friendship were made in good faith. Alaric's were, for he earnestly desired peace, but Clovis was as determined upon war as ever and only waited for a more reasonable pretext.

This was furnished him by a meddling priest of Rodez, who when Clovis lay ill publicly prayed that he might get well again. The Visigoths hated Clovis and some of them openly murmured that the priest had prayed for the restoration of their enemy. It is not at all certain that the priest had not been secretly bribed to the course he took, foreseeing its consequences. At all events he claimed that his life was in danger on account of his friendship for Clovis and fled to the protection of the Franks, whereupon Clovis speedily set out to drive the Goths out of Gaul.

How very pious Clovis was, is told by the old chroniclers. When he crossed Tours he told his soldiers not to take anything except water and grass in the province, in honor of Saint Martin of Tours. One of his soldiers took some hay, and was struck dead by the king for the offense, the difference between hay and grass not being of so much importance to the Saint as the opportunity of exercising his natural cruelty in such a holy cause was to Clovis. We are told too that as he crossed Tours, he vowed his horse to Saint Martin in case of victory against the Goths, but after he had gained it, he made up his mind that it was lawful to cheat the Saint and keep his horse. The priestly chronicle then relates that the horse refused to stir from its tracks whereupon Clovis, with a great oath swore that Saint Martin was useful in time of trouble but a hard creditor and unwillingly enough slew his beautiful war horse.

When Clovis had routed the Goths, taken most of their treasure and their country, he went back to his own kingdom, fixed his capital in the town of Paris, a collection of rude huts on the Seine, and made new plans of violence, for he had determined to be king of all the Franks as well as of his own tribe and of the nations already conquered.

First he sent a message to Cloderic, son of Sigbert, representing that since Sigbert was old and could not live long anyway, it would be well were he dead, and Cloderic the king, for Sigbert had always been the enemy of Clovis, while his son was inclined to be his friend. Cloderic took the hint, and having killed his aged father, replied to the messengers that the power and treasures of Sigbert were now his, and Clovis might send trusty people to him, and he would give to them what pleased the great king of Paris. This was rash in Cloderic, for had he known Clovis better, he might have been sure that only the whole would satisfy him. The Ambassadors came to Cloderic, and as he was displaying to them his father's treasure, he opened a box piled high with shining gold. When he bent forward to plunge his hand into the coffer, to show his guests that it was full of yellow metal to the very bottom, one of the ambassadors of the most Christian king of all Gaul, at the direction of his master, who had sent him for the express purpose of killing Cloderic, clove his skull with a battle-axe, and carried his treasure to Clovis. The crafty king assembled the subjects of Sigbert, and told them a story about Sigbert having been murdered

by robbers, and Cloderic too, having lost his life by some unknown assassin, and solemnly declared that he had nothing at all to do with the death of the two who were his relatives. Then he intimated that the tribe might as well make him their king, and knowing perhaps that he would make himself king if they did not, they raised him on a huge buckler, hailed him their lawful king, and promised to obey him forever.

So far good, but there were a few other Frankish chiefs that must be removed before Clovis could be king of all the Franks. One of these had refused to help Clovis drive the Romans from Soissons, twenty years before, and he had treasured it up against him all that time. He now invaded his territory, and took him and his son prisoner.

It was the custom with the Christian kings of those days, when they unlawfully took the crown and provinces of some neighboring prince, if they spared the owner's life, to make him don the gown of a monk, have his crown shaved, and retire to some monastery to pray for the souls of his enemies, no matter whether he felt so disposed or not. Once thus gowned and shaven, the poor captive princes were as dead to the world as though the mold rested over their bones in the church-yard, and we don't wonder that they thought the latter a better fate, when we recall the free life they led and their active habits of body.

Clovis condemned this chief and his brave, handsome young son, to a monastery. They were duly gowned and shaven, and as the father bemoaned their sad future, the son pointed to some green branches that had been broken from a tree near by, and expressed a wish that Clovis might die before new branches could sprout on the tree from which the twigs had been broken. Some wretched tale-bearer repeated the young man's words to Clovis, and on account of them, both father and son were straightway beheaded.

Ragnacaire helped Clovis against the Romans, you will remember, but now he was the last but one of the Frankish chiefs, and Clovis invaded his territory. Ragnacaire was defeated in battle, and with his brother, Riquier, escaped from the field, but they were captured by some of his own treacherous warriors and brought before Clovis with their hands bound behind them. When the king looked upon Ragnacaire, bound and helpless, he pretended great indignation. "Wherefore hast thou dishonored our race by letting thyself wear bonds," he cried, "'twere better to have died"! Then he lifted his great battle-axe and struck the helpless prisoner dead at his feet. Turning to Riquier, Clovis reproached him for not aiding his brother better, so the disgrace of his having been bound would not have occurred. When he had vented his humor, he struck Riquier dead also. Only one other chief now remained. He was quickly disposed of, and Clovis remained, "by the Grace of God," sole king of the Franks.

When he had murdered all of his kindred, Clovis pretended to mourn over his solitary condition, but he paid a large sum of money into the church, and pretended to be very penitent for his crimes, so of course he was granted absolute pardon, written upon paper by a divine hand in answer to the prayer of the bishop, Eleutherus, we are told, though we are inclined to think that the "divine hand" that wrote that pardon in the queer cramped old Gothic characters, had already clutched and counted over the gold, stained with blood and crime, which Clovis had poured into the church treasury, and if it had been heaped mountains high, could not have purchased pardon for one of the many murders with which this barbarian king had



stained his soul. Clovis though not an old man had lived up his strength in deeds of violence, and his life was now about to close with an act for which posterity was to be long grateful to him. He called together at Orleans thirty bishops, who represented the education, piety and wisdom of Gaul, and they framed thirty-one laws, which were in the main, favorable to humanity, and which bound together the church and State, in a close union, giving also great powers to royalty. Having done this, he died in the year 511 A. D., in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving his kingdom to his four sons, who divided it among them into four kingdoms, each having a different capital.

Queen Clotilda had seen many sorrows in her time, but others were to fill her cup, for her sons had much of the cruel disposition of their father, and Clodomir, one of these sons, went to war against the Burgundians, the old enemies of the father, and defeating them captured the king, queen and their two sons and kept them in prison in his capital of Orleans a whole year. Finally he made up his mind to kill them, but a certain good Abbot warned him that if he did so he himself would have measured out by fate the same compassion he showed to the captives. Clodomir had seen wickedness prosper too often to be easily frightened, so he scorned the priest's admonition.

Soon after this he himself was taken in ambush by the Burgundians and killed, and his three little sons became heirs to his kingdom. These children were greatly beloved by their grandmother Clotilda, who kept them with her in Paris, but two of the other sons of Clovis were jealous of the love their mother bore the orphans, and plotted together to get rid of them so that they might have their portion of the kingdom. They sent word to Clotilda telling her that if she would send the children to them they would seat them on their father's throne. The unsuspecting Clotilda sent the little ones, with their tutors and servants to the uncles, one of whom was king of Paris, with a palace near at hand.

As soon as they got the young princes in their power, the two kings sent to Clotilda a sword and a pair of shears asking her whether she "would that the sons of Clodomir be shaven or shorn," or in other words whether the little ones should wear their lives out behind the dreary walls of a monastery or be killed at once. The poor queen wept and lamented, saying she would rather see the children corpses than monks, and the messenger returned this answer. As soon as he had repeated it to the kings in the presence of the little lads, one of them seized the eldest boy, flung him upon the floor and stabbed him to the heart. The other little prince, a boy of seven, seeing his little brother who was three years older, thus wantonly murdered, threw himself at the feet of the other king. In the most pitiful and touching language he begged him to save his life, clasped his knees and clung there imploring mercy, until the heart of his wicked uncle was melted and with tears running down his cheeks he too begged the murderer to spare the child. The assassin was furious and threatened to take the lives of both if his brother did not at once fling off the child. Childebert then thrust the child toward his brother, Clotaire, who killed him with a stroke of his dagger, and then looked about him for the youngest prince, scarcely more than a baby, but he looked in vain, for a certain brave baron had snatched him up and carried him away. I would like to tell you that the little prince



Franciscan Monk and Nun.

thus saved grew up to punish his cruel uncles, but he did not, for he was reared in seclusion, and when he was a man became a pious priest, and founded the monastery of Saint Cloud near Paris.

In the next two hundred and forty-one years, eight and twenty Merovingian kings reigned over the kingdom of the Franks and eight royal princes were murdered, and thus never came to the throne at all. In the history of even the Persian kingdom there were never more cruel, faithless and wicked monarchs than these Merovingian rulers, and there were among them queens not a whit less bad than the kings. You have no doubt read of Fredegonde, the daughter of a peasant who became queen and whose dark crimes stained forever the fame of her beauty and genius, for she was both beautiful and gifted. Fredegonde raised herself to power through her remarkable beauty which attracted the attention of the king of Neustria, or Western Gaul, who murdered his wife, the sister of Brunehaut, to marry her. Brunehaut was a princess in whose veins ran the blood of a long line of kings and in spite of her wickedness she gained the friendship of popes and bishops and was the wife of the king of Austria or Eastern Gaul. These two infamous women murdered their relatives, plunged the nation into war and stirred up all manner of dissensions for many years, but at last after thirty-nine years of strife Brunehaut's own nobles united with her enemies against her, took her prisoner and gave her up to Clotaire II., son of Fredegonde.

Brunehaut was eighty years old but her age did not save her from Clotaire's vengeance. He seated her upon a camel and paraded her in front of his army, then caused her to be tied by the hair and one arm to the tail of a wild horse that dashed her to pieces before the eyes of the savage Franks as it plunged and kicked to rid itself of its burden.

Dagobert who was next to Clovis, the greatest of all the Merovingians, was made a saint after he died, though while he lived he was anything but saintly. Once he promised protection to nine thousand Bulgarians, who had been driven from Pannonia, and had taken refuge among his Bavarian subjects. Being not a little puzzled to know what to do with the refugees, and how to provide them food, as the most natural solution to the problem, he ordered them all murdered in one night, and scarcely seven hundred of them escaped by flight.

The Merovingian kings, after Dagobert amounted to nothing. They were kept in retirement by the Mayors of the palace, who were the real rulers, and who saw that the weak kings had plenty of amusement, and were only shown to the people once a year. One of these Mayors of the palace, Pepin D'Heristal, conquered the Neustrians or western Franks, and for twenty-seven years was ruler of France. He forced the tribes of Germany to acknowledge his power, and introduced Christianity among them. When he died, sometime in the year 764, his son, Charles Martel, became Mayor, or Duke in his place, and was even more famous than his father.

You will remember that the Arabs had long ago mastered the Visigoths in Spain, and they had also conquered the Berbers or Moors of the Mediterranean countries of Africa, and compelled them to accept Islamism. The Moors had settled in Spain along with the Arabs, but had never outgrown their hatred to their conquerors, although they were enthusiastic Mohammedans. A gallant Moorish chief was ruler in northern Spain in the days of Charles Martel, and in southern France a Duke of Aquitania made an alliance with him against the Arabs who had harrassed his dominions and plundered his richest cities, also against Charles Martel, who on the



north was threatening to take his little kingdom from him. Now, this Duke had a daughter, Lampagie by name, a maiden whose wonderful beauty was celebrated throughout the land. To seal the alliance with the Moors, he sent Lampagie to the chief to be his wife. Her beauty won the fiery heart of the Berber, and he loved her most truly and tenderly.

When the Arab governor learned that the Moorish chief had plotted to overthrow the Arabs, and was collecting an army to make himself supreme in the province over which he had been appointed governor, he marched against him with a large army. The Berber chief was loath to leave his bride and take the field, so he shut himself up with her in a strong fortress and gave himself over to his dream of love. Soon it was rudely broken. The Arabs followed him hotly, took the fortress and the gallant chief with his lovely bride were compelled to flee on foot to the mountains.

They reached a wild and lonely pass, and after quenching their thirst at a clear waterfall, reclined upon a mossy bank, enjoying the blue of the summer sky, the balmy air, and the sweet stillness of nature. Suddenly the clang of armor and the tread of soldiers was heard. The brave Berber chief could have easily escaped, but Lampagie was utterly spent and could not follow him. He would not leave her, and drawing his sword placed himself before her. The soldiers came nearer, and he saw that they were as he had feared, Arabs in search of him. They descried the Berber standing with drawn sword before Lampagie. They rushed upon him, but his swift, keen blade flashed in the sunlight, and the foremost fell. The others pressed forward to avenge upon the Moor the death of their fallen comrades, but the chief did such brave work with his trusty weapon that he held them at bay. Soon his sword was broken short in his hands, and the Arabs called upon him to surrender, but still defying them he fell, pierced by a score of wounds. His head was cut off and carried to the Arab governor, into whose presence also the beautiful Lampagie was led. The Arab swore by the beard of the prophet that she was the fairest woman in the whole world, and that none but the Caliph, his master, was fit to possess her, so he sent her away to Bagdad and marched across the Pyrenees into France with sixty-five thousand men, though the old chroniclers say three hundred thousand, to carry Islam into Europe.

Pillaging cities and gathering immense booty, the Arabs advanced into Aquitania. The Duke was helpless against the invaders, and prayed Charles Martel, his old enemy to come and aid him. The gallant Charles, made the Duke solemnly promise to obey him in future, and then with a great army marched to Tours. The Arabs were already so laden with booty that they marched but slowly, but they still dreamed of plundering the rich city of Tours, and carrying its spoil back to their strongholds in Spain.

The fate of Christendom hung upon Charles Martel and his army of Gauls and Franks, who for seven days confronted the Arab host, that seemed little inclined to dash itself against the stern, tall, yellow-haired, steel-clad northern warriors. The disciplined ranks of the Gauls presented a strong contrast to the disorderly array of the invaders, who scurried hither and thither upon their fleet horses, skirmishing along the line, but avoiding for seven days a general encounter. Upon the eighth day, the two armies seem to have mutually decided on battle, and a dreadful battle it was, raging all day with such fury and loss on both sides, that when the night came, the Franks were unable to decide who were the victors. They learned, however, the next morning, for when they arose, ready to renew the fight, and dashed down upon

the camp of the enemy, they found the tents silent, except for the groans of some dying Arab whose comrades had left him behind, for the Saracen army had stolen away in the night, and was far back on its way to Spain, leaving not only the dead and dying but the precious booty collected from many sacked cities. On account of the blow which this defeat was to the Arab plan of European conquest, Charles Martel was ever afterward called the "Hammer."

This was not the last hard blow "the hammer" struck. He fought the Saxons and reduced them to order, and when another duke of Aquitania called the Arabs again into Gaul to aid him against the Franks, the gallant Martel, drove them back beyond the Pyrenees and made himself ruler of all of Southern Gaul. When he came to die he left his office to his two sons, Pepin, The Little, and Carloman. Though so long the real ruler of the country, he was never crowned monarch of France, for a Merovingian sluggard lived in the palace and bore the name, but neither the dignity nor power of king.

Carloman was a pious youth, and preferring praying to fighting he became a monk, giving to Pepin his share of the kingdom of France. Pepin cut off the hair of the last of the Merovingian kings, which shows that Christianity had made some progress since the days of Clovis, for he usually cut off heads when they were in his way. Pepin also called a pope from Italy, had himself anointed with some of the sacred oil that had been used to anoint Frankish kings for centuries, and became king of France in name as well as office. Pepin was called "The Short" because of his stature, but he was nevertheless a great king. Barbarian tribes of Avars and Huns on the East who were continually trying to break in and overrun the Frankish kingdom, were kept out and the Lombards, a northern tribe that had subjected Italy and harrassed the Pope of Rome, were defeated by the Franks who espoused the Roman cause. The Lombards were compelled to forego all attempts upon the old capital of the fallen empire. The Saxons and Bretons too were chastised more than once and Pepin ruled right royally.

He was a good-natured king, and his courtiers used to often joke him about his small stature, Pepin bore it patiently for a long time, but one day he invited these courtiers to see a fight between a lion and a bull. The beasts were in the midst of a most terrific combat, when Pepin turning to his courtiers asked which of them would enter the arena and separate the animals. The bravest man might well have shrunk from such a task, and the courtiers cast their eyes down and were silent. Pepin looked at them with a smile, then throwing off his cloak he grasped his sword and sprang into the arena. Advancing fearlessly toward the lion, he awaited its spring, and with one stroke pierced its heart. Then swerving nimbly aside to avoid the rush of the maddened bull, before it could turn to again attack him, he drew his blade from the lion's body and cutting the tendons of the bull's legs hewed off its head and calmly returned to his place. After that Pepin was joked no more about his stature, for he had proved that courage is not a matter of size and that skill and coolness are more valuable to a warrior than brute strength.

Pepin had gained his crown by the influence of the Pope, and his kingdom through the support of the church and he felt in duty bound to uphold both with might and main. Under his protection Christianity spread rapidly, not only in Gaul but beyond the Rhine, for Pepin sent missionaries to the German tribes to persuade them to forsake their idols, and to the Druid Saxons in their forest fastness. One of these missionaries, the good Winifred, converted many of the heathen and built



schools and colleges throughout France. The old struggle with Aquitaine which had been continued at intervals since the days of the first mayor of the palace was renewed while Pepin was king and the Duchy was only brought under control after an eight years' war.

Pepin died in the year 768, and, as his father had done, left France to his two sons, Charles and Carloman. They fell to quarreling almost immediately. Their mother reconciled them for a time, but no doubt they would have come to blows, had not death stepped in to make lasting peace. Carloman died, his wife and children fled to the Lombard king for safety, and Charles, afterward known as Charles, The Great, or Charlemagne, became king of the Franks, the greatest and best king of any time or nation. Gigantic in figure and remarkably beautiful of face, Charlemagne little resembled his diminutive father, Pepin, The Short, although he had his warlike spirit, courage and perseverance. He desired every sort of greatness for himself and people, religious, political and mental greatness, and this was the ambition of his life. To be sure the times were rude and the people ignorant, even the king himself sharing the superstitions of the age, but he was a Christian as he understood his duty, for he was not only a defender of the faith but eager to carry it to the heathen. The Franks called themselves "The defenders of the West," and Charlemagne was a king after their own heart. His grandfather, Charles Martel, had decided the struggle between Christianity and Islam in Europe, and Charlemagne was to overthrow Paganism.

The Saxons on the right bank of the Rhine had vexed the Franks since the days of the Merovingians, and had grown more and more bold of recent years. Charlemagne determined to conquer them thoroughly, so he assembled an army and entered their country, laying it waste with fire and sword, for he considered it little crime to kill heathens that he could not convert. He even penetrated as far as the mouth of the River Lippe, where the gallant Arminius nearly eight hundred years before, had cut to pieces the legions of Varus and freed all Germany from the Roman yoke. At the spot where this ancient battle was fought a rude column had been reared by the Germans in memory of the victory. To the Germans this column represented the valor and patriotism of their race, and through all the centuries in which their traditions preserved the memory of the great deeds of Arminius, they worshipped this column as their national emblem, and it was called by the name of the gallant deliverer of their country.

Charlemagne overthrew and destroyed this object of the national worship of the Germans, among whom the Saxons were the most numerous and warlike, for he thought it a mere Pagan god, and had no reverence for the associations connected with it. The Saxons were in no condition to resist Charlemagne, but they waited until he had gone back with his army to Aix la Chapelle, then they killed the soldiers he had left in the forts, murdered the missionaries who were under the protection of the garrisons, and invading Frankish territory burned churches, and destroyed every-



Costume of Frankish King and Queen.

thing in their way. The Saxons were a fierce, passionate people, divided into many tribes that were often quarreling and fighting each other. Charlemagne attacked these tribes one by one, and when he had conquered many of them, called them together on the borders of their kingdom, and told them what they might expect from him in the future if they should rebel. Furthermore, he commanded them to become Chris-



CHARLEMAGNE'S CONQUESTS. THE BISHOP AND HIS SOLDIERS.

tians at once. It must have seemed rather strange to those barbarians to have the doctrine of peace and love proclaimed by bishops at whose back were half a hundred thousand soldiers, ready to give a practical demonstration of vengeance and hatred. The soldiers no doubt had more influence in deciding them to accept Christianity, however, than did the bishops, for swords in those days were more powerful than



sermons, and having their choice of being dead heathens or live Christians, the Saxons of course chose the latter. Therefore they sullenly professed themselves Christians and submitted to having baptism inflicted, meaning all the time, perhaps, to revenge themselves if they could find the chance.

One bold Saxon chief, Wittikind, vainly tried to unite his people against Charlemagne. He would not obey the summons which was sent to him as to the other chiefs to come and meet Charlemagne, but placed himself under the protection of his brother-in-law, the king of the Danes. After a time Wittikind's countrymen began another war against Charlemagne, and Wittikind returned to Saxony and placed himself at the head of the rebels. For three years he ravaged Frankish territory on the Rhine, but again Charlemagne conquered the tribes, one by one, and again he made them swear to become Christians, thinking that this time he had surely subdued the Saxons for all time, he went back to Aix, leaving a large force of troops in the country.

The Saxons then, like their posterity now, would not stay conquered any great length of time. Again Wittikind, who this time had taken refuge with the fierce Northmen, kindled a revolt. It flamed up fiercely, and the whole Frankish army in Saxony was destroyed. Charlemagne was filled with mighty anger when he heard of this new uprising in Saxony. He mustered another army, marched into Saxony and called the chiefs together. When they were assembled he asked them who it was that had started the war, and they all with one accord cried "Wittikind." Wittikind could not be punished, for he was safe with the Northmen. But Wittikind had not been alone in the revolt, warriors from the various tribes had fought under his command. Charlemagne made the chiefs seek out every man in their tribes who had fought with Wittikind, and these to the number of forty-five hundred, were placed in the hands of the Frankish king, who had all their heads cut off the same day—a way of reconciling the Saxons to him, that was not exactly Christian. It was a long while before Wittikind submitted, but he did at last, having received Charlemagne's solemn promise that no harm should befall him, and became a true Christian and a firm friend of the Franks.

These wars with the Saxons lasted thirty years, but in the meantime Charlemagne had other wars on his hands, but his military victories were the least of his great deeds. Seeing the misery that ignorance produced, Charlemagne everywhere caused schools to be established, where the children of laborers and freemen could learn to read and write. He went to Rome to settle a quarrel between the Pope and a new Lombard king, and while there was crowned with the diadem of the Roman empire. This visit to Rome made a great impression upon Charlemagne, broadened his ideas of civilization, and gave him deeper views of education. He could speak Latin and Greek in addition to his mother tongue, but he could neither read nor write and he never learned to do so, but he enjoyed literature and a certain priest read to him while he ate his meals or in the quiet of his chamber. After he came back from Rome he built a beautiful palace and lived more in the state of a king than had any king of the Franks before him, though he never drank wine, ate few and simple dishes, and in his personal habits was extremely plain and frugal. He dressed differently from most of his subjects, but not very elegantly, according to our standard. He wore next his body a linen shirt, over that a long purple gown edged with silk, and a cloak. His long stockings were cross-gartered and his shoes of dressed skin were bordered with fur. In Spain the trouble between Moors and Arabs had

again broken out and some of the Spanish chieftains of the Saracens came to Charlemagne's court begging him to invade Spain and drive the Arabs from Saragossa. Charlemagne was eager enough to go, so in the spring of 778 he marched with his army across the mountains into Spain.

No sooner did the Mohammedans see a Christian army in their midst, than Moors and Arabs forgot their quarrel, and rose everywhere to defend Saragossa. Charlemagne settled down to besiege the city, but he had nothing with which to feed his hungry soldiers, and was glad enough to accept a sum of gold from the Mohammedans and march back again to France.

There is a story told of this Spanish expedition, that will forever live in the hearts of men, and has been sung by many a rude soldier as he marched to battle, and by many wandering minstrel and troubador in castle halls. Of course this story does not say that Charlemagne abandoned Saragossa but that he fought for seven years valiantly in Spain and when he had reduced the Saracen king, Marsile, almost to despair, the latter called together his officers and counselled with them as to what had best be done. They advised him to yield to Charlemagne. Marsile then sent a messenger to the Frankish king telling him that if he would withdraw his army from Spain, he would come to him at Aix la Chapelle and do him homage. There was among Charlemagne's officers, or paladins as they were called, Roland his nephew, Oliver his sworn friend, and a certain knight named Ganelon, who hated Roland heartily. This knight advised the king to agree to the suggestion of the Arab, but Roland thought, as a sensible man well might, that it would be extremely foolish to do so, after having so long withstood and defeated him. Charlemagne, so the story runs, agreed to give the Arabs peace and asked which of his paladins would undertake to carry the message to Marsile. Ganelon and Roland quarreled hotly, each wishing to be sent, but the paladins were displeased that Roland was so persistent and the king sent Ganelon.

Now Ganelon was determined to revenge himself upon Roland, so when he went to the Saracens to arrange the treaty, he managed to make a plot by which the rear-guard of the Frankish army could be overtaken at Roncesvalles pass, and cut off from the main body, for he knew Roland would lead the rear guard. At Ganelon's suggestion the Saracen king sent a host of soldiers who hid themselves in the woods and among the crags overhanging the pass of Roncesvalles. The main body of the army passed through in safety, then came Roland and his troops, at some distance behind. There was no sign of an enemy, and the Franks, doubtless thinking of their homes, and rejoicing that their faces were turned thitherward, entered the pass. Suddenly, as they were winding about the narrow road, the Saracens assailed them on every side. Oliver, from a point where he could overlook the road, called to Roland that they were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and begged him to sound his horn so that the king would turn back to his aid. Roland was a knight without reproach or fear. He thought it unknighly and unworthy to thus weaken before an enemy, and declared that his good sword and those of his paladins should deal terror to the foe and make them regret their treachery.

The Saracens began to hem the little band in on every side. "Sound your horn!" sound your horn!" begged Oliver. But Roland had faith in the valor of his knights, and the justice of their cause, and again refused to do so. Good bishop Turpin made the Frankish soldiers kneel, and while they confessed their faith, he absolved their sins, then urged them in the name of their God and their cause to strike mighty blows.





CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE IN ST. PETERS



Such blows were struck and many of them, but the vast host of the Saracens overwhelmed the Christians. Swords that had flashed amid the forests of Saxony, and in the light of the Italian sun, were struck from hands that never more would raise them in defence of Christendom. Helmets dented by the strokes of many a futile lance, rolled, cloven and bloody from dead faces. Lances were shattered, blood flowed like water, and at last only the good bishop and the gallant Oliver and Roland were left alive. All three were sorely wounded, but the two knights still feebly resisted the paynim. At length Roland said to Oliver, "I will sound my horn, Charles will hear us, and we may yet hope to see again our beloved France." Oliver reproached him that he had not long ago done so, and declared that now that the flower of the chivalry of France had fallen, there was no course left but to die with them, but the bishop insisted that the horn should be blown as a signal to Charlemagne. Roland then raised his horn to his lips, and blew such a blast that the blood spurted anew from his wounds and poured in a crimson tide upon the trampled turf.

Far away from the fatal pass, Charlemagne was riding at the head of his army, when upon the wind came the faint sound of a horn. He halted his charger and turning to Ganelon who rode at his side, said, "Our people are taken at disadvantage we must hasten to succor them." The traitorous Ganelon laughed away the king's fears, and the troops rode on. In the agonies of death Roland, with his last feeble strength, again put his horn to his lips and blew a wild wailing note. Again Charlemagne halted. "Evil has come upon us, those are the dying notes of my nephew, Roland," he said, then he turned and rode back, followed by his army, toward the pass of Roncesvalles. When they neared it they heard no clatter of horses' feet, no sound but the whisper of the wind in the tree tops, or the gurgle of some wayside waterfall, leaping from rock to rock. They saw no pennons fluttering in the wind, no glittering lances nor gallant array, and they knew some dread disaster had occurred.

At last they reached the pass, but they found only more dreadful silence still. The sod was wet with blood, and corpses choked up the road. With his good sword clasped in one hand and his horn by his side, Roland lay dead, and near to him Oliver and the Bishop, while all about him were the ghastly bodies of his comrades who had so gallantly fought and so nobly fallen. Charlemagne buried them with solemn rites, and for ages the bards sang "The song of Roland," recounting his life and death with such eloquence and pathos, that it has justly been called one of the great poems of the world.

Whether or not Roland of Brittainy died as described by the song, he certainly perished at Roncesvalles, and with him the whole rear guard of the Frankish army. The Saracen king did not come to Aix la Chapelle to do Charlemagne homage, so the French king claimed the territory in Spain that had yielded to him as spoil of war, formed it into a province or "march" and added it to French dominion.

Charlemagne had a hard task on his hands at home to keep his fierce unruly chiefs in order and to teach them the Franks were not a collection of petty tribes, owing to no law but the will of their chiefs, but a great nation who must submit to government, education and civilizing influences. The Roman empire had for centuries diminished in influence and size, and had long been a wreck. The civilization of the Romans in Gaul had been compelled to struggle against barbarians for so many centuries that its strength was almost gone. Paganism might again have revived, and confusion and disruption would certainly have prevailed everywhere in Western Europe, had not the right man been sent at the right time to gather up all



the discordant elements and create from them an empire. I shall not tell you about the many remarkable laws made by this king who could neither read nor write, nor how people even in these days of education and culture regard him as one of the grandest figures of all the ages. Neither shall I tell you how powerful was his mind, nor how truly great his character, and though we may think him somewhat cruel, the times were of such violence and turbulence that cruelty was in a measure excusable. His beloved queen, Hildegard bore him three sons who were his heart's delight. They grew up noble, handsome and promising, and the eldest, Charles, he took with him in all his wars, made him his companion in peace, and trained him in all knightly ways. He was destined by his father for great deeds, but in the flower of his manhood God took him, 811 A. D., and the king bowed his heart to the chastening of a great sorrow. Pepin, his second son, was scarcely less beloved and he made him king of Italy when he was a little child of four, but he too, died at three and thirty, and only Louis, his youngest son, whom he made duke of Aquitania was left to cheer his old age and upon whom he could rest his hopes for the future of the empire.

To Louis (called the Debonaire, or Good Natured,) Charlemagne gave up his crown two years after Charles died, for he felt that as he was now three score and ten, was weary of toil and care, he would like to see his son seated upon the throne, and he longed to enjoy some of the peace and quiet which had been denied him in the course of a busy life. He lived only a year after Louis was crowned king, dying January 28, 814, A. D., mourned by all his people, and was buried in the crypt of a church that he himself had built. Charlemagne dreamed of creating from the ashes of the dead Roman empire a new Roman empire, but though his fame went throughout the world as a conqueror and law-maker, his empire died with him. The Christianity he had cherished and protected lived, however, to create civilization. Charlemagne built up strong barriers about Europe against influences destructive to progress, and made it possible for the States of to-day to grow and develop naturally.

For many centuries, as we have told you in the story of Rome, barbarians from the North poured down over Gaul and Southern Germany, driving before them the inhabitants of the more southern regions. These barbarians overran the Roman empire and finally destroyed it. I have also told you that the country in which a nation lives has much to do with forming its character, and influences its mental and moral nature and pursuits. The Greeks, surrounded on every side by the sea, enjoying a mild climate, and having always before them the most charming landscapes, grew up as we have found them, a noble, thoughtful people, but not very constant, because romantic and easily moved to tears and laughter.

In northern Europe, there is a peninsula much like Greece, surrounded in the same way by islands and blue water, but the ocean there is wild and stormy, the seasons come and go, not in gentle procession, but with tumult of the elements. Winter is filled with fierce storms of sleet and snow, spring is damp and cloudy, summer short and ardent, and autumn has not the melancholy of ripened beauty, but heralds the king of the year. That peninsula is Denmark, and beyond it lies the peninsula of Norway and Sweden, and there, separated by the Baltic and North seas from kindred people of the same Aryan branch of the human race, the Northmen, a brave, deep-



FRANCE. Head Dress.

hearted race, lived as savages for unnumbered centuries. Long before Greece was peopled, the ancestors of the Northmen must have known well the ancestors of the Persians, for the same idea was at the foundation of their religion, which was as poetic in its way as that of the old Greeks. Indeed it is said, too, that their religion resembled that of the Greeks, its difference being caused by the different character developed in the people by the nature of the rugged Northland, which was their home. In Egypt, Typhon, the summer heat, was the evil god, but in the Northland, the ice giants were the demons. I have told you something of the religion of the various nations who have made history, so I will also tell you something about the religion of the Northmen, as it is quite as interesting as the others. In the first place, they believed that there was a time when there was no earth, nor sea, nor heavens, and naught but a great empty space, dark and terrible. Then two worlds, a

dark and cloudy one in the North, and a flaming, fiery one in the South appeared. A torrent of poison flowed from the dark world and filled space with ice, but the heat from the bright world came up through it in vapor, and rising, formed into drops, which became wicked giants. A cow created also out of the drops of vapor, furnished milk to feed these giants. After a time a great god named Bors came on the scene, and he and his three sons killed the father of the wicked giants, and made the earth out of the flesh, the rock from the bones, and from the body also created the heavens.

One of these sons of Bors, Odin, became the creator of men with earth for his wife, and Thor for his son. Night, the daughter of a wicked giant married a son of Odin, and to the pair was born a son named Day. The sun was a fair girl, and the moon a boy driving round the heavens in a glittering chariot, striving to escape from a monster in the form of a wolf, who sought to devour them. Every morning the Northmen thought that the gods rode up to heaven from under the earth on a rainbow bridge, in which the red was a fire burning to frighten the ice-fiends. The past, present and future were three fates who dwelt in the under world near a holy fountain, sitting always under an ash tree.

Valhalla was as different from the heaven of the Christian as can be imagined, though for many centuries the eternity of many Christian sects was in its way nearly as material. You will notice, perhaps, that most heathens had the idea that though they left their body here on earth, in some mysterious way, they ate, drank and enjoyed in heaven, just as they had done upon earth, or suffered pain through their nerves of sensation as they did while alive. The Northmen believed heaven to be a world within which there was a vast hall where the gods feasted on the flesh of boars, and drank great beakers of foaming mead with the heroes who died in battle.

There was one god, they said, called Baldur the Good, who was beloved by all beings, but he dreamed that he was to die, so he called all the gods together to ask what he should do. These gods made everything on the earth with or without life swear never to harm Baldur, but alas they thought the mistletoe too weak and small to do him injury. When everything had made the vow, the gods, always ready for sport, set Baldur up as a target, slung stones, shot arrows, struck him with axes and swords, but nothing hurt him in the least. There was one mischievous god, the father



of three wicked monsters, who hated Baldur, and when he learned that the mistletoe had not taken the vow, he secured a piece of that shrub, flung it at Baldur, and the god fell down dead, which shows that even the gods may come to grief through trifles.

There was a mourning throughout the earth at Baldur's death, and a messenger was sent to Hela, the under world, to find out how Baldur could be brought to life. The queen of Hela said if he was really so much loved she would restore him, but everything in the world would have to weep before she was convinced. Everything in earth, and air, and waters wept for Baldur but one old woman, and she would not. This old woman was Loki, the enemy who had slain Baldur, and taken upon himself that form, so Baldur was not restored. The gods afterward caught Loki and chained him down under the earth as a punishment for his treachery.

I can't begin to tell you all the wonderful stories of the adventures of the different gods that are related in the Eddas, two Norse poems which were to the Northmen what Homer's poems were to the Greeks. Thor the Thunderer, had the most interesting of these adventures, and I will tell you enough to show you the nature of the deity, which next to Odin, the Northmen universally worshipped and admired. You must know that Thor was supposed to go about armed with a huge hammer, just as Neptune is always represented with his three-pronged fork. Once Thor, so the tale runs, made a visit to the home of the ice giants, with some of his companions. On their way the travelers came to a great forest, and as they were passing through it, night fell. They went on and after a time arrived at a large hall with wide open doors. They entered and fell fast asleep, but in the middle of the night were roused by an earthquake, and groping their way into a small chamber leading out of the hall lay down and slept till morning. Great was their surprise when daylight came and they arose and went out, to find that near them lay a huge giant, whose glove was the hall, the thumb of which was the small chamber in which they had slept. I suppose the snoring of the monster was what they had mistaken for an earthquake.



The God Thor.

They traveled with the giant all that day, and when they stopped for the night and the giant was asleep, Thor determined to kill him. He struck three terrific blows upon the giant's forehead with his hammer, but the giant only rubbed his eyes sleepily and asked if a leaf or an acorn had fallen upon his face, and Thor decided to let him alone.

Thor and his companions separated from the giant the next day, and reached the land of the ice fiends. The king of that region asked one of Thor's friends what he could do. He replied that he was a great eater. Thereupon the king placed a huge trough filled with food before him, and the visitor ate prodigiously. The king waited till he was through, then called one of his servants who ate meat bone trough and all, and fairly outdid his guest. Then another of Thor's friends was asked what he could do. He replied that he was a great runner. Then the king,

who could not have been considered polite even by barbarous Northmen, called out one of his servants to run with the visitor. The servant reached the goal before his guest was half to it. Next the king asked Thor what he could do, and Thor told him that he considered himself an unequalled drinker. Then the king had a giant beaker filled with liquor brought to Thor. The god raised it to his lips expecting to be able to drain it at a draught but when he had quaffed long and deep there seemed as much in the horn as before. Again he tried and this time lowered the liquor a very little in the cup but try as he might he could not reduce it.

Then the king asked Thor to lift his cat from the ground but he could not make it stir, whereupon the ice-king scornfully said that none of his warriors would deign to wrestle with such puny creatures as Thor and his friends, but called a toothless old woman to engage him, and the hag easily flung the god to the earth.

Thor went home deeply humiliated, but he learned after a time that the eater who had vanquished his companion was, in disguise, a man. The runner was thought, the horn was the ocean and that the hag was old age, and the cat was the great serpent which encircles the earth, or was supposed by the Northmen to do so. He found, too, that the three blows of his hammer had fallen upon a mountain which a giant had held up to shield himself, and in it the strokes had made three great and deep ravines.

It was stories like these and many others equally wonderful that the old Norse Bards used to tell, for their gods were all of craft and physical strength, rejoicing in courage and combat. Those were the attributes, too, of the people, for even the Jews had the tendency to bestow upon their deity certain human qualities which they themselves possessed.

You know, perhaps, that the names of the days of the week are derived from the gods of the Northmen, and many marvelous tales of giant demons and fairies are taken from the old stories of the Eddas. The Northmen offered solemn sacrifices and sometimes human victims to their gods, and were quite as superstitious as the Greeks and even more credulous.

The Northmen were a tall, fair-haired race, so passionately fond of individual freedom that they yielded no slavish obedience even to their chiefs and kings, and cared little for living in cities and practicing the arts of peace. They held their women in the highest respect, and treated them as equals, but were fierce and cruel in war, sparing neither age nor sex.

Living near the sea the Norsemen became almost as good sailors as the Phœnicians. Though their light frail vessels were not well fitted to breast the waves of the stormy Atlantic, they handled them so skillfully that they carried them hundreds of miles. They had no mariner's compass to guide them in stormy weather, but when they were far from land, and bewildered as to the direction in which it lay, they simply loosed one of the hawks or ravens which they carried with them for the purpose, and followed its flight, certain that it would make straight for the nearest land.

They cared little whither they went, so they took much plunder, and these bold Vikings or Sea Kings, as they called themselves, made many long voyages. They were not, however, kings on land, but were supreme only on the deck of their vessels, where their crew, gathered from the boldest and most adventurous of their countrymen, obeyed them willingly. Like the early Greeks, they did not consider this pirate life dishonorable, but on the contrary prided themselves upon their exploits.



They early made excursions to England, and by degrees ravaged nearly all the northern coast of Germany, before and during the days of Charlemagne, burning cities and churches and devastating the country. Wittikind, the Saxon chief, told them much of the riches of the Frankish cities, and tempted by hope of plunder they had become more daring. When Louis came to the throne, they had often approached French territory, making piratical expeditions against the tribes dwelling near the seas. Louis, the Debonaire, was very unlike his great father. He was neither constant nor clever. Nearly the first thing he did when he came to the throne, was to declare that he would never divide the empire between his three sons, but that the eldest, Lothaire, should be the emperor, while the Louis, the next in age, should be king of Bavaria, and Pepin should have Aquitania, Burgundy and southern Gaul. This he did after he was crowned emperor by Pope Stephen, upon which occasion he excited the anger of many of his chief nobles, because he went out to meet the Pope and prostrated himself at his feet, more like a monk who feared some sort of punishment than an emperor. In Aquitania as soon as it had become known that Louis had made his own son king of that country, Bernard, the grandson of Charlemagne and son of Pepin, roused a revolt but was defeated. In Armorica, which we now call Brittany, the brave independent Celtic people who had once been masters of nearly all Gaul, but had been driven into the remote corner of Western Europe, refused to pay tribute any longer to the Franks, and made war upon the Frankish frontier. A wise Monk was sent to Morvan, the Celtic king, to warn him how useless it would be to struggle against the empire.

Morvan was about to yield and promise peace, when his wife privately persuaded him not to do so, and he returned a saucy answer to Louis, which so enraged the good-natured monarch, that he marched into Amorica with an army. The Celts made no organized fight but from ambush behind bushes and trees harrassed the foe, who nevertheless approached very near to Morvan's dwelling in the thick wood. Then Morvan went out with some picked warriors, and mounting his horse boasted of the deeds he meant to perform. Shaking aloft a bunch of javelins he declared he would dye them with Frankish blood and drive his enemies off in terror and confusion. Then charging his wife to defend his dwelling, he went forth to the fray. When he and his horde rode down upon the enemy, his warriors were frightened at the great number of the Franks, but Morvan laid about him right lustily and struck down many of the foe. At length he singled out a tall Frank and riding at him called out "Frank I am about to bestow upon thee a present which long I have been keeping for thee, and which thou wilt bear in mind," and launched a javelin at him. The Frank dexterously caught the missile on his shield and turned its point aside. "Proud Briton," he cried, "I have received thy present, now take mine," and thrusting his spear through Morvan's coat of mail, unhorsed and killed him, thus ending the battle, for the Britons fled as soon as their king fell, and hid themselves in the woods and swamps.

When Louis, after this battle, journeyed back to the place where he had left his wife, Hermengarde, he found her dying, and would have left the world to become a monk, had not his friends interfered, and his own love of power triumph over his



Knight of Charlemagne's Court.

grief and piety. He soon so far forgot his woe as to marry Judith, the beautiful daughter of a count, Guelph of Bavaria, who was as clever as she was handsome. When Judith's son was born, the three sons of the emperor's first marriage were jealous of the babe, for they hated its mother because she so completely ruled the emperor and had shown herself so unscrupulous and cruel.

Louis had put out the eyes of his nephew, Bernard, because he insisted on his rights, and the three elder sons of the king feared the queen's power and malice. When Charles, Judith's son, was seven years old, Louis called a great counsel of all the priests and knights of the empire, and declared that the solemn act of twelve years before, whereby he divided the kingdom among his three other sons should be done away, and that Charles, the young son of himself and Judith, should have some of the realm, and gave him by far the best part of it. The other three sons at once rebelled, raised an army, shut Judith and Charles up in prison, and made the emperor give up the crown to Lothaire, the eldest, while the other two recovered the provinces given to them a dozen years before.

It was not long before the people began to pity their poor, weak-minded, but good-natured emperor, and some powerful lords took him out of his prison and seated him again on the throne. Again Lothaire gained possession of the king by force, and after compelling him to sign a long confession of his sins, some of which he had committed and others that he had not, dethroned him. This time the ungrateful son made his gray-haired father publicly strip off his royal robe and put on the gray gown of a penitent.

Again Louis' friends came to his rescue and replaced him on the throne, and as he had twice before done, the king pardoned his rebellious sons, for in spite of his faults as a monarch, he loved his children dearly, although they were so undutiful. In 839, A. D., Louis divided the empire anew into three parts, for Pepin had died the year before. Lothaire promised that Charles should have his rightful share, but Louis of Bavaria was dissatisfied with his portion, and took up arms against his father. The old emperor was marching toward the Rhine to put down Louis' revolt, when he died, his last words breathing love and pardon to the rebel.

Lothaire had not in the least meant to grant young Charles his inheritance, and was soon conspiring with Pepin II., of Aquitania, his dead brother's son, to get him out of the way. Charles was now seventeen, and was a shrewd lad. Without allowing Lothaire to know that he suspected him, he sent his mother, Judith, who was still beautiful and more clever than ever, to the court of Louis of Bavaria. Through her power of pleasing, and skill in state-craft Charles formed an alliance with his uncle.

In 341 A. D., Charles whom we will from this time call Charles the Bald, as he is thus known in history, and Louis of Bavaria fought and won a battle against Lothaire, which resulted in his agreeing to divide the Frankish empire. Lothaire was compelled to accept of the empire a strip along the eastern border of Gaul. Louis of Bavaria took all east of the Rhine, and Charles the Bald took southern Gaul.

Thus was divided Charlemagne's empire, according to the nationalities of the three great peoples inhabiting its different portions. Germans, speaking the Gothic or Teutonic language in Louis' kingdom, Italians in a part of Lothaire's, and French a sort of "clipped Latin," often called romance or Roman language, in that of Charles the Bald. A portion of Lothaire's dominions received the name Lothairingia, or Lorraine and such is its name to this day. It is the fortunes of the kingdom of



France that we will follow, leaving those of Germany and Lothaire's kingdom for another story.

I have told you something about the Northmen and how they ravaged from time to time the shores of western Europe. When Pepin II. determined to make war upon his uncle, Louis, the Debonnaire, because he had given his kingdom of Aquitaine to Lothaire, he thought it a clever stroke to invite the Northmen to come down and devastate his grandfather's dominions. They came first up the Scheldt river, then the Seine and the Loire. They learned of the riches of the Frankish kingdom, and carried the information back to their country, thereafter coming often and in great numbers to devastate the French coast. One of these Sea-Kings took Bordeaux, which was delivered into his hands, so it is said by the Jews, who had been so inhumanly treated by the Christians, that they thirsted for revenge. After this the Northmen became such a scourge to France that Charles the Bald, who would never fight if he could avoid it, paid them a large sum in gold to leave the country. This gold they took back to their own land, and displayed to their countrymen, who were now more eager than ever before to penetrate into France, for they esteemed the Franks cowardly to buy peace instead of fighting for it, and believed the riches of the Christians were their natural prey.

After a time a company of Northmen established themselves near the mouth of the Somme river, and from their stronghold, in bands of forty or fifty, made sudden raids upon the country of the Franks. Another company of pirates was settled near the mouth of the Seine. Charles the Bald offered Weeland, the Chief of the Northmen of the Somme, three thousand pounds of silver if he would drive away from France the Northmen of the Seine. Weeland promised but demanded his pay in advance. Charles gave it, and operations were begun, when suddenly the two bands of Northmen united, and began to carry terror along the whole coast. The people were so exasperated by Weeland's treachery that they rose up and drove the Northmen away for that time. One defeat could not daunt the Northmen, and soon another pirate king, named Hastings, became a terror to France for several years. He and a young Danish prince named Biorn or Ironsides made many a daring raid on the coasts of France and Italy, carrying off rich plunder. Hastings was the hero of many remarkable stories. Once, so runs the chronicle, Hastings landed on the coast of Italy in sight of a great city. He had only a few followers, yet he was extremely anxious to take the treasures which he knew were housed in a certain church. The place had strong walls, well defended, and he was at his wit's end to devise some plan whereby he might secure the longed-for plunder. At last a bright idea occurred to him. Pretending to be very sick, he sent to the Bishop and begged to be baptized a Christian. The good Bishop came out and the Viking so cleverly pretended extreme illness as to completely deceive the holy father who baptized him. A few days afterward his comrades spread a report that their chief was dead, and claiming Christian burial for him, with many lamentations and signs of woe, they carried a coffin into the church. When the Bishop was in the midst of the ceremony, the supposed corpse leaped up sword in hand from his coffin. His comrades shut the doors of the church, killed the priests and before the people knew what had been done, pillaged the holy place, embarked and sailed away.

The Northmen made so many raids that the people were glad to obey a law made by Charles the Bald, requiring them to place themselves under the protection of the king or some powerful chief. These chiefs were obliged to depend solely upon the



FIG. 1. Head Dress.

walls of their fortresses and the arms of their followers for protection, for the country was so distracted that the king could not help them. They selected strong places upon crags and easily-defended sites, and built castles which the king allowed them to fortify, and there they gathered about them their armed retainers. In time so many of these fortified places grew up that the king became alarmed and ordered them to be pulled down, for he feared the power of the chiefs; but they were not pulled down, for the great lords would not obey the king, and in the years of war and confusion that marked the reigns of the later Carolingian kings, as the line descended from Charles Martel was called, the system called feudalism grew up out of this mutual bond between chiefs and freemen. It was a great danger to the people's liberties, although it was an outgrowth of the necessities of the times. In the midst of these turbulent years the clergy fell to quarreling and torturing certain priests and people who declared that some sinners were doomed to eternal punishment in spite of everything, and altogether there was confusion of every kind in the land of which the Northmen took advantage to ravage and plunder unhappy France.

After Charles the Bald, died in 877 A. D., his son called "Louis the Stammerer," reigned two years at the end of which time he also died and his two sons succeeded him but only reigned a short time, then Charles the Fat became Emperor of France, Germany and the West.

It was during the reign of this monarch that Rollo or Rolf the Great King of the Northmen became the terror of France, and ravaged its coast, as for forty years or more Hastings and other Vikings had done. In 885 A. D., the Northmen who had often menaced Paris, joined forces, and appeared before the city in three hundred ships, besieging it for thirteen months. They had already taken Rouen and had declared that they meant to conquer the whole country, drive out the people and live in France themselves. The Parisians sent to Charles the Fat, who was in Germany at the time, to beg for help and he came when the city had been besieged a year and bought the Northmen off.

When Charles the Simple, a son born to Charles the Bald, after his father's death became king, which he did in 898, at the age of nineteen, the Northmen under gallant Rollo had taken so many towns of Western France, that it was thought advisable to make friends with the successful foe. The king invited Rollo to come to his court and treat with him. The Northman came, and after a long argument the Viking consented to take a portion of Western France and Brittainy, which was still hostile to the Franks, as his price for preserving France from his people, and this country was to be known as Normandy. He received in addition a fair young princess for a bride. When the bargain was concluded one of the bishops told Rollo that he ought to show some sign of gratitude, that those who received such royal gifts should kiss the foot of the king. Rollo stoutly vowed that he was as kingly as any man alive and would not bow the knee to any man nor kiss the foot of the greatest king of the earth. Seeing that he was determined, some clever genius among the Franks decided that Rollo might perform the act by proxy—that is, allow some one else to do it for him. Rollo then commanded one of his Norman warriors to kiss the king's foot. The valiant Norman was as proud as his master, but he dared not disobey, so without bending the knee he stooped, picked up the king's foot and standing up straight put



it to his lips, the king of course having fallen backward and lying prostrate at the feet of the Norman, who laughed loudly at the spectacle he presented. The Franks were indignant but dared not express the rage with which they witnessed the insolence of the Normans, and the assembly dispersed after Rollo had wedded his princess and been baptized as Robert, Duke of Normandy.

After this the Normans lived peaceably in Normandy and became French, having a great and quickening influence on the nation, and upon other nations about them. Several great dukes ruled the Normans. One of these, William Longsword was murdered leaving as heir to his throne his little son, Richard, a boy of ten. This was in the year 943, and France was under the rule of the king, Louis, called the Ultramarine or Foreigner, because he was brought up in England. This Louis pretended much interest in the little orphan and took him home to his court at Laon to educate him. The fact was that the French king, who was in the thick of a quarrel with a certain Hugh, duke of France, wanted to make himself master of Normandy, in order to strengthen himself against his foe.

It was not long before the little duke of Normandy realized that he was a prisoner. His Norman friends who had followed him to Laon, were sent away one by one, upon various pretexts, until none remained. The lad was not allowed to send any messages to his home, and the king thought his designs were succeeding finely. Little Richard had a faithful friend in the person of Osmond, the Governor, his father had left in charge of Normandy. Osmond understood that Louis intended to strip his young lord of his inheritance, and he made a bold plan to outwit the king.

Disguising himself as a groom, Osmond secured entrance to the castle and hung about the stables until he found a chance to speak to little Richard. He told him that he must escape from the castle for he feared Louis would kill him, and that he would aid him to return to Normandy. He arranged with the lad to come to the stables on a certain day, and in the meantime secured some horses which he hid safely in the suburbs of the town.

On the day appointed, the supposed groom wrapped the child in a bundle of hay and carried him outside the castle to the place where the horses were concealed, and the two were safe in Normandy at dawn the next day.

Louis the Foreigner was angry, you may be sure, when he heard of Richard's escape. He sent to his old enemy, Hugh, duke of France, and proposed that they should take Normandy together, and divide it between them. Willingly enough Hugh consented, and two armies, one under Louis and the other under Hugh, marched into Normandy. The crafty Normans made no resistance and pretended to yield willingly to Louis' claims. The king then began to regret that he had asked Hugh's help, and promised him half the spoils, so he picked a quarrel with him to get rid of him, and finally sent him and his men-at-arms back to Paris. After Hugh's departure, the Normans made fair promises, but delayed doing anything decisive, for they had secretly sent an invitation to Harold, a Danish prince, to come to their help and were waiting for him.

Their countrymen came at last and fought a great battle with the French near the city of Rouen, totally defeating Louis, and taking him prisoner. Hugh then paid the Normans a large sum of money to give the king up to him, and when the treacherous Louis was in his power, made him resign Laon and go forth among his subjects a king without a castle, utterly landless and powerless. After a while by the interference of the Pope and the emperor of Germany, Hugh restored Laon to



Northern Ladies.

Louis, but the king died in 954 A. D., and his son, Lothaire, a boy of thirteen, became his heir. Hugh too, died about this time, leaving his dukedom to his son, Hugh Capet, and as the mother of Hugh, Capet was the sister of the queen, the two women brought their sons up together, so that when they became men they might love and not hate each other as their fathers had done.

Lothaire was poisoned in the thirtieth year of his reign, and his son, Louis V., came to the throne at the age of nineteen. He was married to a beautiful but wicked woman named Blanche, who was deeply in love with Hugh Capet, then in the prime of life, and one of the most famous soldiers in Europe. There may have been a bargain between the Duke and Queen Blanche, at all events she murdered her husband, who was the last of the Carolingian kings, and married Hugh Capet who was then made king of France. Hugh Capet is called by the old

chroniclers a pious and good king, but piety and goodness in his day consisted mainly in giving large sums of money to the church, winking at the crimes of a lazy and worthless priesthood, and torturing or slaying unoffending Jews. The unusually pious even made journeys to Jerusalem, where they not only prayed at the tomb of the Saviour, but drove sharp bargains with the Saracenes in the various commodities which formed the staples of commerce of France, and these pilgrims, as they were called, increased every year.

Robert, Hugh Capet's eldest son, who followed him on the French throne, was the most pious king of his time. True he did not go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but he visited all the shrines of the warrior saints in France, and there were a great many of them, sent away his dearly beloved young wife, Bertha of Burgundy, at the command of the Pope and married haughty Constance of Arles, of whom he was very much afraid ever after. During the reign of Robert there was a dreadful famine in Europe, and the kind-hearted king was wont to share his meals with his starving subjects, always taking the precaution to tell those whom he benefitted: "Take care that Constance knows naught about it." Constance in the meantime feasted with her gay courtiers, and cared nothing for the miseries of the poor, though she has been called pious too. Her piety consisted in relentlessly persecuting everyone who did not believe as she did. Upon one occasion she heard that there had arisen in France a new sect that denied some of the doctrines of the Roman church. She insisted that Robert should in person hear the trial of some who were accused of so believing and she went with him. Thirteen of the poor creatures were doomed by the king to be burned at the stake and Constance was so indignant that the sentence had not been more severe, that she struck one of the culprits with her staff and knocked out his eye as he was on the way to execution.

Robert was always singing Psalms, telling his beads, and performing monkish duties, and Constance was of such a violent temper that no one could live peaceably with her, thus it is no wonder that the two sons of the King and Queen should at last rebel against the weakness of their father and tyranny of their mother, which



they did in 1030. A war resulted which was soon settled. When King Robert died the next year, and his son Henry became king, Constance induced her other son to make war upon his brother, but Henry easily conquered him and gave him Burgundy as his share of the kingdom. Constance died soon after to the great relief of the whole kingdom.

In Normandy the young Richard who had been rescued from the Castle of Louis, the Foreigner, grew up into a brave and noble man called "Richard the Fearless," by his Norman subjects. After a long and useful life he died leaving his duchy to his son Richard the Good. Ethelred the Unready of England fled to Richard the Good for protection against the Danes, who had invaded his kingdom, and afterwards when the fierce Danes made inroads upon the Saxons of Brittainy and committed dreadful outrages, the Norman duke got together an army to invade England where Canute son of the Danish Monarch Sweyn had made himself king, to revenge the Saxons in Brittainy and restore his sister Queen Emma, the widow of King Ethelred, to her English kingdom. Instead of fighting, however, he made a treaty with Canute, gave him Emma for his wife, but kept her sons with him in Normandy. One of these sons, Edward the Confessor, several years afterward became king of England.

The next duke of Normandy, Richard III., was poisoned by his brother Robert, who was called for his many wicked deeds, Robert the Devil. This bad man, after running the whole range of pleasure, dissipation and adventure his own country afforded, and committing almost every sin that could be mentioned, determined to go upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His lords were afraid that the king of France would seize on Normandy while he was away, or that the distracted country would grow even more so without the hand of its master, and begged him to stay at home. Robert had a little eight year old son named William, whose mother, the beautiful daughter of a tanner, he had never married. This lad had often been jeered at on his mother's account, but now his father declared him his heir, took him to the court of the king of France, who acknowledged him duke of Normandy, and made all the Normans promise to serve him as their chief, although they were bitterly humiliated that they, in whose veins ran the purest blood of the valiant Danes, should be ruled by the grandson of a tanner.

As soon as the old duke's death was known, for Robert the Devil died in Asia, these barons banded together against William, who was then eleven years old, but king Henry of France became his protector, and put down the unruly barons.

When William was fifteen years old, he was tall, handsome and brave, and as affairs in his dukedom had been going very badly, and murder, pillages, arson and all manner of crimes became common, and went unpunished, the young duke took the government of his duchy in his own hands and began to punish crime so severely that his wicked barons hated him more than ever. His cousin, Guy of Burgundy, had fallen into trouble in his own country, and had fled to William for shelter, which was given him, and William grew very fond of him, and made him count of two rich fiefs. The ungrateful fellow after enjoying the bounty of William for several years, put himself at the head of William's dissatisfied barons and conspired with them to take his cousin's life.

In those days every great lord and prince kept in his castle a jester, whose duty it was to amuse him and his guests with witty sayings and merry songs. William's jester, Golet, in some way learned one night that his master was to be killed that very hour. He hastened to William's chamber, and knocked upon the door, crying

"Open, open, my lord duke: fly, fly, or you are lost! To tarry is death!" William thus roused from sleep sprang from his couch, hastily threw on a few garments and ran to the stables. His charger whinnied, in the darkness he succeeded in untying him, and was soon upon the noble steed's back, flying for his life to the city of Falaise.

There he tarried a few days, but when he heard that his enemies were organizing a revolution, he started off alone and unattended to Henry's court, at Paissey, and begged the king of France as his leige lord, to aid him against the traitors. Henry was a brave man and loved bravery in others. The gallant bearing of the young duke at once won him to his cause, and he promised him his help. William then returned to Normandy, and called upon the lords who were faithful to him, to rally to his defence. They did so, were joined by Henry's troops and one hot August day in the year 1047, the allied armies of Normandy and France came to blows with the rebel barons.

King Henry himself, was in the field, and was once unhorsed by a lance-thrust, but returned again to the fray. William's bright armor and snowy crest were seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, but while he fought with great daring, he showed remarkable coolness and dexterity in commanding his troops, who began to realize that William, though so young, deserved to rank with the ablest generals of his day.

It is said that one Norman lord, Raoul de Tessen, was undecided whether to join in the fight or not. He had vowed to the barons that he would himself strike William that day in the conflict, but when he saw how bravely the duke was striving, and that he was likely to be victorious, he would not allow his one hundred and forty men-at-arms to mix in the fray, and they were grouped about him upon a little hillock, watching the battle.

Suddenly Raoul rode toward William and drawing off his glove struck the duke lightly with it. "I swore to strike you, and now I am quit" he said, "fear nothing more from me, I am with you." Then beckoning to his retainers, he plunged into the combat and helped William win the victory.

After this battle William pulled down many of the castles of his enemies, and kept the barons sternly in check. He paid Henry for his services by helping him against Geoffery of Anjou, a duke who made war upon the king, and the wandering minstrels began to sing in the castle halls of France, the great deed at arms of the young Norman duke, and prophesy for him a brilliant future, though none of them prophesied what the duke even then had in his mind, and one day meant to accomplish.

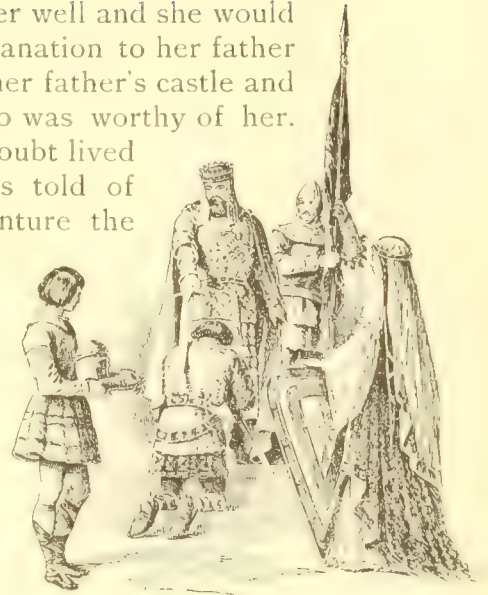
William was somewhere near five and twenty when he determined to marry, and sent to count Baldwin of Flanders to ask him for his daughter Matilda, a fair, modest and pious maiden. Matilda was withal somewhat proud and replied to William's proposal a rejection, reflecting upon his humble origin, and telling him that she would "rather become a nun than to marry him."

William bided his time, and when his fame had gone throughout Europe, he is said to have gone to the castle of the Count Baldwin, in Flanders, entered the hall, passed into the chamber where the fair Matilda sat with her mother at work, seized the maiden by her long hair, and given her a sound drubbing. He then mounted his horse and rode away again.

Count Baldwin was furious, when he heard of this proceeding, and even more so when messengers came from William again asking his daughter's hand. Not so,



the maiden. She answered that the proposal pleased her well and she would be William's bride or remain unwed, and by way of explanation to her father declared that the man who was bold enough to enter her father's castle and beat her, was the sort of man that she admired and who was worthy of her. So they were married with great rejoicings and no doubt lived happily ever after. There are many romantic stories told of William of Normandy, but in spite of his love of adventure the Duke covered his own country well, and was not more cruel than the warriors of his time, though he is said to have cut off the hands and feet of some prisoners and caused them to be shot from the siege guns over the walls into their city, which was defying him and insulting him by hanging hides from the walls crying, "Have at these Tanner." Nor was he unusually tyrannical. To be sure his subjects murmured a little when he made a decree that prohibited people from assembling after the evening bell for prayers had been rung, and there were those who declared that he poisoned the Duke of Main in order to seize his territory, and there were many and various complaints against him, yet upon the whole he ruled with wisdom. In the story of England we will follow from this point forward the fortunes of Normandy for it is really bound up with that country from the time when Ethelred the Unready, fled from the Danes until France claimed it as a part of her territory.



The Accolade

From what I have told you of the wickedness of the priests and people of France, the violence of the times, and the woes of the poor, you may think that goodness had entirely died out, but it had not. Deep down in the soil of ignorance and error were planted the seeds of truth and beauty, that had a wonderful flowering side by side with crime and violence. Although the priests were degenerate the church grew in power, and in isolated abbeys learned and earnest Monks preserved for happier times the learning and arts inherited from the past. The church inspired the souls of those rude warriors with noble ideas of honor and triumphed over ignorance and brutality in the establishment of knighthood.

You have no doubt often read about the knights of the old days of chivalry, and thought them perhaps very rude fellows, as indeed they were in many things, if we measure them by their acts, but their ideas were lofty and the vows they took so solemnly were not lightly broken.

The young man who aspired to be a knight, and had demonstrated his fitness by brave deeds as esquire to some worthy lord, was stripped of his clothing placed in a bath, an unusual ceremony in those days, for Western Europe was long the country of the unwashed, then he was clothed in a white tunic as a symbol of purity, a red robe as a sign of the blood he might be called upon to shed for his faith, and a black coat as a reminder of the death which is the doom of all men.

When he had been thus purified and clothed, the esquire fasted a day and a night in a church, either alone or attended by priest, who prayed with him at intervals, the next day received the sacrament, after making the confession, and he listened to a sermon upon the duties of knighthood. When the sermon was finished the candidate advanced to the altar with the knight's sword hung about his neck. He was

obliged to answer various questions put to him to test his understanding of the life upon which he was about to enter. Then fair ladies clothed him with spurs, coat of mail, cuirass, armlets, gauntlets, and the sword was hung at his side.

Thus equipped he was approached by the king or his sovereign lord, who drew his sword and struck him lightly thrice on the shoulder or nape of the neck as the candidate knelt before him, saying: "In the name of God, Saint Michael and Saint George, I make thee knight. Be valiant, bold and loyal."

A horse was brought for the newly-made knight, who mounted and rode about before the people. These ceremonies were not all that constituted a knight. He was obliged to swear to fear God, fight for the faith, serve well his prince and country, to uphold the rights of the weak, protect widows, wards, and orphans, and to make many other vows of humanity, mercy, and justice, embodying the principles of Christianity.

Once sworn to perform these vows, a knight was pledged to be courteous, humble and noble in word and deed, and though many failed to realize the high ideal, knighthood was the most glorious fact of the Middle Ages. It was poetry, romance and religion combined, and it made light shine in many a dark corner of the earth, and led Europe to civilization through the influence of the crusades which grew out of knighthood. Under Hugh Capet, and even the weak Robert, the power of the king through the influence of knighthood and the church, became more respected by the great lords than it had been before, and when Philip I., son of Robert, who was as graceless a king as ever ruled a nation, ended his reign to be succeeded by his son, called Louis the Battler, the power of the king had much increased.

It was while Philip I. was king, that the first crusade was preached. I have told you that the Arabs had long been in possession of Jerusalem, and that it had become the fashion for knights in search of adventure to make a journey to the holy city. The Arabs were conquered near the end of the eleventh century by the savage Turks, who issuing from the Caucasus mountains, blighted all Asia by their conquests, and to this very day their destroying influence rests upon the fairest portions of those old empires whose fortunes we have traced.

They took Jerusalem, and at once began to subject the Christians to all sorts of indignities. They would enter the churches, overturn the altars, insult and sometimes even kill the priests. They made every pilgrim pay a sum of money before he was allowed to enter the city at all, and finally became so insolent that the whole Christian world was aroused to indignation at the stories of outrage perpetrated by the savage infidels.

A certain little, weazened monk of Picardy, Peter the Hermit, went to Jerusalem with others, and when he came back to Europe, declared he had received a message from heaven, commanding him to rescue the holy sepulchre from the Turks. He was an able and eloquent man, and wherever he preached, thousands flocked to hear him. Finally, after the Pope and Alexius, emperor of the East, had sent messages to every court of Europe favoring the undertaking, they called a great council at Cleremont, in the year 1095, that was attended by priests, barons and serfs from all parts of Europe. The Pope urged the multitudes to march to the holy city, and promised them that Christ would march with them, so that nothing could withstand them. When he had finished, the multitude cried "God wills it! God wills it!" and thousands then and there enrolled themselves, receiving as a badge of their holy mission, a cross cut out of red cloth, which they wore pinned upon the shoulder. So



many of the crosses were required that the princes present cut up their cloaks to supply them, and it was from these crosses that the expedition received the name of the "crusades." Nothing had ever so deeply stirred Europe as this idea of taking Palestine from the Turks. Monks, knights, idlers, beggars, a great army of half a million men of every class and condition, and with every motive, left their homes to join the rabble. They would not wait to properly equip themselves for the long journey before them, but seemed to believe that Christ would provide against every need. Their leaders were Walter the Penniless, Peter the Hermit, a German count and a German priest, and they marched on foot in four separate bodies, vieing with each other in turbulence, drunkenness and every sort of vice. They plundered Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria to that extent that the inhabitants fell upon them and tried to exterminate them. Many died of starvation and hardship and only three thousand of the three hundred thousand crossed over into Asia. Soon after a better equipped expedition under several brave knights, some of whom had leased their estates for five years to gain money for the enterprise, and others who had wrested from their peasantry the wherewithal to prosecute the crusade, set out for the Holy Land. Among these were Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; Robert, the eldest son of Duke William of Normandy; Hugh, the brother of Philip I.; Count Robert of Flanders; Raymond of Toulouse; Bohemond, Prince of a community of Normans that had seized Tarentum and founded a kingdom long before, and Tancred, his nephew.



Knight and Esquire During the First Crusade.

Following the leaders were a hundred thousand knights on horseback, and six hundred thousand on foot. When the Emperor of the East, Alexius Commena, saw this second great host appear before the walls of Constantinople he was alarmed. He had been somewhat disquieted when the ragged mob led by Peter the Hermit, demanded his aid to cross into Asia, but he had no idea when he joined the pope in asking the Christian Princes of Europe to rescue Jerusalem from the Paynims that a host sufficient to wrest from him his own kingdom and make themselves absolute masters of the East, would respond.

He refused to furnish any ships for the crusaders to cross over into Asia, and for sometime delayed them, but at last agreed upon condition of their paying tribute and doing homage to him for all their conquests.

In May, 1097, this second band of adventurers found themselves in Asia and after a march of nearly two weeks arrived at the city of Nicæ. It was rich in treasure and of course, since plunder more than piety had urged most of these leaders to venture into Asia, they agreed to besiege the city. For six weeks they infested the town but they were disappointed of its pillage, because it delivered its keys to Alexius. After that the chiefs of the crusade fell to quarreling among themselves. The followers of each prince took up their line of march separated from those of the other, and the Turks were able to inflict much disaster upon them on this account. Finally they all reached Tarsus and besieged it. Tancred, the Norman Prince, having set his banner on the walls was furious when Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey



of Lorraine, flung it down and placed the pennant of Lorraine in its place. Their followers, at the command of the two princes fought each other fiercely, and the whole expedition would have been ruined had not some of the cool-headed among the leaders exerted themselves to quell the riot. As it was Baldwin gave up the expedition to Jerusalem, took his followers and set off alone, crossed the Euphrates to Edessa and settled down to found a kingdom.

After much suffering the main body of the crusaders reached Antioch, which they took after a nine months' siege. Peter the Hermit, and another crusader called "The Carpenter," because of his cruelty in battle, tried to desert the Crusaders during the siege, but were brought back by force and at last the city fell. Then in the name of the gentle and tender Christ, the Prince of Peace, his avowed followers slew men, women, and children; Turk, Arab, Jew and Christian alike, and entrenched themselves against the army that had har-

assed them so long. Hunger and disease dwelt with them behind the walls of the city, and they were almost in despair, when a priest declared he had been told in a vision that the very lance that pierced the Saviour's side was to be found buried deep down in the ground in a certain place. Of course the Crusaders hastened to the spot and found, as had been predicted a rusty ancient lance-head. The doubters demanded that the priest go through fire and if he came out unharmed they would believe him. He went through a long line of burning piles of wood and came out, so the miracle was declared real, though the poor priest was so horribly burned that he died in awful agony two days after.

Possessing the relic, the Crusaders felt a new inspiration, and sallying forth drove off the Turks. Bohemond was given the city for himself and his followers, and the diminished army marched toward Jerusalem. They reached the place June 7, 1099, but the Turks had gone to Asia Minor, and the Arabs, always friendly to the pilgrims, were in power. In vain, the Caliph of Egypt promised every protection to the Crusaders, and to allow them to enter the city, two or three hundred at a time. He even offered to make a treaty insuring peace and security to Christians everywhere throughout his dominion. The fierce Crusaders, as savage as the Turks, refused to come to terms and besieged the city.

Shameful to relate it to all the Christian ages! Shame that history has to record it! For ten days after Jerusalem was taken, its streets ran blood, and not a Moham-medan was left alive behind its walls. Alas for the teachings of Christ! Lust, not love ruled those soldiers of the cross, who polluted the scenes of the Saviour's beneficent life and ministry with the blood of innocent victims. Ten centuries of Christianity had not yet leavened the lump of the world's error so much that the Christians could see in Moslem a brother, and in the Heathen a soul struggling in its own blind way toward the truth.

Jerusalem was organized into a sort of kingdom, two orders of monks, Templars and Hospitallers, were founded, and Godfrey and Tancred with five hundred knights were left to hold the conquered country, while the rest that had been spared by war



and disease, after a time reached their homes in safety, bearing back new ideas from their contact with Eastern luxury, and planting these mental and moral seeds in the social soil of Europe, which was already filled with wonderful germs.

While the Crusaders were busy in the Holy Land, fighting, rioting and conquering, Philip I. of France was watching his son Louis carry on a war with his nobles, which he himself was too lazy to conduct. The prince was a valiant fighter, and was so quick in his movements, so untiring and resolute, that he was called "Louis the Alert," and "Louis the Battler." The robber knights of France had been so accustomed to plunder the common people, and had grown so insolent, that they would not yield to the authority of the king, and it at last became necessary to force them to obedience.

Philip I. died in 1108, and Louis was crowned king, as Louis VI. Some of the robber barons of his kingdom had been amusing themselves as had been the fashion since the days of Charles the Bald, by plundering the peasants on their lands, and murdering them if they objected to being robbed. Louis saw that if he would be king indeed as well as in name, he must put a stop to this practice. He did not dare to pronounce war against all of the barons who were in the habit of oppressing the people, or he would have had no knights to fight for him. He selected one of the boldest and most powerful of the robber-chiefs, who had plundered a certain abbey most shamelessly, and after beating him soundly, called upon the priests and peasants dwelling upon the lands of other of the marauders, to arm themselves and help him to punish their oppressors.

The counts, barons and knights of the army of the king, were scornful and angry because Louis brought those "vile and base men" into service side by side with themselves, and the besieged robber-knights in their strongholds, were wont to heap all manner of vile abuse upon the citizen-soldiery that encompassed their walls. They found, however, that an arrow well-spiced by a peasant archer, would wound as deeply as though the hand that held the bow had never handled the "vulgar" hoe and spade, and that the brawny priests, and laborers under the banners of the king, usually outfought their own high-born knights and doughty squires, and it was through their constancy and courage, that Louis was enabled to subdue his foes and make them respect the rights of the weak.

The people began also to feel that they were a power in the State, and as often as the king aided them against the injustice of their feudal lords, they aided him to reduce some rebellious noble. Both were interested in subduing the power of the castle-men, for different ends. Commerce had always suffered under certain hindrances in France. In the days of Louis VI., the merchants were travelling peddlers. If they made their rounds in safety, and returned to their own towns, they were often set upon by their lord, or his followers, and stripped of everything. There was no safety anywhere, and the development of the industries of the cities was impossible under such a state of things. The citizens complained to the king that they could



Knight and Esquire During First Crusade.



PRAYING FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE CRUSADERS.



neither buy what they desired, nor sell what they manufactured, on account of their oppression, and appealed to him to free them of their obligation to their feudal lord. The king agreed to do so upon the performance by the cities of certain duties in the way of tribute and soldiers, and he promptly took the field to punish any of his vassals who imposed upon the liberties of the free cities. He also encouraged the citizens to train bodies of troops to protect their rights. This was the beginning of the growth of the idea of liberty and social rights, but it was long and sad centuries before the feudalism that had at first been a blessing, but soon proved a curse, was finally and for ever done away in France.

Henry Beauclerc, son of William of Normandy, was the king of England, while Louis VI. was king of France, and a quarrel was soon in progress between them. There was a strong castle on the border between France and Normandy, which both claimed, but which was held by a lord who denied the right of either king to rule him. It was agreed after much wrangling that Henry should have the castle, on the condition that within forty days after it was delivered to him, he should tear down all of the walls about and remove the defenses. Henry agreed; it was a way he had to promise whatever was required, and perform what he desired, but when the castle was in his hands, he filled it with men-at-arms, and refused to carry out the terms of the agreement. Louis was justly angry, and made war. The knights and barons did not suffer much in the various encounters of the two forces, for they made their fighting more like tournament than serious battle. If they were taken prisoner, they were entertained hospitably by their captors, and allowed to ransom themselves at their pleasure.

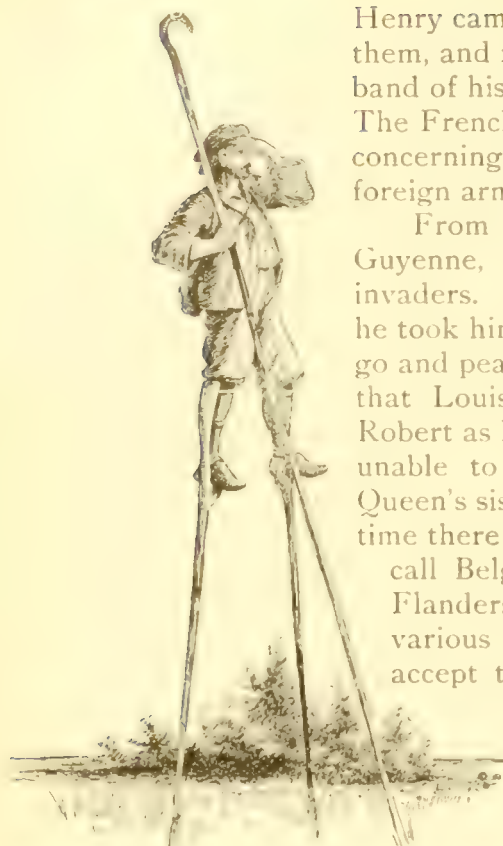
The poor peasants on the frontiers of France and Normandy were the victims. Their crops were destroyed, their homes burned, and they were murdered without mercy. William Fitz-Robert, son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, who was a prisoner in England, had received the friendship of Louis VI. The war was ended after a time, by Henry's promise to perform his agreement and Louis' promise to no longer support young William Fitz-Robert's claim to the Dukedom of Normandy, of which Henry Beauclerc had robbed his father. Henry's son, William, was declared the rightful heir of the Duchy?

It was after the close of this war, that William of England, and a gay company of knights, ladies and gentlemen, embarked on "The White Ship," to sail for England. The company feasted, drank wine and regaled the sailors, until there was probably not a sober soul on board, and then began their voyage. The king's ship had sailed some hours before, but the skipper of "The White Ship" had declared that he would overtake it, and in his eagerness to do so, and befuddled as he was with wine, steered upon some sunken rocks, and in perfectly calm weather and on a smooth sea, the ship went down with all on board.

Fitz-Robert now once more brought forward his claim to Normandy, since there was no heir to Henry's possessions. Many of the Norman nobles took his part, and



Knight—Duke—Knight Templar



Shepherd of Launes.

Henry came over with his army, defeated and fearfully punished them, and renewed the war with France. He persuaded the husband of his daughter, Matilda, Henry V. of Germany, to join him. The French lords looked upon the quarrels of Henry and Louis concerning Normandy, as a private affair, but when they saw a foreign army cross the Rhine, they rallied around their king.

From the hills of Britanny, to the far southern province of Guyenne, came hosts of armed men to oppose the German invaders. The Emperor was so frightened by their number that he took himself and his army back to Germany as fast as he could go and peace was soon made. I am glad to be able to tell you that Louis VI. was a friend to the wronged unfortunate Fitz-Robert as long as that brave prince lived. When he found he was unable to secure Normandy for him, he married him to his Queen's sister, and gave him three rich provinces. When after a time there was not direct heir to Flanders, the country we now call Belgium, Louis made him duke of that country also. Flanders had long hated its subjection to the French and at various times had endeavored to throw it off. It would not accept the King's choice of their ruler, and in the struggle that followed, Fitz-Robert was killed. In his old age, Louis the Battler, was called Louis the Fat, for he had grown so enormously fleshy that he could not mount a horse. He therefore made his young son Philip joint king, but the lad was killed soon after by a fall from his horse in the narrow streets of Paris, and Pope Innocent was

called from Rome, to anoint his second son, Louis the Young, as King of France. Louis VI. then put on the gown of a monk, and made a pilgrimage to the shrines of certain saints, and died just as Louis the Young was returning from Guyenne with his rich young bride, Eleanor.

I told you that Louis VI. was in the habit of freeing cities when he found that they were oppressed by their lords. Louis VII. was but eighteen years old when he became king, but even at that age evidently thought himself wiser than his father, as is sometimes the case with boys who have not yet learned how little they really know. He sought to show his wisdom, by taking directly the opposite course to that which Louis VI. had pursued. Orleans applied to him for freedom, and he not only refused to grant it, but executed the men who came to him with the petition. He was so severe with the burghers, that they hated him. The unruly nobles were quick to see this and when they were certain that the king would not have the support of the common people against them, became rebellious and haughty, as in the days of Philip I.

Louis the Young, was a fighter, and he soon conquered his barons. Then he turned toward the southern provinces that had always been nearly free, and subdued them and made their lords pay him tribute and homage. He soon became mixed in a quarrel with Pope Innocent, who insolently appointed a bishop for a French city, and bishops in those days had nearly the power of princes, and did not consult the king. The pope laid his ban upon Louis, when he drove the bishop out. Some of the French lords took the side of the pope, and others the side of the king, and war



raged most fearfully. The town of Vitry was attacked and burned, thirteen hundred peasants who had taken refuge in one of the churches, being roasted to death. Louis was so shocked at this horrible occurrence, that he put an end to the war by yielding to the pope, and as a penance for his disobedience, vowed to go on a crusade to the Holy Land.

Conrad III. of Germany, joined in this second crusade, and with his army was a troop of women armed like the men who went along, to fight for the Holy Sepulcher they claimed, but really for the novelty and excitement afforded by the expedition. The disorderly, riotous Crusaders were not fit companions for respectable ladies, and I am inclined to think that respectable ladies in those days staid at home and attended to their household tasks, and were not to be found in such evil company.

Queen Eleanor of France, secured large sums of money from her husband, and from her rich provinces of Guyenne and Aquitaine, and armed a troop of French "women-crusaders," in imitation of those that had joined the German host. The queen was a gay, pleasure-loving, unscrupulous woman, and beside the women, like herself, that she equipped and enlisted for the expedition, she selected a large number of the handsomest, gayest and most frivolous high-born young men for her body-guard.

After much suffering and serious disaster, the crusaders reached Asia. On one occasion they were attacked among the hills by a large Turkish force and thrown into confusion. Louis and forty of his knights became separated from the main body of the army, and surrounded by the enemy. Every one of the knights fell in the defense of the king, and Louis took refuge in the top of a large tree, growing out from the edge of a steep craggy rock. The Turks assaulted him there until his armor bristled with arrows, but he defended himself a day and a night. In that fight he performed miracles in the way of slaughtering Turks—if we are to believe the old chroniclers—such wonders in fact, that he could have hardly done more, had he wielded the forty swords of his fallen defenders, instead of a single trusty blade. He was released from his perilous position by a body of his men who had gone in search of him, and reached Antioch in safety with his army, after many adventures.

An uncle of Queen Eleanor, a certain Count Raymond, was the ruler of Antioch, and he entertained the queen and the gay young courtiers so hospitably, that they were loath to leave the place. Eleanor conducted herself in a most disgraceful manner during her sojourn in her uncle's dominions. She fell in love with an Arab minstrel, and allowed him to be constantly near her, feasting, sighing and singing his love-sick nonsense. She was so free, too, with the gay young cavaliers of her train, and made so little secret of the fact that she had not a spark of womanly truth or virtue, that the king fled from Antioch by night, in horror, as from a plague, compelling the unworthy queen and her attendants to go with him and the army.

The Crusaders were beaten before Damascus, though it is said that they fought as never men fought before. Indeed we can well believe it, if the stories told of them are true. It is said that Conrad, the German emperor, cut a Saracen through from side to side, through shoulders, ribs, spine and bones, to say nothing of armor, as cleanly as a boy could slice a turnip with a jack-knife. Louis did things almost as wonderful. In spite of these marvels of valor, the army began to be discouraged, and the Germans went home after the defeat at Damascus. Then the French knights deserted the king one by one, and at last Louis, who had not gained a single victory, or one foot of land in Palestine, heard that there was turmoil

in France, and was obliged to abandon the crusade. A bishop named Suger had been in charge of the government in the king's absence, and did as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. A cousin of the king had plotted against him, and the barons had become so restless, that Suger in alarm, summoned Louis back, and none too soon. In 1152, Louis secured a divorce from Eleanor, on account of her conduct at Antioch, and therefore lost her provinces of Aquitaine and Guyenne. The sprightly ex-queen did not lack for suitors, and narrowly escaped, on two occasions from being carried off and married whether she would or no, to over-bold suitors. She had, however, chosen her new husband before she was rid of the old, and chose him especially to irritate the king. It was Henry Plantagenet, the nineteen year-old heir to the English throne, to whom she secretly made proposals of marriage while the divorce proceedings were under way, and married him in six weeks after she was free from Louis.

When Henry became king of England, a little while after his marriage with Eleanor, the English possessions, through inheritance, and this French marriage, comprised eight provinces of France, and the kingdom of France was only a strip along the Meuse and Saone rivers, and Britanny scarcely more than that which Clovis found included in his territory, when he became the real head of the Frankish nation.

Louis only wanted a pretext to win back some of this territory, and he found it in the quarrel which Henry waged with Thomas Becket. Henry's French provinces were roused to revolt by his cruelties to the friends of the persecuted archbishop, and they espoused his cause, and took up arms, Louis aiding them in the hope of finally driving the English from the continent. When Henry caused the murder of Becket, Louis was secretly glad, for he did not doubt that the pope would excommunicate the king, and he would thus have more hope of rousing all of the eight provinces which he held as vassal of France, to rebel. The peace which Henry made with the pope dashed his hopes, but they did not entirely destroy them. The provinces returned to obedience to Henry, and he married his son to Margaret, the daughter of the French king, for Louis had made another marriage after his divorce from Eleanor.

A few years passed on, and there was peace between the French and English, then Louis encouraged young Henry to demand Normandy of his father, and supported him and his two brothers in their rebellion against King Henry. He would even have received Eleanor, his divorced wife, at his court, had she not been arrested and carried back when she attempted to escape to France. When the princes received the aid of a large number of the French vassals of the English king, and seized some of his castles, Henry came into France with an army, subdued them, and compelled Louis to make peace.

Louis caused his son Philip to be crowned, and died soon after, in the year 1180. The new king, Philip Augustus, believed, like his grandfather, Louis the Battler, that in the common people was his greatest strength, and protected them against the feudal lords. He compelled the burghers to pave their streets, and build walls around their cities for their better protection and allowed them to fortify themselves against their enemies.

"If you want to make your friend your enemy, lend him money" is an old proverb. Philip Augustus, like most of the kings of his time, was in want of funds. He borrowed of the Jews, and thenceforth hated them as their debtors, usually did,



and allowed them to be tortured to death. He allowed any person who owed the Jews money, to cancel the debt by paying one-fifth of it to him, which he found very convenient, but which the money lenders could hardly be expected to enthusiastically approve. When he found that there was nothing more to be extorted from the Jews, he graciously allowed them to leave the kingdom, or rather he banished all that torture and death had spared.

Philip was friendly to the rebel sons of the English king, and for the same reasons, as his father had been. When young Henry died, and Geoffery had his brains trampled out at a tournament, Philip aided Richard in the rebellion that did so much to break his father's heart, and bring about his death.

In the story of England, you will find the account of the Crusade in which Philip Augustus embarked with Richard the Lion-hearted, when that Prince became king of England, and how after the fall of Acre Philip returned to France. As soon as he was safely back in his own kingdom, he circulated slanders against Richard, hoping thereby to weaken the affection in which he was held by his subjects, and to dim his fame as a warrior. He charged the English king with having conspired with Saladin against the Christians, and having murdered Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, and attempting through hired assassins to accomplish his own death. These and other stories, as false as they were malicious, Philip told, and forwarded in every possible way, the treasonable plans of Richard's brother John.

When the death of Richard made John lawful king of England, Philip became his bitter foe. Little Prince Arthur, whose sad story I have elsewhere told you, fell a victim to the two wicked kings, and John was beaten out of France. Philip's victory over the English made him so popular with the French people, that he was honored as never had they before honored a king. Several centuries passed before the English gave up the attempt to regain the lost province in France, but with the defeat of John began the destruction of their power in France, and it was the beginning of the end of foreign domination on French soil.

It was during the reign of Philip that the Albigenses were so bitterly persecuted. These people lived in the vale of Piedmont, and were the Puritans of the Middle Ages. Their religion was the purest and simplest of their time, and their lives were harmless, and without reproach. They refused to worship saints or images, denied that the pope had power over the souls of men, would not perform mass, and did not believe in purgatory. The pope paid no attention to them until they refused to pay their church-taxes, and began to convert men of rank and wealth to their doctrines. This affected the pope's cash boxes, and he proceeded to solemnly curse the Albigenses, and everybody who believed with them. When no attention was paid to the curses, the pope caused torture-fires to be lighted in the peaceful vales of Piedmont, and called upon kings, princes, and knights to hunt the simple Christians to death as though they were infidels, to rob them of their property, and burn their dwellings.

Raymond, of Toulouse, was the friend of the Albigenses in those days, and therefore the pope cursed him too, and told his subjects that they need not obey him. The knights and barons of Burgundy banded themselves together to destroy the "heretics," and Raymond, the cowardly count, was alarmed at the approach of this army of "crusaders," as they called themselves, and offered to submit to the pope, and abandon the Albigenses to their fate. The agent of the pope made the count deliver up his castle to the "crusaders," and as a punishment for his defiance to the pope,

caused him to appear barefoot at the door of the principal church of Toulouse, and as he walked toward the altar he was beaten with rods.

The whole south of France was roused to anger on account of the degradation of Raymond. In after years he himself persecuted the very people whom he then defended, and he did not deserve the sympathy of the people. Nevertheless, they gathered about his gallant nephew, Raymond Roger, who constituted himself the antagonist of the pope, and all of the cities and towns of Provence armed themselves against the motley horde of ruffians, who with the sanction of the pope had invaded their peaceful territory. The city of Beziers was besieged by the "crusaders," and after a gallant defense fell into their hands. Catholics and Albigenses were alike slaughtered by the orders of the bloodthirsty abbot who led the "crusaders." When some one remonstrated against the murdering of those against whom the pope had no grievance, and who were faithful children of the church, the abbot cried "Kill them all! The Lord will distinguish his own."

Women were slain at the fireside, babes were murdered as they lay in their cradles, old men too feeble to resist were struck down, and when the "crusaders" left Beziers, sixty thousand corpses lay in the houses and streets of the town, and not one of its inhabitants remained alive. A more awful crime was never done in the name of religion, even in the days when men went about preaching with the bloody sword a doctrine of hate and violence, in the name of Him whose life was sinless, and who was the Prince of Peace. More cruel than the Huns or Saracens were those bloody-minded Christians, who profaned the cross thus and made themselves the horror of future enlightened ages.

Fifty-five miles southeast of Toulouse, on the river Aude, is a beautiful town, with wide pleasant streets, bordered with giant trees. The country about is wild and rocky, and just above the town on a commanding height, is a gray old castle whose walls and fortifications are decked with tender green of ivy and creeping plant. This is the old town of Carcassonne, and the pleasant little city at its feet is the new town of Carcassonne. The streets of old Carcassonne, two long narrow thoroughfares, have echoed to the tread of Cæsar, the Black Prince, and Napoleon, and war in its most dreadful form has surged against the grim old castle.

It was in Carcassonne that Raymond Roger was shut up, when Beziers, his capital, was taken. As the "crusaders" approached the town, the citizens set their houses on fire, and fled to the fortress. Twice the besiegers were beaten off, but Raymond Roger was besieged also by starvation. Deep down under the castle was a dark narrow secret passage-way, tunneled under the hill, and opening miles beyond the town. Through this tunnel Raymond Roger sent away the women and children, and all the men who could be induced to desert him and seek safety. Then Raymond asked the besiegers to pledge him as Christians and true men that no harm should befall him, should he come forth to treat of the surrender of the fortress. They promised, and he came forth.

As well might a lamb have trusted hungry lions. The pope's own agent arrested him for treason, threw him into a dungeon, and afterward poisoned him, or allowed it to be done. Fifty of the brave defenders of Carcassonne were hanged, and four hundred more burned to death, while the priests stood by and chanted hymns of thanksgiving. To vary the entertainment they tortured others of their prisoners with the ferocity of fiends. The abbot who had led the "crusade" thus far, overdid himself in cruelty, and so disgusted some of the fierce knights who served under him,



that they refused to be longer subject to his command. Simon De Montfort, ancestor of Sir Simon the Righteous of England, accepted the command. He was Earl of Leicester, and duke of a small French province, and was as fierce and cruel a warrior as history knows. With the command of the army he received also Beziers, the inheritance of the murdered Raymond Roger, and proceeded to conquer Aquitaine. Catholics and Albigenses—men, women and children—were cruelly slain, and when De Montfort had overcome all opposition in that province, he laid claim to the territory of Toulouse, which still remained in the possession of Count Raymond. The count resisted with all his might, but his fortresses fell one by one, and he applied to De Montfort for terms of peace. De Montfort made the conditions of surrender so hard that Raymond would not accept them, and called upon the king of Arragon for aid. The King of Arragon wrote to the pope, and informed him that it was for himself and not for the pope, that De Montfort was so zealous, and the pope thereupon commanded De Montfort to make no more conquests. The warrior refused to obey the pope, and the king of Arragon, with the pope's permission, led a hundred thousand men against him. His army was defeated by that of De Montfort, who at once proceeded to conquer the whole of the south country, and then did homage to the king of France for his possessions. Philip acknowledged him his vassal, and the "Crusade" against the Albigenses was brought to an end.



French Head Dress

Flames, torture and the sword did not kill the faith of the people of Albi, in Piedmont. In silence and secret it lived, and when the Reformation flooded Europe with light, in Albi was found that deathless Truth, that "crushed to earth," was full of vitality, and ready to "rise again." Aquitaine, you will remember, was peopled by a race that was a mixture of the blood of the old races of the south, and was not considered French. From the earliest history, it had resisted the Franks, and though often subdued, held its independence dear, and hated foreigners with a deadly hatred. In two or three years, Toulouse rebelled against De Montfort, and shut him out of the city. In the siege that followed, he was killed by a stone flung by some women who were aiding in the defense of the walls, and his son Aumaury took charge of his army.

As De Montfort had done homage for his conquests, it became the duty of Philip to aid him against his rebellious people, and he sent Prince Louis with an army to assist Aumaury in the siege. Louis was shocked by the ferocity of the new duke, and everywhere in the south he heard of the cruelty and crimes of the elder De Montfort, and learned how undying was the hatred of the people of Provence, to the whole De Montfort race. When the siege had been drawn out until most of the French lords who had accompanied Louis had served their regular term in such cases, they returned home, and Louis himself abandoned the De Montfort cause, which was thenceforth lost in the whole south, for Aumary was compelled to give up all the provinces that his father had gained.

Philip Augustus died in 1223, and Louis VIII., came to the throne. This Louis was the Prince to whom the English offered the crown, when King John refused to keep his covenant with his barons, and whose conduct was so bad that the English

repented their offer, defeated the forces he brought with him into their country, and paid his passage back to France to get rid of him. His reign was short, for renewing the war against Toulouse, he besieged Avignon, whose people refused to let his army pass through their peaceful streets. Three months and twenty thousand men were sacrificed before the king came to terms with the city, and then it was too late to advance against Toulouse, and he was obliged to turn back. He died of a fever on the way to Paris, and his little son, Louis, was crowned as Louis IX., at the age of twelve.

The mother of Louis IX., was a strong-willed Spanish woman, exceedingly beautiful and fascinating. She made herself regent, and supported her authority with an army, bringing to naught either by her cleverness or the power of her personal charms, all the plots that her enemies made against her. Blanche of Castile was the name of this talented woman, and she was the ruling power of France as long as she lived; though Louis IX., or Saint Louis, as he is called, took charge of the government when he was twenty-one.

The son of King John was ruler of England at the time, and his mother's second husband, Hugh le Brun, Count of La Marche, persuaded him to attempt to regain the fief of Poitou, which Philip had taken from King John, and which Louis gave to his brother, Alphonso. Louis totally defeated the English in the war that was waged on this account, and won over to his side, all the French vassals who at first supported the claims of the English king. He lost, however, much treasure, and the health of his army suffered from the long marches and exposure at an unhealthy season of the year. The king himself was brought to death's door by a fever, and while he lay ill, vowed a crusade to the Holy Land.

When Louis was well again, Queen Blanche tried in vain to persuade him to give up the idea of a crusade, but the king would not do so. He found it rather hard to raise a force for the purpose for in the former crusades, the Christians had learned something of the fighting qualities of the Saracens, and experienced the horrors of the desert wildernesses of Asia. It was four years before Louis could enlist a hundred thousand men. Then he sailed away to Egypt with the idea of conquering that country.

Louis had written a letter to the Sultan, proclaiming defiance, and when the Crusaders arrived at Damietta, and anchored their vessels, they found a formidable array of Saracens drawn up on the shore, to oppose their landing. The Sultan himself, in golden armor, directed the defense and a lively battle was begun while the Crusaders were still knee-deep in the water, wading ashore from the boats of their vessels.

Most of the Crusaders had engaged in the expedition for the sake of plunder. Since the days of the first crusade, it had been the custom upon the capture of spoil to give one-third of the booty to the commander-in-chief, and to divide the rest among the army. Damietta was filled with valuable stores of provisions and supplies, and when at the end of a hotly contested battle, the city fell into the hands of the Crusaders, Louis, instead of dividing the plunder, kept it all for the future use of the army.

This proceeding caused great dissatisfaction, and the different chiefs murmured loudly at the king, and were so mutinously inclined, that there was rioting, confusion and every sort of disorder and lack of discipline among the host. So lax was the sentinel duty, that the Saracens came nightly into the Christian camp, and cut off the



heads of sleeping soldiers, which they carried to their Sultan, receiving a certain sum of money from him, in return for every such bloody trophy.

The king waited for reinforcements from France, until the overflow of the Nile began, and then was obliged to wait until it subsided before he could advance against Cairo. For five months the army lay idle at Damietta, becoming more demoralized every day. At last it moved toward Cairo. When the Crusaders reached the Tanis branch of the Nile, they found that the water was too deep, and the current too strong for the river either to be waded, or allow of the possibility of swimming across, and boats were not to be procured. The Saracens guarded the opposite bank, and for three months burned with Greek fire every bridge that the Crusaders endeavored to build, and baffled their every attempt to cross the stream. Finally a Saracen who was a fugitive from his countrymen, guided the army to a shallow spot, where the river was fordable. The Crusaders crossed over, but found the Saracens in full force on the opposite bank. For two days there was battle, and then the Saracens retreated, leaving the Christian army sadly thinned, the king's brother being among the slain. The heat of the climate, and the bodies of the dead Saracens that were thrown into the Nile, soon engendered a pestilence, which further decimated the ranks of the invaders, and finally a retreat was ordered.



French Head Dress.

The retreat was begun to Damietta, but the Saracens overtook the Crusaders, captured the king and the whole army, killed many of the men-at-arms, but finally admitted the king and the remainder to ransom. Louis hastened back to Damietta, and with his queen, her new-born son, and one hundred souls, all that was left of the hundred thousand that had landed with him less than a year before, embarked for Acre.

He visited several places of interest in Palestine, and then nearly broken-hearted at the failure of the expedition, returned to France, where he found matters in sad confusion. Queen Blanche was dead, and Charles of Anjou, and another of his brothers, had assumed the government, and had seriously mismanaged affairs.

Saint Louis made peace with England, set his kingdom in order, and formulated wise laws. He used to hold his court in the simplest manner, under some spreading oak tree, or on a shady sward, and the meanest peasant could there have his wrongs redressed. The people were accustomed to compare his righteous decisions and his simplicity, with those of the old kings of Israel, and since the days of Charlemagne, France had been under the rule of no such wise and good king as was Saint Louis.

In the story of Germany I have related how the cruel Count Charles of Anjou defeated and destroyed the last of the Hohenstaufen princes, and became the king of Naples and Sicily. He was one of the most cruel men of his time, and cared little how many lives were sacrificed, if he but attained his object. In the East the situation of the Christians became desperate. Cæsarea, Sidon, and Jaffa were lost, and Ascalon was taken by the Saracens, who murdered twenty-seven thousand Christians within the city. Louis was now an old man, but his heart was fired by this awful tragedy. He vowed another crusade, and determined to make another effort to end the miseries of the Christians in Palestine. Charles of Anjou had an ambition to add the old territory of Carthage to his possessions, and persuaded Louis to sail for Tunis with his force of Crusaders, deluding the king with the idea of converting the Moslems there. Charles himself did not sail with the army but

followed it as did also Prince Edward of England. Saint Louis and his adventurers landed on a desert spot near the ruins of Carthage, after a most disastrous voyage, in which they suffered from lack of food and water, as well as from disease and mutiny. The French put to death every Moslem that they found, which so outraged the feelings of the king of Tunis, that he declared should they advance into his territory, he would put to death every one of his Christian subjects, but promised to protect them, if the crusaders would leave the country. Saint Louis pitched his camp on the ruins of Carthage, but the heat of the climate bred disease among his followers, and they died by hundreds. His son John, fell a victim, and the king himself was stricken, and after a few days of suffering, died, leaving his kingdom to his son, Philip the Hardy, who had narrowly escaped death, by the same disease that carried off so many of the army.

Charles of Anjou came too late to forward his ambitious plans. The crusade was abandoned, and Philip the Hardy returned home, his brother-in-law, his wife and new-born child dying on the way. By the death of these relatives the king was greatly enriched, and France became possessed of a stretch of territory, which now caused the kingdom to extend from Calais to the Pyrenees, from Brest to the Rhone, and from Bayonne to the Alps.

The crusade which was led by Richard the Lion-hearted and Philip Augustus, was, you remember, the third crusade that had set out from Europe to recover from the Saracens the tomb of our Saviour. Between that crusade and the disastrous attempts of Saint Louis to relieve the Christians in the Holy Land from their miseries were two others. One of these was led by Dandolo, the blind old Duke of Venice. The crusaders in the fourth crusade made an expedition against Constantinople, took the city which was in revolt against its lawful ruler, and compelled the people to reseate him on the throne. The crusaders were as usual men who loved gold and adventure far more than the cause of Christianity, and as they had gone to Constantinople on the promise of large reward from the deposed ruler should they succeed in regaining his throne for him, they now claimed it. Unfortunately the emperor of Constantinople had not the means of satisfying the greedy crusaders, and the people revolted again, murdered him and his son, and shut their gates against the host that had interfered in favor of their hated emperor.

The French crusaders thereupon stormed Constantinople, took the city and plundered it of its treasure, and after filling it with terror and confusion and putting on the throne of the emperors of the East that stern old warrior, Count Baldwin of Flanders, most of them returned home laden with booty, leaving, of course, a sufficiently strong force to support the new government they had founded. Indeed this government lasted fifty-six years, then it was done away, and the old Greek line of emperors reigned again over Constantinople.

Just after the fourth crusade, there was a very remarkable crusade indeed. I have told you of how the mailed knights went forth to battle for the Saviour's tomb, and how even women went crusading to the far East. Now it entered the minds of the people that a crusade of the children might accomplish what all the others had failed to do. Think of it, and wonder at the courage and endurance of the little ones who left their homes to march through the weary miles of wilderness, to ford streams and cross mountains, that the place wherein was laid the body of Him who loved the children so dearly might be free. I do not think there were any very young children among the twenty thousand or more boys and girls who left their homes in Europe to





THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.



march into Asia, just after the fourth crusade. They were probably about half grown and full of enthusiasm and faith. Their parents permitted them to enroll themselves under the banner of the cross, and bade them farewell. Alas! The valiant band of children never returned to their beloved homes. They died of hunger and disease by the hundreds, they were drowned in crossing rivers, and fell under the heat of the deserts. A few lived to reach Asia, but they were captured by the Saracens and sold into slavery. This crusade of the children reminds us that human nature has always been the same in all the ages of the world. The hearts of the young have always thrilled at the thought of the performance of noble deeds, and their hands have ever been ready to aid in any good work. Their pure faith triumphed over the natural weakness of childhood, and though they failed in the accomplishment of their mission in this crusade, it was undertaken from the purest motives.

The crusade which ended in the death of Saint Louis, was the last attempt of any importance that was made for conquest of the Saracens, and though many lives were sacrificed, and so much treasure poured out in the vain attempts to wrest Palestine from the infidels, after ages reaped the harvest of this contact of Europe with the civilization of the East.

Philip the Hardy reigned for fifteen years, and led a gay life with the minstrels, jugglers and troubadors who thronged his court. With the exception of a few war-like expeditions undertaken to gain more territory, and which were for the most part failures, he did little worthy of note during his reign. He was personally brave and handsome, and was far more pleasing to the majority of the French Lords, than was the severe and simple Saint Louis, his father.

Philip IV., called Philip the Fair, was the next king. His father had carried on a war in the South, and he himself was obliged to face the most war-like king of Europe, Edward I., of England, whose contest with him was begun by some sailors, and the principal events of which I have related in another place. Philip lost Flanders soon after the close of the war with England, and then plunged into a bitter quarrel with Pope Boniface. At first the war between them was merely of words. The Pope called Philip a rebel, excommunicated him, because he turned out a bishop that his Holiness had appointed without first consulting the king upon the subject. He told Philip that he had the power to govern kings with a rod of iron, and to dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel. Philip replied that the Pope was "the father of lies and an evil doer." He assembled his bishops, and caused Nogaret, a man who was a favorite with him, to declare the Pope guilty of certain absurd crimes. In 1303 Philip secretly sent Nogaret and three hundred armed knights to Amagni, where the Pope was then staying, to sieze him. All of the attendants of the aged Boniface fled when his residence was attacked, and left him at the mercy of his enemies. The Pope clothed himself in his most splendid robes and with the crown of Constantine upon his head, the keys of St. Peter in his hand, seated himself on his throne, holding the cross, and prepared himself to die as befitted the head of Christendom. He was eighty-six years old, a venerable and majestic figure, but the knights siezed him at the orders of Nogaret, placed him on a bony old horse, with his face toward the animal's tail, and led him through the streets of the town, mocking at him and finally thrust him into a dungeon under his own palace. For three days the Pope was in prison, then the people of Amagni armed themselves, drove the knights out of town, killing many of them in the fray



and freed the Pope. The venerable prelate hurried to Rome, but was so overcome with rage and grief at the treatment to which he had been subjected that he died within two days of his return. A new Pope was appointed, and he took up the quarrel with Philip the Fair, who was as unfair minded a king as ever vexed the earth with tyranny. The new Pope was poisoned, it is said by Philip's direct order, and another was put in his place, who was the tool of the French king, and not only did whatever he directed, but threw every possible slur upon the memory of Boniface.

In 1189, nine French crusaders in Palestine, formed a brotherhood for the protection of poor pilgrims on their way to the Holy Sepulcher. They made their headquarters in a house near the Temple in Jerusalem, and on this account were called Templars. There they grew in numbers, and thence spread all over Europe, numbering under their banners, 'some of the bravest and best men of the times. For three centuries they had been respected in every Christian country, and in the monasteries of their order that grew up in that time in France and England, there was amassed great treasure, and in politics, war, and the church, the Templars had great influence. Philip the Fair hated this order of knights, because as devout Catholics, they had taken part against him in his quarrel with Boniface. Moreover he was in want of gold, and their strong boxes were filled with treasure.



Knight Templars

Two of the Templars had been convicted of crime by their brethren, and condemned to life imprisonment. To save themselves from merited punishment, these wretches, probably at the suggestion of the French king, offered to disclose the "secrets" of the order, if Philip would release them. The bargain was made, and in order that Philip should profit fully by it, they charged the Templars with the vilest, foulest, most impossible crimes and idolatries, and the king with the help of his accommodating tool of a Pope, at once proceeded to seize the houses of the Templars all over the kingdom, and to imprison and torture the brethren to make them confess crimes, the commission of which they had never even imagined.

For four years every horrible form of death was meted out to the Knight Templars. In 1314, James Molay, the head of the order, and Guy of Normandy, its highest French dignitary, the bravest and best of the Templars, were burned to death at the stake, in Paris. As the blaze kindled about the feet of Molay, he is said to have summoned the Pope to the bar of eternal justice in forty days, and given Philip a year and a day to repent of the many crimes of his evil life. Both Pope Clement and Philip died at the specified time, though the prophecy, like many others may have been made after their deaths instead of before.

Louis the Quarrelsome, reigned eighteen months as the successor of Philip The Unfair, then luckily for France, he died. He was a worthy scion of his father, and in the brief months of his reign received his unenviable title of "The Quarrelsome." Philip the Tall was the next occupant of the throne, and seems to have had no towering ambitions. He loved ease, luxury and money, and to gain these for himself and his family, married his daughters and sons to wealthy consorts. One of

his daughters became the wife of Edward II. of England, and mother of Edward of Windsor. From the accession of Philip the Tall, in 1316 to 1320, there was peace in France, then two mischievous loud-mouthed priests began to preach a new crusade. They declared that the other crusades had failed of their object, because they were undertaken by the rich and high-born, but that only the poor and lowly could succeed in permanently freeing the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels. They urged the peasants to leave their homes and travel to Asia, and at their instigation thousands of ignorant peasants, thirsting for adventure and plunder gathered, and pillaging the country, hanging Jews, and terrorizing the whole land, they marched southward, on their way to the coast. Five hundred Jews fled before them to the town of Verdun, and being there closely besieged in the castle of the place, threw their children from the top of the tower, killed their wives, and turned their swords against each other, until there was not one of them left alive. From grim old Carcassonne an army of mailed knights went out against the army of peasant "crusaders" whom the Pope had cursed, and drove the ragged half-starved horde into forests and swamps where they perished from hunger or were hunted to death.

This insanity suppressed, another soon broke out. In spite of the most cruel persecutions and extortions, there were still rich Jews in France. Some unusually ingenious liar declared that the Jews and Saracens had combined to poison all the rivers and wells in France, by unholy magic, and thus kill all the Christians. They produced ridiculous testimony, such as "confessions," from people in the plot, and letters in Arabic which nobody could read, but which were affirmed to contain most dreadful secrets, and the most horrible of all the massacres of the Jews of France was the result. In the midst of the disorders incident upon this persecution, Philip the Tall died, and Charles IV. also called the Fair, was made king. He found his strong boxes full, from the plunder of the Jews, and was therefore gracious enough to declare that all of the Jews then in prison might be released in the daytime in order that they might scrape together the heavy ransom to which he admitted them that they might be enabled to leave the country. Charles IV. reigned but six years, in which time his sister Isabella, wife of Edward II., rebelled against her husband, and with the help of her lover Mortimer seized the kingdom, and murdered the king. He left no son to succeed him, and Philip of Valois, his nephew, inherited the crown.

Philip of Valois determined to subject the Flemings, whose bitter hatred of France had caused much trouble and bloodshed in the last two centuries. Edward III. of England was friendly to the Flemings, and because France was in alliance with the people of Scotland, Edward III. determined upon war. The Flemings had been forced to receive a ruler from the French king, but they were far more inclined toward the English. Count Louis, their new ruler, ordered the arrest of all English merchants in the country, and to retaliate Edward prohibited the export of wool from England, and the import of clothing from Flanders.

The Flemings were exceedingly wroth because their commerce was thus practically destroyed, England being the chief market for their cloth, and the source of their wool supply. They therefore willingly proclaimed Edward the rightful king of France. In Paris the news of this action roused the greatest anger, and the pope cursed the Flemings with such a horrible anathema that the sturdy burghers trembled in their boots. A great sea-battle was fought off Sluys in 1340, which resulted in victory for Edward, and a loss to the French of thirty thousand men. Afterward the



two armies confronted each other for six weeks at Tournay, but did not succeed in making a truce for a year.

Brittany had always remained Celtic, and independent of France. In 1341 the Duke of Brittany died, leaving his province to his niece, who was the wife of Charles of Blois, the brother of the French king. This was contrary to the Salic law, which had been followed also in Brittany for a long time. The dead duke had a brother, John De Montfort, who was beloved by the people of Brittany, who, on the contrary, looked with much suspicion on Charles of Blois, and feared that through him their country would in time become a province of France. De Montfort was acknowledged the rightful duke by most of the cities and towns of Brittany. The French Prince Charles complained to the king, who referred the matter to a court of his nobles. De Montfort knew that the court would decide against him, so he hurried into Brittany to prepare for war. The men of Brittany were the best soldiers of Europe, and they all favored him. De Montfort was taken prisoner, but his brave and beautiful wife, Jeanne, went to Rouen with her baby son, and, dressed in the national dress of Brittany, appeared among her friends and soldiers, and passionately pleaded with them to see that her child should have its rights.

Jeanne donned armor and led her soldiers against the French, fighting upon the walls, and in the field, with the courage of a veteran. When the defenses of Rennes were almost battered down, and the garrison was about to surrender against the most earnest appeals of the brave Duchess Jeanne, help from England arrived, and the city was saved. A truce was concluded, but the struggle was prolonged for more than twenty years. In the end the De Montforts triumphed, and Brittany was for the time saved from the domination of France.

In 1346, the English king, Edward, landed on the continent with an army, this time in Normandy, and ravaging the whole country, advanced almost to the walls of Paris. Philip was absent at the time with his troops, but he came back, was joined by hosts of the people, and gathered such an immense force that Edward retreated in haste. The French followed, eager to punish the audacious English. In the woods of Crecy, Edward made a stand, and formed his army in three lines, on a hill, his son Edward, called the Black Prince, from the color of his armor, being in front with the Archers. The rain fell heavily, but the English bow-men covered their bow-strings to protect them from the damp, and waited. The French had so much the advantage of numbers, that they did not doubt that they should annihilate the English. They were so full of joy at the prospect of victory and revenge, that they rushed on the English in the greatest disorder. Their bow-strings were wet, and their arrows would only speed a short distance, while those of the English, in perfect condition, dealt death as they flew, their archers standing in perfect array, and keeping well their position. The French were thrown into confusion, of which the English took advantage to slaughter them without mercy. At one time it seemed that the Black Prince, who was but fifteen years old, would be taken by the French, and a messenger galloped to the king who was watching the battle from the shadow of a windmill up the hill. "Succor, Sire, succor, for the Prince!" he called. "Is my son killed or wounded?" asked King Edward. "Neither, Sire," replied the messenger. "Then go back to the Prince," said Edward, "and tell the boy, that it is now that he is to win his spurs in battle, for the honor of this great day, God willing, I reserve for him." This answer was carried to the valiant Black Prince, and he and his comrades fought with renewed courage, and drove back the French.

At night-fall King Philip, with only sixty men-at-arms at his back, fled half heart-broken, from the field of Crecy. He left dead on the battle ground, thirty thousand soldiers, eighty of his great nobles, and his two allies, King John of Bohemia, and the Duke of Lorraine. Calais was lost to the French, and then Philip made a truce with the victorious English. Philip died before the war was renewed. In 1349



FIG. 1. View of the City of Calais during the Crusades.

Philip bought the province of Dauphiny from its duke for a large sum of money. One of the conditions of the purchase was that from that time forth the eldest son of the king of France was to bear the title of "the Dauphin" just as the eldest son of the kings of England bore the title of The Prince of Wales. John, called the Good, but who was a treacherous, exacting and cruel man, was



the son and successor of Philip. He beheaded people without form of trial, sent to the scaffold those who opposed him, was greedy, pompous and covetous. Civil war between him and his nobles was followed by a renewal of the English war. Several years of family trouble, struggle with the nobles, and war with the English resulted at last in the capture of King John and two of his sons at the battle of Poitiers, but his eldest son the Dauphin Charles, who had forsaken his father once in his troubles and gone over to the enemy, but who was at the time reconciled to him, remained to carry on the struggle with the English.

Following the bloody battle of Poitiers, and the capture of King John by the Black Prince, was that feast that historians love to dwell upon because it shows the real greatness of soul of the brave English prince. The echoes of the battle had died away and John sat a captive in the English royal tent. Instead of showing signs of exultation over the victory, the Prince praised the valor with which the French that day had fought, and reminded the sorrowing John how uncertain were the fortunes of war, soothing him with every gentle courtesy, that could in any way lessen the pain of the defeat. When supper was served, Prince Edward refused to seat himself at the table, saying that it was not seemly that he should be seated in the presence of His Majesty of France. He served the king as if he had been his attendant, and with his own hands passed to him the viands. So kind and courteous was the Black Prince, that John and those of his lords who shared his captivity, were moved to tears, and were thus twice conquered by their noble foe. The Dauphin Charles held his father's bitter enemy, the king of Navarre, as a prisoner. This king was a bold fellow, who had some idea that how he might become king of France. He had friends among the nobles, for he was a very smooth talker, who could almost make black appear white, so great was his eloquence. Charles assumed the crown in his father's absence, for John had been carried to London by Prince Edward. The Assembly of the French nobles made Charles release the king of Navarre, and almost immediately the people of Paris, headed by the king of Navarre, and a man named Marcel, rebelled and drove the Dauphin out of the city. The rebels finally decided to murder the men who were the counsel of the Dauphin, who was now the regent of the kingdom, and did so, in the presence of the unhappy Charles, who had no means at hand to prevent them and was lucky to escape with his own life. Marcel became the master of Paris, and the king of Navarre with his aid made himself the captain-general of France.

Several other cities followed the bad example of Paris, and the peasants, not to be out-done by the cities, carried on a rebellion of their own, directed both against the cities and the nobles. They had suffered much, it is true, for the feudal system pressed heavily on them and they had been cruelly wronged and plundered. Under a leader whom they called Jacques Bonhomme, the name by which the French peasant was often called on account of his patience, and which means Jacques Good-nature, the ragged army of peasants spread terror and death over the plains of Picardy. They killed ladies, children and knights, burned castles, and rioted and plundered savagely indeed. Their weapons were scythes fastened to poles, hoes, and other rustic implements, but they fought like fiends, and carried all before them. French, Normans, and English, and even the king of Navarre, united with the nobility against those murderous peasants. Marcel sent Jacques Bonhomme aid in the form of money and men, and many of the cities, to save themselves from the wrath of the peasant army, became their friends. Three hundred ladies and about

four hundred noblemen were shut up with a few men-at-arms in the market-place of the city of Meaux. This market-place was on an island formed by the river Marne, and a canal, and was surrounded by a strong wall. The citizens of the town would give no aid to the imprisoned gentry, and when the peasant army appeared before their walls, not only opened their gates to them, but spread a banquet in the streets for them. Thinking that the people shut up in the market-place were at their mercy, Jacques Bonhomme's army took its time to enjoy the feast. While the peasant soldiery were rioting at the banquet, two gallant knights, followed by about sixty lances, forced the gates of the town and rushed down upon the rabble just as it was preparing to assault the market-place. The little band slew the peasants until the men-at-arms were too tired to slay any more, and then they drove the rest into the river, and drowned about seven thousand of them. Thus they delivered the noblemen and ladies imprisoned in the market-place of the city of Meaux. The peasant army was totally destroyed, and its leader, Jacques Bonhomme sought the protection of the king of Navarre, who crowned him with a red-hot tripod, and then took his life. The knights and nobles rallied, pursued the peasants with their revenge, and when they had fully satisfied it, turned their attention to Paris, and the other revolted cities. Marcel was murdered and the regent returned, executed the chief leaders of the revolt, and took their property.

While these horrors were being done in France, King John was enjoying himself in England. Edward caused him to sign a treaty making over to the English all their lost provinces. The Dauphin and his counsel rejected the treaty, and the war was re-commenced. A large ransom was one of the provisions of the treaty, and the Dauphin finally agreed to its payment, and the king was released. He returned to France, leaving his two young sons as hostages with the English. John tried every means, foul and fair to raise the money, but was glad enough, when one of his sons escaped from England and returned to France, to seize that as an excuse for abandoning the effort to raise the ransom, and went back to captivity. His imprisonment was a mere form, for he lived in a splendid house in London, and his life there was one round of feasting and magnificent entertainment. He died four months after his departure for this agreeable captivity, and Charles V. became king of France.

Europe was at this time filled with professional soldiers, who served for hire, any master who would employ them. They were turbulent, restless, quarrelsome fellows, and a constant menace to the peace of the different States. To get rid of them, the pope and the king of Bohemia offered them the most extraordinary inducements to go over into Palestine and get themselves killed by the Saracens, or to die of plague in Asia. In other words, the pope, the emperor of Germany and the king of Bohemia tried to persuade these "free companions" to go on a crusade. They might have done so, had not another employment offered, that promised better for booty.

Peter the Cruel, king of Castile, had a brother, Henry, whom he forced, by his ferocity, to flee into France. The king of France, Charles V., hated Peter because he had murdered his wife, a French royal princess. He therefore determined to place Henry on the throne of Castile. Duguesclin, the bravest and best soldier of Europe, next to the Black Prince, won the consent of the pope to the dethronement of Peter, and with the "free companies" at his back, crossed over into Castile, seated Henry, and drove Peter from the kingdom. The deposed king applied to the Black Prince for aid. The Black Prince in his turn hired the "free companions" to go and unseat the king they had just seated, and restore the cruel Peter. They accomplished



the work without much difficulty. The Black Prince was compelled by the ungrateful Peter to bear all of the expense of this war, by which he gained nothing at all, and to meet them, he was compelled to tax his provinces so heavily that they rebelled, aided by Charles V.

Charles determined to make Brittany a province of the kingdom, and to reduce it sent against it the brave Duguesclin, who was himself a Breton. It almost broke the heart of the old warrior to proceed against his beloved country, but he did so, and died while the war was in progress. Charles V. (the sage as he is called in history,) died in 1380, and his young son, Charles VI., was at once beset by jealous rivals for power and wealth, in the person of his uncles. One of them took charge of the person of the young king, by consent of the counsel, and two others took into their hands the money of the kingdom, while a fourth got together all the money and treasure belonging to the late king, and carried it home to Anjou with him. The taxes which Charles the Sage had made no attempt to collect were positively necessary to the regent of the king, but when he tried to make the people pay them, Paris revolted. Revolts in Rouen and other cities, and a rebellion in Flanders were severely punished by the regent. In the midst of all sorts of disorder and violence, Charles VI. came of age, and appointed as the high constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, the friend and comrade of Duguesclin. John De Montfort attempted to have De Clisson murdered in 1392, and Charles VI. renewed the war with Brittany, but went insane before much had been done. In spite of all the prayers and processions of the priests, the skill of doctors, and the charms of witchcraft employed to cure him, he remained insane to the close of his life, with only brief intervals of reason.

A quarrel soon arose between the uncles of the king and Louis of Orleans, his brother. The brother was killed in 1408 by John the Fearless, duke of Burgundy, whose daughter was the wife of the Dauphin. The son of the murdered Louis of Orleans married the daughter of Bernard, count of Armagnac, and the quarrel, given new fury by the death of Louis, caused a dreadful civil war between the followers of John the Fearless, and those of the Count Armagnac. The Burgundians enlisted the brutal butchers of Paris—men who passed their lives in the shambles, to do the work of murder and plunder, while the Armagnacs carried desolation into the country districts of Burgundy. In the beginning of the year 1412 the king regained a little sense, and being surrounded by Burgundians at the time, he denounced the Armagnacs and began to make war upon them. He relapsed in a little while. The count of Armagnac made fiercer war than ever upon the Burgundians, and the Dauphin revolted from the side of his father-in-law, John the Fearless, and a horrible sedition occurred in Paris. The Armagnacs secured possession of the city, and the king in another lucid interval espoused their cause. Many of the Burgundians forsook John, and went over to the Armagnacs.

In the midst of these miserable quarrels between the wicked and corrupt nobility, King Henry V. of England, newly come to the throne, threatened that if the French did not instantly pay the ransom, so long ago agreed for the release of King John, and give him that monarch's daughter, Catherine, for his wife, he would cross the channel with an army, and take such satisfaction as he could find in chastising them, and pillaging their lands. The Dauphin was now dead, and his brother John was a friend to the duke of Burgundy. Bernard de Armagnac had become constable of France, and after Henry V. had defeated the French at Agincourt, which disaster was charged upon the Armagnacs, the new Dauphin went with an army to join the



FIG. 1. — THE DAUPHIN AND THE DUC OF BURGUNDY.

Burgundians. He died suddenly of an abscess in the throat, and Charles, the third son of the king, and an Armagnac supporter, became the Dauphin. This dutiful youth proceeded to rob his father's wife of her money and jewels, and would have shut her up in prison, had she not escaped and joined the Burgundians, whom before this time she had most bitterly hated. With the aid of the queen, John the Fearless called a new Chancellor, and appointed a new Parliament.

A revolution in Paris displaced the Armagnacs, and gave the Burgundians again the power, and the Dauphin himself, narrowly escaped being murdered. There were dreadful scenes enacted, and to crown the misfortunes of unhappy France, Henry V. of England entered the country, and in 1419 proclaimed himself its king. It became necessary for the Burgundians and the Armagnacs to be reconciled, and as each party distrusted the other with good reason, but were compelled in some manner to

arrange their differences, in order that they might combine against the English king, they agreed to meet on a bridge over the river Yonne, to settle their quarrel. The Duke of Burgundy was to be accompanied by ten men, and the Dauphin by the same number. Strong gates were placed at each end of the bridge, and a sort of a pavilion erected in the middle. The duke and the Dauphin entered from opposite sides of the bridge, the duke coming last, and the gates were closed and locked. When John the Fearless bent his knee before the Dauphin, his sword became entangled between his feet, and he laid his hand upon the hilt to straighten it. Pretending that he thought this an insult to his master, one of the Dauphin's attendants made a signal to the others, and they fell upon the Duke of Burgundy before he could rise or draw his weapon, and killed him. One of the Burgundian attendants was killed in the attempt to save his master, and another jumped over the gate and escaped, and with this exception the rest were made prisoners.

This horrid murder filled France with indignation, and with the sanction of the queen, the son of John The Fearless made a treaty with Henry V. of England, by which the insane king Charles VI. was to have the title of king as long as he lived, and Henry was to marry Catherine, and be king of France thereafter. The Dauphin was to inherit only a little strip of country along the Loire. Henry married Catherine, and treated France as a conquered country. The Dauphin went into southern France, and for the next five years there were but few battles on French soil. When the English king died, the Dauphin had himself proclaimed King Charles VII., but to secure his crown was a difficult matter. With the Armagnacs on his side, and the fierce Burgundians and English against him, war raged in France in which the forces of the Dauphin were so often defeated, that they were in despair. In the year 1428 the English arrived before Orleans, a city which was faithful to the Dauphin, and surrounded it for a siege. It was very strongly fortified, and the English built towers to assail the works, but the city defied every attempt to take it. The Dauphin was at



Chinon, where he was anxiously watching the progress of the siege, and enjoying himself with beautiful Agnes Sorel, with whom he was deeply in love. He grew much distressed concerning Orleans, and the fair Agnes did all that she could to cheer him up. Thus despondent, Charles heard that a young girl from Picardy, Joan of Arc, had come from her native village, where all her life she had tended her father's sheep, and had declared that voices from heaven had told her that she was to be the means of restoring the Dauphin his kingdom, and saving France from the English. At first Charles thought, as her neighbors did at home, that Joan was either mad, or was a witch, but when she remained at Chinon, praying in the churches, and asserting with modest earnestness her divine mission, he began to believe in her.

The "voices" directed her to wear armor and men's clothing, and the king therefore gave her a war-horse, and dressed her splendidly as a soldier. Learned bishops questioned her, and after sprinkling her with holy water, declared that she was no witch. Inquiries were made about her past life, and when the counsellors of the king had satisfied themselves that she was indeed a pious and holy maid, she was given a snow-white banner, and conducted to Orleans. Here she at once took charge of the siege. When the besieged people of Orleans saw her coming they were filled with joy, for they believed her a messenger from heaven, and there was an old prophecy that declared that a maid should deliver the city from the enemy in the hour of its peril.

Joan headed the French forces like a veteran general, and everywhere that she appeared with her white standard the English were seized with panic. The besiegers were attacked and their towers taken and burned. Joan with her own hands placed a scaling-ladder against one of these towers, and was climbing up to the attack when an arrow struck her in the neck. She snatched the dart from the wound, retired into a vineyard near by and applied some oil to the wound, and again led her men to the assault. So severe were the English losses that they withdrew from Orleans. Fortress after fortress that had fallen into the hands of the enemy were recovered by the maiden warrior, and at last she planted her snow-white banner on a field where 12,000 English lay dead, and knew that her triumph was complete, and that there were now no foes to oppose the coronation of the king. Charles VII. was crowned, while Joan stood near him with her snow-white banner in her hand, clad in the armor of a soldier, and then she begged the king to allow her to return to her home, for she felt that her mission had been accomplished.

The "voices" no longer spoke to Joan, and in 1430 when she was at Compeigne, besieged by the English and Burgundians, she ventured out to attack the enemy, and was surrounded and taken prisoner, after she had been wounded. The English duke of Bedford whom she had defeated before Orleans, ransomed her from the Burgundians. The bishop in whose diocese she had been captured, was a friend of the English duke, and he assembled some of his priests, who tried Joan, accusing her of witchcraft, magic, and idolatry. She answered every one of their charges with modesty and firmness, and they could not force her to admit that her inspiration was false. They then threw her into prison, and she was kept there a long time. Threatened with death at the stake if she did not confess her inspiration false, and deny that she had ever heard any voices whatever, Joan, at last, worn down by suffering, began to doubt, that she had really been inspired from on high to free France, and confessed as much to her tormentors. She was then condemned to life imprisonment, but the duke of Bedford declared the sentence too light. Her armor that she had so often

worn to victory, was placed in her cell to mock her with the past, and the ingratitude of the Dauphin, who did not lift his hand to save her from her fate. One day, she



The Black Dog: Dandolo Leading the Venetian Crusade

put it on, and this was made the excuse for condemning her to death at the stake as a relapsed witch and heretic. She was publicly burned in the market-place of Rouen, dying with sublime courage and dignity. The war dragged on for several years,



until the French and English both grew tired of it, and at last in 1444 a truce was made for a year, but it lasted for five years. Then for four years longer the war was continued and though the little son of the English king was acknowledged the king of France, Charles VII. regained much that the French had lost. Charles VII. and his eldest son, the Dauphin Louis, were at enmity, from the time that Louis was eighteen years of age. The monarch treated the queen, the mother of the Dauphin, with studied neglect, and bestowed all of his affection upon Agnes Sorel, and other favorites. He gave Agnes the Chateau de Beaute, and thus so enraged Louis, that he boxed the ears of the fair lady, and told her in no gentle terms, his opinion of her. Then he attempted to win the Scotch guards to take part in a conspiracy, the plot was discovered, and those who joined in it, except the Dauphin himself, were executed.

Louis then left the court swearing to be avenged on his enemies, and retiring to Dauphiny, gathered about him a number of discontented noblemen. His father commanded him to return to court, and when Louis persisted in refusing, he sent an army into Dauphiny. Louis fled to Brussels and there Philip the Good, who had vainly protested against the king's treatment of the heir to the crown, gave him a magnificent residence, and furnished him money which he spent with a lavish hand. When Charles VII. (The Victorious) died, you may be sure that there was fear and trembling in the court and among the officers of State. Louis had been an exile for twenty-six years at the time, but they knew that his memory of past offenses was vivid, and that he would not forget those who had been his enemies. Some of them had the prudence to seek safety abroad, but upon those who remained within his power, he wreaked the most merciless vengeance.

The Duke of Burgundy, who had been the friend of the exiled Dauphin, was rewarded when he became king in a manner that shows well the character of Louis XI. The duke accompanied the new king to Paris, on the occasion of his coronation, and so enthusiastic were the shouts of "Burgundy," "Long live Burgundy," that the king became jealous. Indeed it was no secret to him that the majority of the people of France favored Philip the Good for their king, and that he might have had the crown for the mere taking, but he was a loyal and generous man, and would not encourage the idea. Without a word of warning Louis seized upon all of the Burgundian cities on the Somme river, which Philip the Good had long held under a treaty, and disgraced one by one the Burgundian friends who had accompanied him to France.

Charles VII. had been a good-humored king, fond of display and luxury, but Louis was simple and almost rude in his manner, and hated splendid entertainments. He loved hunting, and would not allow the lords of his kingdom to hunt the stag or boar on their own lands, for he reserved all the game for his own sport. When he was Dauphin he encouraged the people to resist taxation, but when he became king, he taxed them unsparingly. His half-brother Charles, he made a virtual prisoner, and so offended the Duke of Brittany that he formed a league of French lords against him, and went to England to get aid to make war.

The son of the Duke of Burgundy who had been such a loyal friend to Louis, joined the king's half-brother and others, and for ten years allied with various supporters, the French and Burgundians fought each other with great fury. Louis was so unscrupulous, so able in war and state-craft, and so clever in flattery, that he at last succeeded in withdrawing all of his allies from Charles the Bold, now Duke

of Burgundy, and finally worsted him. The king's half-brother was the center around which all of the plots against the authority of the king revolved. Louis caused him to be poisoned, and then murdered the man who performed the deed, to prevent him from confessing. He had caused iron cages to be made for the better torture of his hapless captives, and into these he thrust his enemies. The Armagnacs, he pursued with relentless hatred, putting them to death with awful torture, and even pursuing with his hate, those of the name who had never taken any part in public life.

Charles the Bold, made war upon the Swiss, but he was defeated and his army broken at Granson in 1476. To avenge this disgrace he had the bells of his cities melted down to make cannon, hired all of the soldiers he could, and marched against the Swiss, at Morat. He was more dreadfully beaten than before, and from that time his power was broken. He was killed in battle the next year, and Louis was freed from his most bitter enemy. The daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, fair Mary, was robbed of a part of her inheritance by the French king, who tried to force her into a hateful marriage. Gallant Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, made her his wife, and went to war with Louis. After some bloody battles an agreement was reached. Louis then busied himself in subduing the feudal lords of his kingdom, who were hostile to him. He was ferocious in his dealing with them, and his anger was feared by the nobility to that extent that they became exceedingly docile. By the death of his uncle of Anjou, Louis became the heir to that rich province, and by the conquest of others he became the most powerful monarch of Europe.

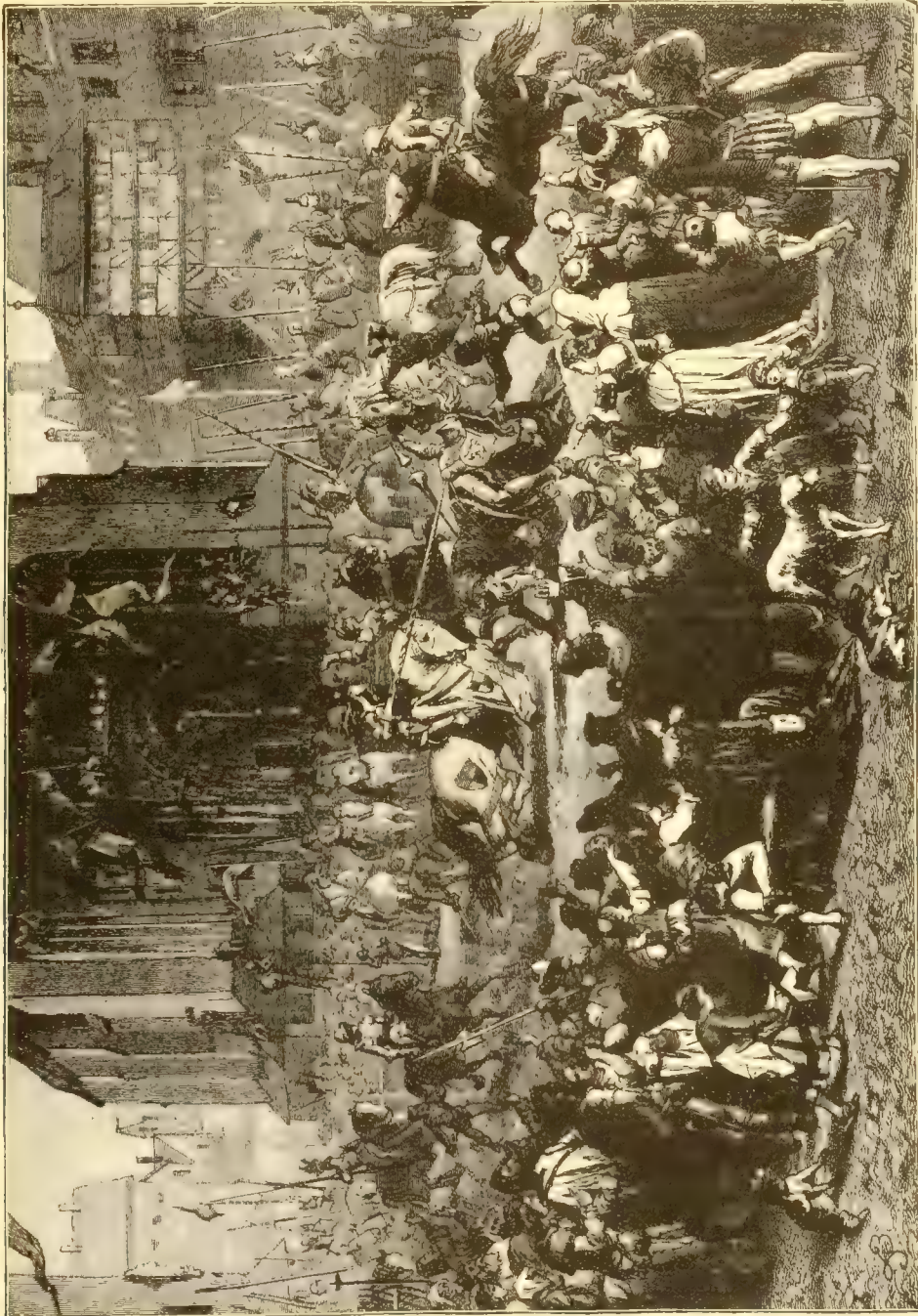
The last years of the life of Louis XI. were miserable enough, though no more so than he deserved. He built himself a house which he surrounded with a <sup>^</sup> iron wall, and within the wall was a palisade of iron bars. Four iron watch-towers, with little loop-holes for windows, one on each corner of the wall, were filled with archers, who were directed to shoot at any strangers appearing too near the walls. The windows and doors of the house were barred with iron, and iron spikes were scattered about to wound the feet of any unwary stranger that might happen to penetrate to this strange retreat. The monarch who had done so many deeds of blood, was in hourly fear that he might be assassinated, and in addition to the strong walls and the archers in the four iron towers, kept a fierce knight with a band of men constantly riding about the place, to arrest any strangers who might approach too near the dwelling of the king.

At the age of fifty-eight Louis XI. felt that all of his efforts to save himself from death were likely to prove unavailing. He fell down one day in a fit, and from that time steadily failed in health. The outside world was kept in ignorance of his state, and never had he been so active through his ministers at foreign courts as then. All that medicine could do was done, but without any effect. Then horrible rites were celebrated, for the king believed firmly in witchcraft, but still in vain. Blessed images and charms were bought for him, and yet he grew worse every day, but none but the immediate attendants knew of the king's mad fight for life, and his abject fear of death.

There lived in a hollow rock in Calabria, a province in southwestern Italy, a hermit who for forty-three years had never left his uncomfortable cell, but passed his whole life in fasting and prayer. Through the gifts of the faithful he had built two churches, and the fame of his piety had gone throughout Europe. This hermit was called St. Francis, and thinking that he might save him, Louis wrote him and begged



him to come to his aid. The hermit refused to quit his cell until so commanded by the pope, who gave him permission to found a new order of hermits, those of St. Francis, as a reward for his obedience. When St. Francis appeared before Louis, the dying king knelt at his feet and begged him to prolong his life. St. Francis could



A TOURNAMENT IN FRANCE DURING THE XVTH. CENTURY

only promise to pray for him, and he did, but his prayers, like the efforts of the physicians, were in vain: Louis shuddered ceaselessly in the fear of death, and it was not until five days before he breathed his last that he gave up hope, when his physicians solemnly told him that no earthly power could prolong his life beyond a few days.

His last act as a king was to sign the death warrants of two men whom he hated, and **he himself died August 30, 1483.**

The king who now came to the French throne, Charles VIII., is known in French history as "The Good Little King." He was only fourteen years old when his father died, and was put in charge of his sister, a strong-willed lady, whom he does **not seem to have loved over-much.** At the age of eighteen he began his **real reign.** He had been betrothed for a long time to the daughter of Maximilian, but instead of marrying her, had married Anne of Brittany, a rich heiress. The poor girl hated the Dauphin, and loved instead the handsome gallant young Duke of Orleans, his cousin. Louis of Orleans, fought against France, when the king sent a force into Brittany to subjugate the country of his lady love, but was captured and thrown into prison in one of those cruel iron cages in which Louis XI. took such delight. Poor Anne was in sad straits when Louis was captured, and as she had no defender, she promised to marry handsome Max of Germany, but she was forced to marry Charles VIII., and thus Brittany became after centuries of brave struggle, a province of the kingdom.

Charles VIII. had great schemes for conquering Constantinople and Italy. He marched with an army into Italy, and Venice, Naples, Florence, and Rome fell an easy prey to the French. Charles VIII. set up rulers in the various Italian cities, and the lords and ladies who attended the warlike junket had a merry time on the **fair plains and rich communities of Lombardy,** as well as in the old and refined civilization of the land further south. The soldiers pillaged the inhabitants to their heart's content, but when the French had turned back the people gathered along the way, and fought several great battles with the invaders. "The Good Little King" showed himself a valiant soldier, but the French gained nothing by the expedition, for the **cities of Italy soon revolted and overthrew the rulers the French had left.**

For several years after the return of the king from Italy, he devoted himself to the government of his kingdom, imitating the good Saint Louis in the administration of affairs. He was exceedingly fond of all sorts of pleasure, and indulged this taste without restraint. He had always been small and sickly, and was unfitted to stand such a life. The people loved him sincerely, and were much shocked and saddened when he died suddenly in 1498, at the age of twenty-eight. He left no children, and **Louis of Orleans became king of France as Louis XII.**

Louis XII. had been compelled by his uncle, Louis XI. to marry his ugly cousin Jean. He had never loved her, but she was a true-hearted loyal creature, who loved the king most devotedly. Louis nevertheless, divorced her, when he became king, and married his old sweetheart, Anne of Brittany, with whom he lived most happily, many years. Louis XII. was soon engaged in war with the Italian cities, who were championed by a war-like pope. The contest was prolonged ten years, and involved nearly every power in Europe. It ended by the French being driven from Italy.

After the Italian war, Henry VIII., of England crossed over to Calais with an army, where he was joined by Maximilian. The Swiss attacked Burgundy about the same time, but trouble broke out between the English and their allies, and before it was settled Anne, of Brittany died. Louis then treated with Henry VIII. for peace, and married Princess Mary, of England, who was seventeen, while Louis was fifty-three. Mary was the most beautiful woman in Europe, and Louis was well pleased with his English bride, but at the end of six weeks of splendid wedding festivities, **Louis died of gout in the first hour of the year 1515.** Louis XII. was a jovial



monarch, mild, peaceable and good-natured. No cruelties are written against him, and he is given a reputation for self-control and justice. Paris was a very grand city in his day, though of course not as splendid as it afterward became, and through its streets Louis XII. used to ride about on a little mule, with none of the display common to the rich nobles of his time, and attended by not a single person. He was succeeded on the throne by Francis I., his cousin, who was as eager to conquer Milan as his two predecessors had been. He succeeded, and after having arranged a French marriage for Julian de Medici, ruler of Florence, put the Italian States in order, and leaving a French force in Milan, went back to France. As soon as Maximilian heard of the proceeding of Francis in Italy, he appeared before Milan with an army to drive out the French. The Swiss came to the aid of the French, and Maximilian was obliged to retreat without performing any of his ferocious threats against Milan.

Isabella of Spain, the generous patron of Columbus, had died several years before this time, and in 1516 Ferdinand of Castile also passed away, and left his kingdom of Spain to his grandson Charles, also the heir to the crown of the German Empire. When Charles became the emperor of Germany, Francis and his successor, Henry II., waged war with him for seventeen years. This war caused much misery, and the conquests and treaties that were made would fill a volume, for their relation. The plots, counter-plots, treacheries, murders, victories and defeats of those sad years are legion, and we will pass them by.

Francis I. is called the father of French learning, because in his reign the fruits of the printing press first became popular in France. He was a brave and chivalrous gentleman, and found time amid his ceaseless wars, to encourage the gentler arts. He made his authority supreme in his kingdom, and in the realm of mind, as well as politics, exercised his will right royally. He paid poets and scholars well, built up the colleges of France, which became a very famous institution of learning, and encouraged the Italian artists that flocked to Paris. By his order some very beautiful buildings and works of art were erected in Paris, that remain to this day. Among them is the Palace of the Louvre, which contains the most famous picture gallery in the world and the fountain of the Innocents. Francis, like Charles Stuart, in later times, believed that the king was above the power of laws, but in spite of the added power of the king, the reformation and the printing-press, had given new ideas of liberty to France, that were to stand the storms of the dreadful years that followed the reign of Francis, and that may really be said to have begun before his death. Pomp and splendor increased at the French court, but all the time the peasants, who paid for it all, and for all the cruel wars with which the kings satisfied their revenge and hatred, were slowly awakening to the fact of their slavery, and beginning to grow restless under it.

At the close of the reign of Henry II. in 1559 the reformed religion had spread all over France. At the instigation of Diana of Poitiers, a wicked woman who had much influence with him, the king had persecuted the Huguenots, as the Protestants were called, with the greatest cruelty. The torture of fire, the inquisition, the axe, the hangman's rope, and the dungeon were offered to them if they did not remain Catholics. In spite of all these the new doctrine spread. The Princes of the House of Guise were especially bitter against the new doctrine, and mercilessly applied all the tortures of the inquisition. Francis II. became king in 1559, on the death of his father. His mother the wicked Catherine de Medici, was the regent of the kingdom.

The wife of Francis II. was Mary Stuart, princess royal of Scotland, and Philip of Spain was his brother-in-law. Francis was, therefore, surrounded with Catholic influences, and dismissed from his service, those who had joined the rank of the Protestants. Valiant Admiral Coligny, was for that reason dismissed from court, all that he had done for the glory of France in her wars, being counted as nothing, against his "heresy." With the aid of Coligny, and some of the Huguenot nobles, the persecuted sect rebelled, and took up arms to maintain their right to worship God in their own way. They fought with great courage but the odds were against them, and they were obliged to yield at last to the king, who punished them with much cruelty. Thereafter the Huguenots, were persecuted with greater ferocity, and in the provinces where they were in power, retaliated upon the Catholics the burnings, hangings and tortures to which their sect were elsewhere subjected.

Francis II. was untiring in his efforts against the "heretics" and while he was arranging new tortures for them, he died suddenly at the end of an eighteen months' reign, leaving no children. The brother of Francis II. was then proclaimed king, at the age of nine and a half. The Huguenots were still quarreling and fighting with the Catholics, but as the government was against the Protestants, they met with some severe reverses, but still kept up the agitation, for among them were some of the bravest, best and most resolute men of France. When the king grew old enough to take part in public affairs, he showed the most bitter hatred toward the Protestants. His mother and regent, Catherine de Medici, had been indifferent to both parties in her heart, and only favored the one or the other as selfish interests dictated. The king, however, placed himself at the head of the Catholics, and the war raged with great fury.

In August, 1570, after many victories and defeats on both sides, a treaty of peace was signed. Long before that time the most extreme measures of dealing with the Protestants had been debated by the councillors of the king, and the treaty was but a device to throw the Protestants off their guard. Catherine had formed a plan which her son fully approved, that was designed to set at rest all religious quarrels between the two sects, and now the king proceeded to carry out its details. Coligny was reconciled to the Catholic leaders, but one day in 1572 as he was returning to his own house, an assassin, hired by the Duke of Guise, attempted his life. He was sorely wounded, and thus out of the way of the conspirators. The Princess of Conde, whose husband had led the Protestants in the war, but who had been killed, was their next powerful enemy, and Catherine is charged with poisoning her, as she died suddenly and mysteriously, about the same time that Coligny was attacked.

The Guises were the moving spirits in all the evil deeds of the evil time that followed. They persuaded the influential Catholics to aid them in their plan, for they were hand-and-glove with Catherine. The Catholics of Paris were secretly informed that to protect their lives and property they must assume on St. Bartholomew's day, badges that were distributed to them for the purpose. On the night of that day, August 23, in the year 1572, the fiendish plan of the queen and her accomplices was carried out. Arms had been given out to the Catholics, and they were ordered to assume them on the ringing of the alarm bell, together with the white crosses that were to distinguish them from the Protestants. The tocsin was sounded in the middle of the night, and the Huguenots, intent only on learning the meaning of the signal, and apprehending nothing worse than a conflagration in the city, rushed into the



street half-dressed, and without weapons. The king's troops, stationed in every street, shot them down, and, aided by the armed Catholics, forced the doors of houses that were barricaded against them, and slaughtered men, women and children without mercy.

The king had given orders that not a single heretic was to be spared, and for two days and nights the work of murder went on. The streets were filled with corpses, the gutters ran blood, and amid the dreadful scenes the Dukes of Guise, Montpensier and Angoulême, went about among the murderers exhorting them to be more diligent, urging the Catholics to slay without mercy, and revelling in the carnage like fiends. On the first night of the massacre the king stood in his balcony, and fired at the fleeing Huguenots that passed the palace seeking safety. He is said to have called out, "Kill! kill!" to the soldiers who pursued them. Coligny, wounded and defenceless, was the first victim of the slaughter. He was murdered in his chamber, and his body thrown from the window to the street below.



Scene During the Night of St. Bartholomew.

The king sent letters to all of the cities of the provinces, ordering the people to exterminate the Protestants as the people of Paris had done. Many of them obeyed the order, others refused, and not only defied the king, but denounced the horrid deed of St. Bartholomew's day. A hundred thousand Protestants, nevertheless, fell in a few days, and when the Pope heard of the bloody victory of the Catholics in France he made a magnificent procession in the streets of Rome, and caused a medal to be struck to commemorate the event. He need not have feared that those dreadful days would ever be forgotten, for nothing contributed more to the spread of Protestantism than the violent means that the Catholics took to suppress it. St. Bartholomew's massacre stands a monument to all the Christian ages of the iniquities of those who perpetrated it, and the just indignation of all Europe was kindled by the atrocities committed in France.

It was certainly fitting that Charles IX. should never have had another peaceful and happy hour, after that dreadful August night. A mysterious disease attacked him that baffled all the skill of his physicians. His blood started from the pores of his body in dreadful sweat, and he believed himself accursed of God for the part he had taken in the massacre. Bathed in his own blood constantly, and afflicted with untold terrors, he died in May, 1574. Catherine's power suffered little check by the death of the king. Her son, Henry III., was called to the throne, and in his court she plotted and planned, mixing poison for those upon whom she wished to wreak her hatred, and becoming more and more odious to the whole nation.

Henry III. was a weak, silly vicious fellow, who had neither sense of dignity nor judgment. There was a strong party in the nation who wanted to see his Protestant

brother, the Duke of Alençon, on the throne, and another party favored King Henry of Navarre, a Bourbon prince, and a Protestant. The king held both of these princes prisoners, and dragged them about with him, to all the absurd feasts and entertainments that were his delight. The Duke of Guise, headed a powerful league of the malcontents of the kingdom, and determined to make himself king. To this end he seized the city of Paris, and compelled the king to give him an important office in the government, but the king soon caused him to be murdered, and a short time afterward was himself killed, ending the dominion of the house of Valois on the throne of France.

**The king of Navarre was the next in the succession.** Catholic Paris was devoted to the memory of the Duke of Guise, and rejoicing openly at the death of Henry III, refused to receive his successor, proclaiming Cardinal Bourbon, an old man, as Charles X. The Cardinal was, however a prisoner in the hands of Henry IV, and when all his attempts to win over the soldiery to his cause failed, and he himself died, Henry subjugated the capital, and after two more years of war, restored peace between the two factions in the State, by renouncing the Protestant faith, and becoming reconciled to the church. Henry was gallant in war, wise in government, and generous to his enemies. By the Edict of Nantes he allowed freedom of worship in France, and for seventeen years, until 1610, reigned over the country bringing it to a high pitch of glory and greatness. He loved his people, and tried to give them justice, although he was fettered by the power of his great nobles, and by the clergy. He labored to promote commerce and industry, sending ships to America to found colonies, and maintaining France's dignity at home and abroad. Even Francis I. was not so great a king as was this Bourbon Henry IV., and his valor, wisdom and good deeds, endeared him to the nation. In spite of his popularity, however, he was murdered in the open streets of Paris, by a madman named Ravillac, who suffered the most horrible form of death by torture, in expiation of his crime.

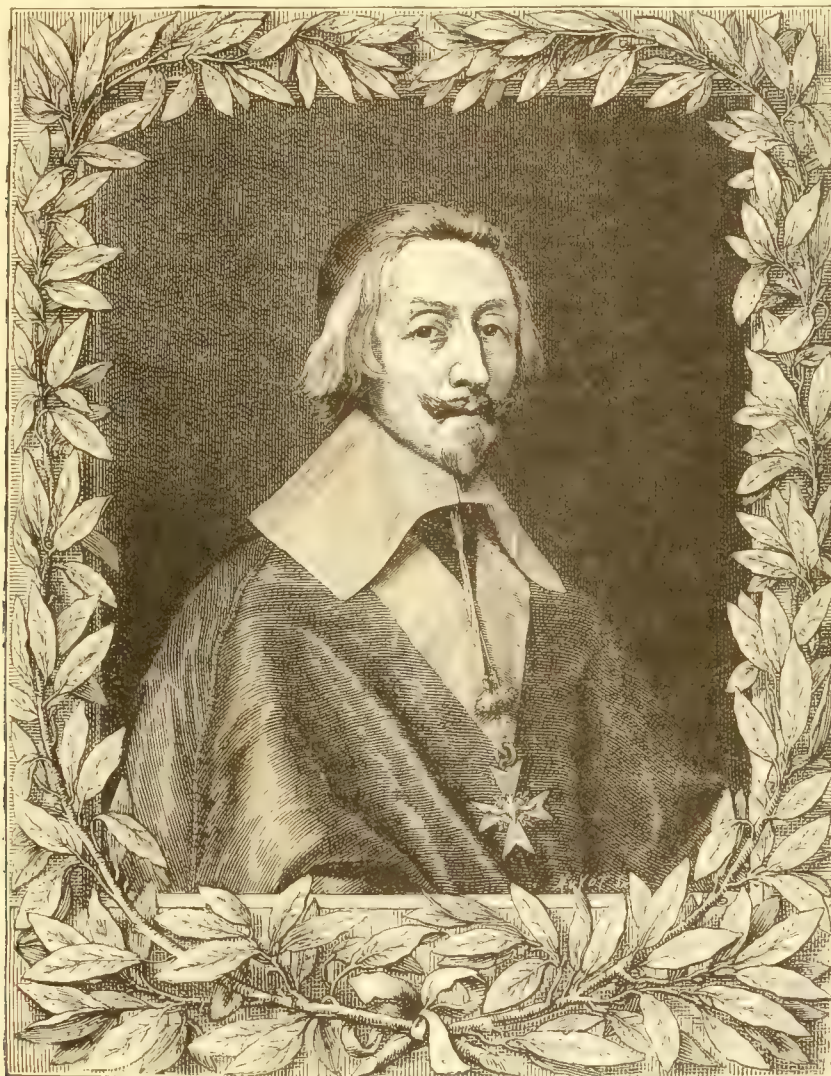
The little son of Henry IV. and Mary De Medici succeeded to the crown of France, under the title of Louis XIII. The Duke of Sully, who had aided Henry IV. in his government and his reforms, was unpopular with the new king and his mother, and his place was taken in course of time, by Cardinal Richelieu, the wildest politician, and at once the most able and unscrupulous man of his time. While Louis was still too young to reign, his mother had held the reins of government. In after times she and the king's brothers became his enemies, and by their plots and ambitions, caused him much trouble, in all of which Cardinal Richelieu supported the king, defeated the plotters at every point, and was unmerciful in his dealings both with the enemies of the king and of the State. Louis was of a cold and cruel temperament, and was as crafty, and bloody-minded in his revenge as was Louis XI. In every deed that confounded his enemies and glorified himself and France, Cardinal Richelieu abetted the king. Civil wars, treasons, plots and crimes, were done in France in the days of Louis XIII. His wife hated him, and when the Duke of Buckingham came over to France to take to England the future wife of Charles Stuart, Henrietta Maria, he so offended Richelieu, that France afterward joined with Spain in a war against England.

The Edict of Nantes was made of no effect by the Cardinal, who waged war against the Huguenots cities, and after a brave resistance, conquered them every one. The proud Cardinal was more than once under the suspicions of the cold-hearted king, and was more than once in danger of losing his head. Plots were made again and



again to destroy the powerful minister, but he always discovered them, and by the powers of his great genius saved himself, and restored the king's trust in him. While thus saving himself, Cardinal Richelieu saved France from the horrors of civil strife, and serving his own interests, never separated them from those of the State. His country's glory was his ruling ambition, and its honor his pride, though for both he performed deeds, that to us seem cruel and uncalled for.

There is no character in French history that stands out so boldly against the treasons and selfishness of those days, as does that of Cardinal Richelieu. But for



CARDINAL RICHELIEU

him Louis XIII. would have been destroyed by his enemies, and unhappy France wholly given over to the strife of factions. He shut the gates of mercy, it is true, with an unsparing hand, but he humbled the proud nobility, sparing not even the brothers of the king. He gained the admiration of the world, and made the name of his king and country respected everywhere in Europe. It is doubtful whether he was beloved, even by his own relatives, for whom he did much, certainly the king had little affection for him, in spite of his great services. Like many men whose lives have been surrounded by constant danger, Richelieu lived out his days, and died at a



ripe old age. Louis XIII. did not long survive his famous minister, and left his five year old son under the regency of his wife, Anne of Austria.

Richelieu had trained an able Italian priest, Mazarin, to fill his place, and had seen him made Cardinal. This man at once stepped into the vacant place of the great Cardinal, and for several years directed the affairs of France. Under him the nobles gained much of their former haughtiness, for they had not the fear of Anne, that her husband Louis XIII. had inspired. The war with Germany and Spain that occurred during the minority of the young King Louis XIV., diminished the treasury, and to fill it, the queen ordered the parliament to levy certain taxes, for in those days whether the kings and queens spent money in killing their enemies or feasting their favorites, the people paid for all. Church and State combined to rob them. They were taxed for nearly everything, except being born and dying, and the church even made a profit

out of that. The air was about all that was free to them, and when they were reduced to living on air, as they sometimes were when their crops only sufficed to pay the church and State, the peasants sometimes died at the public expense, and their fellow citizens had the bad grace to reproach the government.

The common people had steadily gained power in the parliament, and when the queen proposed the new taxes, the parliament would not consent, and even intimated to Anne that the people had some rights that she was bound to respect. About that time the French army gained a great victory, and the parliament and the citizens of Paris went in procession to the Church of Notre Dame, a splendid cathedral, to give solemn thanks. Anne posted soldiers all over the city, and suddenly on the day of the procession seized the President of the Parliament and carried him away to the bastille. The people of Paris at once flew to arms. In less than two hours the streets were barricaded. Some boys with slings began the assault on the queen's soldiers, and drove them to the royal palace. From these boys, who slung stones at the soldiery, the struggle that afterward took place was called the War of the Fronde, as "frondeur" is the French word for slinger. The next day after the seizure of the president and while all Paris was in arms, and had been fighting for several hours with the soldiers, the parliament came in a body to the queen, and their spokesman demanded the release of the president. The queen would not listen to him, and left the room slamming the door behind her. The spokesman followed the queen, and in very plain terms intimated that Charles Stuart had just lost his throne—this was in 1648—and that she and her son might suffer a like fate if she persisted in her course. She was therefore obliged to listen to reason, release the president, and banish Mazarin, who had advised her action in the matter.

Although compelled to yield the president up, Anne did not concede everything. From a safe distance, Mazarin dictated to her as before, and after four years of civil war, the struggle of the Fronde came to an end, and Mazarin returned to Paris. Louis XIV. assumed the royal authority at the age of thirteen, and the parliament



gave up every point for which it had contended. Mazarin, like Richelieu, was a wonderful plotter, and succeeded in crushing all of his enemies. He made a treaty with Cromwell, who aided France in the war against Spain, and after restoring the country to peace and prosperity, and arranging a Spanish marriage for the young king, Mazarin died. He left the will of the monarch the supreme power of the nation and in the year 1661 when he died Louis XIV. declared that he would be his own prime minister. For the first time in fifty years, the king of France governed in his own person.



Royal costumes 1625 to 1640

Louis XIV. had a taste for luxury, and during the sixty-four years of his reign, such royal magnificence was witnessed at the court of France, as had never before been seen in Europe. Gay Paris became doubly gay, and no courtier could hope to succeed, with the king or his court, without a plentiful display of jewels, gold lace, ruffles and gaudy clothes. In spite of his elegance of dress and manner, Louis XIV. was no cox-comb, neither were the men who gathered about him mere dandies. They were able generals, cultured refined and brilliant scholars, who brought courtly politeness to a perfection hitherto unknown, and made the court of the king, the center of the intellectual life of the nation. The wars that Louis waged with success, made France the greatest power in Europe, and its king the haughtiest monarch that ever wore a crown. He pretended to hold all Europe in vassalage, and to have the right to settle disputes between kings and princes. Spain and England, under their weak kings, submitted to his secret direction, and he incited the Turks to make war upon the German empire, that he might plunder it. His generals were the best in Europe, and the genius and ambition of the king seemed to have no limit. His victories by land and sea, inspired his people to offer him almost divine honors, and he thought himself worthy of them.

His wars cost enormously, and to pay their expense, the peasants were taxed to the utmost. They did not dare to murmur, even though they starved, while the king built costly palaces, and lodged his favorites as though they had been eastern queens. The bastille yawned for the discontented, and more than one nobleman and citizen who spoke slightingly of all the magnificence of Louis XIV. disappeared from the sight of men in the dungeons without form of trial.

The pride of the nation in the great deeds of their monarch was such that they bore whatever discomfort his victories imposed upon France, with patience. He kept his armies so busy fighting that they had little time for brooding over domestic discomfort. When James Stuart was driven from the English throne, and the valiant Prince of Orange, who had more than once confronted Louis on hard fought fields was called to wear the crown of the exiled monarch, the French attempted to make the English take back their king. Louis failed in his attempt to restore the Catholic Stuarts to the throne, and was compelled to make peace with England. When James II. died, Louis XIV. proclaimed the exile's son king, with the title of James III., and again undertook to compel England to accept his choice, and again failed. He ravaged the States along the Rhine at the same time, and then turned his attention



French Nobility in Court Costume.

to his own subjects. Instigated by Madame Maintenon, whom he had secretly married, Louis began a dreadful persecution of the Huguenots. Protestant states of Europe offered them safety, and they left France by the thousands. Many of the refugees were skilled craftsmen, and knew how to weave cloth, make lace, watches and other things and Amsterdam and London were greatly benefitted by their presence. Berlin was built up by French refugees, and France was daily robbed of a source of her strength, while to the commerce and industries of Protestant Europe, a new impulse was given. At first Louis did not see the effect of the migration, but when he did, he forbade the Protestants to sell their goods, and sentenced to the galleys any one who was convicted of aiding in their escape. In October, 1685, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, and made France a wholly Catholic State. He then proceeded with a severity against the Protestants, that made former cruelties seem merciful. While his soldiers killed, tortured and pillaged his Protestant subjects, he plumed himself as the wisest, saintliest and greatest king that the world had ever seen, and the pope and priests agreed with him.

Strange to say there was no revolution in spite of the provocation. The king had maintained "I am the State" for so many years, that the generation that had opposed the doctrine had passed away, and the new generation knew nothing of liberty. France, therefore, submitted to his cruelty. The country was the scene of horrors that men still shudder to think of, and the hangman was busy everywhere in the kingdom. The other European States watched the spectacle until they could no longer bear to contemplate the sufferings of the Protestants in France, and finally made war upon the old king. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy humbled the still superb armies of the kingdom, and excited the rage of the aged Louis and lowered his pride. Peace was finally made in 1716, and two years later, Louis XIV. died.

To the last the king was the haughty monarch, and surrounded even death with the pomp of royal splendor. He composed speeches which he made on his death-bed to his favorites and his great-grandson, the Dauphin. In the seventy-eighth year of his brilliant and eventful life he closed his eyes on the earth, probably thinking as did one of the monarchs of old "How great is Death, since he can kill so great a king as I." During his reign art, letters and architecture, reached a glorious development, and his was the golden age of royalty in France. The parliament had been but a shadow while the king lived, but when he was dead they felt that they could do what they had never dared before,—thwart his wish. They declared his last will and testament void and appointed as regent for the little Dauphin Louis XV., the man above all others that Louis would have never chosen, and coolly displaced the person named in the will as the guardian of the young king.

The Duke of Orleans, the uncle of the Dauphin, was the regent appointed by the parliament, and he lived at so rapid a rate, that he soon ceased to live at all. When he died, Cardinal Fleury, the tutor of the king and a man who had from the first



trained him to his purposes was made prime-minister. Louis XV. as a child was weak and sickly, unable to walk alone until he was seven years old, and so frail until he was twelve, that he was obliged to be trussed up in stays and corsets, to enable him to stand upright. His mind and morals were neglected, and he was only trained in certain polite arts and accomplishments. The Cardinal did not wish his pupil to have any taste for government and was careful to keep him ignorant of everything that could be useful to him in that necessary quality of true kingship. Fleury knew that he himself was able to govern France, and he meant to do so.

Louis XV. was crowned in 1722 at the age of twelve. Some time later he was married to the only daughter of the deposed king of Poland. He grew stronger physically as time passed, but Fleury kept him occupied with pleasure, and in the meantime did as he liked with the kingdom. The monarch lived very splendidly, but being gifted with some powers of observation, he knew that under the mask of content and gayety in Paris, and other brilliant cities of the realm was the misery and despair of a people overburdened with taxes and ground down by Church and State. He knew perfectly well that to pay for his pleasures, the very life of the peasants of France was worn out, but he did not care. "It will last my time," he was wont to say, meaning that royalty in France would endure that long, "and after me the deluge."

The War of the Austrian Succession, of which I have elsewhere told you, occurred. The king was really indifferent to the issues, but he allowed an army to be raised and sent to join in the struggle. If the French people wanted to amuse themselves by killing people or getting themselves killed, what cared Louis XV. As long as the wine lasted, and he could drink himself under the table every day with the gay men and women of the court, and his revels in park and palace were not interrupted, he cared for little else. His pure-hearted Polish wife, disgusted by the vicious court had shut herself up in solitude to rear her children in the love and fear of God as befitted their station and the great responsibilities to which they might be called. Fleury died while the war was in progress, and a little later France sent the Chevalier to Scotland, to harass the English by a last attempt of the Stuarts to regain their lost throne. Brave Marshal Saxe led the French army, which still maintained the glory of the days of Louis XIV. but in the end, this war gained nothing for France, and lost for the kingdom, much blood and treasure.

While the court of Louis XV. was giving to France an example of the depth of degradation and folly to which its nobility had sunk, Voltaire, Buffon, Condillac, Rousseau and other great writers on nature and philosophy shook the old religious faith of France to its very center. It was while the people, disgusted with old forms and uncertain of the new were sure of nothing, that the seven years' war occurred. The colonies of America and Prussia, were the scenes of the conflict, whose outlines I have elsewhere drawn. When the war ended, England was mistress of the seas, Canada was lost and the rich future commerce of India was in the hands of



French Abbe First Half of 17th Century

## FRANCE.



England. Even these disasters did not move the selfish heart of the king. He revelled and feasted as before, and became the byword of the nation. In the very streets of the capital, revolting poems and songs were sung about his favorites and his pleasures. It is no wonder, that driven to insanity by the state of the country, a man should be found, eager to remove a king whose life was a disgrace and calamity to the nation. Such a man was Robert Damiens, who in broad day stabbed the king. The would-be murderer, unfortunately for France, failed. He was horribly tortured to death for the attempt, but Louis XV. lived.

One wicked woman after another ruled the kingdom through the weak king, and led him into new fields of dishonor. At last, Madame de Pompadour, the most shameless of them all became his mistress. Woe to the person who offended this proud beauty. The gloomy dungeons of the Bastille were filled with her victims and those of the nobility. The virtuous Dauphin died in the prime of his life, and the Dauphiness too sank under a fatal disease. The weary-hearted queen, old and sorrowful was given the rest which comes at last to the sad and world-worn, and the people whispered that there was something more than chance in these deaths of the good and virtuous, and even hinted that the king and his favorite had

poisoned them. Old in years and in sin, the king lived on. For fifty-two years he had been monarch of France, when he died in 1774, of small-pox, and was thrust into the grave by some humble workmen, without any of the ordinary ceremonies.

Louis XVI. was only twenty years of age, when he was called to the throne. He was the grandson of Louis XV. but he had none of the vices of the court for he had been strictly brought up by the Dauphin, his father. He was more frightened than glad when he was proclaimed king, and felt that he was too young and ignorant to reign over France. He had been married at the age of sixteen to the daughter of the gifted Maria Theresa. On the occasion of his marriage, fifty people were crushed to death in a crowd assembled to view some fireworks set off to celebrate the happy event, and old women shook their heads over this catastrophe, declaring that it was an evil omen for the future. More evil omens were in France. They were written on the pinched faces of starving peasants, on the sullen visages of grimy workmen, and fluttered in the rags of the miserable denizens of the dark streets and alleys of Paris. The queen, Marie Antoinette, was a gay young woman who neither knew nor cared anything about State affairs, but passed her time pleasantly with friends and companions of her own age. The miserable people hated her because she was young, beautiful, happy and living in luxury, and more than all because she was an Austrian. Louis XVI. was anxious to break some of the chains of his people and secured the assistance of Turgot, a minister bold and loyal to



the people. Turgot was slovenly in his manners, and the cox-combs of the court sneered at him and jeered at him, the queen was wearied by his prosiness, and Louis at last sent him away, and put in his stead as prime minister, a man who openly expressed his hatred of "the rabble," as the people of France were called by the nobles. The treasury was very low, when this aristocratic minister died soon after, and Louis XVI. called the best financier of Europe to the vacant ministry to restore France to prosperity. No human power could repair the work of centuries of oppression and wrong but events delayed the fall of the tottering throne of France. America rebelled against England, and France aided the colonies to free themselves. The war ended in success for the colonies, and France gained important commercial advantages for its aid. Still her treasury could not be filled with the needful money to carry on the government, and the nation was nearly bankrupt. The king was determined to impose some necessary taxes, his minister opposed him, and was banished. The people murmured at this proceeding and there were rumors that the king would quell their objections with fire and sword. It needed but a whisper to rouse Paris. The people had suffered much from tyranny in the past, but they had reached the limit of their patience.

There were thousands of fair fields in France, the property of lords and churchmen, that were untaxed, while in the poor villages of the kingdom the peasants starved themselves to pay the taxes of Church and State. War had so often interfered with commerce that the cities, too, were full of wretchedness. The French army made up of the people, had shown what courage and resolution could effect, and the success of the American colonies had fired all France with the idea of the

liberty from the royalty, with which they had long been secretly disgusted. In the Bastille were many prisoners who had been immured behind its gloomy walls, for withstanding tyranny. The Bastille was the visible symbol of the people's wrongs. No sooner did the king discharge the minister in whom the people trusted, than their resolution was taken. They broke open gunsmiths' stores, seized what weapon they could, and even tore bricks from the walls with which to fight, and in a vast disorderly mob rushed to the Bastille. They dragged with them thirty cannon and thirty thousand stands of arms that they had taken from the Hotel des Invalides, and assaulted the prison. Men and women fought side by side against the king's troops and after a terrible battle of several hours, the Bastille fell into their hands. The governor was executed, the prisoners liberated, and the prison levelled



Louis XV. and French Guard



Nobleman and Officer Time of Louis XVI



STORMING OF THE BASTILLE.

great force of soldiers as a National Guard, but the king fearlessly appeared among them, and declared his willingness to rule France under a constitution. Still the agitation was not calmed. Rumors were spread that the king was merely trifling with the people to gain time in which to revenge himself upon them. The nobles had left France in great numbers, and formed a considerable army not far from the French frontiers, and it was feared that the king, who had troops in various fortresses would put himself at their head, and aided by the European powers put down the movement for popular liberty.

Louis was at Versailles closely watched, and there was a whisper that he meant to escape from France, as many of the nobility had done. This was in 1789, while



MARTIN LUTHER.

Paris was under arms, the revolution spreading to other cities, and all Europe looking on in alarm. On the 5th of October, a woman with a liberty cap on her head, and beating a drum, roused the Parisian mob with the cry "Bread, bread!" A howling multitude was soon collected, breathing threats against the king and queen. The king was informed of the tumult, and begged the queen to escape with her children. Marie Antoinette refused to desert her husband in his hour of danger, though she knew that her life might pay the forfeit of her fidelity. The National Guard, under the noble La Fayette, who had fought for liberty in America, and was the favorite of the Commune, rallied to the defense of the royal family, and a detachment went out to Versailles in advance of the mob. At night on the 5th, some of the rioters reached Versailles, and in the gray of the dawn of the next day the whole rabble of Paris surrounded the palace. The apartments of the queen were invaded and she barely escaped to the

to the earth. This was in July, 1789, and was the beginning of the terrible French Revolution. The king was persuaded to send away all his troops, and recall the banished minister, but the storm did not subside. The minister on his return showed himself the friend of law and order, and lost the confidence of the revolutionists. The Commune, as the Revolutionists were called, took possession of Paris, and armed a



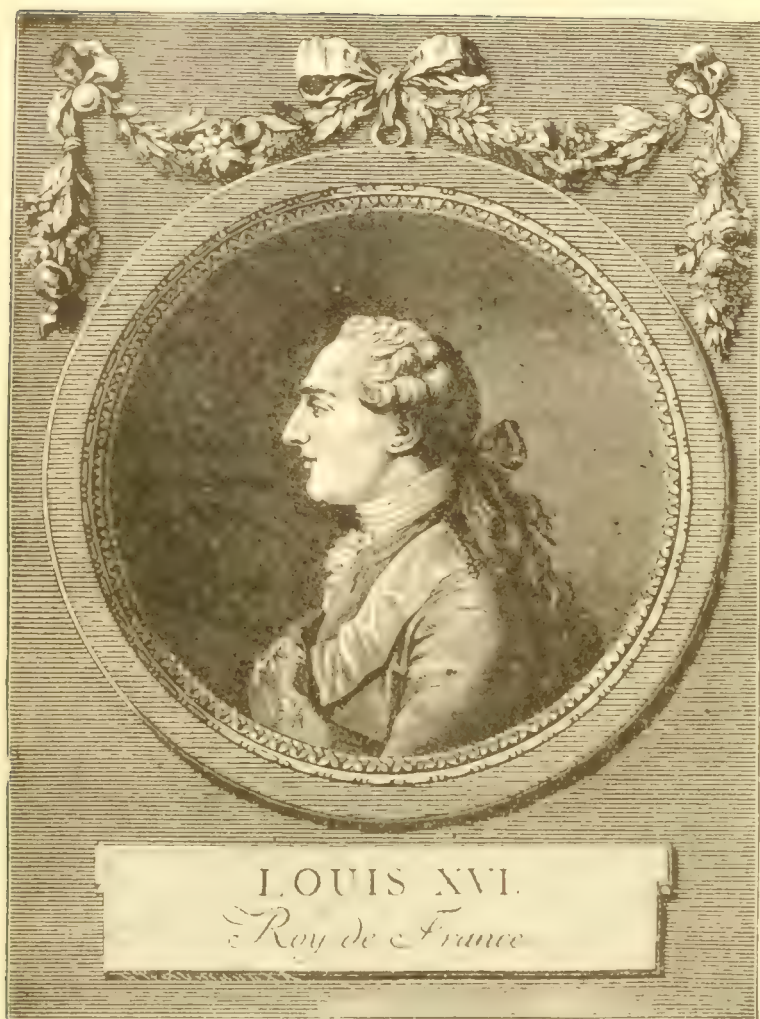
protection of the king, after two of her guards had fallen in her defense. The rioters cut off the heads of the two dead guards, and mounting them on poles, used them as standards. La Fayette and his national guards saved the lives of the king and queen, but they were compelled to go back to Paris with the mob. On the way the rioters stopped at a barber shop and caused the two bloody heads of the queen's guards to be elaborately dressed, and as they marched, thrust these trophies under her eyes. They sang and shouted ribald songs into the ears of the royal pair, and the whole march was a series of disgraceful insults to the king and queen. They bore them with patience and courage, and thus, undoubtedly for the time, saved their lives.

Louis made every concession asked for, and the queen sold the royal plate and linen, to provide the starving Parisians with bread. The king's relatives were sent away, and seeing that his presence in no way contributed to restore confidence and order, the king himself attempted with the queen to escape in disguise. They were discovered and brought back, and from that time were held close prisoners. The French fugitives had the pity of the sovereigns of Europe, and a League was formed against the revolutionists. Maddened by hunger and the fear of punishment at the hands of their enemies, the revolutionists proceeded to extremities. After four months of imprisonment the king was tried and condemned to death. On the scaffold, which he ascended with calmness, he tried to speak to the people, and tell them how he had loved them and France, and how he had always meant to be to them a good king, but they drowned his voice with the roll of drums. A good Irish priest accompanied the blameless young king to the gates of death, and his parting words: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" were the last that Louis XVI. heard on earth.



Costume of French Citizens About 1800.

The revolutionists were now boldly launched on the red tide that filled Paris with terror. The queen and the king's saintly sister, Elizabeth, fell a victim to the thirst for blood, and then all indignant Europe flew to arms, and prepared to hurl its whole fury on France and crush it. The idea of liberty fired the hearts of the French people. Against the overwhelming force brought to oppose them, the splendid courage of their armies vanquished numbers, obstacles, and carried all before it. Every assailant was beaten back, and France invaded the enemies country. The Marseillaise became the battle-shout of the nation. This song was composed by a young artillery officer, of Strasbourg, Rouget de Isle. One day when the revolutionary agitation was at its height, Rouget sat down to the clavichord, and began to play and sing. His heart was deeply stirred by the struggle for liberty, and almost unconsciously the words and melody of the song formed themselves. He sang them again and again. His friends gathered about to hear them. Soon all Strasbourg was singing the grand anthem of liberty. In June, 1792, fifteen hundred men wearing the red caps of the republicans marched from Marseilles to Paris, singing Rouget's song. From that time forth it was called the Marseillaise, and like the song of the lame school-master at Athens, who inspired the Spartans to battle, the Marseillaise



awakened an echo in every patriotic heart. "Ye sons of Freedom, wake, wake to glory!" was heard the length and breadth of the land.

Danton, Marat and Robespierre were at the head of the revolutionary movement. The armies of Europe were moving against France, and Danton called for 300,000 troops, to fight for the revolution. The peasants of La Vendee, in western France, refused to enlist. These Vendeanes loved the church, and were the friends of the old usages that from time immemorial had been common in France. Maddened by the overthrow of the clergy, and the death of the king, and indignant because of the deeds of blood that were every day committed in Paris, they resisted the revolution with a heroism unparalleled in history. Without arms or supplies, untrained to war, they threw themselves on the troops sent to oppose them, seized the very artillery that mowed down their ranks, and defeated the Republicans again

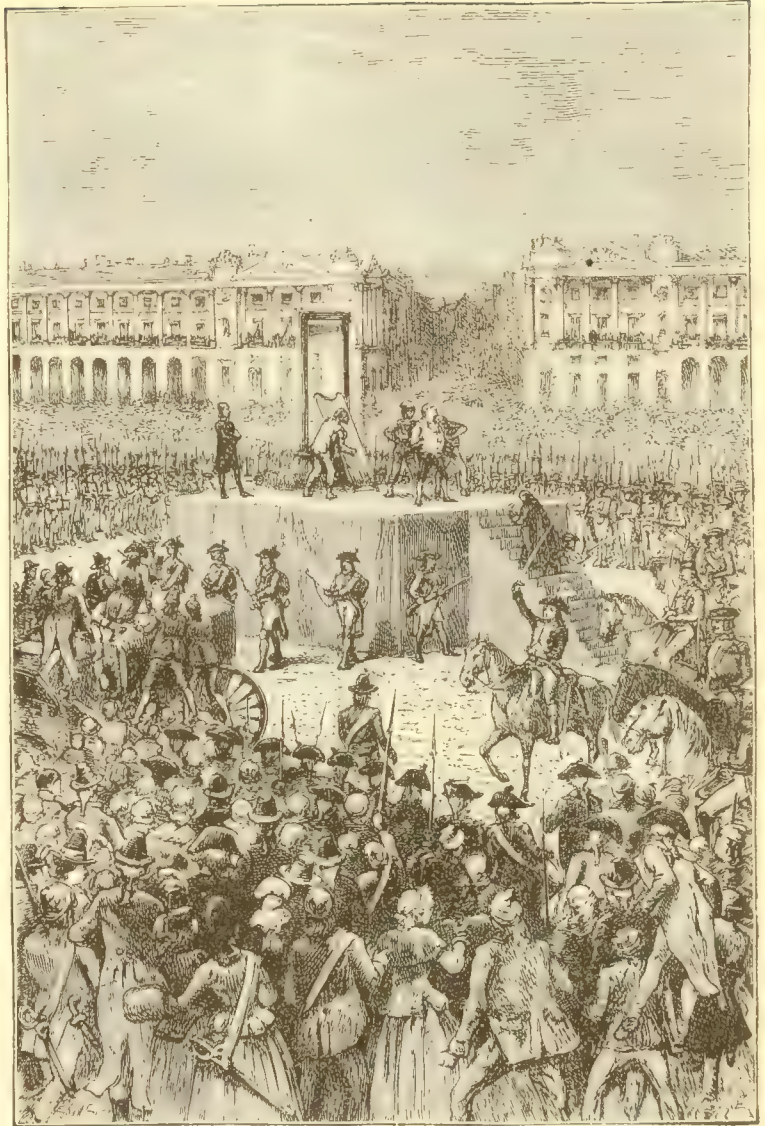
and again. They were joined by numbers of the fugitive nobles who had fought for monarchy and knew the art of war, and by the clergy who inspired them with sermons and prayers. The Breton peasants, too, revolted and formed a force. Marat was the author of many bloody deeds, and indignant at his tyranny and the injury his course was inflicting upon France, Charlotte Corday, a brave Breton maid, came alone to Paris, sought the monster out, and stabbed him in his bath. Danton fell under the displeasure of the mob, because he wished to form some lawful mode of procedure, and bring to an end the disorder and violence in Paris and other cities. He and several of his friends were guillotined, and the awful deeds increased in number and atrocity.

France became a great camp for one portion of the people, and a prison for the other. Twelve hundred thousand soldiers composed of all the citizens over eighteen years old, were enrolled in the service of the Republic. The jails were filled with young and old of both sexes awaiting trial as enemies of the Republic. Everyone suspected of favoring royalty in the least, was imprisoned as an "enemy." Robespierre and the "Decemvirs," as the demagogues who ruled Paris called themselves, tried these unfortunates in batches. The guillotine, an ingenious instrument for taking heads off quickly and painlessly, was set up in, Saint Antoine, the heart of the



Commune, and a sewer was made to carry off the blood that flowed there. Fifty heads fell every day, and in every city of France similar scenes were witnessed. At Nantes the victims were drowned, at Lyons they were placed in the public square and shot to death with grape shot, at Orleans the principal inhabitants were slain, and at Verdun sixteen young girls were executed in one day, because they had danced at a Prussian ball, Sunday was abolished. A wicked woman was set up in Notre Dame Cathedral as "the Goddess of Reason," the most scandalous things were done by way of worship, and every tenth day was kept instead of every seventh. God was mocked as a dream of superstition, and the Christian religion reviled, and its exercise prohibited under pain of punishment. The nation seemed to have gone mad, and the savage Committee of Public Safety, and the Revolutionary Committee, were the most dangerous madmen of all.

While these dreadful things were happening in France, the armies of the Republic were everywhere victorious. At the end of a two year's reign of terror, a conspiracy was formed against Robespierre and his bloody associates. He died by the guillotine, and after him the leaders in the odious Commune suffered death for their crimes. This was in 1794, and a convention was formed that suppressed the two committees, and abolished the Constitution of the year before. Thus there was a revolution within a revolution. The last days of 1794 saw the French army nearly naked, and without shoes or proper food. Nevertheless in a brief and glorious campaign it subdued Holland, and a few months later compelled Prussia to sign a treaty. Jourdan with a ragged army of patriots gained some brilliant victories on the left bank of the Rhine, and the forces of the Republic defeated the Austrians and Piedmontese on the south, and subdued the army of La Vendee. Fighting its way to the very gates of Italy, the Republic compelled Holland, Spain and Italy, to lay down their arms. The little son of Louis XVI., whom the royalists regarded as the rightful ruler of France, and called Louis XVII., had been kept a close prisoner all this time, in the charge of a brutal shoemaker who starved and neglected the poor little fellow



Execution of Louis XVI.



until he died of ill usage in June, 1795. The royalists then proclaimed Louis, Count of Provence, his uncle, a fugitive in Holland, as Louis XVIII.

A new Constitution was formed in 1795 that placed the government in the hands of five hundred citizens. The Commune did not approve of this action, and armed forty thousand men to oppose it. The Convention appointed Barras to protect them, with the National Guard, and reduce the insurgents to order. Barras called to his assistance a young Corsican general, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had won fame in the service of the republic at the siege of Toulon. A dreadful battle was fought in the streets of Paris, but Napoleon put down the revolt with a strong hand, and thus won the complete confidence of the Directory, as the new government body was called. A second war of the Vendee, conducted with as much bravery and fury as the first failed, and its supporters fled to England. Austria and the Piedmontese were still in

arms against the Republic, and Napoleon was sent to Nice to take command of that portion of the Republican forces known as The Army of Italy, in 1796. The army over which he was to command consisted of but thirty-six thousand half-starved, nearly naked men, but the young commander inspired them with his own courage. They attacked the Austrian force of sixty thousand men, and in fifteen days defeated them in four great battles, while all Europe looked on in astonishment. He then made a passage of the Alps nearly as wonderful as that of Hannibal, and with six thousand grenadiers marched against twelve thousand Austrian infantry, four thousand cavalry and a large artillery force at Lodi, in the plains of Lombardy. He totally defeated the enemy, and quickly subjugated Italy, and Austria the next year. At the close of 1797 all Southern Europe lay at the feet of France, and peace was

made. In that single year Napoleon captured fifty thousand prisoners, sixty-six flags, and eleven hundred pieces of artillery. He fought sixty-seven great battles, and won eighteen decisive victories. He forced treaties on every one of the Italian States, and exacted tribute of splendid works of art, that were carried to Paris. All this was accomplished by a man of the people, a slight and delicate looking hero of eight and twenty. Napoleon was the idol of France, and when the peace was concluded



Robespierre.



the Republic sent him to drive the English out of Egypt. He did not succeed, but gained fame for his brilliant campaign. While he was absent there was a change in the government of France, which caused a revolution in the Roman States. A new league of European powers was also formed to oppose the Republic, against which the generals could make no headway. Napoleon hurried back to France to find the Directory abolished and the country on the verge of another reign of terror. The people had confidence in him, and the army believed him the greatest genius that the world ever saw, so he seized the government and in imitation of the old Roman Republic, established three consuls, making himself first consul.

Napoleon at the desire of the nation would have made peace with England, who was the most bitter foe of the Republic. England had been haughty on the ocean, and because she possessed the strongest navy in the world, was not at all particular about the commercial

rights of other countries. She would not make any concessions of the points France desired arranged, and instead of peace, an alliance of France, Sweden and Denmark, was made against England in 1800. On the 14th of June of the same year Napoleon won back all that France had lost in Italy, by the victory at Marengo, and afterward made the peace of Amiens. That peace lasted only a short time, and a new war with Prussia was finished up in six months by the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, which left France at a high pitch of glory. In the meantime Napoleon had given the French cause reason to be proud of their first consul. He established a fine system of public instruction, made laws that are still used in France, and are the best ever framed for the government of a Republic, brought the country into order and prosperity, restored religion, encouraged the arts, sciences and inventions. By a vote of nearly 4,000,000 against 8,000, he was made consul for life, and a little later, in 1804, the



MARAT



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

nation voted to make him hereditary emperor. His brothers and relatives were given the thrones of vanquished kingdoms, after Prussia and Russia had been subdued at Austerlitz. In 1806, the German Empire was dissolved, and France was more powerful than it had ever been before.

In his exile in Sweden, Louis XVIII, neglected and forgotten by the sovereigns of Europe in their struggles against Napoleon, made a vow never to renounce the throne of his fathers, and never to abandon the efforts to reclaim it from the tyrant Bonaparte. Nevertheless Napoleon sat proudly on the throne that violence had robbed of its king twelve years before. It was a prodigious attainment for the head of the humbly born Corsican, and it is little wonder, that in spite of his great mind, he be-



THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

came somewhat dizzy and puffed up, regarding himself as almost more than human, the favored of destiny. It is this that is his excuse for having the name of a new saint, Saint Napoleon, written in the calendar of the Republic, and the new saint had no more devout worshipper than Napoleon I., Emperor of the French.

Napoleon mixed in a quarrel with Spain, and instead of winning the Spaniards to his interests and making friends of them, he settled the contest, which was in regard to the crown, by taking it himself, and giving it to his brother. The Spaniards waited until Napoleon had left their country, then with the aid of English soldiers under Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, and the Portuguese, they resisted these new schemes of the conqueror. While Napoleon was absent in Spain trying



to retrieve the fortunes of the generals who could make no headway against Wellesley, a new league was formed against him, and Austria again took up arms. Napoleon's armies now covered all Europe, and he had little fear of the result. The English successes in Spain, however, began the decline of his glory, though at Wagram in 1809 a fearful battle between 300,000 French and Austrians, resulting in victory for Napoleon, again compelled peace. The next year Napoleon put away his kind, loving but childless wife, Josephine, and married the daughter of the emperor of Austria. He hoped to have a son to whom he could leave the crown of France. The same year one of his generals was chosen by the Swedes as the successor to their crown, and he of all the kings that Napoleon made, has descendants to-day in the palaces of Europe.

In the pause of the wars, France had now begun to count what she had gained and lost, what her glory had cost her, and what it was worth. The Republicans were secretly the enemy of the emperor, who had used them as the ladder upon which he had climbed



Louis XVII. in Temple

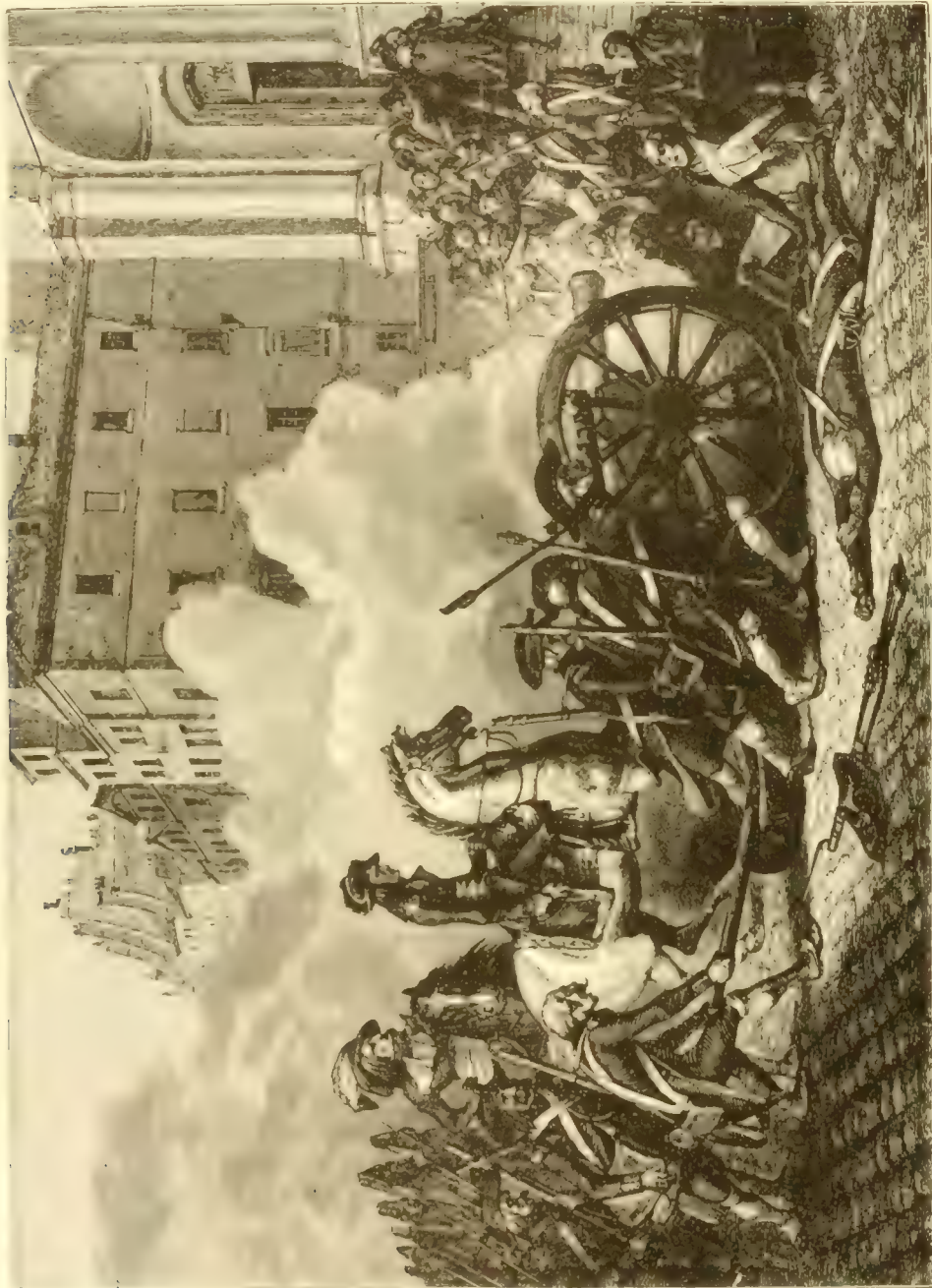


Hussar 1795. Cavalryman 1795. Infantryman 1796.

to greatness, but for fear of the prison which was the reward of those who spoke their discontent, they remained silent. The kings that he had made out of his brothers and friends were indignant, that while they were given the show of power, the emperor treated them as mere officers to do as he ordered them. The whole nation mourned their dead, and through their tears, the glory surrounding the throne of their emperor was becoming hateful to them. The enmity of all Europe had destroyed the commerce of the country, and the expenses of the war were beginning to press heavily. Above all, Napoleon's reverses in Spain continued. Just at this point, the emperor gained the hatred of the clergy through a quarrel with the Pope, and they began to influence the people against him. In the midst of these various discontents, Napoleon offended Alexander of Russia, and

when he refused to recall an edict that he had made, declared war against him, and in 1812 invaded his dominions.

He fought many bloody battles in Russia, and gained several victories. Bravely resisted all the way, he arrived at Moscow, only to find the beautiful city of the Czar deserted by the inhabitants. It was full of valuable supplies, however, and as it was



Napoleon Quelling the Mob

then late in the fall of the year, Napoleon decided to make the city his winter quarters. The Russians had foreseen this plan, and provided against it. They had hidden convicts away in the city, who set it on fire when the French were established there, and the conflagration starting up at once in a thousand places, burned the city



to ashes. Napoleon was eager then to make peace. Some time before he had haughtily refused to make peace with the Czar, and the Czar now in his turn refused to come to terms. Winter came on fierce and terrible. The French soldiers for the first time under their renowned leader began a melancholy retreat. The horrors of that awful march will never be known to man. Harrassed by the enemy, hungry, ragged and wretched, the French covered the plains of Russia with their frozen corpses. Napoleon heard that a new coalition was forming against him, and that dangerous plots were being made in Paris. He hurried back to France, leaving the army to make its way home under the leadership of brave Marshal Ney. While he was in Paris raising troops from among all of his subjects over seventeen years old, the Prussians deserted him, and his allies fell away on every side. He could only raise a troop of young soldiers, many of them mere lads, yet with these he gained three great battles against the veterans of Sweden, England and Prussia. Peace was then offered, but its terms left France weaker than when Louis XVI. came to the throne, and Napoleon hesitated to accept it. While he did so, desertions from his cause were numerous, and it was finally too late. The allied armies of Europe threatened France on every side. Against 500,000 veterans Napoleon could bring but 300,000 raw recruits, and still he was victorious. He was defeated, however, at Leipsic, where he pitted 130,000 against nearly three times the numbers of his enemies, and in Spain disasters crowded upon one another. France was now threatened with invasion on every side. Its subject kingdoms threw off their yoke, and there was neither money nor men to fight its foes. By a last despairing effort, Napoleon gathered 50,000 of his veterans,

for the final struggle. Never did the genius of this greatest general of the world's history, display itself so magnificently as then. Six hundred thousand men were pressing on France, but by his movements and anticipating their plans, he divided their forces, and hurling his heroic soldiers on them, defeated them. New hordes were poured down upon him to take their place, but every man lost to France, was a loss that could not be supplied.

Invaded on every side, Napoleon could not stay the march of the foe toward Paris. The city fell and the allied sovereigns compelled Napoleon to yield up his crown and retire to Elba. The faithful and loving Josephine died with grief for his fall, but his Austrian wife, Marie Louise, went back cheerfully enough to her own country, and in course of time married another husband. Her little son, Napoleon II., died in his early manhood, and never wore the crown that his father had sacrificed so much to keep

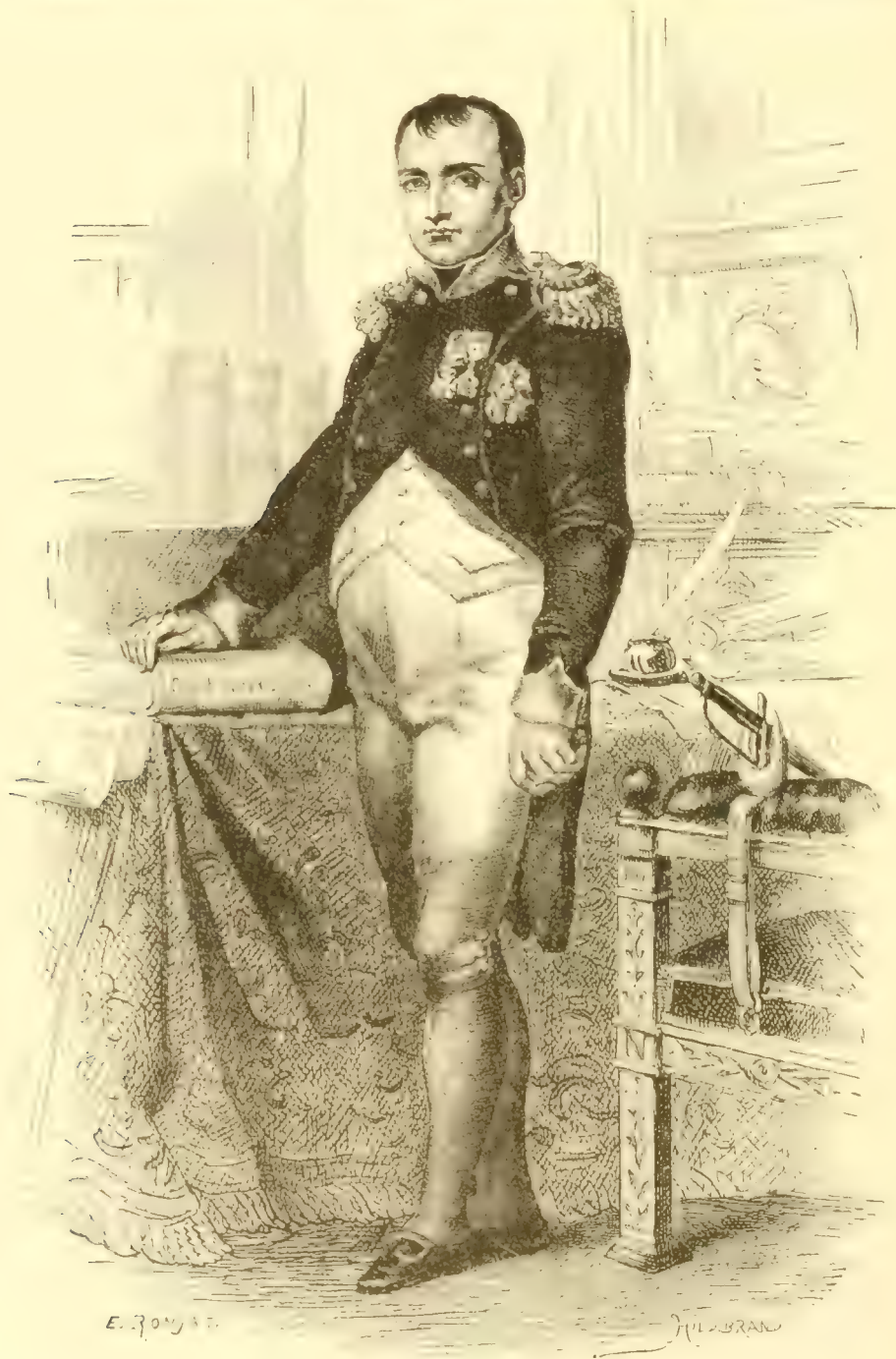


General, Light Infantry Officer and Infantry of the Line 1794.



Costume of French Citizens 1794.

for him. Louis XVIII. came back to France and was crowned king. The white flag of the Bourbons displaced the tri-color of the Republic. France lost all of her conquests, and sent back the works of art that Napoleon had taken as tribute, agreeing to pay \$25,000,000 to the allied powers. The new king soon became unpopular. He



EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

would not acknowledge that the world had moved since the death of Louis XV., and wanted to restore all the obnoxious things, that the revolution had destroyed. He called back the fugitive nobles, and in many other ways excited the anger of the



people. Napoleon heard of all that was passing, and as the government had not kept its promise to him, in March, 1815, he returned from his exile, with four cannon, and 1,100 men. A general with a detachment of the king's troops were sent to bar his way and that of his little army. At Mure, the two forces met, and the king's troops were about to fire upon Napoleon's grenadiers. "Halt!" rang out the command of the chieftain of France's battle-fields and victories. "Reverse, arms!" The grenadiers obeyed, and stood silently with their eyes fixed upon Napoleon who rode within speaking distance of the king's soldiers, a majestic and commanding figure, surrounded with a halo of historic remembrances. "Soldiers!" he called to his enemies, "It is I! Do you recognize me? If there be one among you who wishes to kill his emperor, here he is! He comes with bare breast to offer himself to your weapons!" "Long live the Emperor!" shouted the troops as one man, "Long live Napoleon!" They then tore down the white flag of the Bourbons, nailed the tri-color in its place, and joined the Emperor. Ney and others of his old friends gathered about him and a little later with a semblance of law he raised 300,000 men to give battle to Wellington in Belgium. He separated the two armies and defeated the Prussians at Ligny, then



French Generals.

went forward to the battle of Waterloo which was fought on the ever memorable day, June 18, 1815. Ney fought bravely in this engagement, and had nearly defeated Wellington, when Blucher came up, and changed the fortunes of the battle. The Emperor's guard stood its ground amid shot and shell when the cavalry was overthrown and the army was a struggling, confused mass of men horses and guns. The heroic guard formed a hollow square, and fought coolly and calmly while about it was rout and ruin. In vain the English bullets fell about them. Not a soldier flinched though the comrade of many a campaign fell at his side. They simply closed up the gaps made by death in their rank and fought on. "Surrender!" cried the English moved by the sight of such courage. "Surrender!" and the cannons yawned before them. Up from that shattered square went a deep cry like the cry of the gladiators before the throne of the Cæsar. "The guard dies, but does not surrender." The



JOSEPHINE, WIFE OF NAPOLEON

cannons roared, and when their noise was at last stilled, the clouds wept over the battlefield upon which lay the wreck of the first empire,—sixty thousand dead French soldiers. Napoleon had courted death in vain in the thickest of the



CHAPTER IV. THE DEFEAT OF NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

fight, and now heartbroken, defeated, fallen, never to rise again, he was borne away in the general rout. Many a sad day and many a dreary night in his far-away St.



Helena an exile and a prisoner, did the echo of Waterloo ring in his ears and its tragedy weigh down his soul. Let us hope that in that sea-girt retreat, he came to know himself at last as the instrument of Divine Will. He came to France in the



The Retreat from Moscow.

hour of her need, showed her what honor might be achieved by wise laws, and in himself was an example of the miseries that are wrought, by unrestrained ambition.

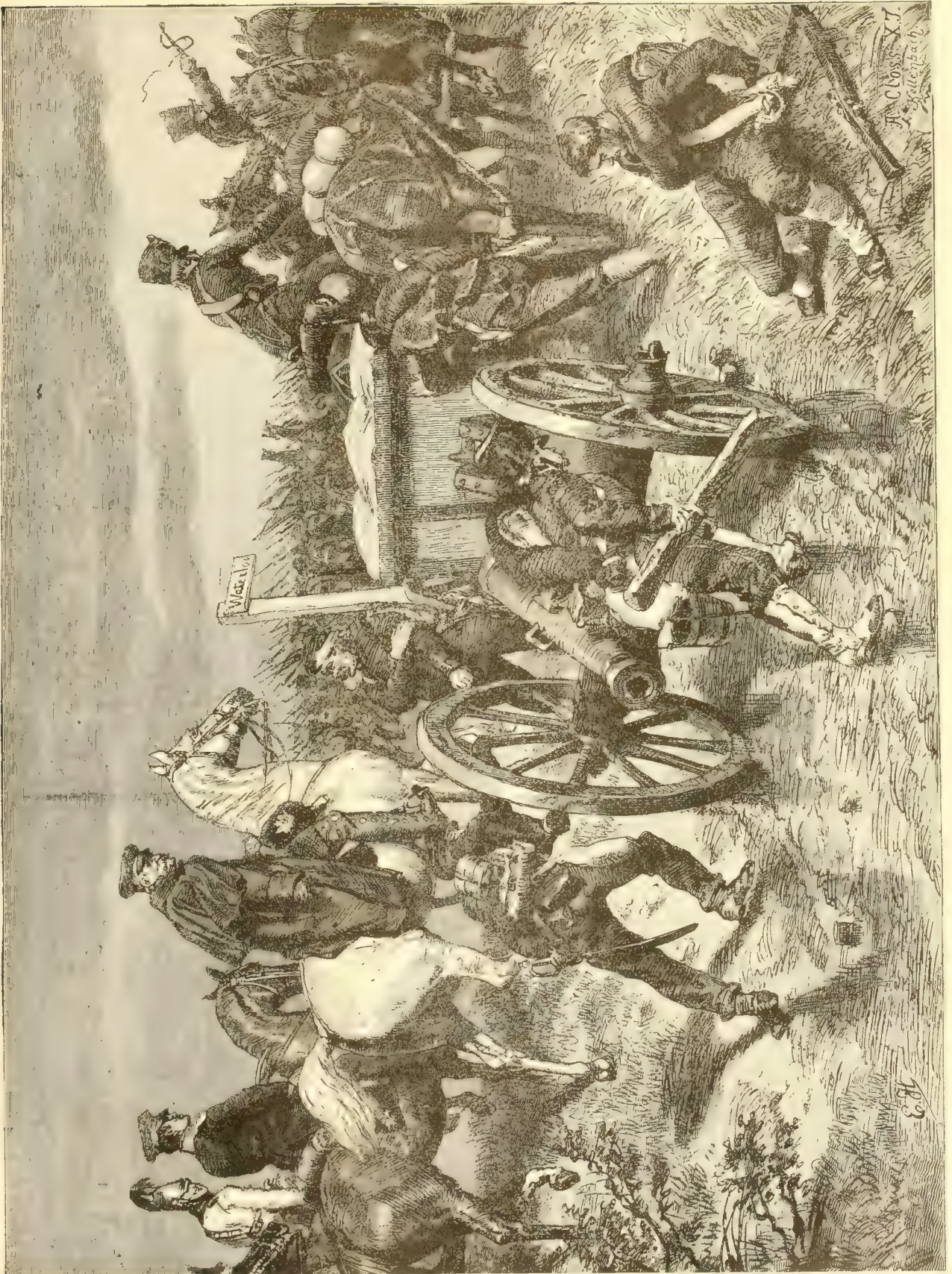
The evils of his life passed away with him and his generation. Its good remains incorporated in the life of the nation that he saved from anarchy and led to glory. Louis XVII. tried hard to keep up old forms. He was clever in his way, but to



Napoleon Signs His Abdication

the clever men that formed his council is due all that is worthy in his reign. He died in 1824, and left the crown of France to Charles X. The new king was a Catholic, and hated Republicanism in politics, and liberalism in religion. He hated the





Blucher's Forced March to Waterloo.





Marshal Marmont, a French General.

constitution, too, and stifled the liberty of the press as the first step in throttling it. In 1830 there was a bloody insurrection, lasting three days in July, which resulted in the dethronement and banishment of the king. La Fayette lived to share in this revolution, and to see Louis Phillippe, a Prince of Orleans, chosen to reign over France, under a Constitution. Louis Phillippe I. was in the main a good king, but he had a hard struggle with the Bonapartists and the Republicans, and at last to avert civil war, Louis Phillippe left France. Nevertheless there was a revolution, and the Commune, nearly as blood-thirsty as in the days of the Reign of Terror, fought fiercely with the National Guard, the army of the Republicans. They were subdued and made willing to submit the choice of the form of government to the Assembly. The Orleanists wanted a Monarchy, the Bonapartists an Empire, and the Republicans a Constitution and a Republic. It was decided by the Assembly to have a

Republic, with Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon the Great, as president. Louis Napoleon succeeded in abolishing the Assembly, and in making himself emperor with the title Napoleon III. He held the government with a strong, firm and wise hand until 1870, when he fell into difficulty with Prussia, as I have told you elsewhere. He made friends with Queen Victoria, helped Italy to free itself from Austria, and assisted England in the Crimean war.

After the triumphal entry of William I. of Germany into Paris in 1871 the Commune broke out again. The disease of political frenzy seems to have attacked the people of Paris at intervals, ever since there has been a Paris. On this occasion the clergy were driven from their churches, the Sisters of Charity cruelly treated, and several attempts made to burn the capital. The people were furious with the emperor for yielding to Germany, and he was obliged to flee the kingdom. M. Thiers was then made a sort of President, but he displeased the people by his severity to the Commune, and MacMahon was made President for seven years, in 1873. MacMahon was such a determined friend to monarchy, and made so many enemies, that he was obliged to resign a year before his term expired, and Jules Grevy, a popular Republican was elected President, and re-elected in 1885. He resigned before the close of his second term, and Sadi Carnot, a descendant of a Revolutionary hero, was elected in



La Fayette in His Youth.



his place, and is still President of France. The French people bitterly regretted the loss of the two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which they were obliged to give up to Germany at the close of the war. The people of the provinces were opposed to their transfer to Germany, and that fact has led them to look upon every attempt of the rulers of the German Empire to make them a part of that nation as oppression. From time to time in the last twenty years it has seemed likely that France and Germany would again go to war, and both nations have strengthened their armies and navies, and built strong fortresses on their frontiers. There is an old saying that to maintain peace, nations must be prepared for war. It may be upon this principle that the French and Germans have made such warlike preparations, and every year review their great armies, and march and manoeuvre their soldiers and keep them up to the best point of discipline and readiness for war. In the interval of peace France has made wonderful progress. The energy of her people is so great, that when they have time for the cultivation of their arts and industries, and are not so much occupied in fighting for their country, that they have no leisure to work at their private occupations, they accomplish wonders in a short time. The France of to-day leads the world in science, art and literature, and is peaceful, prosperous and happy. The progress of the nation since 1871 has been truly remarkable, and the tree of liberty watered with so much blood, is bearing glorious fruit. Smiling fields cover the scars of old wars, and happy mothers by their peaceful firesides croon the Marseillaise to their babes, and tell in summer twilights the glorious deeds of the old days, while in their hearts they thank God for the newer, better ones.



# ENGLAND.

IT MAY BE that one of the great convulsions of Nature which occurred long before anything is known of man having lived upon the earth, broke off from the northern part of Europe as from the southern, bits of land, great and small, which now form islands. The British Isles are in some places only twenty miles distant from the main body of the Continent of Europe, and it is almost certain that they were once joined to Northwestern France. By the British Isles we mean Great Britain and Ireland, whose shape and boundaries

you may see by looking on the map, although there are in the waters of the surrounding oceans many smaller islands also forming a part of Great Britain. The Phœnicians, thirty centuries ago, and perhaps even earlier, sailed to the British Isles, finding there in the sands of the rivers and in the mines near the seashore, excellent tin and lead, of great value in making the bronze which served the ancients in place of iron and steel. They taught the savage natives how to properly wash the tin found in the rivers, and to mine it from the ground; to melt it into bars convenient to be stored on shipboard, and perhaps to manufacture it into weapons, no doubt bartering glass beads, arms, and ornaments of gold for the precious tin.

The name Britain is from the Celtic words ("bruit" meaning tin, and "tan" meaning land), "Land of Tin." No doubt the Phœnicians tried to keep the rest of the world ignorant of the existence of the isles, and were, perhaps, successful until the Gauls penetrated to the northwestern part of Europe.

Upon a clear day the chalk cliffs of Dover can be seen from portions of the coast of France, and the adventurous Celtic Gauls, curious to know what sort of land lay beyond the boisterous strip of sea, probably ventured over in some kind of rude crafts and settled in Kent (the word meaning corner), in southeastern England. They found the people of the country with a language and religion like their own, but far less advanced in civilization. Whereas the invaders wore garments of cloth and ornaments of gold, could build comfortable though rude round houses, and make pottery of the most primitive kind, the Britons wore only the skin of some wild beast about their loins, painted and stained their naked bodies with colored clay and the juices of plants, and lived in caves in the winter and in huts made of wattles, (that is stakes woven together in a sort of basket-work) in the summer. They may have scratched the ground with stone hoes, and planted certain crops. Like nearly all



the early Aryans of Europe they had large herds of cattle, hogs and sheep, and as we have already said, knew how to work lead and tin.

The new-comers being so far advanced in peaceful arts were also superior to the Britons in the art of war. They had chariots with scythed wheels, and arms and armor of metal, so they gradually drove the Britons, who were armed only with stone hatchets, bows and arrows back into the interior of the country, where they became nearly savage forgetting the few things they had learned of the Phœnicians, and lived as wandering shepherds, protecting the wealth of the tribe by enclosures of felled trees surrounded by a ditch. They had many of these stockades and London, St. Albans and many other famous cities and villages are founded where once the barbarian princes of Britons dwelt in wattled huts surrounded by this rude sort of wall. In course of time the invaders made friends with the various interior tribes, who gradually adopted the manners of the newcomers and formed kingdoms, and when Cæsar came to the island they were as one people.

Cæsar knew that the Britons were bold and warlike for some of them had helped the Gauls against him, but he was eager to possess the riches he had heard existed there, especially pearls, for it was said that a pearl oyster abounded in certain parts of the coast waters. The Britons pretended to be willing to receive Cæsar peacefully and sent ambassadors over to him to tell him so, but really they wanted to delay him and learn whether the rumor that they had heard of his coming was true. Cæsar sent a certain Gaul, who was his friend, back with the British ambassadors, who came to him, and as soon as they reached their own country, they threw him in prison and sent to all the tribes for warriors to defend their island against the terrible conqueror of Gaul.

When Cæsar entered Dover Bay, August 25, B. C., 55, there were so many savage looking warriors upon the cliffs waiting for him that he decided it would not be safe to land and sailed a long way up the coast, followed by the Britons upon the shore, until he came to a place called Deal Beach. The Romans anchored their ships as near the shore as they could, and the soldiers started to wade to land, but the Britons charged into the water and killed so many of the Romans that they returned to their vessels.

At last Cæsar made the ballistas of his warships discharge darts and stones at the Britons, and thus beat them off until his men could land, but as soon as they were well on shore they were again charged by the Britons, and it was not until after a very hard struggle that they succeeded in throwing up their intrenchments and forming their camp. For about a month Cæsar fought in Briton, and then as he had repaired his ships that had been damaged in a storm he embarked and crossed back into Gaul, sending word to Rome of his "Conquest of Briton," though it is certain that he was vanquished one-half as often as he was victorious, and had never been out of sight of the sea.

Again the next year with eight hundred ships, 25,000 foot soldiers and 2,000 cavalry, Cæsar crossed over into Briton, this time at the invitation of the son of a British king, whose territory north of the Thames river had been seized by Caswallon or Cassivellaunus, as the Romans called him. Cæsar would have eventually returned to Britain without any such invitation, for he had determined to subdue the country. Caswallon united a large number of chiefs to oppose Cæsar, but they were so unruly, that after some hard fighting and several defeats, the British chieftain made peace with the Romans. The tribes promised the Romans tribute, which they never paid,

and Cæsar taking many prisoners went back to Gaul. For a hundred years the Britons were left unmolested by the Romans. They crossed over into Gaul in their boats, made of wicker and ox hides, and traveling in that country learned many new arts. Cymbeline, one of the kings celebrated by Shakespeare, was the first British king to coin money. He reigned over the Eastern part of the country, and was living when the insane Caligula made his ridiculous expedition to the shores of Gaul.

It was his son, Caractacus who so bravely defended his country when the Emperor Claudius sent his army to ravage and conquer Britain. Some historians say that Caractacus was slain in battle in the forests of the Severn, but others declare that when he was defeated in a bloody battle his wicked step-mother betrayed him to the Romans, and they carried him away to grace a triumph and to become a slave, but there may have been two chiefs by the same name, and thus both stories be true.

At all events the Romans had some severe campaigns in the next seven years, and when they thought they had conquered a tribe and left it to go and fight another, the determined islanders would fall upon the garrison and destroy it. Thousands of the Britons were killed, and general after general was sent from Rome to complete their subjugation. One of these generals conquered the isle of Anglesey and burned to death many Druid priests, then crossed into the country of the North-folk and South-folk (Norfolk and Suffolk). The British Queen, Boadicea had been plundered of all her property by the greedy Romans settled in the territory, and complained to the Roman general and his treasurer Catus, who instead of seeing the beautiful and spirited queen righted, shamefully abused her daughters before her eyes, and had her scourged from his presence like a slave.

The proud queen went about telling the story of her wrongs to the people, and everywhere roused her countrymen to arm themselves and throw off the yoke of their cruel oppressors, for the Romans treated the whole people with the utmost injustice. The Britons fired by the wrongs of their queen and by the cruelty of their conquerors, rose in rebellion against the Romans and massacred seventy thousand of them. They destroyed London which had grown into a considerable commercial town, and threatened to wipe out the civilization of the island.

At length a certain brave Roman general, with ten thousand soldiers, marched against the Britons, who had assembled in great numbers to give him battle. Led by Boadicea, in her war-chariot, with her outraged daughters at her feet, the islanders fought with the utmost bravery, but they were no match for the disciplined legions, and eighty thousand of the Britons were slain. Boadicea poisoned herself to escape captivity, and the revolution was put down. This occurred in the year 61, A. D., and after eight years the Britons again rebelled, and were again subdued.

It was Julius Agricola who finally subdued the island. He took as hostages from the various tribes, the sons of the chiefs, and caused them to be educated in the Roman manner, in this way introducing civilization in every part of Britain. It was Agricola who discovered that Britain was an island, a fact before unknown to the Romans, and who built a wall across the northern part, to protect the conquered and more civilized tribes from those who were still savages. He also enlisted native youths in the Roman army.

Colonies of Romans settled all over Britain, taught the people to submit to law, and attempted to tame the Caledonians of the north. The Britons did not yield tamely to Roman dominion, but often revolted. Emperor Hadrian, in the year 120 A. D., visited the country, to bring it completely under his rule, and caused another



wall to be built as a protection to the colonies. Until the year 410, the Romans remained in Britain, introducing civilization and Christianity. Then Rome fell under the power of the Goths, and her yoke was everywhere thrown off. Eight years later the Romans departed from Britain forever. In the centuries that they had been in the island, the character of the natives had greatly changed. Christian churches had grown up, and though Druidism still existed in the North, and tinged the religion of the South with many of its gloomy superstitions, it was no longer the national religion. The old power of the Pagan priests was gone, and the new creed had spread far and wide. Agriculture, stock-raising and various manufacturing industries had come to be practiced, and commerce in the products of the island had become considerable. The people lived in houses of brick and stone, instead of mud hovels, no longer painted their bodies nor dressed in skins, but clothed themselves as did the Romans, and tempered their harsh guttural speech with some of the melodious characteristics of the Latin tongue.

When the Romans withdrew their dreaded legions from Britain the Caledonian tribes of Picts (painted men), and the Scots, (wanderers) came pouring down through breaches made in the walls of Agricola and Hadrian, and began to plunder the Britons, who, it seems, were quarrelling among themselves, and could not, or did not forget their petty jealousies and unite for the common defense. The hardy Northmen, German sea-rovers of the Saxon tribe, had made several piratical excursions to the British coast, and now ravaged it mercilessly. Between the two enemies, the thirty cities of England that had been built by the Romans, were almost totally destroyed, and the land promised to again become a desert. In vain the Britons implored the Romans to bring back their legions. Rome was in the throes of her death-struggle, and could give them no aid. Finally a powerful prince named Vortigern killed the king who had been crowned by the Bishop of London, and who had pushed the Picts and Scots back to their own country. Vortigern seized the crown himself, but he so angered the people by his haughtiness and cruelty that they would not obey him, and the Caledonians who had been firmly held in check by the former king, began anew their ravages. Finding that his own subjects would not aid him against the Caledonians, Vortigern called to his assistance two famous sea-kings, the Saxons Hengist and Horsa.

He was able by their help to drive out the Caledonians, but when the Northmen asked permission to settle upon the Isle of Thanet, he could not refuse it. In course of time Vortigern married the beautiful Saxon princess, Rowena, and showed such friendship for her people, that the Saxons began to flock to Britain in great numbers. The Britons hated the foreigners, and Rowena, Vortigern's wife. The king had a son, by a former marriage, named Vortimer, and him the Britons crowned king and made a determined effort to drive the Saxons out of Kent, where they had also settled by Vortigern's permission. Rowena poisoned Vortimer, and Hengist, her brother, defeated the Britons and made himself King of Kent. When Hengist had securely established himself in his new kingdom, he is said to have called all of the British chiefs who were his enemies to a council, then murdered them all, the place of the deed being marked to this day by huge stones at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain.

It was in the terrible times that followed, when the heathen Northmen were fighting their way toward the interior of the country, burning churches, killing people, and driving the Britons before them, that the good king Arthur was born in Corn-



Illustration: Merlin and King.

wall, and held the western part of England against them. The legend tells us that his fair palace at Camelot grew up to the sound of magic music of Merlin, a Celtic wizard, who knew all sorts of mysteries. At Camelot Arthur gathered about him the Table Round of brave knights who fought with him against the Pagans, and in twelve great battles defeated them, and drove them back towards the borders of the Northern Ocean. He fell at last, fighting the Saxons, and in Cornwall the Britons long maintained themselves against the invaders, though thousands of their countrymen were slain, and other thousands took refuge in Brittany, Holland and elsewhere. Sometime between the first century and the year 593 A. D., the victorious Saxons founded several kingdoms, whose names still remain as distinguishing the portion of England in which they flourished. Thus Sussex, Essex, Wessex, and Middlesex mean the south, east, west, and middle seax, or Saxon, while Northumberland was a kingdom north of the Humber, and Mercia was a "march" or frontier State.

Now the Saxons were not all of the same tribe, for there were the Northmen from Jutland, who settled in Kent, the Angles, and the Saxons, but as they were all called Saxons by the Britons, they are usually so called in history. The conquerers made slaves of those who submitted to them, and remained in the country. They were exceedingly quarrelsome, and their kings fought for the honor of being called "Britwalda," or "Ruler of Britain," and being the chief authority among the tribes, but after awhile Ethelbert, king of Kent, was acknowledged "Britwalda."

In the year 597 A. D., Ethelbert, who had been for twenty years married to the beautiful Bertha of Paris, a Christian princess, who had held fast to her faith, in the midst of the Pagans about her, was at last influenced by his wife, to forsake his idols and turn to the true God.

He invited monks and Christian teachers into his kingdom, and they built many churches. St. Augustine, who was made bishop of the Saxons, was so merciless to the Saxons who would not acknowledge the pope as supreme head of the church, that there was no very great progress made in Christianity, until long afterward.

When Ethelbert died, in 616, his widow, Queen Bertha was deeply in love with step-son, Eadbald, and in spite of the reproaches of priests and bishops, she married him. So bitter were the Christians of Kents toward Eadbald, that to retaliate upon them, he turned back to the worship of Odin and Thor, whereupon his people too, renounced Christianity. After awhile Eadbald forsook Paganism, and his subjects straightway followed his example, for their religion, whether Christian or Pagan, was no doubt, more form than fact.

Sometime before the death of Ethelbert, Edwin, of Northumbria was driven from his throne by his brother-in-law, Ethelfrid, and lived for thirty years at the court of Redwald, king of the East Angles. Ethelfrid at last learned where Edwin was hiding, and plotted to have him delivered up to be put to death. Redwald was uncertain what answer he ought to return to Ethelfrid, when he sent messengers to demand his kinsman, but his queen, fearing for the life of their guest, went secretly to him, told him of his danger, and warned him to fly at once. Edwin went out alone in the forest, and sleeping one night in its depths he had a vision.



He dreamed that a majestic figure with long flowing hair, stood by his side and assured him that his kingdom should be restored to him, and made him solemnly promise, that if a manner of life better than that known to his fathers should be shown to him, he would follow it. Then laying his hand on the sleeping king's head, the figure said: "When this sign is repeated, remember your vow." The king awoke, and while he was pondering over the dream, his friend, the queen, who had come into the wood to seek him, found him and told him that Redwald had decided to aid him against Ethelfrid. A war was begun, which ended in Edwin becoming not only king of Northumberland, but "Britwalda."

Time went on, Edwin married Ethelburga, the sister of Ealbalda, of Kent, but the Christian priests could not convert him. One good bishop, Paulinus, was specially zealous, but seemed to make no impression, until Edwin almost miraculously escaped assassination, and his young queen recovered from an illness that had seemed mortal. Then Paulinus one day laid his hand on the king's head and said: "Remember your vow." Edwin recalled his dream, and became a Christian. Many of his nobles declared that they were also Christians, and had the bishop baptize them. Even the Pagan priests renounced their gods and converted their temples into Christian churches. It was said that goodness and gentleness prevailed in Kent during Edwin's reign, and that when he was slain in battle, the whole people mourned him.

It was long before another good prince became "Britwalda." About a hundred and thirty years after the reign of Edwin, Brithric of Wessex married a Saxon princess, Edburga, a woman of great beauty. Like many other beauties, Edburga was selfish, haughty and vindictive. She induced the king, her husband, to commit many acts of injustice and cruelty. One of these was the exiling of Egbert, the rightful heir to the throne. For sixteen years the court of Brithric was the scene of violence, and often crime. Edburga contrived by the dagger or poison to take off all who offended her, and at last by mistake or intent, it is uncertain which, she poisoned her own husband. The people of Wessex revolted, and would have torn the hated Edburga limb from limb, but she escaped from them, crossed over into Gaul, wandered to Italy, and died years afterward a wretched beggar in the streets of Pavia.

Egbert had passed the seventeen years of Brithric's reign under the protection of Charlemagne, the great Frankish king. He was with him in Rome when he heard the news of his father's death, and at once hastened to Britain to claim his right. The people joyfully hailed him king, and conquering several of the Saxon kingdoms he became the first real king of all England, for those States he did not conquer, he made pay tribute.

Some time in the reign of Brithric, the Danes and Norwegians had crossed over the sea in their light, strong vessels, and managed to inflict upon the Saxons the miseries, that ages before they had meted out to the Celts or Britons. Indeed they were as fierce Pagans at the time, as the Danes were five hundred years before. Egbert beat them off but they came again when he was dead, and Ethelwulf, his weak irresolute brother, was on the throne. This time they were led by their terrible chieftain, Ragnar Lodbrok. After Ethelwulf, the reign of the next three kings, which included but thirteen years, was a long struggle with the Danes. No sooner were they beaten off in one place, than they appeared in another, and wherever they went they left behind them the ruins of burned dwellings and churches, death, and desolation. You will remember that France and Germany also suffered from them



ANGLO-SAXON HOUSEHOLD.

at the same time, and all western Europe felt them a scourge. During these sad years there was growing up in England its wisest and best king, Alfred, the son of Ethelwulf. He went with his father to Rome when he was but a child, and there received many valuable ideas concerning education, though at twelve years old, he still did not know how to read. It is said that he one day saw his mother reading a book of Saxon poetry, and expressed curiosity concerning it. In those times books were not printed as they are now, but the letters were carved on horn, or painted with a brush on vellum, and a book was a very costly article. Alfred desired very much to possess the book of poetry, and when his mother told her sons that she would give it to the one that first learned to read it, he secured a teacher and worked so diligently, that the book was awarded him.

When Alfred was made king, after his brother Ethelred was killed by the Norsemen, the different States had made a truce with the invaders, but Alfred determined that he would drive them out of Wessex. He fought ten great battles against them the first year he wore the crown, but they still kept crossing over to the shores of England. Their leader now was Guthrum.

In the fourth year of his reign Alfred was surprised by the enemy on Christmas day, and came near being made prisoner, but escaped and fled to a small island in a little river of Somersetshire, where some of his bravest nobles joined him, and built a fort from which they assailed the Danes, whenever the opportunity offered. The king was disguised as a cow-herder when he escaped the Danes, and as a cow-herder sought refuge in a peasant's hut. It was while he was a member of the humble peasant's household, that the housewife left him to watch some oat or barley cakes, which she put down in front of the hearth to bake while she went about her other duties. Absorbed in the thoughts of his subjects and how to rid the country of the Danes, he allowed the cakes to burn and was soundly rated as a lazy dog by the wrathful woman. When his nobles assembled, King Alfred was anxious to give battle to the Danes, but he knew nothing of their number or their plans. His Devonshire subjects had beaten a Danish chief, Hubba, and taken from him the blood-red flag, on which the daughters of Ragnar Lodbrok had embroidered long before, a raven, that was thought by the Danes to be enchanted, and flapped its wings before a victory, and drooped them before a defeat. The Danes were far more dismayed by the loss of this standard than by Hubba's death. The Devonshire men repaired to Alfred's camp and put themselves under his orders.

The Danes were fond of feasting and carousing. They were also fond of good music. King Alfred dressed himself as a wandering minstrel, and went to the place where the enemy was encamped, for he wished to spy upon their movements. He



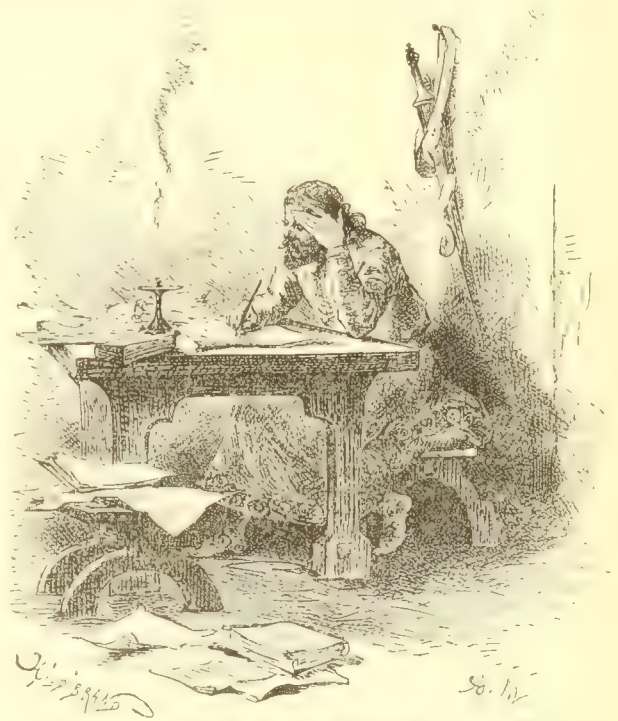
carried his harp under his arm, and as he could both sing and play, soon interested the Danes, who liked nothing better than to hear songs to the accompaniment of that instrument. He stayed about their camp several days until he had learned all that he wanted to know, then rejoining his own men, he advanced cautiously against the enemy.

When the Danes least expected an attack, Alfred fell upon them with his warriors, and beating them soundly, compelled them to surrender. After making their chief Guthrum, submit to baptism, he allowed them to settle in East Anglia, and there they became Christians and peaceful dwellers among the Saxons. New hordes of savage Danes crossed the channel into England soon after, and ravaged the coast to their heart's content, then passed over to France. As soon as they were gone Alfred built a fleet of vessels to cruise about in the channel, and guard the coast. In spite of his watchfulness, a company of Danes did come over, joined Guthrum's host in East Anglia, and besieged Rochester, but Alfred defeated the "truce-breakers," and drove their allies beyond the sea.

To protect the country, Alfred made every ninth freeman a soldier, and kept an army on hand for emergencies. He built up the ruined cities, formulated wise and good laws, and encouraged learning. For eight years no Danes disturbed England, then Hastings, the pirate chief, came over. For four years the Saxons fought bravely, and finally once more drove out the thieving, murdering sea-rovers, and put swift vessels on the ocean, to chase their crafts, hanging all of the pirates they could capture.

Alfred was a perfect type of the English Saxon character. He was resolute, industrious, fond of knowledge, law and order. His people had made much progress before his time, and he procured the most clever builders, the most skillful sailors, and workmen of various kinds to settle among them, and teach them new branches of work. Alfred, himself, was an inventor, and is said to have invented the horn lanterns, which the Saxons long used, to shield the tapers, that served them as clocks. After suffering for many years, with patience, from an incurable disease, Alfred died at the age of fifty-three, and his son Edward became king.

No sooner did the Danes learn of the death of the great Saxon king, than they came over to England to plunder the people, and Alfred's own brother, who wanted to be king of the Saxons, joined with them against his country. The leader of the Northmen, and the traitorous Saxon chief, were both killed in battle, and Edward made a bargain with the invaders, allowing them all of their spoils and conquests, if they would promise not to fight any more. This was done merely to gain time to subdue them, for it is not at all likely that Edward believed they would keep that promise very long. He at once busied himself in building strong forts, in favorable



Alfred the Great in His Study

places throughout his kingdom, and when he had finished his preparations, he made the Danes acknowledge him as their king, driving out of the country, all who were not willing to do so.

Athelstan, the next English king, the valiant son of Edward, remembered the glory of his father and grandfather, and his reign of fifteen years, which ended in 940, was a wise one. He was never married, and when he died his half-brother Edmund, became king at the age of eighteen. The Saxons still loved to feast, and Edmund, as his forefathers for ages had done, often sat in his great hall, surrounded by his fierce lords, with meats steaming on the board, and strong ale brimming in the beakers. One evening, when he had drunk more than was good for him, and all of his lords had probably followed his example, in spite of the fact that it was a Saint's day, he sat at the feast. He was in the quarrelsome stage of drunkenness, when looking down the hall, he saw seated at his board, and partaking of the good cheer, a certain Leof, a robber, upon whose head a price was set. King Edmund's anger rose above his prudence, for knowing that Leof was a desperate fellow, he commanded the robber, with contemptuous words, to leave the board and to depart. Leof refused, and the king made a dash at him, seized him by the long hair, and tried to fling him down. Leof snatched a dagger from his girdle, and stabbed the king to death. The guards fell upon him, but with the ferocity of a wild beast he fought them, until he was literally cut in pieces.

Edred, the brother of Edmund succeeded him on the throne, but as the Danes chose one of their own countrymen, Eric, as king, Edred had his hands full in making war against them, and left the government of his kingdom to a crafty and unscrupulous priest, named Dunstan. You must know, that even as early as these times of which I am telling you, the popes of Rome declared themselves the supreme authority in religion, the world over, but the Saxons were too independent of soul to willingly acknowledge that a far-away Italian pope, was their spiritual master, or had any right to interfere in their affairs. Dunstan labored with all his might to secure the Pope's power in Great Britain, and he seemed to have only two real objects in life; to increase the Pope's power and his own. When he was quite a young boy, Dunstan, in the delirium of fever, wandered into Glastonbury church, which was being repaired, and walked upon the naked beams high above the ground coming down safely. When he became a man, and turned priest, this feat of his was declared a miracle, but if it was one you and I have seen similar ones in the lives of many boys, who venture into all sorts of dangerous places, and come out unscathed. Dunstan was so very strict in his fasts, and was so uncommonly severe upon every one who indulged in any harmless amusement, that he gained a great reputation for holiness, and you will find in history, and perhaps in life, many other people, who base their reputation for goodness, on no more solid foundation. King Edred had great faith in Dunstan and appointed him treasurer of his kingdom, and took his advice on every subject. With all of the king's money at his command, Dunstan gained influence with the people, and founded many churches and monasteries. He was a clever man, who could sing, and play the harp, knew how to work metals, and had no doubt learned by secret study and experiment, many of the elements of the natural sciences.

Because of his knowledge of these with which he used to work "miracles," the people came to regard him as a magician, and were afraid to disobey or oppose him. Dunstan pretended to think it extremely wicked for priests to have wives, like other



men, and he founded monasteries for monks, who were bound by the most solemn vows to live unmarried. He was planning to compel all of the priests to give up their wives and families, when Edred died, and his nephew, Edwy the Fair, came to the throne in 955 A. D.

Edwy was but fifteen years old, a noble and beautiful youth. Although so young, he immediately married his sweet young cousin, Elgiva, in spite of the protest of Dunstan, and Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury. When he was crowned the nobles of the land held a great feast in his hall, at which they ate so much, drank so much, told such coarse stories, and behaved altogether in such a beastly manner that the pure-minded Edwy was shocked and disgusted. He said nothing, however, but after awhile quietly left the company and went to his wife's room.

He was sitting there in conversation with her and her mother when Dunstan and another impudent priest, both half-drunk, forced themselves into the queen's chamber and commanded the king to return to the hall. Edwy refused to go, and Dunstan, after pouring upon the queen and her mother a torrent of the foulest abuse, dragged the king by force back into the banquet room.

The king was furious at the insult, and some of his nobles taking his side, Dunstan was obliged to flee to Belgium for his life. Odo then stirred up a revolt against the king, and because he hated the beauty that had won Edwy's heart, seized fair Elgiva, and barbarously branded her lovely face with a red-hot iron. He pretended that he thought it monstrous for cousins to marry, and that he had been very gentle with Elgiva, who, he said, deserved to die. When he had taken revenge upon her beauty, he sold her as a slave into Ireland. The Irish people were so moved by the sorrows of the innocent queen and persecuted king, that they cured Elgiva of her cruel burns, and sent her back to England, as fair as ever. Hearing that she was returning, Odo and his supporters, who had now driven Edwy from the throne, caused the queen to be waylaid, and tortured to death. He had borne his trials most bravely, but when he heard of the dreadful death of his beloved wife his heart broke, and he too, died, and the pitiful story of this boy and girl, so persecuted for love's sake, so true to each other to the last, has been the theme of many a poet's song.

As soon as Edwy had been hounded to his death by his priestly murderers, Dunstan and Odo, his brother Edgar, who was thoroughly under their thumb, was crowned king. Dunstan became again the real ruler of the land, and did contrive to do some good amid the much evil, during the sixteen years of the reign of Edgar. The king made stately journeys through the kingdom every year, and kept a fleet constantly sailing about England to head off the Danes and Norwegians. He called the assemblies of the people every year, made good laws, and punished so severely some outrages committed by the Danes settled upon the Isle of Thanet, that the English merchants, who had long suffered from their practices, were henceforth safe. All of these things the king no doubt did at Dunstan's suggestion.

In spite of the fact that Edgar is often called the "Peace-maker," it is certain that he was a graceless scamp, and that Dunstan, while pretending to be very severe upon his sins, really encouraged them, in order that the king should be amused, and should be kept engaged, and thus not interfere too much in the government. It is



Riding with Pillion

certain that the "Peace-maker" king was an unworthy descendant of Alfred, with none of the love of law and virtue that animated the greatest of the Saxon kings. He carried off the nuns from their convents to live with him in his court, and if he wanted the wife of one of his nobles, he made no scruple of taking her.

There is a story told of him that shows well his character. He heard that one of his knights had a beautiful daughter, Elfrida, and as she was very rich, he sent one of his courtiers, Athelwold, to see her and find out whether she were really as beautiful as she was reported. Athelwold fell in love with Elfrida himself, and persuaded her to marry him, although she did not then know that he had come by the order of the king to inspect her charms. Athelwold went back to Edgar and told him that Elfrida was rich, but not at all beautiful, and after a time informed him that he himself had married the heiress. The king suspected that Athelwold had played him a trick, and informed him that he would visit him and his bride. Athelwold was alarmed, and politely tried to dissuade the king, making all sorts of excuses, but Edgar was determined. Elfrida had professed the most passionate attachment to her husband, and Athelwold determined to confess his treachery to her, and implore her to help him out of the dilemma in which he found himself. He did so, and besought her to dress herself in her meanest dress, when the king came to visit them, and pretend to be half witted, in order to disgust him.

Elfrida readily promised, but in secret she was bitterly angry with Athelwold, that he had prevented her from becoming queen. Therefore, when Edgar came, she dressed herself in her most splendid garments, arrayed her neck and arms with jewels, and was as charming as she knew how to be, entertaining the king with witty conversation, and putting forth all of her arts to fascinate him. Edgar, of course determined to possess her, but he dissembled, and told Athelwold that his judgment was correct, and Elfrida was common-looking. One day the king and Athelwold rode merrily out to hunt in the forest. How it happened was never told, but Athelwold was left bleeding and dying from a spear-thrust in the forest, and the king returned alone to Elfrida, married her, and she founded a convent on the spot where Athelwold fell, as an atonement for his murder.

This Elfrida was a wicked creature. When Edgar died, leaving a son, Edward, by a former marriage, Elfrida schemed to have his claim to the throne set aside, and her own little son Ethelred, a boy of seven made king. Dunstan, and the Council, or Wise Men, chose Edward, and Elfrida left the court, taking Ethelred with her. About this time there arose trouble between Dunstan's monks, and the priests who had wives, and many of the latter were driven from their churches, and monks installed in their places. A great pestilence visited England, and Dunstan, who pretended to know nearly everything, and to be in the confidence of Providence, declared that the plague was sent on the people, because they allowed the priests to marry. Then a council was called to settle the religious quarrel. It is suspected that Dunstan had the beams of the council chamber sawed in several places at any rate the floor gave way, and many of his opponents were killed, while that part of the floor where Dunstan and his friends sat, did not fall. Dunstan at once declared that God had thus chosen to confound his enemies, and won his point, and the married priests were made to give up their families, and those who were unmarried were bidden to remain so.

When the new king, Edward, had reigned four years, he was one day hunting near the place where his step-mother, and his little half-brother, Ethelred lived.



Leaving his troop, he galloped alone to Elfrida's castle gate, and gaily wound his horn. The queen knew the sound of the king's blast, and calling one of her men-servants aside, she gave him an order, then went down to greet Edward. The king chatted kindly with Elfrida, and his little brother, and finally asked for a cup of wine to quench his thirst. It was given to him, and pledging his step-mother in a few courteous words, he raised it to his lips when the man, to whom Elfrida had given the swift and secret command, plunged a dagger into Edward's side.

Ethelred shrieked with terror, as his brother struck the spurs into his horse and dashed away, and the cruel queen beat him unmercifully and bade him be silent. Fainting from loss of blood, the king fell, one of his feet hanging in the stirrup. His frightened horse dragged the poor young king over sticks and stones, and he was found dead by the roadside, his golden hair stiff with dirt and blood, and his fair boyish face so disfigured, that there was no semblance of humanity left. Elfrida showed no pity when she looked upon the sad sight. She rejoiced that her attempt had been successful, for now Ethelred would become king of England.

Dunstan was rather unwilling to make Ethelred king. He would have preferred to take out of her convent the daughter of Edward, whose mother had been a nun of Wilton, and make her queen, but the maiden very sensibly decided to remain in her safe retreat, so Ethelred was crowned. Elfrida atoned for her guilt as usual, by building convents, and giving money to the church.

Ethelred received the name of "The Unready" from his Saxon subjects. The name Ethelred means "noble counsellor," but "se unrede" is the Saxon for "who cannot advise," so they called him in derision, Ethelred the Unready. He never knew the proper thing to do or say, and was always making some serious blunder. Dunstan had grown old by this time. He had told some very extraordinary lies, that made the people revere him as a saint. For instance he declared that he held long conversations with the devil, and that during one of these, when he was at work at the little forge in his cell, he pinched the nose of his Satanic Majesty, making him roar so loud for mercy that he might have been heard a dozen miles away. In his old age Dunstan lived in a little cell that was too small for him to lie down straight in, fasted, wore an uncomfortable hair-cloth shirt next his person, never washed himself, and did a great many other things that were supposed to be the duty of those who wanted to please God. He accomplished, either by his eloquence or by trickery, everything that he set his heart upon, and died at a ripe old age. Even now there are people who believe that he was a veritable saint.

When Ethelred had been king for some years, long enough for the Danes to discover his weakness, they came in great numbers to England. Three times Ethelred bought them off, each time paying them a large sum of money. The last time he paid them \$120,000, and made a treaty with them. This was in the year 1002, and soon after, Ethelred, with his usual genius for blundering, married Emma, daughter of Richard of Normandy, to secure the friendship of that duchy.

The Normans, as you know, were of the same blood as the Danes, and they naturally took the side of their kinsmen. They regarded Sweyn of Denmark as their king, and as Sweyn commanded the marauding expeditions into England, would have been glad to see him king of that country.

Many Normans went over with Emma, and were given places of trust in the kingdom. In spite of these facts Ethelred gained the hostility of the whole Norman people, by one of the most cruel acts ever laid at the door of any English king.

Having heard that some of the Danes were conspiring against him, he gave secret instructions that on St. Brice's day the Danes throughout the whole land were to be murdered, without regard to age, sex or religion, for many of them had become Christians. The wicked deed was done, and many a hearthstone was red with slaughter on that dreadful day in November, 1002. Some of Ethelred's own Danish soldiers took refuge in a church just outside of London, but more cruel than Alaric the Goth, who you will remember respected the sanctuary that the churches afforded, the Saxons dragged the brave soldiers forth and murdered them. Being accustomed to lay aside their arms on a saint's day, the soldiers were unarmed, and thus defenseless. To this day the place of their butchery is called St. Clement's Dane.

Many of the Saxons had married Danes. Sweyn's own sister was the wife of a Saxon nobleman, but her two sons were killed before her eyes, and she was beheaded. With her last breath Gunhilda called a dreadful vengeance down upon her slayers and upon England, and it soon came. When Sweyn heard of Ethelred's savage onslaught upon the Danes, he swore by the gods of his fathers, by the souls of the heroes of Valhalla, and by the blood of his murdered kinsmen, to take as dreadful revenge as the crime warranted. With a great army, composed of the most valiant, courageous and fiercest of the Danes, and in which there was neither a slave nor an old man, he set forth for England, with such a fleet as never before had been launched upon northern waters. His own ship had the head of a brazen dragon on the prow, and was called "The Great Serpent."

Every Viking ship in those days, and from time immemorial, had upon its prow the head of some beast or monster, and to the superstitious Saxons who saw this large fleet nearing England it must have seemed that all of the fabled creatures of the earth, air and waters, menaced their land from the prows of these Danish vessels. Yet had those ships been themselves the most terrible monsters they would have been more easy to vanquish than were the men who manned them, and this the Saxons soon found.

The invaders burned towns and killed people, made noble lords spread great banquets for them, then killed their entertainers, laid low the roof that had been their shelter, and passed on, sparing no Saxon of any age or sex that fell in their way. The Saxons made a stand against the Danes, but were defeated in a terrible battle. The people left their fields unplowed and unsown, and fled before the Northmen. The harvest-time came, and there was no grain to be garnered. The horrors of famine were added to the horrors of war, and this at last compelled the Danes to retreat after they had ravaged the country for a year. They did not go far, only to the Isle of Wight, and fixing their winter-quarters there, in the year 1004, plundered the coasts of all surrounding countries.

Ethelred called his councillors to him, for he had fled to a remote part of North-western England, and again he purchased peace, this time paying \$180,000. Two years afterward the Danes came again, and scornfully refusing all offers of money, advanced into the heart of the kingdom. Many of the English ships either turned pirate, or joined the enemy. London held out for a year, but many other rich cities were taken by the Danes, plundered and burned to the ground. When there was little left for them to destroy, the avengers consented to take \$240,000 to cease their ravages and leave the country. Poor England was now beggared of her wealth, and as her thousands of brave defenders had been done to death by Danish swords, the



country was ruined. The mean-souled Ethelred would not face the result of his folly, and fled with his wife and two sons to Normandy.

Sweyn made himself king of England, but the King of kings summoned him to pay that tribute which we must all at last yield, and his son, Canute, claimed England as his, by the right of his father's conquest, in the year 1013. The Saxons sent for Ethelred, who came back and led them to battle against Canute. The Danish king had taken hostages from the Saxons, and when Ethelred's army defeated him and drove him into his ships, he cut off the ears, noses, and hands of these unhappy creatures, and set them on shore at Sandwich.

Canute sailed away, and Ethelred was soon blundering as was his fate. He disgusted his subjects by his cruelty to two Anglo-Danish chiefs, and created so much dissatisfaction among them that Canute at once sailed back again, and shut Ethelred up in London, where he died, and thus rid the nation of one of their greatest misfortunes, a weak king.

Ethelred was married twice, and was the father of thirteen children, eleven born of a Saxon marriage, and two of the unfortunate Norman match. Edmund, his eldest son called "Ironsides," was crowned king of England by the besieged Saxons in London, and he immediately made his way out of the city, and raised an army. He was a brave, resolute prince, and the Saxons loved him well. He gained their admiration by driving Canute away from London, and making him agree to bound his conquests by the old Roman road, lying between Dover and Chester, giving to the Saxons all south of it, with him, Edmund, as their king. Edmund Ironsides only lived two months to enjoy his victory. It was thought that he was poisoned by Canute's order.

Canute now married Emma, the widow of "The Unready," who left her two sons, Alfred and Edward, in Normandy, and came over to England, with right good will, to marry the Danish king. She converted him to the Christian faith, and his eighteen years' reign over England, was a time of plenty and prosperity. Canute claimed also the crowns of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and maintained some of his claims with English arms. He became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe, and was active in trying to convert his heathen countrymen, both in England and on the continent, to the Christian faith, establishing among them many churches and schools. So well did he protect, and so wisely did he govern England, that his subjects almost forgot that he was their conqueror, and liked to remember that he was descended from the same Teutonic tribe, that gave to them the ancestor of the illustrious Alfred.

Canute made several pilgrimages to Rome, and from one of these he brought back to England with solemn pomp the arm-bones of St. Augustine, for which he paid \$5,500,000, as much money as he had collected in taxes from his English subjects in four years. The traffic in saints' bones, you see, must thus have been very profitable for the Church in the days of Canute, and we may estimate what the whole skeleton of a dead saint would have brought, when his arm-bones were sold at such a high price. The ignorant supposed that these relics worked miracles, as though any sanctity could reside in this mortal husk, when the soul that hallowed it had fled! But even now there are persons who think more of the toe-joint of some dead and gone saint, than you would suppose, and cherish a tooth, or some other relic of mortality of a saint as a very choice possession. Their faith is not shaken by the fact that it has more than once been discovered that there are bones enough of certain saints

that have been solemnly asserted as "authentic," to fit out a whole monastery of uncommonly bony saints, and that wood enough of the "true cross" exists in various shrines, to build a good sized church.

Canute died in 1035, and his widow, Emma, who had long ago given her two sons by Ethelred, to understand that they should never inherit their father's kingdom, and who seemed to care nothing for them, was left again a widow. Her son Hardicanute, and Canute's two sons by a former marriage, Sweyn and Harold, received their father's possessions. Sweyn was crowned king of Norway, and Emma wanted Hardicanute to become king of England, but as he was absent in Denmark at the time of his father's death, Harold succeeded in having himself crowned.

Harold was a worthless rascal, who cared only for money, getting drunk, and going hunting. No archbishop would crown him, but this made no difference to him, for he was a Pagan. At his instigation Emma invited Alfred and Edward to come over to England. Edward came with a force of soldiers, but being convinced that some treachery was meditated, he went back to Normandy. Poor Alfred was less fortunate; tempted by his unnatural mother, he landed on the shores of Kent with a small force of soldiers. Earl Godwin, a Saxon who had grown rich and powerful under Canute, met him and welcomed him, and went with him and his men to Guildford. The Normans divided into small parties, and slept in different houses. The king's soldiers were informed where they all might be found, and in the middle of the night took them all prisoners. The next day, nine out of every ten of the Normans, to the number of six hundred, were butchered, the tenth man being sold into slavery. Prince Alfred was tied naked to the back of a wild horse, taken to the Isle of Ely and tortured to death, first having his eyes torn from his head.

Emma had trouble with the king soon after, because he had seized upon some of her property, and fearing for her life, fled to Flanders. Harold died at the end of two years, and Hardicanute became king. He was a Pagan, glutton and a drunkard. His first act when he returned to England, was to have Harold's body taken from its tomb, and thrown into the Thames. He hated the English, and took no pains to conceal from them his feeling. He filled all of the offices of the State with Danes, and granted them privileges that were very distasteful to the people. He lived for two years to wear the English crown, and it is doubtful whether he was ever entirely sober once in that time. He fell down drunk at the wedding feast of one of his Danes and died. With Hardicanute Danish kings came to an end in England.

Ethelred's son, Edward, was now called to the English throne. Earl Godwin was chiefly instrumental in gaining the crown for Edward, and the king therefore married Editha, the earl's daughter. Edward did not love the young queen, and treated her with such marked coldness, that her father and brothers became his bitter enemies. The Normans with whom Edward filled all the posts of honor in the State, and to whom he gave riches in money and lands, grew very insolent to the English, and were hated right heartily.

A party of Normans who came to visit the English king made themselves especially obnoxious to the people of Dover. When they had paid their visit, and were on their way home, they demanded food and lodging of the Dover people, until a ship should come in, which they might secure to carry them across the channel. The Dover people were willing to lodge the Normans, but when the Normans flatly refused to pay for anything, treated the people as slaves, and rode over men and women in the streets, and even murdered one of the citizens at his



own fireside, they rose up in their wrath, killed nineteen of the Normans, and drove the rest out of town.

Their leader hastened to Edward, and demanded judgment against the people of Dover. Earl Godwin was the lord of Dover, and Edward ordered him to punish the people with the utmost severity. The stern old Saxon told the king, who was so much under the influence of Norman priests and nobles that he had no feeling for the English that he would not punish the people whom he had sworn to protect. The king then summoned the Earl to come and be punished for his disobedience. The Earl raised an army, and demanded that the king punish the Normans for their outrages upon the English. It seemed certain that war would be the result, but the Earl's men began to desert him, and the king ordered him and his sons to leave the country. Editha, who had nothing at all to do with the affair, was shut up in a convent, and all of her property and jewels were taken away from her.

One of Godwin's sons, Harold, went to Ireland, and there secured a fleet to ravage the English coast on the south. He was joined by his father, and they sailed to London. The wise men gathered, called Godwin and his family back and made all of the Norman favorites leave the country. They caused the abused queen Editha to be restored to her rights, and invited Godwin and his sons to court. While the old Earl was absent in banishment, William, Duke of Normandy, made a visit to England. Edward had been brought up in the same castle with William, and felt very kindly toward him. William had his eye on the English crown, and as Edward had no children, he thought he had a fair chance of possessing it.

Godwin only lived three days after he returned to favor. The French say that as the Earl and the king were being served at table by the former's sons, Harold and Tostig, for it was not considered a disgrace by the English for men to perform domestic services, and the thanes or nobles always served about the person of the king, Tostig slipped and Harold kept him from falling. Their father noticed it and said: "So brother helps brother?"

Thinking of his brother Alfred, so barbarously put to death, the king said bitterly: "So would my brother have helped me, hadst thou not slain him." Godwin broke a piece of bread and held it up. "May this piece of bread choke me if I slew thy brother, or had aught to do with his death," he cried. Then he put the bread in his mouth, and tried to swallow it, but it stuck in his throat, and he choked to death. The English denied the story, and said that Godwin died of old age and hardship. The whole nation mourned for him, because he had upheld the English against foreigners, and they loved Harold for his father's sake, as well as his own, and Edward made him one of his advisers. He was regarded by the nation as the successor of their king, whom the monks called Edward the Confessor, because he was in all things more like a monk than a king.

Not long after Godwin's death Harold was for some reason out upon the sea, and was cast by a storm upon the Norman coast. He and the shipwrecked English with him were at once put in prison, and the nobleman who held them sent to Duke William, and told him that he had Harold in his power. William took Harold to his castle, and treated him with great kindness, and Harold helped him in his war with the Celts of Britain. One day William told Harold that Edward the Confessor had promised him the English crown at his death. Observing that Harold looked troubled over the communication, he laid a trap for him. He called his principal nobles together, and bringing a tub full of the bones of saints from a neighboring

sanctuary, covered them with a cloth, and laid a prayer-book upon the covering. Then he summoned Harold, and commanded him to swear upon the prayer-book that he would give up all claim to the English crown, and allow Duke William to have it, pretending that Harold had told him that he was willing to do so.

Now Duke William had not a shadow of right to the English crown, and Harold knew it. Neither had Harold ever intimated that he would acknowledge William's claim for his own, as the head of the most powerful Saxon family in the kingdom, and the brother of the queen was far more likely to meet the approval of his countrymen. Nevertheless he was in the power of the Norman Duke, and he took the oath, not at all meaning to keep it. He was very much disturbed to find that the prayer-book upon which he had sworn was laid upon so many of the bones of the saints, but it is doubtful that his resolution not to keep the unfairly extorted promise was at all shaken.

When Edward died, in 1066, the wise men chose Harold for the king. Tostig had been made ruler of Northumberland by Edward, but he was so cruel to his people, that they drove him from the country. He demanded that Harold restore him to Northumberland, but Harold knew that the people would not receive him, and refused to do so. Then Tostig secured the aid of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway, and sailed for England. The Norwegians landed at the mouth of the Tyne, and beat off the force that was sent to oppose them. They made peace with the people of York, and everything seemed to promise an easy victory. The defeated English had promised the Norwegians some hostages, and the invaders retired to their ships and waited for these. On the morning of the fourth day after their landing at the mouth of the Tyne, and the defeat of the English, the Norwegians anchored near the mouth of the Derwent, spied the gleam of armor, and the glancing of spears, and thinking that the hostages were coming marched forth to meet them.

What was their surprise, to see king Harold, with a great English army, sweeping down upon them. The Norwegians threw themselves into a hollow square and waited. Hardrada, their king, was almost a giant in size, and sat his great war-horse, with right royal grace at the head of his army. Tostig was in favor of retreating at once to the ships, but Hardrada, who was one of the most famous soldiers of Europe, would not consent, and sending the marshal for the rest of his force, rode about among his men, encouraging them.

King Harold noticed the huge Norseman, and asked of one of his attendants: "Who is that large, fair man, who rides so proudly yonder, and looks so kingly?"

"He is Harold Hardrada," was the reply.

Just then the Norwegian king's horse stumbled and threw him to the ground. Hardrada rose with a smile, repeating the lines from an old German song about a tall being "good luck for a traveler," but king Harold of England turned to his men and said:

"Hardrada is a tall and stately king, but his luck has forsaken him."

Then king Harold left the main body of his army, following a herald who carried a flag of truce. The herald stopped in hailing distance of the Norwegians and cried:

"Is Tostig, Son of Godwin here?" and Tostig himself answered, "I am," and rode out, to hear what the English might say. The herald addressed him when he had approached near enough:

"Harold, by the grace of God, king of England, sends this message to Tostig, the son of Godwin. He would not, if perchance it may be avoided, make war upon



his brother, and bids me offer the peace, and a third of his kingdom."

"And what will Harold give to my friend, the king of Norway, who hath espoused my cause, and ventured much on the issue?" replied Tostig.

"Seven feet of English earth?" replied Harold himself. "No more?" queried the other. "Aye replied the English king, with a smile. "Since Hardrada is an exceeding tall man, mayhap an inch or two more."

"No peace for me, then Harold, son of Godwin," answered his brother, "It shall never be said that Tostig forsook his friends for his enemies. Defiance to thee, I will win England by the good swords of my soldiers, or die in the attempt."

Tostig then rode back, and King Harold too joined his men. As Harold rode away, Hardrada inquired of Tostig: "Who is yon little man, who sits in his stirrups so well?" "That is Harold, king of England?" replied Tostig, and told Hardrada the substance of the parley. The Norwegian king reproached Harold, that he had not slain his brother on the spot, but Tostig protested that he could only give fair terms to Harold, when he came offering him peace and a third of his kingdom.

Now all was made ready for the battle. It was near Stamford bridge, on the river Derwent, that the Norwegians were posted. Hardrada took his station by his banner, and his men awaited the onset. It soon came. The English shouted their battle-cry, as they dashed against the foe. "St. Brice!" "St. Brice!" cried the Norwegians, in memory of Ethelred's dread massacre of their Danish kinsmen.

As long as the Norwegians kept their ranks, the English could make no headway against them, but they soon lost all coolness, and throwing their shields aside, leaped among their foes, and fought as though the madness of their "Berserker" was upon them. Then it was that the English slowly pressed them back, but Hardrada did such mighty deeds that none could stand before him, swinging his great battle-axe, like a veritable Thor. One huge Norwegian, as tall as Hardrada himself, reached the bridge, and held it until a host of his countrymen had passed over. The Saxons tried in vain to dislodge him, but could not succeed until one of their spearmen crept beneath the bridge, and with an upward thrust of his weapon, between the planks, pierced the brave Northman's heart.

Finally an arrow struck Hardrada in the throat and the red blood gushed through the wound with every pulsation of his heart. He staggered and fell, Tostig caught his standard from his hand and shook it aloft, that the despairing Norsemen might believe that their king was still alive.

"Tostig," cried Harold, "I offer thee peace; you are my father's son. I offer thee peace, and quarter for thy men."

"No peace for us," shouted Tostig, and his men took up the cry. "Victory we will have over thee, Harold, or the death which we do not fear."

The Northmen from the vessels by this time reached the ground, and the battle began anew with the utmost fierceness. Again Saxon coolness won the day. Tostig was slain and the Norwegians defeated, and at the mercy of their foes, surrendered. Harold used his advantage wisely. He gave the Northmen who had survived the battle, four-and-twenty ships, and saw them sail away to their own country, then repaired to York, and held a great feast over the victory.

William of Normandy had not been idle all of this time. He carried his story of Harold's broken faith to the Pope, who espoused the Norman cause, and sent the duke a banner which he had blessed. William gathered an army of all sorts of adventurers, and desperate fighting men, to whom he held out prospects of English

plunder, and landed an immense force at Pevensey, on the southern coast, four days after the fight at Stamford bridge.

Harold's two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, advised him to lay the country waste before William, so that his army could get no supplies, but the king had not the heart to destroy the property of his people. He left York, and traveled in hot haste to London. Gathering what force he could, he fortified his camp which he pitched at Senlac, on a hill, by driving stakes along the front of his lines. These stakes served both as a shelter for his archers, and a protection against the Norman cavalry, for William had a large number of horse-soldiers, while the Saxons fought only on foot.

The standard of England, a golden dragon, was placed in the center of the line, and near it Harold's own banner, a knight in armor, embroidered in gold thread, and set with jewels. The Normans were camped on the lower ground, nearer the sea, and so the two armies lay on the eve of the battle that decided the fate of England. In the morning, Harold placed his best armed and veteran fighters in the front, and bade them, no matter what might happen, not to allow themselves to be drawn from their shield of pickets. Early in the day, the Normans advanced to the attack. First came Duke William, a stately and warlike presence, and by his side rode his standard-bearer, holding aloft the banner which the Pope had blessed. To the right and left came his mounted knights, cased in steel from head to foot, and bearing huge two-handed swords, and armed also with battle-axes and javelins. In front were the Norman archers on foot, and behind them were the men of Britain, and the host that made up Duke William's army.

A Norman knight of giant size began the fight. Riding forth alone toward the English lines, and throwing up his sword and catching it by the hilt, he sang of the bravery of Roland at Rencesvalles, and the glory of those who die on the field of honor. Two English knights came out against him. He slew them both, but fell under the battle-axe of a third. As he fell the Normans uttered their battle-cry, "God help us." The English answered with a deep shout of "God's rood, Holy rood," and stood as firmly as rocks, as the Normans rushed forward and dashed themselves against them, cutting down the assailing horsemen with their battle-axes, and linking their shields, to protect themselves from the rain of arrows that was showered upon them. The Normans recoiled, again and again, beaten off with great loss, and again and again they returned to the charge.

It was rumored among the assailants, that Duke William was slain, and they began to lose heart. The duke took off his helmet and rode before the lines, to show his men that he still lived, and the battle went on. All that fair October day it raged. The English Harold fell blinded by an arrow, dying at the foot of his standard. A company of Normans pressed forward to secure the body, but the brave English defended their king dead, as they had fought for him living, and when the moon came out, it shone upon a heap of corpses, beneath which lay the dead body of Harold, for the Saxons had fought bravely by the side of their king and died bravely when he fell. The golden dragon was torn and stained, and the gayly embroidered knight in armor on Harold's banner was trodden under foot, and soaked with the blood of the bravest and best of the defenders of England.

The Norman duke set up his tent on that bloody field, and while the Saxon women without went to and fro seeking their loved ones, moaning and weeping over their dead, and Harold's fair wife, Editha, with her own hands, turned face after face



up to the pitying moonlight, seeking her lord, the Conqueror feasted and made merry. When the Conqueror was told that Harold's body had been found, he said: "Let it be buried here in sight of the sea. He guarded this land well living, let him guard it dead."

The Saxons were not to be discouraged, by even so dreadful a disaster as the death of their king and most of their chiefs. Duke William marched toward London, killing every Englishman, armed or unarmed, that fell in his way, and burning the grain in the fields and barns, and destroying the houses of the peasants. In the city of London, Edgar Atheling, the son of Ironsides, was made king by the Saxons, but when the Normans came near the city, and the new king learned that the people had an idea of submitting to the conqueror, he fled to Scotland where his sister was the wife of the king.

Duke William of Normandy was crowned King of England on Christmas day of the year 1066, but before he would trust himself to the people to whom he promised to be a loving lord, he built a strong fort from the ruins of an old Roman castle in the midst of the city, and garrisoned it with his soldiers. This fort stands yet, and is called now, as then, "The Tower of London," and it has played its part in many a sad tragedy.

For seven years dreadful war raged all over England. The property of the Saxons was wrested from them, and given to the Normans. The outraged people banded together in the woods and swamps, again and again, and fell upon the Normans, when and where they could. The Norman barons built strong castles all over the country to hold what they had taken, and the Conqueror rewarded his meanest servants with princely domains. Many of these founded "noble" families, who to this very day trace their ancestry back to those strong-handed spoilers. Once the Saxons fell upon the Norman garrison in the castle of York. There were three thousand men at arms, and five hundred mailed knights to oppose them, yet the desperate English took the place and put every Norman to the sword. Then they implored the Danes to come to their relief, but William knew that the only object that the Danes could have in doing so, would be the hope of plunder, and he bought them off.

William was hunting in the forest of Dean, when he heard of the disaster of York. Throwing aside his weapons of the chase, he called for his armor, swearing by the throne of the Almighty God, that he would take such vengeance on the Saxons of Northumbria, as would forever render them unable to revolt. Then he assembled his army and marched toward Northumbria. The Saxons, under the two sons of Harold took ship and fled, remaining in and about the river Humber during the whole of that winter.

William too, remained in the north, and employed himself most cruelly. He ordered his soldiers to destroy everything in the country that had given support to the patriots—he called them rebels—and was careful to see for himself that his orders were obeyed. For sixty miles there was not a village, town, hamlet, or any human habitation left standing. The crops were burned in the fields, the cattle killed, and the whole land was made a desolation. The people who had been driven from their homes died by the thousands from hunger and cold.

Oh what curses, what prayers for vengeance, what tears and lamentations filled England. Uneasy must have lain the head of the Conqueror many a wild winter night, when the crimes he had done, to gratify his love of power, must have passed

before his soul in solemn array. Yet he continued his course. What he had gotten by bloodshed, could only be held by violence, and the English brooks ran red with the gore of murdered peasants, and unburied bodies tainted the air. But the spirit of liberty lived among the hunted Saxons in the depths of the forests, and amid the fastness of the Scottish mountains. On the Island of Ely a valiant Saxon, Hereward, made a camp, to which a number of the thanes and freemen repaired. They drove from Peterborough the hated Norman priest, who had taken the place of the beloved Saxon abbot, and resisted every attempt to hunt them from their covert, until William himself brought a great army against them. Hereward cut his way through the Normans, but was killed by treachery soon after, and was the last of the Anglo-Saxon chiefs who resisted William's arms.

The "loving lord" of the Saxons and Normans had now for seven years done everything that he could to excite the hatred of the unfortunate Saxons. He was fond of hunting, and though he had sixty-eight royal forests, he laid waste an immense tract in Hampshire, pulled down the houses of the Saxon peasants, appropriated the land of the Saxon thanes, and made a new forest. Now no matter what were the straits of the people, if they killed a stag or a boar, or even a hare in one of the king's forests, their eyes were torn from their heads. If they neglected to muzzle their dogs, or to keep their claws cut short, they had their houses pulled down, and were driven from their lands.

The "curfew law," that is the Norman decree that lights and fires should be extinguished at a certain hour every evening when the church bell rang, was enforced, and the Norman castle-men taxed and pillaged the Saxons relentlessly. So matters continued for twelve dreadful years after William could really claim to be the conqueror of England, and in that time he had many family troubles. He had three sons, Robert, called Curthose, or short legs; Henry, called Beauclerc, or fine scholar; and William, called Rufus, or the red, on account of his red face and sandy hair. These sons were, as might have been expected, selfish fellows, who loved power, money, and their own way. Robert wanted his father to give him Normandy, but Henry and William had much influence with the king, and he refused to do so. One day, in a spirit of malicious fun, William and Henry emptied a pitcher of water on Robert from an upper window. Robert was furious at what he termed the insult, and, drawing his sword rushed up stairs, and would have killed his two brothers had not his father interfered. That night Robert left his father's court, and passing over to Normandy, attempted, with a few followers, to take Rouen, his father's Norman capital, but failed. He succeeded in capturing another Norman stronghold, and there his father found and besieged him, and nearly lost his life at his hands. When Robert, who was a good-natured, though hot-tempered and hasty fellow, found that he had nearly slain his father, he was filled with remorse, and humbly begged forgiveness for his rebellion. William at first cursed him, and refused to grant it, but at the intercession of his wife, Matilda, who loved this graceless Robert better than either of her other sons, because he was usually the victim of their malice, pardoned him, and made peace with him. Robert went from court to court telling the story of his wrong, and trying to get some powerful friend to help him win Normandy, for he was still determined to have it. His mother supported him with money, which he spent on vicious favorites, until the king declared that he would tear the eyes out of the head of any messenger who should carry Robert aid. Soon after this Matilda died.



William had a dispute with the king of France about some territory. He was also secretly angry with the French king because he was inclined to aid Robert against him. He taxed the English people most mercilessly, to raise a sum of money to make war upon the French, and at last crossed the Channel with an army. William had grown very large and fleshy, in spite of his active habits, and it was difficult for him to mount a horse. While he was in Rouen awaiting the settlement of the quarrel with the king of France, for he showed a disposition to settle instead of fight, he put himself under the care of his doctors to reduce his flesh. The French king made some very rude jests about this, which so angered William that he rose from his bed and donned his armor. He caused his attendants to help him mount his horse, and led his troops to Nantes, where they burned the town, churches and all.

As William was riding about the burned ruins his horse stepped on a hot cinder, and plunged violently forward. The king was thrown upon the pommel of his saddle with such force that he received an internal hurt. He was carried back to Rouen, and there lay ill for several weeks, attended by his two sons, William Rufus, and Henry Beauclerc. When he found death near he gave to William the kingdom of England, and told him that he had better go at once and secure it. William Rufus was eager enough to do so, and, leaving his dying father, hurried over to England, where he was immediately crowned.

William gave to Henry \$25,000 in money, which that dutiful son at once secured, placed in a chest, and carried away. Thus William the Conqueror was left in his dying hours with only hired attendants to care for him, for Robert, to whom his father had at last given Normandy, was in Germany enjoying himself with his frivolous companions. What dreadful visions have haunted the death-bed of conquerors no mortal can tell. Perhaps could the last hours on earth of the men who figure in history as heroes be faithfully depicted, none would dare hereafter to tread a path of glory that in the dying hour leads to terror and despair.

Think of the evil deeds of William the Conqueror, and pity him, as lying there alone he waited for death, haunted by the groans of the thousands who had died in prison, in the woods and swamps of England, and on the field of battle, through him. How worthless his ill-gotten wealth, when it could not purchase for him the love of one true heart, the touch of one familiar hand to wipe the death-dew from his face. He heard, one September morning, the sweet sound of a church-bell, and as its chime died away, he murmured a prayer for the remission of his heavy sins, and closed his eyes upon the earth, that he had done so much to render a "vale of tears."

The doctors and priests did not wait to close his eyes, but galloped off to their



Statue of William the Conqueror.

own homes, fearing that war would result between the king's sons, and not wishing to be involved in any way. The servants plundered the king's chamber, and even stripped his body, rolling it from the bed to the floor, in order that they might be sure that they had left nothing of value about it, and there it lay on the cold boards, a ghastly sight, until a Norman knight, out of charity, had it carried to Caen to be buried in the church of St. Stephen.

William had built this church when he was a simple knight and Duke of Normandy. When the priests had, in a long sermon praised his good deeds, and mentioned none of his evil ones—a fashion in funeral sermons that has come down to us—they were about to lay the body in the grave, when from out the throng that had gathered to witness the ceremony, an angry voice was heard: "In the great name of God, I forbid the body of William of Normandy to be laid in this ground. It is mine, and was my father's before me, but William took it from me by force, and would never grant me justice. Accursed be the hand that helps to lay him in my soil."

There was a great tumult, but the man's words were proven true, and the good knight who had charge of the funeral, then and there paid the owner of the land for enough ground in which to bury the king's body, and promised him full justice for the wrong that had been done. Then the bearers lowered the corpse, but the grave was too small, as if the earth itself rebelled against receiving the remains of the tyrant. Nevertheless, the body was pushed and crowded down, the mold thrown upon it, and William the Conqueror became only a name in history.

Providence brings good out of every evil, and the blood and tears of England were not shed in vain, though it long seemed that God had forsaken the unhappy land. The Normans in their French home had become thoroughly French in mind and manners, and had so mixed their blood with Gaul and Celt that they were no longer Teutonic as were the Danes and Saxons. They were now more like the fiery southern races, though tempered with northern strength and constancy. Their language was French, too, but their civilization and architecture had its distinctive features. In a century the French element introduced into England by the conquest, had softened the rude Anglo-Saxon speech, tempered the manners of the English, and given the race a new element of strength. The union of Norman and Anglo-Saxon took place rapidly, in spite of national prejudice, and it is due to that union that the English people are what we find them, a brave, earnest, fiery, quick-witted, powerful-minded race, whose influence has spread over the whole world, and who have become the founders of new nations.

William Rufus promised great things to the English people to peacefully secure the crown. His Norman barons were inclined to favor Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, and resisted his authority, until he was obliged to call on his Saxon subjects to aid him against them. To secure their services he promised to remove some of their taxes, to repeal the detested forest laws, and to do many other things that it is not likely that he at all intended. The barons were finally defeated and banished, and their lands seized by the king.

As soon as he was out of his troubles, the Red king went over to Normandy, where Robert's subjects were much dissatisfied, and where Henry Beauclerc had bought some land with his \$25,000. He made a treaty with Robert, and joined forces with him against Henry, who was driven from his lands and forced into exile. Then he went home to England and showed the English people what all his fine promises



were worth. He made the forest laws more strict than ever, and it was death to any man of the English race to enter the New Forest armed.

Rufus seized church property right and left, encouraged the Normans to plunder everywhere, and set them an example. He soon became far more odious to the nation than ever his father had been. The Normans hated him too, for he had a habit of banishing them on any pretext, and seizing their lands, which they had now held for so many years, that they had forgotten that they had no real right to them.

After a time, Robert of Normandy wanted to go on a crusade to the Holy Land—we know what sort of piety was his, for at that very time, he cared only for dancers, singers, drink and adventure. At all events, he mortgaged Normandy for five years to William Rufus, who miserably oppressed the English people, to raise the sum required. Rufus hoped that Robert would never come back, and that he could thus add Normandy to his territory. Another great French duke was anxious to sell William his dominions, and the king was about to go over to France to make the purchase, but one day he went hunting in the New Forest, and that day put an end to the hopes of the French duke of selling his dukedom to England.

The New Forest had been so often cursed by the English, that they believed that the Devil dwelt there, and in different shapes appeared to the Normans, who hunted therein. The conqueror's son Richard had been killed there by a fall from his horse; Duke Robert's son too, had been slain in its depths by a chance arrow. A monk had dreamed that William Rufus was to meet his doom in this accursed wood, and had told him of it, and warned him never to hunt there. The Red King only laughed at the warning, and one bright morning, in August, 1100, went out to hunt in the New Forest. By his side rode Walter Tyrrel, a Norman knight, and many other gallant courtiers were in his train. The day wore on, and Tyrrel and the king were far separated from the others, when an arrow pierced the false, cowardly, covetous heart of the Red King, and he fell dead. Tyrrel declared that the shaft was sped by an unseen hand, the Saxons believed by the Devil, but it is not at all certain that Tyrrel to avenge some private wrong had not murdered the king. He at once spurred out of the Forest, and took ship for France, leaving the body lying where it fell.

All that day, the dead king lay in the wood. Henry Beauclerc, who had now been for sometime in high favor with Rufus, rode by and saw it, then galloped off to Winchester, as fast as his horse could carry him, to secure the crown and royal treasure. It was after sunset, when a poor charcoal-burner, driving by in his cart, saw in the path the dead body of a man. He was a poor Christian, and not a royal prince, and could not bear to leave even a stranger's body lying thus, so he lifted it into his cart, and carried it to his hut. The next morning, he discovered that the corpse was that of the king, and carried it in his cart to Winchester, where it was buried in the cathedral.

English and Normans, were equally glad to get rid of their tyrant. Henry had agreed to the treaty that William had made with Robert, by which the English crown was to descend to the Norman duke, should Rufus die first. Now he declared that since he himself had been born in England, and his brothers had not, he was the rightful heir and so he was crowned, three days after the murder of Rufus. To strengthen his power with the English people, Henry married a Saxon princess, Edith, sister of Edgar, the Saxon prince who fled to Scotland on the approach of the Conqueror to London, some years before. Edith was a noble generous woman, who

Henry hoped that her marriage with Henry would reconcile the English and Normans, and put an end to their quarrels. She did not love Henry, nor did the king care for her, and she made a sad mistake in her marriage. The Norman nobles were bitterly angry about it, but Henry had made up his mind that the nobles were altogether too powerful, and resolved to reduce them. He forbade to plunder the English any more, and fined or banished them if they did so.

Henry shut Ralph Firebrand, Rufus' hated prime minister, in the Tower of London, and appointed as his Chief Justice, Roger of Salisbury, a clear-headed Norman who served him well. This Roger was the first chief justice of England, and in after-times the person who held this office was called Lord Chief Justice. His duties were to decide disputes among the barons when the king was not present, and to listen to complaints from the people, for since the king had reduced the barons, he reserved to himself the pleasure of oppressing the people. Roger also received the king's taxes in the assembly of the lords. These lords sat about a table, upon which there was a checkered cloth, and as the money was usually brought in by the sheriffs and piled upon this table, the knights who formed the assembly were known after awhile, as the Knights of the Exchequer. Behind a screen called a "cancelli," the secretaries counted what the sheriffs of the different counties brought, and recorded the number of pounds, shillings and pence, by cutting on the two edges of a stick the sum, in a series of notches. The stick was then split, the sheriff received one half of it as his receipt, and the secretary kept the other half as his record, a singular and clumsy way of keeping accounts. From the name of the screen, the secretaries received the name of Chancellors, and chancellors have been important personages in England ever since.

Henry laid the foundation of English liberty, by establishing courts and limiting the power of the barons, but he did it for his own selfish purposes, and at heart was a tyrant. He was both cruel and deceitful, and his word could not be trusted. He coveted Normandy and made war upon Robert to gain it. He defeated his brother, took him prisoner, and put out his eyes. He followed Robert's son, William Fitz-Robert, with the bitterest hatred as long as that unfortunate prince lived, and even when William, his only son, was drowned, and "he never smiled again," he went on plotting and conspiring, and lied and deceived in his old age, as he had in his younger days.

Henry's daughter, Matilda, was the widow of the Emperor of Germany, and he named her as his successor, but when he died, in the year 1135, after a reign of thirty-five years, Matilda was not allowed to become queen of England. She had married at her father's command, Geoffery of Anjou, and her son by this marriage, Henry Plant-a-genet, afterward became king, as we shall learn.

In the Duchy of Boulogne, there lived at the time of Henry's death, a son of the Conqueror's daughter, Adela. This man, Stephen, of Blois, as he is called in history, was the brother of the Norman bishop of Winchester, and having made a wealthy marriage, was a great man in France. As soon as he heard of the death of his uncle, he went over to England, and laid claim to the crown, declaring that Henry had promised it to him. It was conferred upon him, but he had no idea of government. He allowed the Norman nobles full privilege to plunder the English all they liked, threw Roger of Salisbury into prison, and displeased the pope so deeply that he laid England under ban. For a long time no church bells were rung, nor prayers offered by the priests of England. Matilda took up arms against Stephen, and was aided by



the pope with his approval, and by the king of Scotland with an army. She took London, but the people were so offended by her haughtiness that they drove her out again. Her barons were too proud to be ruled by a woman. For fourteen years she and Stephen fought each other, sometime one and sometime the other being victorious. Once Matilda took Stephen prisoner after he had defended himself most bravely, but he made his escape. On one occasion she was so closely pressed by Stephen's troops at Oxford, that she made her escape in the night, alone, and on foot. The ground was covered with snow, and she dressed herself all in white to more easily escape detection, and after crossing the frozen Thames, walked a long distance to a place of safety.

Finally Matilda went to Normandy, and for two or three years left the conduct of the war to her friends in England. Then her son, Henry Plant-a-genet, a young man of sixteen, came over to maintain his right to the English crown. Henry had married the divorced wife of the King of France, Eleanor of Guyenne, a wicked but wealthy woman, and through this marriage and his own inheritance, was Lord of Anjou, Guyenne and Normandy, owning more French territory than did the King of France himself.

England had suffered much from foreign wars, but never had she suffered as in this. The peasants were tortured to death by the barons, if they were thought to have any money, and the churches, and even the very graves of the dead were desecrated for the same purpose. The Scots, on the north, and the Normans on the south, vied with each other in their ravages. There was no safety anywhere, and as there was no land tilled, and the cattle were nearly all slain, there was no meat, corn, nor cheese, in all England. Famine had reduced the nation to the verge of ruin, and when Henry Plant-a-genet brought his forces into England, the clergy interfered between him and Stephen.

Henry agreed to resign his claim to the crown during Stephen's lifetime, and Stephen declared him his lawful heir, much to the disgust of his own son, who went insane and died from disappointment. Stephen died the next year, 1154, after having Henry confirmed his heir by a council of the nobles. So Henry Plant-a-genet (so called because his father was fond of wearing in his hat a sprig of the flowering broom or plant-a-genet) became king of England at two and twenty. He was welcomed with great joy by the English people, for his mother traced her descent from King Alfred, through that fair Edith, who married Henry Beauclerc.

Henry at once discharged the foreign soldiers that Stephen had brought into England, and took very stern measures to set the country in order. He pulled down the strong castles in which the barons had fortified themselves as robbers, and to increase his power in France, married his five-year-old son, Henry, to little Margaret, daughter of the French king. His father, Geoffery of Anjou, had given his province to his son Geoffery, but Henry had sworn that he should not have it. This French marriage prevented Geoffery from getting help to hold Anjou, and he died in exile, Henry having wrested his province from him.

Early in his reign, Henry won over to his cause, Thomas a Becket, the son of a London tradesman and a beautiful Saracen woman. A Becket was a clever, handsome, courtly man, combining all of the graces of his oriental mother, with the strength of his English father. He gained great favor with Henry, who made him chancellor, and heaped wealth upon him. He was a priest, arch-deacon of Canterbury, but that did not prevent him from indulging in all the fashionable vices of the

times, and from living in state hardly less than that of the king. The clergy had grown very degenerate in the days of Stephen, but their bishops would protect them from punishment when they broke the laws of the land, and denied that those laws had any power over the church, or any of its servants. Henry determined to lower the pride of the clergy, and supposed that in a Becket, he had the instrument ready to his hand.

A Becket was a proud man, and in his service to the king, had his haughty spirit wounded more than once. Whether he determined to pay off old scores, or whether he repented of his past life, which had been one of sin and pride, we cannot say, but certain it is, that as soon as Henry appointed him arch-bishop of Canterbury, and the head of the English Church, he set himself with all his really great mental powers, to oppose the king.

The king found him ready to defend the clergy, and to maintain the doctrine that the church was above the interference of the State. Henry was soon engaged in a bitter quarrel with the arch-bishop, which set the whole church in commotion. The king lost no pretext to harrass his former favorite. A Becket was as firm as a rock against him, for he was now apparently as earnest in his piety as he had been extravagant, as a man of pleasure. He wore a hair-shirt next his body, and as cleanliness was not considered next to godliness by the penitent saints of those days, he never took a bath. He mortified his flesh in every way, was eloquent, fearless, obstinate and dignified.

When one of his priests committed a crime and the king demanded that the culprit be given up to justice, a Becket refused. Henry then condemned him to pay a great sum of money, and even contemplated blinding him, or putting him to death. A Becket was compelled to seek safety abroad, and crossing over to Flanders he took refuge in a monastery, and submitted his case to the pope. He lived in the monastery two years, stricter in all the observances of religion than even the monks themselves. Then the French king gave him protection, and invited him to court. Henry banished a Becket's relatives and friends to the number of four hundred, having first robbed them of all their worldly goods, and as he desired that a Becket should know this cruelty in every detail, he made the exiles swear to present themselves before the fugitive archbishop in France, within a certain time, that his heart might be wrung with the sight of their misery.

Many of these unfortunate people were sent away from their homes in mid-winter, and their sufferings so excited the indignation of the Catholics in several of the provinces under Henry's rule in France, that they revolted. The French king also offered to compel Henry, by force of arms, to restore a Becket and his friends to their estates. After more than six years of quarreling, the pope succeeded in reconciling the king to a Becket, and the latter went back to England.

In the meantime Henry had secretly caused his eldest son to be crowned by the Archbishop of York, and as this was done without the knowledge and the consent of a Becket, when he found it out he excommunicated the archbishop and the priests who had a hand in the coronation. Two priests who had shamefully misused the church taxes while a Becket was absent were also excommunicated. In return they beat a Becket's servants, lamed his cattle, killed his deer, and did everything that they could to injure him, while the Archbishop of York went over to Normandy where Henry still remained, and complained bitterly of the way a Becket had used him. The king in a fit of rage said some very unkind things of a Becket, and when the



Archbishop of York declared that Henry would have no peace as long as a Becket lived, the king cried out: "Is there no one who will rid me of this contumacious priest?" Four knights who had often eaten at a Becket's board in his days of pleasure looked at each other, then went out, mounted their horses, and galloped to the sea-shore. They found a ship, sailed to England, and sought a Becket. Before going to a Becket, however, they quietly assembled some followers at a certain castle. Twelve of these they took with them, and repairing to a Becket's house unarmed, went in and sat down upon the floor. After a time a Becket asked his guests what they desired, for he knew that they came from the king. They replied that he wanted him to take the curse off certain men that they named, and to promise for the future to obey the king in all things.

A Becket refused. They threatened him, but he was firm, so they went out into the town, put on their armor, took swords in their hands, and came back to a Becket's house. A Becket had gone to the cathedral as usual, to celebrate the evening service, and his priests, seeing the armed men approaching, wanted him to bar the doors. A Becket refused to permit them to do so, saying that the church was the house of God, and not a fortress. He calmly proceeded to the altar, and all of the priests hid themselves, save one, and he stood by a Becket. It was this true friend that warded off the first blow that was struck at the arch-bishop, but he could not protect him from the fury of the murderers. They killed a Becket at the very foot of the altar, and then fled from the scene of their crime.

Henry pretended to be horrified at the manner of a Becket's death, and he was very much afraid that the Pope would curse him for it, and lay his kingdom under ban, so he hastened to write a very humble letter to his Holiness, denying that he had any hand in causing a Becket's death, and made peace. Not long after the death of Becket, who was now regarded as a saint by the very men who had hated him most heartily in life, Dermot, king of Leinster, Ireland, was driven from his throne. He promised to will his kingdom to any knight who would help him regain it, and Edward Strongbow, a poor but gallant knight, and a great fighter, undertook to do so. With his aid Dermot, who was more like a savage beast than a man, captured Waterford, and treated the people with the utmost cruelty. Strongbow seated Dermot again as king of Leinster, and received his daughter Eva in marriage. Dermot died soon after, and, according to the agreement, Strongbow became king of Leinster. King Henry, as Strongbow's royal master, then went to Ireland, took his kingdom from him, and receiving the submission of many of the Irish chieftains and kings, called himself thereafter Lord of Ireland.

Henry's four sons now began to give him much trouble. The eldest, Henry, but eighteen years old, began to tease his father to give him Normandy, Queen Eleanor secretly urging the young man on. When Henry refused to grant him his wish, young Henry went over to France, with his wife, and was received at court. Richard, aged sixteen, and Geoffery, aged fifteen, followed him, for they, too, wanted territory of their father. Then Eleanor, herself, dressed in men's clothes, attempted to steal away from the court, but was captured and thrown into prison, where deservedly, I think, she remained sixteen years.

At the French court young Henry carried matters with a high hand. He called himself "The Junior King of England." Many dissatisfied English barons joined the princes, and when they thought themselves strong enough to do so with success they made war upon their father. Henry made peace with the king of France, and

had beaten his sons out of all their strongholds, when he was called back to England by an invasion of the Scots.

It was when he landed on his return that he made his famous pilgrimage to the grave of Thomas a Becket. Dressed in sackcloth, and barefoot, he visited the tomb of his old enemy, and afterward caused eighty priests, one after another to scourge him on the naked back with knotted cords, though I suppose they did not strike him hard enough to cause him much pain. His army gained the victory over the invaders, and the people thought it was because Henry had committed the act of penance at a Becket's grave.

The rest of the life of Henry Plant-a-genet was a sad one, made so by his false-hearted and undutiful sons. Young Henry died in 1183, begging his father's forgiveness with his last breath. Then Geoffery was killed at a tournament, when he and his brother Richard were about to make war upon each other for the third time. Both had been several times forgiven by their father for rebelling against him, and both had each time promised henceforth to be true to him, but soon after Geoffery's death, Richard joined with the king of France to make war upon his father.

The allies defeated Henry, and he consented to again make peace. Henry was now an old man worn down by sorrow at the age of fifty-seven. He had never been a good man, but he was not wholly bad. He loved his children tenderly, and they repaid his love with deceit and hatred. His wife had long been in prison, and now his nobles seemed more inclined to favor the dashing, fierce young Richard, whom they called "The lion-hearted," than their rightful king.

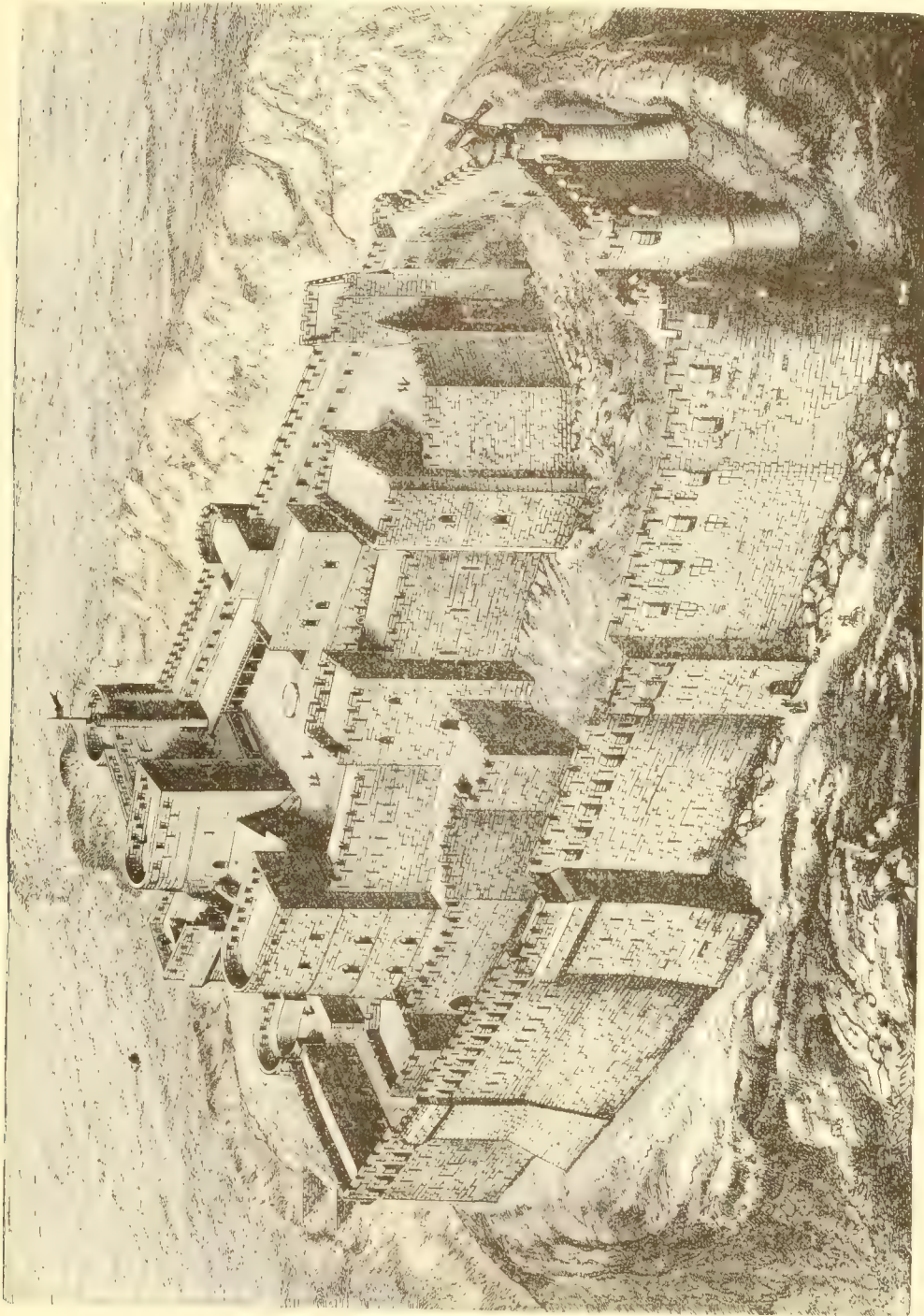
Henry fell ill and was carried to Chinon, a place that he used to love in his youth. He soon felt that he was upon his death-bed, and called for a list of those whom he was required to pardon for their failure in allegiance to him. John was the best beloved son of the king because he alone had never rebelled against his father. The first name that the king saw on the list of traitors was that of John. The poor old king cried aloud when he saw that this child upon whom he had lavished his love, this son who had been his hope, had proven false to him, then cursed him, cursed the hour when he himself was born to such unhappiness, and cared no more for the world. He died of a broken-heart and thwarted ambition, and Richard who had done so much to hurry him to his grave, did not reach his bedside in time to be again forgiven. He pretended to be very sad on this account, and to repent his wicked conduct, and perhaps he did, for never had a son more reason to regret misconduct than this "lion-hearted" warrior prince.

Richard I. was crowned at Westminster Abbey, London, September 3, 1189, and the ceremony was one of the most magnificent of the kind that had ever taken place. The king walked to the abbey under a silken canopy, borne upon the points of four lances, carried by four great barons of the realm. On either side of him walked a high church dignitary, in magnificent robes. Among the people assembled in London from all parts of the kingdom with costly presents for the new king, were many Jews, for the Hebrews were now scattered all over Europe, and then as now, there were many wealthy Jewish merchants and money-lenders in every city of England.

It was well known that Richard hated the Jews, and though he received their presents, he is charged with secretly ordering the massacre of all the Jews then in London. He may not have done so, but it is certain that he could not be induced to leave his banquet table to interfere, when the savage Christians who owed the Jews money, fell upon them with great fury and killed young and old alike. They broke



into the houses of the Hebrews and slew them by their own firesides, and for twenty-four hours, committed every sort of crime upon the unoffending Jews. When it became known what had happened in London, there was no safety in the kingdom



The Sorelled Castle of Krak in the Holy Land Time of the Crusades.

for the Jews. They were tortured to death and given over to every species of outrage that the Christians could devise. Five hundred Hebrews, among whom was one of their most learned Rabbis, seized the castle of York, in the absence of the governor

and held it against an infuriated mob. They had carried all of their money and jewels into the castles, and this may have had something to do with the eagerness of the besiegers to get at them. They held out a long time, but finding that they were in danger of being taken, the Jews in the castle stabbed their wives and little ones, piled all of their jewels, money and treasure in a heap, set them and the castle on fire and perished in the flames.

Richard had passed nearly all of his life in France, and was more French than English. He cared for England only as a source of revenue, and he no sooner became king, than he began to extort money from his subjects on various pretexts. He sold some of his castles in the north, to the Scottish king, and appointed for his chancellor, a certain William Longchamp, who was utterly unscrupulous in raising any sum that his master required. Longchamp found out how much money different persons had owed to the persecuted Jews, and fined them for taking part in the murder of the Hebrews. He then compelled them to pay the full amount of their debts to the money lenders into the royal treasury. He also compelled all those who held castles and lands as vassals of the king, to come to him and have them affirmed, and made them pay a heavy fee for it. In this way and many others, Richard, in the nine months of his stay in England, got together a large sum of money.

All Europe was excited over another crusade, and Richard, who loved fighting and adventure, was bent on going. When by the robbing of his subjects he had amassed enough money to do so, Richard joined his friend, the king of France. Between them they had a hundred thousand soldiers, adventurers like themselves, and this great army set sail from different ports of Europe, bound for the Holy Land.

The ships were driven by bad weather into the harbors of the island of Sicily, and there they were compelled to remain for a time, on account of storms. Richard's sister, Joanna, was the widow of the king of Sicily, and an uncle of her husband had seized her property and thrown her into prison. Richard released Joanna, beat some of her enemies out of a castle, and placed her in it, with a large number of good stout English men-at-arms to protect her. Then he settled himself in a monastery, to await the coming of the King of France, but the people would not give him supplies, and he was obliged to have recourse to the ships, with their provisions.

When the King of France finally came, he was displeased that Richard had incurred the hostility of the people of Sicily, and still more so when Richard took Messina, and made Tancred, the usurper of the throne, give back to Joanna all of her property. In return he promised to support Tancred on the throne, which deeply angered the Emperor of Germany, whose wife had a claim to it, as the daughter of the former king. One of the first acts of Richard when he became king, was to release Eleanor from prison, and she now brought out to him in Sicily a fair French princess, Berengaria, to be his wife. As they arrived in Lent, King Richard would not be married until the holy season was over. Eleanor went back to France, and King Richard took his sister, his lady-love, and his army and sailed away, to the great relief of the people of Sicily. He touched at Cyprus, to punish the Greek king of that island who had robbed some shipwrecked English sailors some time before, and when he had thoroughly chastised him, and had married Berengaria, he sailed on to Acre in the fall of 1191, capturing a large Saracen vessel on the way.

The valiant and chivalrous Saladin, the noblest Saracen of history, had driven the King of Jerusalem from his throne and taken him prisoner. He set him at liberty on his solemn promise that he would leave the country. When he was released the



king broke his word as lightly as though he were a Pagan monarch instead of a devout Christian king, and besieged Saladin in Jerusalem. Philip, the King of France, had promised to help him. He arrived at Acre and besieged that city by sea, but his soldiers fell ill, he himself was sorely tried by the heat of the climate, and was so discouraged that the siege languished. Richard, too, felt the effect of the climate when he arrived to aid in the siege of Acre. Nothing could discourage him, and though he was ill, he caused himself to be borne about in a litter, that he might direct the operations better. Richard soon became the idol of the army. He was generous with his money, would take hard fare without complaining, and never avoided danger. The Saracens defended Acre with great bravery, but at last Richard offered four pieces of gold to every man of his army who would remove a stone from the fortified defenses, and in less than a month Acre fell into the hands of the two kings.

Philip was bitterly jealous of Richard's popularity with the army, and quarreled with him on every possible occasion. When Acre surrendered, he turned back to France with his men, and left Richard to bear the whole burden of the crusade. The English king restored the fortifications of Acre. Richard worked side by side with his soldiers, in rebuilding the walls of the city, and requested the Duke of Austria to do the same. The insolent German prince told the king to his face that as his father had neither been bricklayer nor mason he had learned neither trade, and would not do as he was requested. Richard was not a mild man at any time, and we cannot wonder that he felt indignant that the proud duke should consider himself better than the King of England. He may have thought, too, that there was a covert sneer at his own ancestry, in the Duke's reply, for the grandfather of William the Conqueror, you will remember, was a tanner, and a good honest trade it was, far more respectable, according to my thinking, than that of war, which is only another name for violence and wrong. However, Richard was in a mighty rage, he kicked the duke out of the royal tent, and hauled down his banner from the walls of Acre, where the Duke, who was a brave soldier, had placed it with his own hands during the siege. It was a satisfaction to Richard to kick the duke, but even a king cannot safely kick a prince of another empire.

When the garrison of Acre surrendered to the crusaders, the Saracens promised to give hostages, release the Christian prisoners, and perform certain other conditions. As the Saracens had the example of promise-breaking set by the Christians themselves, they did not perform their agreement. To revenge their faithlessness, Richard caused three thousand Saracen prisoners to be murdered in the sight of their friends, and Saladin killed his Christian prisoners in the sight of the crusaders.

Richard then marched out of Acre, leaving it garrisoned, and on his way to Ascalon, had plenty of his favorite pastime, fighting. The whole journey of twenty days was a continual battle. He took Ascalon, and after much fighting, parleying and fighting again with Saladin, came in sight of Jerusalem. His adventures in Palestine would fill volumes, and fascinating volumes have been written concerning them. Finally he agreed with Saladin for a truce of three years, three months, three days and three hours, and made all haste that he could back to Europe, for his brother John and the king of France were conspiring against him.

John had made a promise not to enter England in Richard's absence without his permission. Longchamps became very tyrannical when Richard had been gone a little while, and when Philip returned to France John determined by his aid to make himself king of England. He broke his word to his brother, and not only entered





RICHARD COEUR DE LEON IN BATTLE



his kingdom, but assumed authority. Longchamps fled to the continent, and as soon as the design of John and the French king was known to him, he sent word to Richard. Before embarking for Europe, King Richard saw his wife and sister safely started with most of his army. They reached home in due time but his own ship was driven by a storm into the Adriatic, and as he was anxious to reach Normandy as soon as possible, he landed at a convenient point, assumed a disguise, and under the name of "Hugh the Merchant" started to cross Europe.

Richard made presents in his usual generous manner. He was remarkable in face and figure, and was moreover well known to many European knights and soldiers in the territory through which he passed. The Duke of Austria was told that Richard was in his territory, and of the name under which he traveled. He had not forgotten the kick at Acre, nor the disgrace to his banner, so he seized the king, and threw him into prison. The Emperor of Germany, too, had a score to settle, on account of the Sicilian crown, so he bribed the Austrian duke, to give Richard into his keeping, and placed him in an obscure castle in the Tyrol.

It is said that Richard, who was a highly educated man, sang well and played delightfully on the harp. In his prison he was allowed to solace himself with music, and often, no doubt, sat at the barred window, singing the sweet French love-songs with which in happier days he had wooed fair Berengaria, or softly crooning some old melody breathing of bravery and death.

There was a certain Blondel who loved Richard tenderly, and who was determined to find where he was imprisoned, for the Emperor of Germany had kept the secret. Blondel was something of a minstrel, too, and he knew a song that Richard had often sung, perhaps had even composed, for it was not a common ditty, but a plaintive, sweet lay. Blondel took his harp, and went from castle to castle, singing under many frowning walls, the sorrowful song that Richard loved. Under the walls of the little castle in the Tyrol, he heard what he had so often been disappointed in not hearing. A well-known voice took up the refrain, and he knew that behind those walls his loved master languished,

Blondel carried the news of his discovery to Longchamps and Queen Eleanor, who interceded with the Pope to compel the emperor to release Richard. They said that it was a shame that the most valiant knight in Christendom should be a captive because of his zeal in the cause of Christ, and that all future ages would execrate the Pope and the English people if they permitted such an injustice. The Pope commanded the Emperor of Germany to allow the English people to ransom Richard. The fame of Richard the Lion-hearted, had been sung in nearly every castle hall in Europe, and the English people were proud of the great deeds of their valiant king. They hated his crafty avaricious brother John, who was as cowardly as Richard was brave. They raked and scraped together the money for their king's ransom, the priests even melting the gold plates and cups in the churches to be coined into money.

When the emperor had received a large portion of the ransom, John and the King of France, bribed him to hold Richard a prisoner for life. The German princes would not allow the emperor to hold to this wicked bargain, and compelled him to set Richard free, so after a year of captivity all together, he returned to England. To win the favor of his lion-hearted brother, the cruel John invited a large number of French chiefs, who were Richard's enemies, to a banquet, and murdered them every one. Richard, therefore, forgave John, partly, too, because his mother, Eleanor begged him to do so. He remained in England only a short time,

then made war upon the French with great fury. In the year 1199, a peasant digging in the field of the viscount of Limoges, found a quantity of golden coins, buried in the earth long ago, by whom no one knew, perhaps by the Romans. There was a very unjust law in France, which compelled the vassal who found such treasure to send it all to his king. The viscount was a vassal to King Richard, and sent him half of the treasure. Richard was fond of money, for he loved to scatter it among his friends and servants. He therefore ordered the viscount to yield up the whole to him. The viscount shut it up in the strong box in his castle of Chalus, and refused to obey. He had many stout men-at-arms, who were willing to help him defend it, and defied Richard. The king took a force of soldiers to storm the castle, for he was not a man to be defied with impunity. As the English king was riding about inspecting the walls to find the best place for an assault, a young archer, Bertrand de Gourdon, one of the viscount's liegemen, took careful aim at Richard, whom he knew and hated, and sped a shaft that struck the king in the shoulder, between the joints of the armor.

Richard was carried to his tent, and though weak and suffering, so directed the siege, that the castle was taken. Unskillful treatment caused the wound to gangrene, and in a few days, Richard felt himself dying. He willed his kingdom and treasure to the unworthy John, and then asked that Bertrand be brought before him. It is said that there was an old song that declared that in Limoges should be made the arrow that should be the death of King Richard, and that Bertrand himself had often sung it. It may be that he thought of the song, as he looked upon the dying king.

"Why should'st thou kill me, Bertrand de Gourdon?" inquired the king. "What harm have I ever done to thee?"

"Thou hast done me mortal harm, King Richard. My father and brothers were slain by thine own hand, and thou wouldst have taken the castle of Chalus, of which I was defender, and hanged every man that you found therein. I am not afraid to die, and would welcome even torture, knowing that I have rid the world of thee, and thy tyranny." It is said that King Richard mused a moment, then turning his eyes

his officers ordered that Bertrand should be set free and rewarded with the gift of an hundred shillings, but it was not done. The other castle defenders were hanged, and Bertrand was flayed alive.

John was in Normandy at the time of his brother's death, and hastened to England to receive the long-coveted crown. There lived in a castle of Britany, Prince Arthur, the son of Geoffery, the elder brother of Richard and John. According to the law, this prince had the real right to the English crown. Although the French king had been friendly to John when he was only a prince, and had seemed eager to place him upon the throne, no sooner was he seated there, than he began to conspire against him. He inspired young Arthur to resist his uncle, but afterward made a treaty with John for peace, and observed its terms for two years. In the meantime John, who had always been hated by the English people, became more odious than ever. He put away his wife, and carried off a fair French woman, Isabel of Angouleme to be his queen. This lady was promised in marriage to Hugh le Brun, the Count of La Marche, and the outraged knight, out of revenge, succeeded in prevailing upon the French king to again take arms in Arthur's cause.

The people of Britany loved Arthur, and had great hopes of his future. There was a dim prophecy, handed down since the days of brave King Arthur of the Table



Round, that another Arthur should restore the lost glory of the Britons, and that they believed that this little prince was the Arthur of the prophecy. The king of France knew that Arthur had not a ghost of a chance of success in the contest with his uncle, but he did not care what befell the lad, if John were only worried and annoyed by him. He did everything to excite the eagerness of the boy, and to encourage him to the war, and finally gave him a few knights, and men-at-arms, to besiege the town and castle of Mirabeau, where his grandmother, Eleanor, was shut up. Arthur took the town and besieged Eleanor in the castle. Although she was eighty years old, the queen was vigorous in mind and body, and held the castle until John came to her help, and successfully besieged the besiegers. He took Arthur and his young sister Eleanor prisoners, put most of the soldiers who had espoused the cause of the prince to the sword, and threw Hugh le Brun into a dungeon.

Young Eleanor was placed in a convent, where she lived a melancholy captive for forty years, and Arthur was carried to the castle of Falaise. There King John visited the boy, and tried to persuade him to give up his claim to the kingdom, but Arthur answered him with so much spirit, that the king determined to put an end to his pretensions to the throne, by blinding him. He sent some ruffians to do the cruel deed, but the jailer, brave Hubert de Burgh, though a loyal friend to the king, would not permit it, and they were obliged to report their failure to their master. Then the king sent some murderers, with a demand for Arthur's person, but Hubert would not allow them to have the little prince. At last King John came himself, pretending that he wanted to take his nephew to Rouen, and Hubert, with many misgivings, yielded up the captive, whom he had grown to love very tenderly.

Arthur was never heard of more, and it is almost certain that the king either murdered the prince with his own hand, or else had the deed performed in his presence. There was horror and indignation in England when the fate of Arthur was known. The king of France, too, pretended great anger, and summoned John, who, holding territory in his realm, was his vassal, to appear before him to answer for the crime. John refused to come, and Philip then declared that all the land that the English king held in vassalage was foreited to the French crown. John fled to England, relinquishing Normandy and Britainy without a blow.

John was a sad coward, but he did pluck up courage enough to try and win back these French lands. He tortured the unhappy Jews, to make them give up money to enable him to hire soldiers, and after two years of preparation went over to France with an army. There were several battles fought, but as John always ran away when there was danger, and boasted prodigiously when there was none, he accomplished nothing, and at last made peace, leaving to France, Normandy, Britainy, Maine and Anjou.

When John went back to England after this humiliation to the pride of the nation, he fell into disgrace with the Pope. The clergy quarreled about the election of an Archbishop of Canterbury. One party secretly nominated a certain priest to the office without the knowledge of the king or the other party, and sent him off to Rome, to be confirmed by the Pope. The other party, backed by the king, sent its choice to Rome, but the Pope would not confirm either, and appointed instead Stephen Langton, a learned Englishman, then in France.

John was furious, and refused to let Langton land in England. Langton was learned and eloquent, and because the monks favored the Pope's choice, John took to himself the property of the monasteries, imprisoned the clergy, and carried mat-

ters with such a high hand that the Pope put him under a ban. For some time the king prevented the publishing of this ban, but at last it was done by the Pope's messengers, who were then compelled to flee for their lives.

Now again there were no church services held in all England, except baptism and prayers for the dying. The people were very angry on account of John's injustice and cruelty, and would perhaps then have risen in revolt, but he compelled them to make new oaths of allegiance, and obliged his barons to give up their sons to him as hostages. Nevertheless many of the lords did strengthen their castles in preparation for war, and some of them fled to Scotland. When matters had gone on in this way for a couple of years, John committed an especially atrocious act. He murdered twenty-seven boys and girls that were the hostages of his Welsh subjects, and prepared to invade Wales. His troops for the purpose, were hired with the money wrung from the Jews, or realized from the sale of forfeited estates, but even these mercenaries felt disgraced by serving such a master. The Pope now excommunicated John, and told the people they need not obey him. He also offered to remit all of the sins of Philip of France if he would invade England. Perhaps Philip thought this a good bargain, for he had committed a great many sins in his time, or he may have had a more worldly object, at any rate he accepted the Pope's offer. It is said that at this juncture, John sent to the Saracens in Spain, and agreed to pay them tribute if they would come to his aid, but the Saracens had heard what sort of a villain he was, and would have nothing to do with him. Next he found that some of his troops and barons had conspired to hand him over to the French, and hastened to make his peace with the Pope. He even went so far as to yield up his kingdom, to receive it at the Pope's hands, and offered to pay a large sum of money to the Pope every year as long as he lived, and bound his kingdom to continue the shameful tribute to Rome forever.

The Pope, with his accustomed cleverness in making such bargains, had carried on his affair of being reconciled to John without the knowledge of Philip of France, and the latter had continued his preparation for the invasion of England. The English fleet defeated the French naval forces, and burned Philip's ships, then John hired some troops, and with the Pope's permission, crossed over into France. There he gained some victories, but ran away at last in the face of danger, and crossed back to England.

Stephen Langton had been permitted to enter England and assume his office, when John became reconciled to the Pope. Exasperated by the king's treachery, cowardice, and cruelty, the barons, headed by Stephen Langton, made a list of grievances, which they asked John to redress. The Pope, may be on account of the tribute money, was now the king's dearest friend, and he sternly forbade the barons and Stephen Langton to insist on their demands. They did insist, however, with weapons in their hands, and supported by the whole nation. The king was, therefore, compelled in June, 1215, to sign the Great Charter (*Magna Charta*) which was the foundation not only of English liberty, but of our own.

This charter promised several important things. Among these was freedom to the clergy, barons and gentlemen. It gave solemn pledges to respect the liberties of London, and other towns; to protect foreign merchants in England; that no man should be imprisoned without a fair trial; that justice should neither be sold, delayed, nor denied; that courts should be established throughout the country, where suits might be tried, and that suitors should not be obliged to follow the king from place to place,



as hitherto, and to depend upon his pleasure for the redress of their wrongs. King John agreed to everything, and even offered to send all of his foreign troops out of the country, but he had no intention of keeping his word. As soon as he had gotten rid of his barons, and they were dispersed to their homes, he withdrew with his hired soldiers into Kent, and receiving the Pope's permission to break his pledges to his people, ravaged the estates of the barons. The people resisted, and the Pope again laid England under ban, cursing with especial heartiness the brave, eloquent Langton. The gallant archbishop who had warned and threatened the king, exhorted the people to stand fast in their struggle for liberty, and made freedom the watchword of the nation. He held church services as usual without the permission of the Pope, and would have doffed robe and mitre for mailed shirt and helmet, if the weight of his arm had been required by his country.

Being convinced that they had nothing to hope and everything to fear from John, the English now invited Louis, the son of the French king, to come over and take the crown. Louis was the husband of John's niece, Blanche, and their children would be in the line of succession on the female side. When Louis came with his army, he aped the villainies of William the Conqueror. As he marched toward London, he gave away the property of the barons to his French subjects who behaved toward the English as though they were a conquered people. On this account many of the barons turned again to John's side. The king was on the way with his army from Lynn to Lincoln. As he was crossing at low tide, a place which was a sand-bank when the tide was out, but an arm of the sea at high tide, his army was too slow in its movements. The tide crept up unawares, seized the baggage containing the king's treasure, and swept it out to sea, where it was all lost.

Cursing and raving, John went forward to an abbey not far away, and there ate so gluttonously of peaches, and drank so much of the new cider that the monks set before him, that he fell ill. In dreadful terror of death he was carried forward on a litter for two days, and on the third died at Newark, on the Trent, on the nineteenth of October, 1216, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign.

Meaning only to do evil, John, the most detested monarch of England did some good. By his injustice, he drove the barons into formulating a Charter, that in time gave popular liberty. The commerce of England, in John's day, was considerable, and the people had made great advances in the art of building, working metals, and weaving. The crusades had given new impulse to the life of the people, and education was slowly spreading among the nobles. The common people and even the clergy, however, were still densely ignorant. The castles of the nobles, though strongly built and stately, were rudely furnished. The most wealthy persons slept on couches, formed by placing boards upon benches covered with rugs, while a litter of hay or straw was the usual bedding. There were no carpets, curtains or wall hangings, in the ordinary castles, and their great halls in winter must have been cold and cheerless. Rich commoners lived in two-story houses, whose movable stair-ways were on the outside, while the dwellings of the poor were thatched hovels with dirt floors, that were little better than modern pig-stys. The food of the people was of the coarsest kind, and their conversation was as coarse as their manner of living. Rich ladies spent their time in needle-work, and adorning themselves, and in fashioning the singular garments, that required no small skill in the cutting and making. English literature was slowly growing, and in the monasteries were learned monks,

who wrote history and poetry. The seed of national greatness was germinating to bear rich flower and fruit in after times.

As soon as King John was dead, the Earl of Pembroke, a wise and good man, declared that the barons who were faithful to the cause of England should swear allegiance to Henry, the ten year old son of King John. The conduct of Prince Louis soon disgusted his English adherents, and they left him to join the Earl of Pembroke, and the young king. The destruction of the fleet which Louis' wife Blanche, sent to his aid, made it necessary for him to come to terms with the English, which he did, and left the country utterly bankrupt, his expenses home being paid by the people of London.

The barons who had taken the part of the French were pardoned, and as the Earl of Pembroke, the regent of the king obeyed the Great Charter, there was promise of better days for England. In three years, however, the good Earl died, and for the next twelve years sturdy Hugh de Burgh, and the bishop of Winchester, were the real rulers of England, and labored with some success to bring order out of the chaos into which it had fallen. Peter de Roches, the bishop of Winchester, and Hubert, had a quarrel, after a time, and the former left England. He came back, after the king had himself assumed the government, and then Henry of Winchester, who had often shown himself as faithless as his father, exemplified the gratitude of kings. He stripped Hubert of his honors and riches on a trivial pretext, and without his honest counsel, fell into difficulty. First he married Eleanor, a French princess, and filled the court with his wife's relatives, to the disgust of the nation. The Londoners were especially bitter against these foreign favorites, for they used the goods of the London tradesmen, but refused to pay the bills. When threatened with the law, they jeered at the English boors and their laws.

I told you that King John married Isabel of Angouleme, who was already pledged to Hugh le Brun. John could be faithful to nothing long, and soon tired of the fair Isabel, and shut her up in prison. At John's death, both Isabel and her first lover, Hugh, were released from duress, and were married. The pair had several sons, of whom Henry of Winchester, who was the son of John and Isabel, was extremely fond. He loaded these half-brothers, as well as his full brother Richard, with such wealth that they all became odious to the English, who hated Isabel and her influence over the king so deeply that they called her Jezebel.

Hugh le Brun hated the king of France, Louis the Good, and to annoy him persuaded Henry to all sorts of wild ventures upon England's lost provinces in that country. The Pope had great influence, too, with the weak Henry, and the king tortured as many Jews as John had done, to satisfy the Papal greed, and was constantly engaged in some scheme to extort money from the people to give to the Pope. So loud did the complaints of the people become, that Henry thought it prudent to strengthen the Tower of London against them. The new walls were overturned by an earthquake, and because the people rejoiced at the disaster, the king fined them.

In fact Henry was always fining the Londoners, on one pretext or another, and was glad to detect them in any offense, that he might thus extort their gold. He cared nothing for the Great Charter, and was always begging money from his parliament, or assembly of nobles, for in spite of his disdain of the Charter, no taxes could be levied and collected that were against the law as set forth therein.

There was hardly an error that Henry of Winchester could have committed, in the dealing with his subjects, that he left undone. He was a coward, a liar, and a



tyrant, and when England had been patient with him for twenty-one years, his own brother-in-law, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, made a brave effort for the nation. This noble gentleman, lovingly called Sir Simon the Righteous by the English people, had been very unjustly treated by the silly king. He and his friends appeared fully armed, one day, in the House of Parliament, and made Henry yield up the government to a few knights. Henry had sworn ten several times to observe the Charter, and every time had broken his oath, so he very readily swore to whatever Sir Simon required. He awaited a favorable opportunity, then repudiated his promises, but the consequences were so serious, that he was compelled to flee to France. After a miserable five years of quarreling with his people, Henry and his son, Prince Edward, made war upon England. A severe battle in 1264 resulted in their defeat, and they were both imprisoned. While they were in prison, the first English House of Commons was assembled January 28, 1265, by Sir Simon de Montfort. That institution has endured to this day, and has always been a check upon tyranny. Thus you see that England's best institutions were forged by the stroke of sword and battle-axe. This civil war, like the struggle between John and the barons, bore good fruit for liberty.

Prince Edward was a clever youth, and as he was not kept in very close confinement, he managed to escape. He gathered about him some of the knights who had grown restless under Sir Simon, and looked with disfavor upon his allowing the commons to have a hand in the government, and soon had quite a large army. With these forces Edward marched against Sir Simon, meeting him at Evesham, in 1265. De Montfort carried the old king about with him wherever he went, and therefore took him into the battle. Being now a very abject and sorry looking old king, indeed, he would have been slain by one of his son's own men, had he not cried out "I am Harry of Winchester," and thus saved himself.

Edward gained the battle of Evesham, and brave Sir Simon was killed, but he will never be forgotten as long as there are patriots in England, who hold the liberties of their land above the will of kings. The other rebels were pardoned, when they had been made to pay nearly every penny they had in the world for the purpose, and Henry was again placed upon the throne, after nine years of civil war.

Prince Edward soon established peace so securely, that he felt at liberty to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. While he was gone, Henry of Winchester died in the sixty-fifth year of his age and the fifty-fifth of his reign, believing to the last that he was a very admirable and ill-used king, and never having the remotest idea that his whole life had been a huge blunder, and that in all his reign he had done no good deed for England. Edward quietly succeeded to his father in 1262, at the age of thirty-three, though he did not return to be crowned until two years afterward.

The French king, Louis, whom Edward had gone to join in the crusade, died in Tunis, Africa, before Edward reached that country. Most of the French knights at once abandoned the crusade, but Edward declared that he would press on to the Holy Land, though only his own squire bore him company. He sailed for Acre, after taking Nazareth from the Turks. At Acre he was wounded by a thrust from a poisoned dagger in the hands of a treacherous Saracen, and had not Queen Eleanor, his wife, sucked the poison from the wound, and a Christian physician sent him a certain herb to bind upon it, he would have died. He visited many places of interest in the Holy Land, and then turned homeward. The news of his father's death reached him in Italy, and when he had visited the Pope and received his blessing, he

journeyed leisurely to England, and amid the rejoicing of the people was crowned at Westminster Abbey, August 12, 1274.

Edward himself contributed in a substantial manner to the public rejoicing on the occasion of his coronation. It is said that he feasted the people on the flesh of 380 cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 flitches of bacon, and 19,660 fowls. After the banquet he turned 500 noble war-horses out as prizes to whoever might choose to catch them.

Everybody was merry except the poor Jews, who kept closely at home. They had learned from Richard, the Lion-hearted, what mercy they might expect from a crusading king, and Edward's hatred for them was well-known. Their fears were soon realized. The king ordered hundreds of them hanged on the suspicion of having clipped the coin—that is shaved off some of the gold—and every Jew was ordered to wear a badge on his clothing, and severely punished if he failed to obey. This badge marked the Jews for every kind of abuse and insult, but it was not sufficient to satisfy the king's hatred. Finally he ordered the Jews on pain of death to leave the country, carrying with them only their light movables. When they were gone, their houses with all that they contained, fell into the hands of the king, and greatly enriched him.

The Welsh people had never been thoroughly conquered by the English, although Wales was tributary to England. Edward determined that he would subdue them. He summoned the spirited and brave Welsh king, Llewellyn to come to his court and do homage for his kingdom. Llewellyn had reason to distrust the English. His uncle Gruffydd had ventured into their power, and had been clapped into a gloomy dungeon in the tower. He therefore politely told Edward that he would rather be excused. Edward exchanged no compliments with him, but mustering an army, marched into Wales and took Llewellyn prisoner. He captured also a fair lady whom Llewellyn was about to marry, and threw her into prison.

Llewellyn was set at liberty on the payment of a heavy ransom, but Edward would not allow the ransom of the lady. This was in 1277, and the English proceeded to take possession of nearly all of the castles in Wales, and were intolerably overbearing and insolent. Llewellyn and his countrymen bore their haughtiness with what patience they could for a time, then they took up arms and drove them out of the country. Llewellyn was finally killed, and his brother was murdered by the order of the king. The English re-took the castles they had lost, and built many new ones which they filled with soldiers.

The Welsh bards and minstrels were wont to sing of an old prophecy dating back to the days of King Arthur, which declared that when Welsh money became round, a prince of Wales should wear his crown in London. They took this to mean that England would one day be tributary to Wales. Welsh money was now round, for King Edward had forbidden the cutting of his coin, and thinking that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled, and receiving the encouragement of the bards, the people had joined in the uprising. The castle-men feared the eloquence of the bards nearly as much as they did the valor of the Welsh, and to prevent them encouraging any more revolts, they hunted them to death with great cruelty. Wales was, after much hard fighting, thoroughly subdued. Strangely enough the old prophecy "came true," though not as the Welsh people had imagined. Edward's queen gave birth to a son at Carnarvon, in Wales, and Edward made him "Prince of Wales." This "Edward of Carnarvon" did wear his crown many a day in London, and the Welsh people



felt that their old prophet was vindicated. Edward I. was doomed to an unquiet reign, and he now had trouble with France. It arose in this way: The crew of an English ship, and that of a Norman ship, happened to meet at a certain point on the French coast, where they had landed to fill their water-casks. As the Normans and English hated each other, the sailors of the two vessels began to quarrel and then to fight. Some of the Normans were killed, and the rest driven to their ships. To revenge this defeat, the Norman sailors fell upon an English merchant-ship, killed the crew, and hanged the captain in the rigging of his own vessel, with a dead dog at his feet, as a token of the contempt in which they held his nation. After this the sailors of both nations were engaged in fights upon the seas to that extent that commerce was almost ruined. The Irish, Dutch and English seamen were banded together, against the French, Italians and Normans. At last eighty English ships fought a battle with two hundred Norman vessels, and defeated them, giving no quarter to the prisoners.

The King of France summoned Edward, as his vassal for Guyenne, to answer for the damage done by the English sailors. Edward sent his brother Edmund to arrange the affair, but he managed it so clumsily that the French king seized Guyenne. Edward was determined to win back his French province, and asked two of his great nobles to lead armies into France. They refused, and as the Parliament did not approve the war, and would give him no money to carry it on, the king resorted to the most desperate means of securing the necessary supply. He taxed the people, but Parliament calmly told them that as the tax was unlawful they need not pay it. Edward was then obliged to make peace with France, which he did, marrying the French king's sister, for he was then a widower. He also betrothed his son to the daughter of the French monarch.

While Edward was in France on the occasion of his marriage, he took into his household an orphan lad, who caused much trouble in England afterward. The boy's father had been a noble of Guyenne, who was so loyal to Edward that the French king hung him and burned his wife as a witch, though of course he must have known that she was nothing of the sort.

Edward's trouble with Scotland began when he had been thirteen years King of England. Alexander, the king of the Scots, died and left no children, the only direct heir being his orphan grand-daughter, Margaret of Norway, who died as she was on her way to Scotland to claim the crown. A dozen claimants for the Scottish throne at once appeared, and quarreled and contended for it. In an unlucky hour, some of the noblemen thought of asking Edward to decide the matter. Edward saw a good opportunity for making Scotland tributary to the English crown. When his sister had married the Scottish king, Edward had solemnly acknowledged the independence of Scotland, but now he styled himself Lord of that country, and made John Baliol, whom he declared to have the best right to the crown, accept it at his hands, as though it were granted him by England's favor. He also made Baliol twice acknowledge him as his liege lord, once in the presence of the commissioners, who had been instructed by Edward to declare him the heir of the crown, and again in the presence of the king and his court at Newcastle.

When King John Baliol went back to Edinburgh, the Scots reproached him bitterly with having bartered away their freedom. King Edward soon made him feel the weight of his authority. He commanded him as his vassal to come to him at London, and treated him with studied indignity when at court. At length John was

deposed without the knowledge of Edward, and twelve Scottish nobles took charge of the kingdom. They implored the help of France, but before they could receive it, Edward marched into the country, and defeated the Scottish forces. He left William Warren as custodian of the kingdom, and Hugh Cressingham as treasurer, and returned to England in triumph.

Warren went throughout Scotland with a force of soldiers, compelling the nobles to swear allegiance to England. Cressingham plundered and oppressed the people, and caused their bitter hatred of England to grow ten-fold stronger. Edward had destroyed all the records and monuments of the Scots, seeking thus to make them forget in time, the past glory of their race, but he could not destroy the national spirit of this free people. You have heard of William Wallace, the noble champion of Scottish liberty. Well, when I tell you the story of Scotland, I shall have more to relate of his deeds. For five years he led the bravest of his countrymen against the English, and when by death or desertion he had lost all of his followers, and had no place except the wild moor, or the rocky Highland glen to lay his weary head, he still defied England, and defiant to the last, was betrayed into Edward's hand.

King Edward caused the noble Wallace, who had never acknowledged him as his lord, to be condemned as a traitor. All the world knows how the Christian crusader-king, who pretended to love justice and mercy had this valiant patriot dragged at the tails of horses, hanged on a high gallows, torn open while alive, and after he was dead had his body cut in pieces. Wallace died with the heroic spirit still unconquered, and his fame is written with his blood, in the long list of the martyrs for liberty.

Edward's troubles with Scotland did not end with the death of Wallace. Bruce became the champion of the Scottish nation, was crowned king, and inflicted some severe losses upon the English. He harrassed them in every way, and showed such cunning and military skill, that Edward though old and feeble in body, himself took the field against him. With the intention of carrying death and desolation into Scotland, he turned his face northward. His strength failed him before he reached the border. He made his son, Edward of Carnarvon, promise never to make peace until Scotland was conquered, and never to bury his bones, but to boil them clean and carry them before the army, until the proud Scots were brought low. He died on July 7, 1307, having reigned for thirty years. He was as cruel and unscrupulous a Plantagenet as ever sat on the English throne, but he was wise in government, and able in war, personally brave, and loved the glory of the English name.

On his deathbed, the old king had made Edward of Carnarvon, also promise that he would never recall Piers Gaveston, who was in exile, and it would have been better had he kept his vow. Piers had grown up in Edward's court, a fascinating, brave, yet vicious young man, and he had so much influence with young Edward, and led him into so many difficulties, that the king had banished him. As soon as he was king, Edward II. broke all the promises he had made with his father. He abandoned the war with the Scots, and they regained all they had lost, and became independent. He called Piers Gaveston back to England, and loaded him with riches. He even made him regent of the kingdom when he went over to France to marry the daughter of the French king.

Gaveston was insolent and haughty, and took great delight in nick-naming to their faces some of the proud English noblemen. He called the Earl of Lancaster "The Old Hog," "the Earl of Warwick," "The Black Dog of Ardennes," and Edward's



uncle he styled "Joseph the Jew." So bitterly did he insult these peers, and many others, that they would not give him his title, for the king had made him Earl of Cornwall, but always called him the "Witch's son." When the king had been for three years under the influence of this unworthy favorite, the Parliament compelled him to banish him. The king swore a solemn oath never to recall Gaveston, and the favorite on his part swore never to return to England. Piers did not go very far away, only to Ireland, where the king gave him almost royal power, and in a year's time was back in England, more insolent and more powerful than before.

The king and Gaveston spent in questionable amusements the money that the Parliament granted to carry on the Scottish war, and the nobles saw that they could expect nothing from the king as long as Gaveston was spared. The "Black Dog of Ardennes" persuaded the Earl of Pembroke, who had besieged and captured Gaveston, to turn him over to his vengeance, and at once murdered him. You may be sure that King Edward II. was wild with rage at the fall of his favorite, and swore that he would do dreadful things to his barons, but he did nothing at all. About the same time the Scottish king, Bruce, who had retaken every castle in Scotland except Stirling, was besieging that.

Edward went to the relief of the castle with a hundred thousand men, but his luck was against him. The English were dreadfully defeated at Bannockburn, and afterward plague and famine desolated England. Nothing could reconcile the king and his lords. Unwarned by what had occurred to Gaveston, the king selected another favorite, named DeSpenser, a man much like his former favorite. He took also the father of DeSpenser, a brave, honorable man, into his service, and lavished wealth upon them both.

It was now a foregone conclusion that what the king liked his Parliament would hate, and they accordingly held the DeSpensers, father and son, in the utmost abhorrence, and ordered the king to dismiss them. Edward did as he was required, for he had no alternative at the time, but he soon recalled them. He secured their aid to besiege a castle where the queen had been denied hospitality, and afterward took many prisoners from among his nobles. The Earl of Lancaster was beheaded by the king's order, and eight and twenty knights who were especially obnoxious to him and the DeSpensers, were murdered. A number of gentlemen who had expressed their mind somewhat too freely about the king's vagaries, were also thrown into prison.

Edward II. now made a formal truce with Bruce, and thinking that he had thoroughly terrorized his lords, rested easily. Isabella, his French wife, was a clever woman, who hated her husband and loved Roger Mortimer, one of the unlucky knights, who languished in the tower, for being too outspoken in regard to the king's folly. She helped him to escape, by having a trusty friend send him a rope ladder in a cask of wine. He made his guards drunk with drugged liquor, climbed up the prison kitchen-chimney, and let himself down from the roof with his ladder. He at once hastened to France, and placed himself under the protection of the king.

This King of France had been only a little time on the throne, and he pretended to be offended because Edward II. had not done homage to him for the Duchy of Guyenne. Edward's affairs were in such a state that he did not dare to leave England, and it is not at all unlikely that the French Charles knew this perfectly well. Edward sent his queen to arrange matters. Charles was the brother of the queen, and when she was safe at his court, she wrote her husband, saying that Charles

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suggested that since the King of England could not himself come to do homage for Guyenne, he must send his son and heir, Edward of Windsor, who was then twelve years old, as his representative. When the queen had young Edward in her hands, she refused to return to England, pretending that the DeSpensers had made her position at the court of Edward II. unbearable. The fact was, that under the direction of her ambitious lover, Mortimer, she was planning an invasion of England.

When her plans were perfected, Isabella, with a small force landed in England. She was joined by the rebellious nobles, and after a short resistance, the De Spensers were killed in battle, the king carried a prisoner to Kenilworth, and Parliament deposed him. Edward II. had by this time reigned nineteen years and a-half, with the greatest folly and incapacity, and the nation had long been alienated from him. He was murdered soon after his deposition, it is said, with the most revolting torture, and Isabella and Mortimer became the real rulers of England, though young Edward of Windsor was crowned in 1327, before the death of his father.

For four years Isabella and Mortimer carried matters on to suit themselves, and a most disgraceful mess they made of affairs. When Edward III. was eighteen, and had endured the insolence of his mother's lover until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, he put him to death, imprisoned Isabella, and began his actual reign. As Edward I. was the able son of a weak, foolish and incapable king, so Edward III. was the wise, prudent and valorous son of a cowardly sire. It seemed the fate of the best of the later Plantagenets to rear weak and silly sons for the English throne, while some of the worst of them gave to England the bravest and best princes, a singular outworking of the principle of mental and moral heredity.

I shall not attempt to relate in detail the events of the fifty years' reign of Edward III. After he had brought Scotland again into dependence upon England, he assumed the motto "Dieu et mon droit," (God and my right) which the British monarchs have borne ever since. With this motto on his banner, he laid claim to the Kingdom of France, through his mother, Isabella, and began a war on that account, which lasted for many years. Away back in the early history of France, the Salian Franks made a law that no woman should rule over them, and that the crown should descend to the male heirs of the male line. This Salic law barred Edward's claim, but he nevertheless persisted in asserting it.

Under Edward III., himself, and the Black Prince, his warlike son, the English besieged the town of Calais, for eleven months. The French made a gallant defense, but when they had eaten all the dogs, rats and mice in the town and there was nothing left to eat except one another, they sent messengers to the English besiegers, humbly entreating terms. Edward III. had been often angry and impatient with the French of Calais, and now was his chance of revenge. He ordered the messengers to send him six of the most distinguished of the citizens of the town, with no clothes upon them except their shirts, and with ropes about their necks, with the keys of the place.



When the messengers returned and related what Edward had said, the people assembled in the market-place were alarmed. There was weeping and despair, and every man who in happier times had desired to be thought "the most distinguished citizen of Calais," was willing to acknowledge that some other had a better right to that honor than he. Finally one worthy man, Eustache de Saint Pierre, offered himself as one of the six, and besought the citizens to remember that it was better that six be sacrificed, than that all should feel the weight of the anger of the English king. Inspired by his example, five others consented to become victims, and they all went out as Edward had desired, dressed—or rather undressed—in their shirts, and with ropes about their necks. The king commanded that their heads be struck off, but his good queen, Phillipa, begged for their lives, and I am happy to say that Edward spared them. The French war came to an end after terrible years of desolation, leaving France in such a dreadful condition, that it took the country two hundred years to recover. The king of France was captured, and carried prisoner to London, and there stayed for a long time. He was released upon the payment of a ransom, but was so ill-received by his countrymen, when he was sent back to France, that he returned of his own accord to his peaceful prison in England, and died there.



The Black Prince, Edward of Wales

The Black Prince married his cousin Joan, and settled in Bordeaux. He was induced to help Pedro the Cruel, of Spain, to regain his throne, but he gained nothing thereby but broken promises, and heavy debts. To pay the expenses of his Spanish campaign, he taxed the people of his French province to that extent that they rebelled, and called upon the king of France to aid them. The Black Prince had been ruined in health as well as in pocket in the service of the ungrateful Spaniards, and he was too ill to withstand the rebels. Thus he was defeated and driven from the country. He went home to England to die, and when he had suffered most patiently for four years, closed his eyes on the world in the year 1376, mourned by the whole English nation as their most valiant and noble prince, as well as their best beloved. His death was a crushing blow to the old king, whose last years, in spite of his long and successful career, were very sad.

Enfeebled in mind and body, Edward III. became the prey of designing favorites and was distracted by the quarrels of his remaining sons. A wicked woman, one Alice Perrers, acquired so much influence over the aged king, that he could refuse her nothing. She robbed and abandoned him in his dying hours, and only a poor priest who happened to be present, heard his last sigh, and closed his world-weary eyes.

On account of his many years of war, Edward III. was obliged to leave the government of his kingdom almost wholly to Parliament. Wealth had largely increased among the middle classes, and through its power they began to have more influence both in Parliament and out, and to use it wisely. The English, instead of the French language, became the speech of the court, and of law. Education spread, architecture improved, and England was prosperous and progressive. It was also during the reign of Edward III. that "The Morning Star of the Reformation," John Wickliffe,



a preacher of Oxford, began to preach and write about the avarice of the popes, and the scandalous lives of the clergy. He denied the right of the church to interfere with worldly affairs, and to maintain his position, translated the Bible into English, thus causing new light to be shed upon the minds of the people.

The monarch who succeeded Edward III. was a boy of eleven, Richard II. he was called, and was the son of the Black Prince. The English were disposed to love him for his father's sake, but like other Plantagenet kings who had great fathers, he was unworthy of regard. His uncles, the Dukes of York, Lancaster and Gloucester, governed the country while he was in his minority, and were constantly wrangling. When Richard was about sixteen the expenses of the various foreign wars of the country decided the Parliament to collect a tax that had been levied in the last reign. This tax was a certain sum of money on every man and woman in the realm over

fourteen years old. The common people were very poor, and resisted the collectors of the odious tax, and even besieged the king in the tower of London. They ran riot in the streets of that city, and destroyed many fine buildings, in their wrath, before the king would agree to take off the tax. He did finally agree to do so, and to grant them some privileges, that would leave them less at the mercy of the rich, but as soon as he was surrounded by an army of his nobles and their followers, and knew himself safe from the common people, he denied all his promises, and punished the rebels by executing fifteen hundred of their number.

When the king was two and twenty, he took the government into his own hands. He at first displaced his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, but allowed him almost royal privileges in time. The Duke took advantage of his position to create a rising against Richard, who was very unpopular with a large portion of his subjects. The revolution was a failure, and Gloucester was imprisoned and murdered by the king's orders. The Duke of Hereford, who was the son of King Edward's brother, and therefore first cousin to King Richard, was expelled from the court, on account of the king's jealousy. The king was so haughty toward his nobles, so utterly untrustworthy, cruel and exacting toward his people, that they decided not to bear his rule.

For eleven years he had plotted against nearly every one of his near relatives, as well as against the liberty of the nation, and while he was absent in Ireland, Hereford returned to England with an army. He captured Richard's friends, won the people over to his cause, Richard was dethroned, and he had himself crowned. Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford and Lancaster, was a merciless king. He imprisoned Richard on his return from Ireland, and is accused of murdering him, for he showed to the people a body which he declared to be that of the late king, with only the lower part of the face uncovered. There were people who declared that Richard did not die in prison, as was popularly supposed, but that he escaped one dark night from the Tower, fled from London, and lived safely in hiding among the hills of Scotland for twenty-two years, a harmless madman, who fancied himself still the ruler of a great realm.

Henry IV., as the new king was called, had achieved remarkable success in war,



when he was Duke of Hereford, but his luck seemed to desert him after he was made king. A Welshman, Owen Glendower, had all of his property wrested from him by an English lord, who was his neighbor. That was a common thing in those days, and though the Welshman appealed to the Parliament for redress, they evidently thought the matter too trivial for their interference. Despairing of obtaining justice peacefully, Glendower took up arms, won back his estate, and drove his oppressor out of Wales. Moreover, he caused himself to be crowned king of that country. When the Welsh in the service of King Henry Bolingbroke heard of this proceeding, they left England in large numbers, and joined their countrymen.

Glendower professed to be a wizard, and to be able to control thunder and lightning, wind and weather. Since the days of Merlin, the wizard of King Arthur's court, the Welsh had believed firmly in wizards, and they accepted everything Glendower asserted about his miraculous powers, as gospel truth. Henry IV. laughed Glendower's magic to scorn, but attempted three several times to invade Wales, and every time was driven back by dreadful storms. He believed, too, that Glendower was a magician, with whom it was unsafe to tamper, and let him alone. He remained king of Wales as long as Henry lived.

It was in the early days of Henry's troubles with Glendower, that he sent his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer, against him. Sir Edmund was captured by the valiant Welshmen, and held for ransom. Now Mortimer had many true friends. Among them was Lord Percy, the brave old Earl of Northumberland, and the knightly Harry Percy, his son, who was such a dashing warrior, so ready to fight in any good cause, that he had received the name of Hotspur. The father and son were about to ransom the captive uncle of the king, when that dutiful individual sternly forbade them to do so.

The Percys were very much incensed with the king, and more so when he squandered on his own pleasures, and those of his worthless favorites, the money that Parliament granted him for the prosecution of the war with Scotland. He had failed to keep his promise to drive the Scots from some strong places they had seized, but the Percys still carried on the war. In a battle soon after the failure to ransom Mortimer, they captured a large number of Scottish prisoners. Henry forbade them this time to accept ransom, though it was the universal custom in these days to release noble prisoners on the payment of ransom.

One of Hotspur's prisoners was the famous "Black Douglas," and so angry was Harry with King Henry IV. that he allied himself with the famous Scottish chief, and with his father rebelled against the king, and marched with 1,400 followers to join Glendower in Wales. Henry's forces met the rebels before they succeeded in crossing into Wales, and in the dreadful battle that was fought, valiant Harry Hotspur was killed. The elder Percy fled to Scotland, but neither the Earl nor his brave son were much blamed by the English people. The Percys had done much to seat Henry IV. on the throne, and upon the first opportunity, he turned against them.

I told you about Wickliffe and his doctrines. By this time he had gained many followers, all of whom had earnestly supported Henry's claim to the crown. These followers of Wickliffe were called Lollards, because a certain Walter Lollard had taken up Wickliffe's doctrines, and preached them eloquently in German. The Lollards proposed to Henry that the State should take charge of much of the church property. The church now claimed nearly a third of the land in England, and Henry was not at all opposed to the Lollards' proposition. Some of his advisers

persuaded him that there was more to be gained by protecting the church than plundering it, and he had a law passed in Parliament condemning, to be burned at the stake, all of the Lollards who would not deny their faith.

England's quarrel with Scotland and France had been on all this time, though there was a truce with the former country. The wicked brother of the Scottish king had compassed the death of one of the royal princes, and to save the other his father had put him on board a ship to be taken to France. The English captured the ship, and with it the young Scottish Crown-Prince, James. Henry made him remain in England, and in his prison he became a scholar and a poet. He remained a captive nineteen years.

In the latter years of King Henry's life he was subject to epileptic fits, which were brought on by the least excitement. In one of these he died, March 20, 1413,



WINDSOR CASTLE.

and the nation was not inconsolable. He was the first king of the House of Lancaster, and though he tried hard to oppress his people, the commons steadily gained power. The king could not tax the people, spend public money, nor give away land without the consent of the commons, and the lords forced him to administer justice, dismiss unworthy favorites, and in every way limited him. Henry IV. could, therefore, not accomplish as much mischief as his disposition prompted. When Henry of Monmouth, the son of Henry Bolingbroke, came to the throne, the English people believed that they had gained a great deal by the death of the old king, and the accession of the new. He was twenty-five years old when he was crowned, and was handsome, manly and winning. He had been a wild youth, but he dismissed all of his roystering companions, told them that he had reformed, and bade them do likewise. There were many abuses and mistakes to rectify, and Henry V. proceeded to do so. He set King James of Scotland free, and sent him home to wisely rule Scotland. He recalled Harry Hotspur's son, who had been in exile for many years, and



restored to him the estates of the Percys. There was one thing that Henry V. did that was extremely cruel, though the fanatical Catholic clergy were more to blame than was the king.

Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham), had been a good friend to Harry of Monmouth in his young days. This nobleman was an eloquent supporter of the doctrines of the Lollards, and according to the laws passed by Henry IV., he was a heretic, who must suffer death if he would not recant. The king disliked to use severe measures against his old friend, so he sent for him, and tried to argue him out of his religious beliefs. The genial, brave Oldcastle was not to be convinced, and was so eloquent in the support of his faith that the King was silenced. At length finding that argument had failed, Henry threatened Oldcastle. Sir John retired to his estates, and laid a plan to protect his fellow-believers by force of arms. The plot was discovered, and the king allowed hundreds of the Lollards to be put to death by torture. Sir John escaped to Wales, and remained there in hiding for four years. When he was discovered by Lord Powis and some men-at-arms, he fought bravely for his life, until a wretched old woman came up behind him, and broke his legs by a blow with a wooden steel. Maimed and suffering, Sir John was carried to London, and roasted to death over a slow fire.

Torture fires blazed all over England, and many hideous forms of death sought out the Lollards, whose only crime was the exposure of the corruption of the church. Blood and tears could not quench their zeal. It was not to be consumed by the burning faggots, nor darkened by the shadow of the dungeón and the gibbet. They stood for religious liberty, as their ancestors had stood against political tyranny, and their martyrdom was the beginning of that darkest hour that comes before the dawn of the reformation.

France was dreadfully distracted by civil war, and Henry went over to that country to lay claim to the French crown. For the first time in the history of England's wars with that country, ravage and plunder were positively forbidden. King Edward III. had used small cannon and gunpowder long ago, in the battle of Crecy, but the English now for the first time, used large-sized cannon. After a long march with his six thousand armored knights and twenty-four thousand archers, King Henry caught sight of a great French force drawn up to oppose him near Agincourt. Their ranks were thirty deep, while the rank of the English were only five deep, yet the French seemed to hesitate to bring on the fray. Henry, therefore, sent out two parties, one to conceal themselves in a wood to the left of the enemy, and the other to make a wide circuit, come up behind the French, and set fire to some houses, in order to make them begin the fight.

The French sent three of their knights to command the English to surrender, and avoid the bloodshed that would end in their certain defeat. Henry returned a defiance to the French, and intimated they were in as much danger as the English. His archers knelt and bit the dust, as a token that they took possession of the ground, and then at the word of command rushed forward. Each archer carried a sharp-pointed iron stake, and as each man discharged his arrow and turned to retreat before the advancing French, each stuck his stake in the ground and left it there. The ground was soft and miry for the heavy armored horses and cavalymen of the French, though firm enough for the English archers on foot. The cavalymen dashed forward, but being brought to a stand by the stakes, threw the horsemen and footmen behind them into confusion. Thus entangled they were mired in the soft mud, and when

thrown to the ground were unable to rise on account of their armor. The English archers wore no armor, and even threw off their leather jackets to act with more freedom. They slew the French without mercy, and when the foe attempted to flee, they found that they had been drawn up in such a narrow space that flight could not be accomplished. Their rout, therefore, became a slaughter, and they lost ten thousand men on the field and fourteen thousand prisoners, while only forty Englishmen ail told, fell. Among these were three valiant Welshmen, who saved the life of the king at the risk of their own, and these Henry knighted as they lay dying.

The French hastened to treat for peace. Henry gave it on the condition that the Princess Catherine, whom he had seen and with whom he had fallen in love, should be given to him for his wife. He agreed to allow the French king to rule during his lifetime, but insisted that the crown should descend to his house upon his death. This peace was called "The Perpetual Peace." Henry fondly imagined that he had settled for all time the quarrel with France, and was happy in the possession of a beautiful bride and the prospects of a long reign.

Catherine bore him a son and his joy was complete, when he suddenly fell ill. When he felt that death was near at hand, Henry commended his sorrowing wife and little child to the care of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, and with calm patience and kingly dignity, awaited the end. It came August 31, 1422, and gave, indeed, perpetual peace to Henry V., in the thirty-fourth year of his age and the tenth of his reign. He was the noblest and best of the Lancaster branch of the house of Plantagenet. The infant son of the dead king was made sovereign with the title of Henry VI., and Parliament appointed some nobles to rule for him during his minority.

The war in France was renewed by the wonderful successes of Joan of Arc, of whom we have already told you, and under her guidance in the next seven years, the French gained many victories. The English compelled the French to crown Henry's son their king in 1431, but the maintainence of the war became so unpopular in England, that when the young king was twenty-two a truce was made. It was none too soon, for the English had lost nearly all of their French provinces, and to secure at least Normandy, Henry VI. agreed to marry a French princess, Margaret of Anjou. The English had been unsuccessful in France, through the improvement in French implements of war. The cannon used by the English were large and clumsy, and flung stones, but a clever Frenchman had invented a small cannon that could be easily moved from place to place, which shot iron balls. Thus they were able to batter down strong walls with their new-fashioned cannon, and the English had nothing with which to oppose this formidable artillery.

As soon as he was married, the king began to take part in public affairs, or at least his wife did in his name. With the usual fate of the Plantagenet kings, Henry V., the able and brilliant king, had given to the throne a weak and incapable prince. In fact Henry VI. was so very incapable that had he not been a king he would have been considered an idiot, or something approaching one. The beautiful young Margaret of Anjou had a genius for government, and with the aid of the Duke of Suffolk, ruled with wisdom. She was surrounded by enemies, one of whom, the Duke of Gloucester, she no doubt caused to be murdered. The loss of Normandy occurred about this time, and Parliament claiming that the Duke of Suffolk was responsible for it, first banished him, then caused him to be put to death.



After that event the country was wretchedly governed. The queen had no support, and the king was but a figure-head. The Duke of York, and the Duke of



Joan of Arc Wounded.

Somerset, of the House of Lancaster, were rivals and bitter enemies. Each had a considerable following in Parliament. When one of these dukes was in high favor at court, the other would usually be a prisoner in the Tower, and at all events they

were continually plotting against each other. Roger Mortimer, the grandfather of the Duke of York, had been named by Richard I. as his heir, but his claim had been set aside by Henry Bolingbroke. The Duke of York had, therefore, many powerful friends, who thought that he had a right to the crown. Somerset was the queen's favorite. He had the misfortune to lose Gascony, and Calais alone remained to England of all her conquests in France. Taking advantage of the popular discontent on this account, York became the real ruler of the country, for the poor king was a little more imbecile than ever. Somerset shut himself up in his castle, in order to prevent York from shutting him up in the Tower. The King recovered enough of his mind to realize that York, whom he disliked, was too powerful, and he dismissed him from court, and recalled Somerset. The Yorkists took up arms, and in the first battle that they had with the Somerset, or Lancaster party, killed the Duke. This battle was fought at St. Albans in May, 1455, and was the first conflict in that long and bloody struggle, known as "The War of the Roses," so called because the York badge was a white rose, and the Lancaster a red.

Warwick, known as the "King-maker," took the part of the Yorkists, and the whole country was arrayed on one side or the other. Those were sad days for England. The white rose was dyed in the crimson of many a battle-field, and the red rose paled in death under the blue sky, or in despair faded away in many a prison before the Duke of York, in 1460, captured the king, and defeated the noblemen who had charge of the forces of the queen's army. It is said that on this occasion Margaret and her little son escaped the Yorkists, and on their way to Scotland alone took refuge in a forest. There the queen was set upon by night and robbed of all her money and valuables. The next day Margaret was sorrowfully leading her little boy along, when a little ahead of her, she saw another robber, concealed at a turn in the path, and awaiting her approach. Fearlessly accosting him, and appearing not to notice his threatening looks, the queen cried, "Friend, this is the son of your king. I commend him to you, and as you are a true man, crave your protection for him and for myself, Margaret of England."

The robber was touched by the appeal, and proud of the confidence reposed in him. He guarded the queen and little prince until they were safe in Scotland, and I hope was well rewarded therefor. Once in the north country, the queen had no trouble in raising an army to invade England. The Duke of York had meanwhile been declared by Parliament to be the heir to the throne. By this agreement Henry VI. was to hold the name of King during his lifetime. Upon Margaret's approach with her army, the Duke of York went out with his forces to oppose her. A battle was fought at Wakefield, and the Duke was there defeated and killed.

The queen followed up her victory with shocking cruelties. One of the late duke's sons, a mere boy, was murdered by her order, and the eldest only escaped the same fate by flight. This young man, Edward of York, was crowned king soon after, and Margaret took her son and went abroad. Edward IV. sent Warwick the "king-maker" to France to seek a bride for him, and while he was gone married a pretty young widow, Elizabeth Grey, whose maiden name was Woodville. Warwick was bitterly offended, but bided his time. Soon afterward the king repeated the offense in a more exaggerated form, for this time he actually allowed some negotiations to be begun. He sent Warwick to arrange a marriage for his wife's sister with a French prince, and while he was absent on that errand, compelled the young lady to marry



the Duke of Burgundy, a friend of the new queen. This time Warwick was furious, and made no secret of the disgust that the king inspired by filling the court with the low-born relatives of his wife, and insulting his most loyal and powerful friends to please them. He pretended to be reconciled after awhile, and to revenge himself, married his own daughter, against the king's wishes, to the royal prince, Clarence, the next in the line of succession, should the king die without children. Clarence had some hope that the "king-maker" would make him king. His brother, Edward IV., had taken from him his promised wife, a sweet young girl, and compelled her to marry Anthony Woodville, the queen's brother, for the maiden was an heiress, and on this account Clarence hated Edward. The king next caused his wife's little son, Thomas Grey, a boy of thirteen, to be married to the queen's eighteen-year-old sister. He was so infatuated with his new relatives that he stopped at nothing to satisfy their greed, and they were uncommonly greedy. Warwick hoped by winning the favor of the common people to unseat Edward IV., and was generous and kind to the poor. He took Clarence, went over to France and made friends with Margaret, and married one of his daughters to her son, the young Prince Edward. Clarence saw that his chances of ever being king of England were now small, and he secretly sent word to Edward of all Warwick's plans. When Clarence and Warwick returned to England, they defeated Edward in battle, and he fled to France, the customary refuge of persecuted Englishmen. Warwick then took poor imbecile King Henry out of prison and seated him again on the throne, keeping the real power in his own hands. Clarence was more and more dissatisfied, and kept up a secret correspondence with his brother. Edward returned to England with an army, having secretly corresponded with Clarence during his absence, and the latter stole away and joined him.

Again Englishmen prepared to shed English blood to satisfy the ambitions of the York and Lancaster parties. Edward had a party of archers, armed with guns carrying powder and ball, the first ever seen in England. Clarence would have gone back to the cause of his father-in-law, on the eve of the battle, but Warwick would not receive the double traitor. The battle was fought in a blinding snow-storm. Margaret and her son had returned to England, and were near the scene of combat, the young prince manfully striving to maintain his right. They were both taken prisoner. The young Edward was carried before Edward of York, the king, who angrily asked him how he dared to invade England. The noble and fearless lad replied: "I entered England, which was the dominion of my father and grandfather, to redress my wrongs and claim my rights." Edward IV. was so angry at this answer that he struck the boy across the mouth with his mailed hand and knocked him down, and Clarence and Gloucester murdered him with their swords. Margaret was ransomed by her father, and lived to be a poor, lonely, sad, old woman.

Clarence was a thorough traitor, and Edward feared his ambition and distrusted him. He therefore had him confined in the Tower, and requested him to choose some manner of death. It is said that he requested to be drowned in a huge barrel of his favorite wine, and the king permitted it. King Henry had been put out of the way



Knight Templar.

safely and secretly long before, and Edward had only Gloucester to fear and he was wily enough to disarm suspicion.

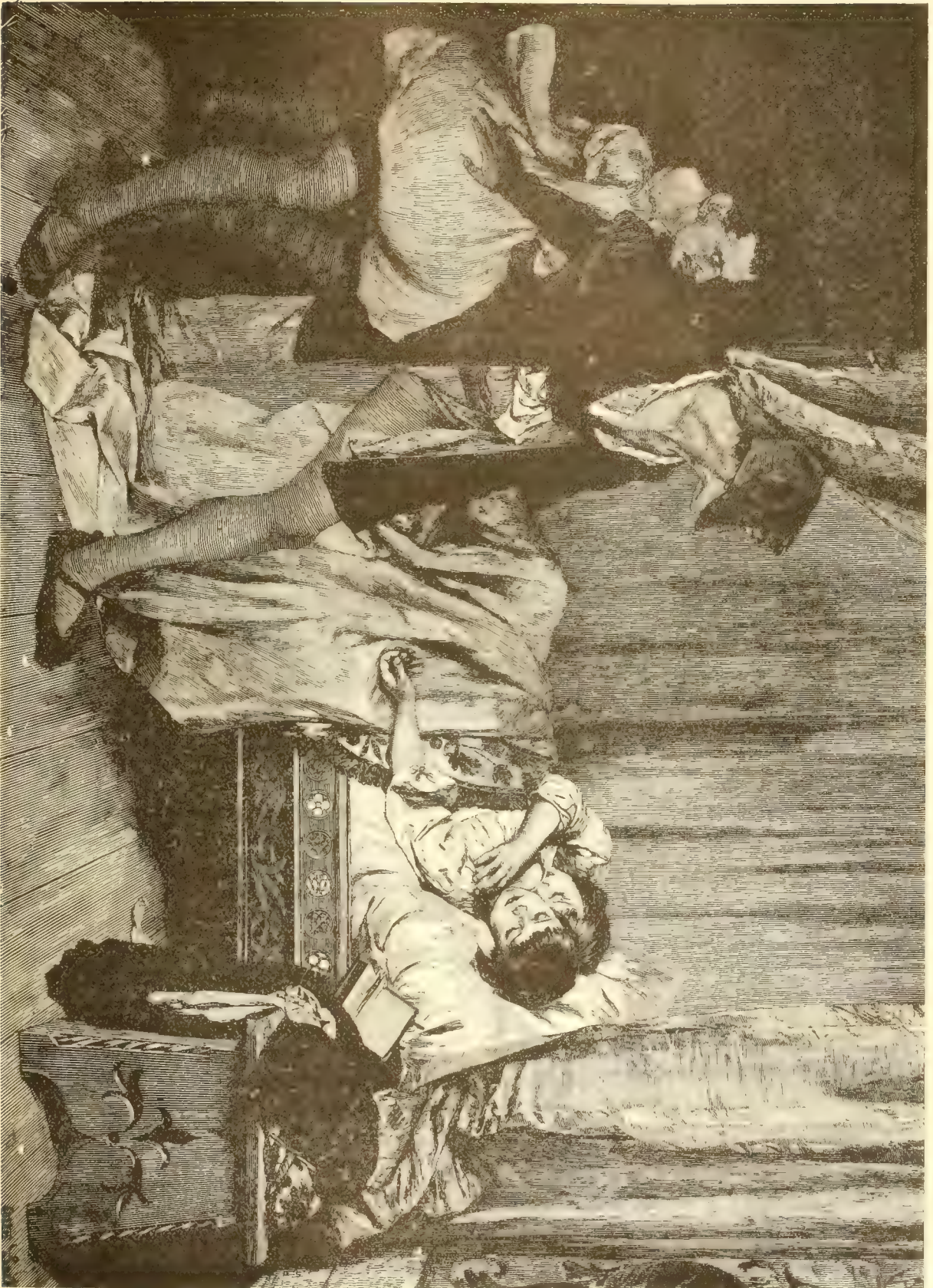
Edward IV. was a good soldier and possessed much personal courage, but his private life was beastly. He indulged every vice that destroys the health, sears the conscience, and makes a human being despicable, and was a man wholly without conscience. He was a bloody-minded tyrant, a liar, and a villain, and during his reign the old nobility of England was almost exterminated. Upon the death of Edward IV. Gloucester became the Protector of England, but the two little sons of the dead king found in him the same protection that the wolf gives helpless lambs. The eldest of these children, Edward, a boy of thirteen, was proclaimed King Edward V., but he was never crowned. Under the pretense that little Edward was lonely in the tower, whither his uncle had taken him "for safe-keeping" until the day of coronation, his young brother, the little Duke of York, was also taken from his mother. When Gloucester had the princes in his power, he tried to bribe the keeper of the tower to murder them, but he indignantly refused. Then he sent an order to the keeper of the tower to relinquish his charge for twenty-four hours, to three men whom he sent to take command of the prison. In that twenty-four hours the little princes disappeared. Whether they were smothered with pillows, as was afterward affirmed, or whether only the eldest was murdered and the other escaped, will never be known. Years afterward, a youth who claimed to be the younger of the two princes, appeared in England, and related how his brother was murdered and he escaped to Burgundy, grew up there under the protection of his aunt, the Duchess of that province, and now desired to be righted. He made much trouble, and caused some bloodshed in England, during the reign of Henry VII., who declared him to be an impostor.

It is almost certain that the king himself did not think him an impostor, for he would never allow the mother of the little princes to see the person who claimed to be her son, and could never explain how the Duchess of Burgundy, who knew the princes well, could be deceived by his claim, and why she furnished him with money, to push his fortunes in England. Henry VII. declared that the young man was one Perkin Warbeck, the son of a baker, but he took care to have him hanged, and it is more than likely that the youth was in reality the unfortunate Duke of York.

Gloucester prevailed by murder and other crimes, in making himself king of England, was crowned as Richard III. in 1483. The great poet Shakespeare has made us familiar with the crafty, cruel character of this king, his hump, his limp and his terror of the ghost of his murdered wife Anne, and the poor little princes of the Tower. He put his wife, daughter of "The King-maker," out of the way, in order to marry his niece, Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, a princess as unscrupulous as was her precious uncle.

Princess Elizabeth did not marry Richard III. The English people were bitterly opposed to the match, and when Richard saw that this was the case, he declared that he had never thought of such a thing as marrying his niece. Elizabeth was disappointed, and she took a sweet revenge. She and her mother conspired with Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was the grandson of that fair French Catherine, whom Henry V. won, after the battle of Agincourt. The sprightly ex-queen had married one of her attendants, Owen Tudor, and the eldest son by that marriage was made Earl of Richmond, by the unfortunate Henry VI. The first Earl of Richmond, of the line of Tudor married a great-grand-daughter of a younger son of





The Murder of the Princes in the Tower.



Edward III. of England, and the Earl with whom Elizabeth conspired was therefore a representative of the Lancaster party, as well as the rightful heir. Princess Elizabeth had among her friends several great lords, who hated Richard III., and lent their aid to the conspiracy. Henry Tudor therefore invaded England with a large force. Richard had not so many friends as he supposed. Some of those who pretended to be on his side were really the friends of Henry of Richmond. A terrible battle was fought at Bosworth, in which Richard III. was killed, and the red rose of Lancaster was triumphant. Henry Tudor was crowned king as Henry VII., on the bloody field of Bosworth, A. D. 1485, though he did not lawfully become king until two months later. He then married Princess Elizabeth, the representative of the York, or white rose faction, and thus in the Tudor line of kings was the blood of both the rival parties. The accession of Henry VII. brought to an end the War of the Roses, the bloodiest civil struggle of England.

Under the later Plantagenets, England made great progress. The wealthy classes of people now had carpets, bedsteads, clocks, and elegant household furniture. Gunpowder had done away with the tournament and sports of chivalry, and the circus, the jester and theatrical shows of a rude kind were the amusements of the nobility. Music came to have an important part in the church and all great festivals, and a musical school was established at Oxford. Minstrels were in high favor with all classes of the people. In 1474 a Kentish man gave to England something far better than clocks or carpets—a printed book, made wholly in Kent—the herald of the press, and of the growth of English literature.

Thus when Henry Tudor began his reign, it was over a great and enlightened nation, and one that stood at the head of European powers. He had been brought up in poverty, and became the veriest miser of a king. He ground the people by taxation, reviving every old dead and dusty law that gave him the shadow of a right to do so. He thought no means too foul to be used, if it turned him a penny, and hoarded his wealth closely.

Elizabeth bore two sons and a daughter. When the eldest son, Arthur, was twelve years old, Henry VII. contracted him in marriage with Catherine of Arragon, a rich Spanish princess. Arthur died a few months after, but his father was not to be balked in winning the fortune of the Spanish Catherine. He made Henry, his second son, only eleven years of age, wed his widowed sister-in-law, who was seven years his senior. This thrifty bargain concluded, and the dollars of the Spanish princess safely locked up in his coffers, the king married his daughter Margaret to the Scottish king, taking care to give her only a beggerly marriage portion, and getting rid of all the wedding ceremonies at the smallest possible expense.

Princess Elizabeth died in 1503, and for several years thereafter Henry VII. drove quite a profitable business in proposing to rich princesses, who he knew would not accept him, and pretending to be so angry at their refusal that they would pay him large sums of money, as a salve to his wounded feelings, and as an inducement for him to withdraw his proposals, which of course he did when he saw there was nothing more to be realized by maintaining them. Thus, in various ways, Henry amassed such wealth that he became the richest monarch in Europe. War was too costly a luxury for him, and England was at peace during his reign. He was neither admired nor loved by his subjects, and he did nothing of special value for the nation. During his reign Columbus discovered America, and the new world beyond the Atlantic began to excite the imagination of the English people. He died in 1509, to





HENRY VIII



make way for the Blue-Beard of English history, Henry VIII. Henry VIII. came to the throne with everything in his favor. He had wealth, education, was handsome, and was married to a good woman. He nevertheless became an odious tyrant, and disgraced the English throne with a career that rivals in atrocity that of the Roman Caligula. He made war upon the French in the early part of his reign, and won a great victory, not, however, because he was valiant, but because the French became frightened, and ran away. The result of this victory was the peace by whose terms his sister became the wife of the French king, much against her will, for she was betrothed to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

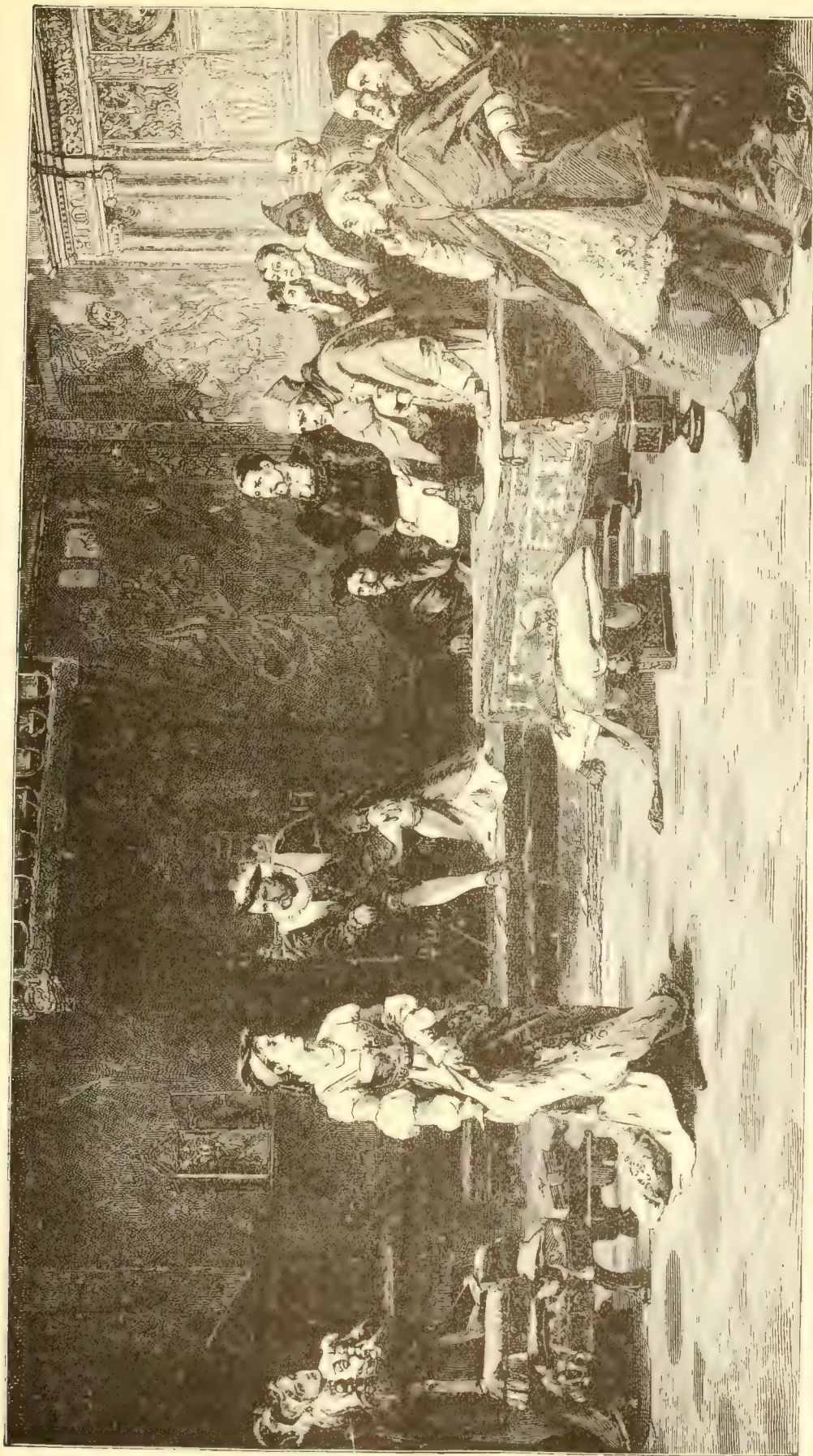
At the battle of Flodden, just before the defeat of the French, English arms were victorious over those of the Scots, and "Bluff King Hal" returned to England in high favor with the English. His sister Mary was married to the French king, but he died in a short time and she came back to England as the wife of the Duke of Suffolk, whom she married without her brother's royal permission, but as Henry had made no plans for disposing of her, he readily forgave her.

Early in his reign Henry VIII. took into his service a priest named Woolsey, who had won his regard by dancing, singing and making coarse jests with the royal favorites. Henry gave full reign to his passions when he became king, and his court was an evil and corrupt place. Woolsey pandered to the king's humors and became his chief adviser, living in almost royal state. After the death of his French brother-in-law, Henry renewed the war with France, and finally sent Woolsey over to Paris to arrange a meeting with the new French king, with a view to the conclusion of a peace.

A splendid tournament was held in France, and there was a great display of gold-lace, banners, jewels and gaudy clothing. It cost a vast sum of money, but it came to nothing. Henry ground his people in every possible way, and the expenses of this fruitless meeting gave him a new excuse for raising funds. Woolsey was unscrupulous and hard-hearted, and to him the king entrusted the securing of more funds. He had a way that he had indulged more than once in the dozen years that he had been king, of bringing to the block those who did not do as he required. Thus far Woolsey had been a willing tool, and he did not hesitate to oppress the people by added taxation at Henry's command.

Henry had married Catherine of Arragon when he was eleven years old, and in the eighteen years that she had been his wife, she had a restraining influence over him. After the return of his sister Mary to England, he fell in love with a young lady who had been one of her maids of honor, and who had become a maid of honor to Catherine. This lady, Anne Boleyn, had an ambition to become a queen, and so fascinated Henry with her beauty and vivacious ways, that he determined to get rid of Catherine and make the fair maid of honor his wife. He pretended to have a conviction that it was extremely wicked in his father to have married him to his brother's widow, and called upon the Pope to dissolve the marriage. The Pope was afraid to do so, and delayed so long that Henry appealed to an eminent English divine for aid. This man, Cranmer, suggested that Henry make himself the head of the English Church, and with the aid of Woolsey and other equally unscrupulous tools, dissolved the marriage. Woolsey hated Catherine, for she had more than once rebuked him for his wicked life, and he was eager to bring about her downfall. It was the crowning act of his unrighteous career. In compassing the ruin of the queen, he brought about his own.





The Trial of Queen Catherine.

Woolsey had served Henry faithfully, and had never opposed his will, but when he found that the king intended marrying Anne Boleyn, he knelt to him and pleaded with him to give up the idea of such an unsuitable match. This was a fatal mistake. Henry was determined, and as he had found a man named Cromwell, who would serve him without scruple, he at once resolved to disgrace Woolsey, who had by this time become a Cardinal, and had once nourished an ambition to become a Pope. He accordingly ordered Woolsey to go into York. He then prevailed upon the mean-spirited, cowardly Parliament, that was made up of his own creatures, to declare Woolsey a traitor. The Cardinal died on his way to London, whither he was being conveyed by the king's order, and thus escaped the block.

Henry married Anne Boleyn, who had done everything in her power to bring him to her feet, and for a short time was extremely fond of his beautiful bride. Then he tired of her, and fell in love with Jane Seymour. Anne disappointed him by giving birth to a daughter, instead of the heir he desired, and he trumped up a charge against her, and caused her to be thrown into the Tower. Of course the Parliament condemned her, and she was beheaded. Henry married Jane Seymour the day after Anne's death, and proceeded to burn at the stake everybody who said that he was not the head of the English Church. He was particularly savage against the monasteries, and had them torn down by the scores, destroying many beautiful works of art that he found in them, and appropriating their lands and property to his own use. Nearly all of the monasteries were thus destroyed, and the tombs of the saints were rifled by the insatiable king.

Martin Luther's doctrines had made many converts in England. Although Henry had a quarrel with the Pope, and put to death the Catholics who refused to acknowledge himself as the head of the English church, he burned to death the Protestants who denied that the Pope had the power to sell the remission of sins and who would not profess a belief in everything that the Pope asserted, except, of course, his own claim to the headship of the Catholic faith in his realm. The shocking story of the crimes of Henry VIII. has in it no element of instruction, and I will pass it over as lightly as possible. Patriotism and independence seemed to have been banished from the masses during his reign, and the most horrid crime and odious tyranny existed in all the offices of Church and State. After Jane Seymour's death, which was a natural one, and occurred before Henry had a chance to tire of her, he married Anne of Cleves, who came to England to be his bride. She had been represented as extremely beautiful, but was plain in the extreme. He could not recede from his bargain of marrying her, but he revenged himself on those who had misrepresented her charms, and straightway divorced her, to marry vivacious Catherine Howard. Catherine Howard was guilty of the very crimes that Henry had charged upon Anne Boleyn, and he had her head struck off, when living with her had become slightly monotonous, and looked about him for another wife. He proposed to several foreign ladies, but as none of them were two-headed, and did not care to risk the only head attached to their service by hazarding a match with Henry, they one and all politely declined the honor. Finally Catherine Parr, one of his own subjects, married the monster, and I am happy to tell you, outlived him.

Henry VIII. died a repulsive, bloated human beast, helpless from excessive fat, covered with ulcers, tortured with suffering, but a cruel, blood-thirsty villain to the last, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign, and leaving



the world was the only good thing he ever did for it. Jane Seymour's son, Edward, a sickly boy of ten, became king upon his father's death, with the title of Edward VI. He died six years later, never having really reigned, but having Cranmer at the head of affairs during the whole period that he was called king. Cranmer advanced the interests of the Protestant religion with wisdom and moderation, and though there were several people beheaded during the reign of Edward VI., they suffered for plots and conspiracies against the crown, and not for their religion. Edward feared that should the Princess Mary, the fanatical daughter of Catherine of Arragon, succeed him, the Protestants would be called upon to suffer for their faith, as they had done during the life of his father. He therefore named as his successor, Lady Jane Grey, the wife of Lord Guilford Dudley, and the daughter of the Duchess of Suffolk. Both Mary and her half-sister, Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, were named in the will of Henry VIII. as his heirs, but Edward set them aside.

Edward VI. died in July, 1553, and the Londoners proclaimed the Princess Mary Queen. Lady Jane Grey was for ten days considered queen of England, by the Protestants, but as her friends had no means of advancing her claim, she cheerfully resigned the crown to Mary. The new queen was so fearful that she might have trouble on Lady Jane's account, that she murdered Dudley, the Duke of Suffolk, and then poor Lady Jane herself, who was a sweet, harmless young girl of seventeen, and without any ambitions or designs on the throne.

Mary was a sour-faced, lean, violent-tempered old maid of seven and thirty, when she came to the throne, and next to the Protestant religion, which she ab-



ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.



horred with all her narrow soul, she hated Cramner, and two other Protestant bishops. She burned all three at the stake, and then married Philip of Spain, and with his help proceeded to displace the Protestant faith as the State religion. A vile wretch named Gardiner, who had helped Henry VIII. in that short time commit many brutal murders, became her prime

minister, and carried on a dreadful persecution of the Protestants. Elizabeth was shut up in the Tower, and came near falling a victim to the hate of Gardiner and her gloomy sister. Bloody Mary died of a fever in the fourth year of her reign. She had tortured nearly four hundred persons to death for their religion, and no queen ever gained such odium as that which deservedly rests on her memory.

Elizabeth was brought out of retirement and crowned Queen in the year 1558, at the age of twenty-five. The people were certain that they could not have a worse ruler than Bloody Mary, and had every hope that Elizabeth, who was a pious Protestant, and liberal in her views, would be at least more tolerant than her half-sister had been. The very fact that Mary had hated her was a recommendation to the favor of the nation. Her coronation was, therefore, the occasion of much public rejoicing, and she began her reign under the most propitious auspices.

The people were not mistaken in Elizabeth. She was not beautiful, though to her dying day she believed that she was, and she was not refined, as we judge refinement. She had the violent temper of her father, softened by the gayety of her unfortunate mother. She was mannish in her ways, used coarse language, and thought nothing of swearing roundly at any one who offended her, and her servants and courtiers were not unacquainted with the weight of her fists, for she often laid about her with a will, when she was in a temper. We must remember, however, that the times were different from our own, and that Elizabeth was probably like many of the fine ladies of that day.

Elizabeth was a crafty, far-sighted and prudent woman, and as a sovereign, English history has not her superior. She chose for her ministers two of the wisest statesmen in England, placed her confidence in them, and followed their advice. Cecil Lord Burleigh, and Lord Walsingham were those two ministers, and to them England owes a debt of gratitude.

The first act of Queen Elizabeth was to open the prison-doors to those who were prisoners on account of their faith. Soon after she was crowned she caused the Bible and the prayer-book to be printed in English and widely distributed, that all might read them. Her conscientious ministers did not persecute the Catholics, but they did turn some of the lazy priests and bishops out of their places, and put



Protestants in their stead. Elizabeth established the Episcopal faith as the State religion of England, and aided by every means in her power, the persecuted Protestants of France and Holland. She greatly disliked that sharp form of argument, the axe of the executioner, and in carrying out her reforms, never resorted to it. Her moderation in this respect and many others, endeared her to the nation, and her cleverness in avoiding foreign quarrels, won their admiration.

It had been the custom for ages for English sovereigns to marry foreigners in order to increase their influence abroad. Elizabeth was too discreet to commit such a foolish act. She had a well-defined plan of government, and was able to carry it out. She had no wish to hamper herself with a husband who might interfere with her authority, and though she received many offers of marriage, she kept her suitors dangling at her pleasure, avoided decisive

measures in regard to them as a matter of State policy, and remained unmarried all her life. You will remember that I told you about the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., to the King of Scotland. Resulting from this marriage was one child, Mary, who married a French prince of Guise. Her daughter Mary married the heir to the French throne. The Catholics of Europe had always declared the divorce between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon illegal. They also argued that Henry VIII. had never, therefore, been lawfully married to Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth had no real right to the throne of England. The French king was a devout Catholic and would not recognize Elizabeth as Queen of England. He commanded Mary Stuart, his son's wife, to claim the crown for herself and husband. Mary had been brought up in the French court, and was a Catholic, as was also her mother, who was regent of Scotland for her.

The Scottish people were nearly all converts to the doctrines of Calvin or Luther, and as the Scots are a conscientious, stubborn people, and were so at that time, they had a deep hatred for the Catholic religion. Indeed they went so far as to destroy the Catholic churches and monasteries in the country, and resisted with all their might the Catholic influences in the State. Mary of Guise being a Catholic, had a



MARY STUART

her alliance with the stubborn Scottish Protestants, and could only support her authority as regent by the aid of French troops.

When Mary Stuart claimed for herself and husband a right to the English crown, Elizabeth sent soldiers to Scotland to help the Scottish Protestants drive out the French garrisons there. She feared that should Mary Stuart become Queen of France, as Queen also of Scotland, she could take England with the aid of her French soldiers, and by the methods of "Bloody Mary," again restore the Catholic faith in England and Scotland. Elizabeth's help was so valuable to the Scots, that they not only drove the French out of the country, but would not acknowledge the right of Mary Stuart to reign over them until she resigned her claim to the English crown.

Mary Stuart's husband became King of France upon the death of his father, but he lived only a few months after he was crowned. The young widow's mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, had always hated Mary, and made her position in France so uncomfortable that she was obliged to yield to the call of the Scottish people to come over to Scotland and rule them. I shall tell you in the story of Scotland, how she fell into trouble, and was compelled to fly to Elizabeth for protection. Elizabeth would not allow her to cross over to France, nor would she give her any aid to regain her kingdom until she had cleared herself of the charges the Scottish people made against her, and as Mary could not prove her innocence, Elizabeth held her a prisoner. She treated her kindly, allowed her considerable liberty, and moved her about from castle to castle, that she might not be the center of plots. At length Mary was implicated with the Romish priests and partisans in a plot against the life of the queen. For nineteen years Mary had been a captive, and in that time several plots had been made by the Catholics to free her, and several persons lost their lives on her account. There was no proof that Mary had known anything of these attempts, and she was not, therefore, punished for the mistaken zeal of her friends. Finally there was evidence that she was directly concerned in a conspiracy, and she was tried and condemned to death.

The dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, and the tortures to which the Protestants in Spain and the Netherlands had been subjected, made the English people more severe in dealing with the Catholic plot against the queen's life than they would otherwise have been. Elizabeth was reluctant to sign her cousin's death-warrant, but at last did so, and Mary Stuart died with becoming dignity and heroism.

The persecutions of the Protestants in Europe, developed in England a pure, lofty, narrow-minded sect of Christians, called Puritans. They would allow nothing in their churches that even suggested the abhorred faith that was torturing Protestants to death, and robes, crosses, and every Catholic emblem, were prohibited in their worship. They held a doctrine whose truth has since been proven but was then considered extremely dangerous by both Catholics and Protestants. That is, they held that the Church and State should be entirely separated.

Before Mary Stuart was executed, she willed her right to the English crown to the King of Spain, the former husband of Mary. Philip had a grudge against England because even while he was "Bloody Mary's" husband, the Parliament would allow him no voice in the government. He wanted to marry Elizabeth after she became queen, but she politely declined the honor, which did not make him love England any the better. Upon the death of Mary Stuart he resolved to take posses-



sion of England by force. The Pope had some time before declared Elizabeth an usurper, and when he found that Philip intended to conquer England and kill the heretics as they had been killed in France and Spain, he enthusiastically approved. He sent Philip a banner that he had solemnly blessed, and told him that his undertaking was so pious that it could not fail, but it could, and did.

Nearly a hundred years before this time, Columbus discovered America. The Cabots followed him to the westward, and discovered the mainland of the North American continent. They came back to Europe with glowing descriptions of the New World, and a host of adventurers from every country in Europe, had sailed across the Atlantic seeking wealth and adventure, before Elizabeth came the English throne. As far back as the days of Henry VII. there was a regular company of merchant adventurers in England who sent out ships in every direction, for the purpose of discovery and exploration. Commerce with Russia by the way of the Arctic Ocean had for some time been carried on by English merchants, and the African Gold Coast had begun to yield up some of its wealth to English traders. England had cod fisheries on the Coast of New Foundland in the early days of the reign of Elizabeth, and sent every year its fleets of whalers into the Polar Seas. Sir Francis Drake, an Englishman, had sailed around the globe, exploring the western coast of North America on his way, and English sailors were the most skillful that sailed the high seas.

When Elizabeth learned that Philip of Spain was gathering a great fleet of vessels to attack England, she sent Sir Francis Drake and some other bold mariners, to capture the Spanish treasure-ships, which were sailing from Peru to Spain, laden with gold and jewels. She also dispatched her favorite courtier, Lord Leicester, to the Netherlands, to harass the Spanish there. Leicester had been in high favor with Elizabeth for many years, and had an ambition to become her husband and king of England. Indeed it is charged that he murdered his fair young wife, Amy Robsart, whom he had secretly married, so that he might marry the queen. Elizabeth alternately abused, and petted him, but would neither marry him, nor dismiss him.

Sir Philip Sydney, "the Flower of English Chivalry," went to the Netherlands with Leicester. Sydney was more beloved in England than any man of his time. He was a soldier, a scholar and a courtier, but above all he was a true gentleman. He led Leicester's cavalry, and when he was sorely wounded in battle, and lay dying on the field, one of his aides brought him a cup of water, which he had earnestly craved. Beside him there lay a poor wounded common soldier, who cast longing looks at the cooling draught. Sir Philip was about to drink when he noticed the wistful look of the wounded commoner. He pushed the cup gently aside, and bade his aide give the water to the soldier, saying as he did so, "His need is greater than mine," a small act, you will say, to be recorded in history, but how infinitely great and noble, when compared with many of the deeds of kings and conquerors. Sir Philip was true in the hour of death to the principles that governed his life. Perhaps as the poor soldier drank the cup of cold water, the dying knight remembered who had said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Leicester accomplished little in the Netherlands, and he was soon called back to England. He found a new aspirant for the queen's favor in Sir Walter Raleigh. Years before, Raleigh had won the attention of the queen, by an extremely graceful

act of courtesy. One day in the course of a walk Elizabeth came to a puddle of water, which she could not cross without wetting her shoes. She hesitated a moment. Noticing her hesitation Raleigh took from his shoulders his magnificent new cloak, and spread it on the ground over the puddle, and the queen crossed in comfort. The chivalrous act was done with such modesty, and with such a respectful air of admiration, that the queen was touched, and singled the youth out for many favors. By the aid of the queen, Raleigh afterward sailed to America, made a settlement on Roanoke Island, and explored a portion of the main land, which he called Virginia, in honor of the virgin queen, his mistress. The courtiers were wont to say according to the chroniclers of the time, that by sacrificing his cloak Raleigh had won many a noble suit.

With such mariners as Drake and Raleigh, although she had but thirty-four vessels and a land force of forty thousand men, Elizabeth did not greatly fear Philip. Her fleet was under the command of Lord Howard, a Catholic, but he, like most of the Catholics of England, hated Philip and his plans. Philip had a hundred and fifty large ships that he called the "Invincible Armada," for he believed there was no fleet in the world that could beat it.

It was in July, of the year 1588, that the "Invincible Armada," in the form of a half-moon, whose extent was seven miles from side to side, came sailing up the channel. On the latter days of the month, this great fleet anchored in the Calais roads, to await the Duke of Parma, who was to join it there with thirty thousand men. Calais had been lost to the English some years before, or the fleet would not have been allowed to ride so calmly at anchor there. As it was, Lord Howard spoiled all Philip's plans, and showed him that his Armada was not so "invincible" as he supposed.

On the night after the Spanish had anchored in the Calais Roads, the English admiral sent eight fire-ships floating down into the midst of the Spanish vessels. To escape these the enemy fled toward the open sea in great confusion, but were attacked at sunrise by gallant Drake and his bold buccancers, and in a fight that lasted all day, the Armada was broken and scattered. The English followed them as they fled, but a storm came up and the pursuit was given over. This tempest wrecked many of the Spanish vessels on the Irish Coast, and the half-savage Irish among whom they fell, killed fourteen thousand of the shipwrecked Spaniards. The destruction of the Armada caused the wildest rejoicing throughout Protestant Europe. The war with Spain continued some years, but Drake did such good service in ravaging the Spanish-American coast, and the English privateers were so vigilant that the Spaniards were forced to give up the attempt to invade England.

The Earl of Essex succeeded Leicester in the favor of the queen. One day in a fit of anger he turned his back upon Elizabeth, in the presence of the court. She boxed his ears for his impertinence, and swore roundly at him, causing him to leave the palace in high dudgeon. He stayed away several months, and when he did come back, it was only to offend Elizabeth again. For the second offense she sent him to Ireland, with orders to remain there until she recalled him. Hearing that his enemies, among whom he counted Sir Walter Raleigh, were trying to injure him with the queen, Essex came back without Elizabeth's permission. The queen then ordered him to remain in his own house in custody, until she decided on his punishment, though when he fell ill from anger and worry, she cried about him and refused to be comforted. Essex was a young, handsome, high-tempered man, and Elizabeth



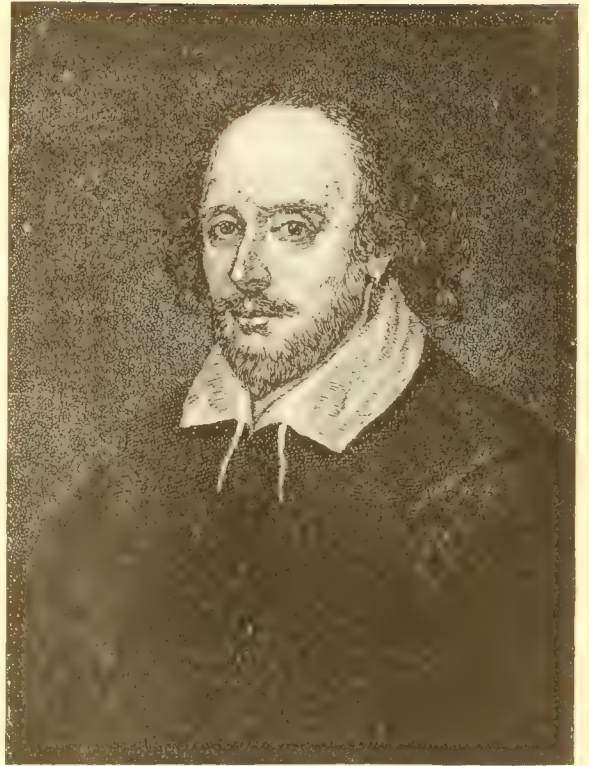
was now an old woman. When Essex recovered from his illness, he made a certain request to Elizabeth, in regard to his business affairs. The queen refused it, whereupon Essex in his anger called her a sour-tempered crooked old woman, which she was. Some mischief-maker carried his words to Elizabeth, and she then and there determined on his death. Essex hastened his own destruction, by entering into a plot to seize the queen and force her to change her ministers. The plan was discovered, and Essex was beheaded. Elizabeth never passed a happy hour afterward, and died the next year, 1603, having named Mary Stuart's son James, King of Scotland, as her heir.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Bacon flourished. English literature began its glorious flowering, and wealth and luxury increased. Liberty under law was greater than at any previous period, and the common people became a power in the nation. The evils of the two preceding reigns had roused the nation to limiting more effectually the arbitrary power of its rulers. Elizabeth was popular with all classes of the people, and the arts, commerce, and invention were stimulated by her policy, and the peace of the country. She reigned forty-five years, the longest period of actual sovereignty of any English ruler, from its early days. She was the last of the Tudor sovereigns, and with her ended the one hundred and eighteen years of the domination of that line.

James I. of England, was the sixth Scottish king who had borne that name. He was crowned at London, in March, 1603, at the age of thirty-seven. He was an ugly, shuffling Scotchman, who filled the court with Scotch favorites. He was so zealous in upholding the now firmly established Church of England, that he displeased both Puritans and Catholics, who made a plot to depose him and place his cousin Arabella Stuart on the throne. The plot was discovered, and the authors, among whom was Sir Walter Raleigh, were sentenced to death. Two Catholic priests and one Englishman were immediately executed, and Raleigh was thrown into the Tower, where he remained for twelve years.

He was finally released, because he promised the money-loving James that he would make a journey to Africa, where long ago he had discovered a gold mine, and would bring back treasure to England. He fitted out a vessel at his own expense, but the expedition failed. His crew, among whom was his own son, was killed by the Spaniards, and he was denounced to James as a pirate. To please the Spaniards, who had not forgotten his share in the destruction of the Armada, James sent him to the block on his old sentence of conspiring against him, though it was never proven that he had any hand in the plot.

When James had been upon the throne two years, a horrible scheme was devised of ridding the country of him and his Parliament at one stroke. James Stuart, like



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Henry VIII., had often declared that he was the absolute master of the realm. The country had tasted of the evils of the "absolute" doctrine, and proposed to let the king know that they represented the will of the people, and that the king, as well as his subjects, must obey the laws. They were very firm with him, and because they suspected him of favoring the Catholics, they passed some severe laws against that sect. The Protestants were made suspicious of the Catholics in England, and intolerant of them on account of the dreadful persecutions to which Protestants were still subjected, in nearly every State of Europe.

The laws against the Catholics filled the English Catholics with rage. One Robert Catesby, secured a Spaniard, Guy Fawkes, and with Robert Kay and others, attempted to carry out a plot which was cleverly designed. They at first attempted to mine under the walls of Parliament House, from the cellar of the adjoining house, which they had leased, and secretly filled with gunpowder and other combustibles. That plan failing, on account of the thickness of the walls, they leased the cellar of Parliament House which just then became vacant, and under the guise of coal merchants stored their gunpowder there, covered it with coal, and waited for Parliament to assemble. A large number of Catholics were now in the conspiracy, and many of them had friends and relatives in Parliament. Several of the members received mysterious warnings to remain away from the Parliament on the opening day. Sir Robert Cecil had in some way learned of the plot, and told James of it, but no attempt was made to arrest the conspirators, until the very day, and nearly the hour for its execution. Guy Fawkes was entrusted with the firing of the train, while the other plotters had arranged to raise a revolt directly after the king and Parliament had been blown up, seize the Princess Elizabeth, the ten-year-old daughter of the king, proclaim her queen, and set up Romanism with the aid of the king of Spain, who knew all their intentions.

Fawkes was captured with the slow-match on his person. He was put to the torture, but he would not tell the names of the conspirators. The king had nevertheless found who they were, and they were hunted down and executed and imprisoned according to the degree of their complicity. James was a weak-minded, haughty man, with an insane passion for knighting all manner of people. He wrote long treatises about the divine right of kings to do as they pleased with the laws. He also wrote much silly stuff about witchcraft, in which he was a firm believer, and made himself ridiculous over his favorites. Beside being a gluttonous, self-indulgent blockhead, James had something of that love of money that distinguished his ancestor, Henry VII. He was always quarreling with his Parliament about money, and sold all manner of honors to the highest bidder, allowing his wife and mother to do the same.

Sir Francis Bacon, whom many persons now believe was the author of Shakespeare's plays, was the highest judge of King James' kingdom, and was perhaps the most dishonest judge that ever lived. He was as shameless in his slavish flattery of the stupid and bigoted king as were the other base court favorites, and with all his devotion to learning, was a bad man. During James' reign the Puritans left England in great numbers, for they were persecuted and reviled in their native land. Many of them went to the republic of Holland, and from there a colony of Puritans sailed in the ship "Mayflower" to the coast of Massachusetts, touching at England on the way. They founded a colony in Massachusetts, in December, 1620, which became the first permanent settlement in New England.



King James caused one great work to be done during his reign—the translation of the Bible that is still in use. He died after a reign of twenty-two years, unparalleled for dishonesty in high places. He found England the leading power in Europe, both on sea and land, and he left it greatly reduced in influence among the nations. He loved eating, drinking, cock-fighting, bear-hunting, and other such sports much better than he did the affairs of State, and left the latter to his favorites, who used their position to acquire wealth.

The people were little disposed to love the son of James, who was crowned as Charles I. in May, 1625. He was superior to his father in most things, but in one thing they agreed. Both believed in the divine right of kings, and both were blind to the progress of liberal ideas among the people. Charles I. was twenty-five when he was crowned. Soon after he sent his favorite Buckingham, a haughty wicked fellow, who was one of James' flatterers, to arrange a marriage for him with the French princess, Henrietta Maria. While he was in France, Buckingham quarreled with Cardinal Richelieu, then the real ruler of France, and this quarrel afterward led to war. He succeeded in his mission, and Charles married Henrietta Maria. This marriage alarmed the Protestants, for Henrietta Maria was a Catholic, and brought with her to the court a large train of priests and Catholics, and they feared that through her influence the Protestants would be made to suffer persecution.

Charles was eager to go to war with Spain. The Parliament did not approve, and would not grant him any money for the purpose. He then taxed the people, seized them unlawfully to serve as soldiers and sailors, and plundered them of their property. In this way he collected enough money to begin the war, though several of his nobles resisted him in the courts of law. The judges of these courts were men of the king's appointing, and of course decided in his favor, bringing forward the argument that the king was right, for ruling divinely, he could do no wrong.

The king dismissed his Parliament and called together a new one. The men elected by the people to represent them did not fear Charles, in spite of the desperate character he had already shown. They formed a Petition of Rights which declared that it was unlawful for the king to borrow money of his subjects, or to throw them into jail if they refused to give to him. They also declared that the king could not press men into his service against their will, and ignored altogether the ridiculous idea that whatever the king did was right. The king was compelled to sign the Petition of Rights, and its provisions became law. He was now at war with France, as well as Spain, and only by doing as the Parliament wished could he secure the necessary money for his campaigns. Buckingham was killed in his own house by a man whom he had wronged, and Charles chose in his place Wentworth, the Earl of Strafford, to assist him in conducting the State, and made Archbishop Laud supreme



CHARLES I



Charles I. in 1629.

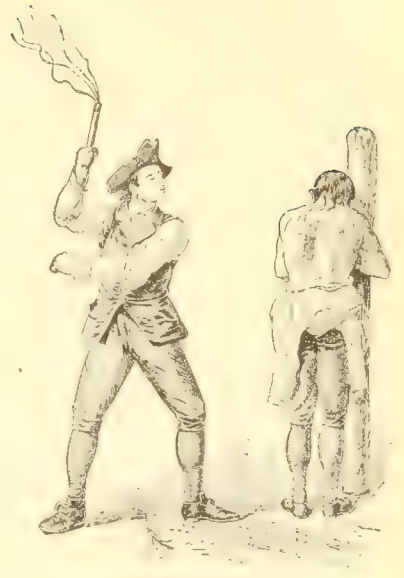
in church affairs. The Parliament further opposed the king on the grants of money, and on January 20, 1629, a certain Sir John Elliott, who was greatly opposed to the king, brought some resolutions condemning him before the House. When the speaker was asked to put these resolutions to vote he refused, and was about to leave his chair, and thus break up the meeting, when two of the members seized him, held him down in his seat, and the House voted on the resolutions and passed them. The king was near at hand, and when he had informed him of what had transpired, he came into the House and made a bitter speech, in which he called the members of the House "vipers." He arrested Sir John Elliott and the two men who had held the speaker down, and put them in prison. To prevent them being brought to trial, he moved them about from place to place, until Elliott died, then he brought the other two before one of his judges, who condemned them to heavy fine and long imprisonment. Charles dismissed his second Parliament, and for twelve years called no Parliament, and in his conduct of the government set all the laws of the land at defiance. Through Laud he cruelly punished those who differed from him in religion, which was of so very high church that it was dangerously near Romanism. He revived the detested forest laws, and tried to rule by the methods in vogue before the days of Edward III., when the people had no share in the government. In his treatment of Dissenters he was so cruel that they left the country in great numbers, until he forbade ships to carry them. In Scotland, particularly, he was so stern with those who would not worship according to the forms of the Established Church, that a League of the Covenant was formed, which pledged its members to resist the king by force of arms. When this became known, Earl Strafford and Archbishop Laud were sent to Scotland. "to bring the Scotch people to their senses." The Scotch resisted with such success that the king was at last obliged to call a Parliament, which he did at the urgent request of his counsellors. I wish you to remember all these tyrannical acts of Charles I., and the twelve years when he outraged the people and oppressed them in every possible way, for you will then be able to see the justice of the fate that rewarded his misdeeds.

The Parliament assembled for the first time in twelve years, was called the Short Parliament, because the king almost immediately dismissed it. As soon as it was convened, John Pym arose and boldly charged the king with ruling unlawfully since the former Parliament was done away. Other members followed in the same train, and when the king demanded money he was told plainly that he could not have it on his own terms. Charles then dissolved the Parliament, but as he could do nothing without its aid, for the people were not disposed to obey him without the support of the Parliament, he was obliged to call another. The Scotch, too, marched into England and defeated his troops, and he was altogether in straits.

The first thing that the new Parliament did was to pass an act making it impossible for the king to longer collect the unlawful taxes. Earl Strafford was charged with planning with the king and queen to control the Parliament with soldiers, and the Parliament tried and convicted him of treason. The Earl had been faithful to Charles I. through all his troubles, but Charles meanly forsook his old servant in the hour of danger, and signed his death-warrant. Laud was next brought to trial, and



in course of time his head, too, was stricken from his shoulders, for his zeal in the cause of the unworthy king. Charles seemed to be willing to agree to what the Parliament demanded, but all the time he was secretly plotting. To gain the Irish to his cause, he favored an uprising in Ireland, which was the most dreadful in the history of the country. More than one hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in cold blood. The king then went to Scotland and plotted there. When he returned to London more hated than he had ever been in his odious life, he attempted to remove the custodian of the Tower, and put in his place one of his own creatures. His plan was to have in charge of the Tower some one who would do as he required, and thus he would be able to punish the rebellious members of Parliament. The Parliament at once objected, and the fearless Pym wrote a "Remonstrance," which set forth in strong language the various crimes of the king. The "Remonstrance" was approved by the Parliament after a long and fierce debate. The outcry about having bishops in Parliament had been raised from time to time, since the early days of the Tudors. Now the bishops were the strongest supporters of the king, and the people were so hostile to them, that by the advice of the Archbishop of York, the bishops remained away from Parliament and declared that everything that was done in their absence was unlawful. The Parliament then impeached the bishops, that is, charged them with misbehavior in office, and packed them all off to the Tower to reflect upon the situation.



The Whipping-post

Early in the session the Parliament had passed a bill which prevented the king from dismissing them without their own consent, and another that made it impossible for the king to rule without calling one. If he failed to assemble the Parliament every third year, the people could lawfully assemble one without his consent. Charles was, therefore, quite helpless against his Parliament, though he imagined himself able to conquer it, and especially five members who were most active against him. Among these five were Pym and John Hampden, who had resisted the unlawful taxation of the king. Charles sent his Attorney-General to the House of Lords, to accuse the peers against whom he wished to proceed, while another messenger went to the House of Commons for the obnoxious commoners, seizing meanwhile the houses of the accused and sealing up all their private papers.

The Commons sent word to the Lord Mayor of London for aid, and he sent them a trained band of men to protect the five accused members, who had all taken refuge together in a house in Colman street. They had not been long in a place of safety, when the king, accompanied by two or three hundred armed men, went down to the House of Commons. Leaving the guards in the hall he entered the House and to the Speaker's chair. The Speaker made way respectfully for him. The king commanded him to point out Pym and the other four members for whom he came. The Speaker knelt before the king and refused to obey him, begging him to remember that he was the servant of the House, and had neither eyes nor ears but at the command of the Commons. The king then turned to the House and called aloud the names of the five members. No answer was returned, and the baffled and angry Charles left the House, declaring that he would find and punish the traitors



Charles I. and his soldiers

The men of London armed themselves to protect the members of Parliament, and seeing their temper, the king left the city and went down to Hampton Court. The Parliament seized the arms and gunpowder of the king, and Charles sent his wife over to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for the means to carry on the war, for war was now begun, and raged for four years between the king and the Parliament. The king had on his side the Catholics, noblemen, gentry and many of the people of the Established Church, while the Parliament forces were made up of Presbyterians, Independents and the common people. The king's soldiers dressed in gay colors, curled their hair and perfumed their clothing. They were cavaliers, and were led by two haughty foreign princes, the nephews of the king. These finely-dressed cavaliers were too proud to submit to drill and discipline, and the Parliamentary forces, therefore, had the best of them. The men of the Parliamentary army dressed in plain dark colors, and wore their hair cropped short under their high-crowned hats. The Cavaliers called them "Roundheads." Oliver Cromwell, who

afterward became so famous, led a troop of horse belonging to the Parliamentary forces. This troop were so perfectly drilled and so invincible in battle, that they won the name of "The Ironsides."

The king gained some victories, but he was finally convinced that it was hopeless to prolong the struggle with his determined people, and began to treat with the Parliament for peace. Some letters that he had written to the queen, who still remained in Holland with her daughter and a lover that she had picked up over there, fell into the hands of the Parliament, and betrayed the fact that the king was merely attempting to gain time in order to bring some foreign soldiers into the kingdom, and the war was renewed. The king was finally surrounded by the Parliamentary army, and seeing no success in engaging it in battle, fled to the protection of Earl Levin, chief of the Scottish men, allied with the Parliament. After nearly a year, Charles was delivered up to the Parliament. When the Parliament had secured the person of the king, they wanted to disband the army. Oliver Cromwell was a born leader of men, and had gained much influence over the army, altogether too much to suit the Parliament. The army would not be disbanded. It took the king from the Parliament and would have seated him again on the throne, had they not discovered that Charles was at his old tricks, attempting to gain time to bring foreign soldiers into the kingdom, to put down both the Parliament and the army.

After a time the king escaped from Hampton Court, where he had been in the care of the army, and fled to the Isle of Wight. There he again pretended to treat with the Parliament, but he was secretly attempting to induce the Scotch to invade England on his behalf. The Parliament was sadly bullied by the army and worried by the king. Colonel Pride and Colonel Rice, two Roundhead commanders, came up to London at the head of their soldiers, and imprisoned all the members of Parliament who had won the displeasure of the army. Only sixteen members were left in the House of Lords, and about fifty in the House of Commons. Those who remained were called in derision "The Rump Parliament," and the action of the Roundheads was known as "Pride's Purge."

The Commons sent a bill to the House of Lords soon after to have the king



tried for treason. The Lords rejected the bill, whereupon the Commons declared itself to be the supreme power of the State, appointed a court of 152 persons, and brought the king up to London for trial. He was tried with as much unfairness and injustice as might have been expected, and was condemned to death. Charles bore his fate like a man, and believed to the last in the divine right of kings. His head was struck off in just ten days from the time that he arrived in London for trial, and as it fell a deep groan went up from the assembly who witnessed the sad sight. His last words were of repentance that he had given his best friend, the Earl of Strafford, over to death. It was January 30, 1649, the forty-ninth year of his life, and the twenty-fourth of his troubled reign, that Charles Stuart fell a victim to his own tyranny, and thereafter began the most wonderful period of England's wonderful history.

The Scotch proclaimed young Charles Stuart king as Charles II., though Parliament had made it a crime to do so. Cromwell was absent in Ireland, taking bloody vengeance for that massacre of Protestants that I have already related, but as soon as he heard that the Scotch army was in motion for England he took his "Ironsides," crossed into Scotland, and won a great victory. The Scotch crowned Charles II. and marched with him into England. Oliver, or "Old Noll," as he was called, followed them, and at Worcester overtook and totally defeated them. Charles Stuart fled for his life. What with dressing in the coarse clothes of a laborer, staining his hands and face a tan-brown, and cutting faggots with some wood-cutters who were loyal to him, sleeping in a hay-rick one night, and passing twenty-four hours in the spreading branches of an oak tree from which he saw soldiers hunting for him, he at last escaped to the coast. On the way he walked until his feet were blistered, and at a certain place was seen and recognized by a loyal Protestant lady, who pretended that he was her groom, and let him follow her to Brighton, where he was obliged to pass several anxious days in concealment. At length a ship sailed from England bearing Charles II., and it was many years before he saw England again.

Oliver Cromwell and his army were by this time dissatisfied with the government, and the more so that the Parliament treated their demands with contempt. One day in April, 1653, Oliver went boldly up to the House with some of his soldiers, and leaving them outside went in alone, and made a speech. In no gentle terms he told the Parliament some plain facts. He reminded it that it had already sat twelve years and had declared its intention of sitting three years more. He ended his address by saying: "You are no parliament." He then stamped his foot as a signal to his soldiers, and they came in. Pointing to this man, that and the other, Oliver declared that one was a drunkard, another was something else, and so on through the entire House. Then, as arbitrarily as Charles Stuart could have done, he ordered the House cleared, walked the Speaker out of his chair, and told one of his companions to "take away that bauble," pointing to the mace that always lay on the Speaker's desk when the House was in session. When the soldiers had cleared the House, Oliver coolly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and walked sturdily away, as though he had done an extremely satisfactory day's work.

Pym slept in his peaceful and honored grave, and John Hampden, too, had died on the field of battle, fighting for the liberties of England. If they had been alive, "Old Noll" could not so readily have accomplished his design. However, the Old Parliament, or "The Long Parliament" as it is known, was abolished, and Oliver proceeded to call a new one. It was made up of whining, canting round-heads, like

Praise God Barebones, who sermonized all the time and accomplished nothing in the way of business, for they were too ignorant to do so, and Oliver cleared that Parliament off too. The Council of State, composed of Cromwell's friends, appointed him



THE LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND, OLIVER CROMWELL.

Lord Protector of England, December 16, 1653, and for the next nine years England was a Republic.

Never was there a man more fitted by nature to rule, than was Oliver Cromwell.



His genius for State-craft was wonderful, his patriotism a deep and abiding passion, and in the service of his country, he never spared himself or others when there was duty to be performed. England was distracted at home, and in contempt abroad, when he took charge of the government. He restored order in the country, and punished the foreign enemies who had taken advantage of the state of affairs, to injure England's commerce. There was a valiant Dutch admiral, named Van Tromp, who sailed about the English Channel with a broom fastened to the mast of his flagship, in token that he had swept the seas of the English. He crowed a little too loud, and was somewhat too eager for the contract to whip the English navy, as Admiral Blake convinced him.

In a battle lasting all day, Blake soundly chastised Van Tromp, and drove him and his fleet to the coast of Holland. There he fought another battle, in which Van Tromp was killed, and the naval force of the warlike bantam-republic thoroughly humbled. This accomplished, Blake sailed to the Mediterranean, which for a century had been almost closed to English vessels, and for three hundred years had been unlucky waters for the English. Casting anchor before Leghorn, he made the Duke of Tuscany pay a large sum of money for injuries done by his subjects, to English seamen and merchants. Crossing over to the African coast, Blake gave the Turkish rulers of Tunis and Morocco the choice of fighting or giving up every Englishman they held as slaves. It had long been the habit of Turkish pirates to seize English ships, and sell the crew into slavery, and the Dey of Tunis was not at all disposed either to give up his captives, or make any promises for the future. To convince him that he was not to be trifled with, Blake battered down with his shot and shell, the two castles commanding the harbor of Tunis, and the haughty Dey became the most humble Dey that ever was seen.

England had a score to settle with the Spaniards, and Blake was the man to pay it off, with all the accumulated interest. The Spaniards had a cruel pleasure in taking English ships and throwing the sailors into prison, and there allowing them to starve or die of prison-fever, for their jails were filthy and unwholesome places. The English had often protested against this treatment of their seamen, and now Blake made an unanswerable argument against the practice, and one that stopped it. He sailed into the harbor of Cadiz, burned all the shipping, captured two treasure-ships, each carrying a million dollars worth of treasure and leisurely made his way to the Canary Islands. Off the Canaries, he fell in with sixteen Spanish treasure-ships, and burned them every one.

The Admiral then sailed with his prizes, for England, but he died as the anchor of his vessel was dropped in Plymouth harbor, the ringing of the joy-bells and the shouts of welcome of his countrymen, being the last sounds that he heard on earth. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, amid the grief of the whole nation. In him Oliver lost a true and valued friend and helper.

Oliver sent an English force to assist the French in their war against Spain. It did such good service that England received the port of Dunkirk as the price of victory. In the meantime Cromwell had so effectually protected the Protestant States of Europe, that the Catholic powers were compelled to let them alone. At home he was as successful as abroad. He discovered every plot against his life, brought the country out of the distresses incurred by civil war, and ruled with firmness and justice. England never stood so high among the nations of the world as it did during the days of Cromwell. Oliver's stout heart must have often



failed him in the nine years, that, sad and solitary, envied by all and loved by few, he worked for the good of England. Always in danger of assassination, and the object of bitter hatred and the plots of his enemies, he died peacefully in his bed in the sixtieth year of his age. His son Richard tried very hard for a year to perform the duties of Lord Protector, but he was unequal to the task, and resigned it, winning the name of "Tumble-Down Dick." Charles II. had been leading a merry life in France all this time, and the royalists who had gained the power in Parliament, now called him back to England.

Of course, Charles II. came, and accepted with a great show of condescension, the immense sums of money that the accommodating Parliament voted him. He at once proceeded to spend this money in the most shameless way.

This worthy scion of the Stuarts had all the vices and none of the virtues of his ancestors. He liked to be called "The Merry Monarch," and if wickedness in every form, bloodshed and debauchery were merry, Charles II. was certainly exceedingly so. He desecrated the graves of the statesmen who were concerned in the trial and execution of his father, executed ten members of the Long Parliament, and tore from

their tombs the bodies of Blake and Cromwell, whose labors for the glory of England did not earn for their poor bones a quiet resting place. He was a great coward, this Charles II., and gave credence to all sorts of silly information about plots against his life. He butchered his people against law and evidence, and was not only a tyrant, but was a mean tyrant. The king was unmarried when he came to the throne, and he in course of time took a Portuguese princess as his bride. He squandered her fortune on the actresses and dancers with which he filled his court, and sold Dunkirk, that Cromwell had won by the valor of English arms, to get money for his sinful pleasures.

When the king could wring money from Parliament on no other pretext, he made war on the Dutch, and spent the money appropriated for that purpose upon his own merry self. The Dutch devastated the English coast, and even appeared in the Thames, and England was obliged to settle with them by a treaty. The Great Fire and the Great Plague devastated London during the reign of Charles II., and the persecution of the Scotch covenanters was carried on with much cruelty. The king was a Catholic, and received a pension from the king of France for pledging himself to restore the Catholic faith in England. There is neither pleasure nor profit in contemplating the follies and crimes of Charles II., and there is only one noteworthy thing recorded of his Parliament. Perhaps you have heard of writs of habeas corpus, but it may be that you do not know that the Parliament of Charles II. passed the Habeas Corpus Law, which is still the safeguard of justice and personal



liberty. By the *habeas corpus* (possession of the person) law, no one could be sent to prison beyond the sea; no judge dared refuse a writ commanding the jailer to produce the prisoner in court. Every prisoner indicted for an offense at one term of court must be brought in at any other immediately following, and no person could be again arrested for the same offense, when a court had set him free.

Charles II. fell in a fit and died in 1685, and his brother James, Duke of York, was crowned king as James II. Though James was known to be a strong Catholic, he had the reputation of a man who always kept his word, and when he promised to protect the liberties of England, and the Church and State, the Parliament believed him, and voted him a large sum of money. Charles had several sons, though none of them were the children of his lawful wife. One of these illegitimate sons thought



OLIVER CROMWELL

that he had a better right to his father's throne than James II. had. Charles II. had made him Duke of Monmouth, and as he was handsome and brave he had many friends in England who would have been glad to see him made king. He received aid from Holland and attempted, with the army that the Dutch sent him, to seize the crown. He was defeated, made prisoner and beheaded.

James soon threw off the mask of gentleness and tolerance, and tried to force Romanism into every office of the Church and State. He sent to the Pope for a papal representative at the court, and behaved in such a threatening manner toward the civil and religious liberty of the country that the nation, too, was alarmed. His daughter Mary had married William, Prince of Orange, an able and liberal-minded Dutch Protestant Prince, and the English invited him to come over and be their king. James II. was deposed and took refuge in France, and William was crowned king, and his wife queen of England, in 1689.

The English did not like William as they had supposed they should. He was immoral in his private life, and filled the court with Dutchmen. He treated the Irish with great severity, and persecuted the covenanters as relentlessly as James I. had done. He finally conquered the Irish, and the majority of that nation hate William's memory quite heartily yet. There was a long war with France on account of the deposed James, and it extended to both continents. Louis XIV., the French king, finally acknowledged William as king of England, and agreed to withdraw his

support from James II. Mary died in 1694, and William was left sole sovereign. In 1697, Sir John Fenwick was executed on a bill of attainder, that is the Parliament declared him guilty of treason without any form of trial. Ever since England had possessed a Parliament, it had executed people on bills of attainder, and through them many innocent persons who had incurred the hate of the king and Parliament were put to death. I only mention the case of Sir John Fenwick, because he was the last man ever executed in England by the order of the Parliament, without a trial.

When the war with France was over, the parliament desired William to send his Dutch soldiers home, but he soon had need of them, for James II. died, and Louis XIV. declared James Francis Edward, son of the deposed king, the lawful monarch of England. Before any settlement could be reached, William was thrown from his horse and fatally injured. He died March 8, 1702, and Anne, the youngest daughter of James, wife of Prince George of Denmark, a Protestant, was crowned at the age of thirty-eight.

Anne had a friend, the Duchess of Marlborough, whose husband had long desired to place the princess on the throne. Even while her father was king, Marlborough was the earnest supporter of the Protestant princess, who was cordially disliked by James. He now became her minister, and as he was the most brilliant soldier and statesman in Europe, he did not long hesitate to declare the war against France. The Dutch and the Germans joined England against France. For many years after the accession of Queen Anne, England's history is a tale of battles on foreign soil, but as these had no effect on her after-career, and the victories and defeats were alike useless to the English people, I will not relate them. Marlborough gained much fame in these foreign campaigns, and led the allied armies against France.

It was during this period of foreign war, that Sir George Rooke, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel were sent with some English ships to watch the movements of a French fleet at Brest. They decided to take possession of Gibraltar, then the property of Spain, and with eight hundred men attacked this strong fortress and captured it. England still holds Gibraltar, and esteems it more valuable to her in case of war, than any of her foreign naval stations. Gibraltar is said to be the strongest fortress in the world, and with its possession, England became the virtual owner of the Mediterranean sea, as Gibraltar commands the entrance. Perhaps you have heard people talk of tariff. Well, in the old days when the Moors were in possession of Spain, and up to the days of Drake, pirate vessels used to lie under the shelter of Gibraltar, and would dart out on vessels passing from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea, through the Strait, and seize them. Point Tarifa, on the southern coast of Seville, was the place where most of these pirates lurked, and as they usually released the vessels they captured on the payment of ransom, it became the custom of seamen to "pay tariff," as they called it, for the privilege of passing unmolested through the Straits of Gibraltar.

I shall tell you nothing about the plots and quarrels by which the Whigs, the remainder of the old Republican party in England was displaced, and the Tories or aristocrats gained power, for I do not think it would interest you. Neither shall I detail to you the movements of the queen's fleets and armies, for you are no doubt weary of England's wars. I shall only relate that good Queen Anne, through her ministers, succeeded in uniting Scotland and England in one Parliament, and made peace with France in such a way that any power in Europe that went to war was



answerable to all the other powers, in case of disregard of the treaty. To bar out forever the Catholic successors of King James II., the crown was decided hereditary in the German house of Brunswick, the descendants of Henry III., through Henry the Lion, a German prince, who married a daughter of that English monarch.

Queen Anne died after a twelve years reign, worn out by the incessant quarrels of the Whigs and Tories. The nonsense about "divine right" and "absolute kingship," went out with the Stuarts, and from the accession of William of Orange England was governed by its Parliament, much as it is at the present time, and its kings and queens have occupied nearly the same position in the government that our presidents have had. George I., of Brunswick, great-grandson of James I., was made king at Anne's death in 1714. He was not a favorite with the English people, and thought more of his German subjects than those of his new realm. Sir Robert Walpole gained great favor with the king, and the Whigs recovered power. The Stuart pretender to the throne gave much trouble, and escaped punishment, while the deluded people who were induced to take up arms in his cause were many of them exiled to America, and their officers were executed.

George I. died in 1727, and his son George II. was crowned king. He had never been a favorite with his father, and the people were disposed to like him on that account. His mother had been unjustly imprisoned for a long time, and this had been the cause of dissension between father and son. He learned to speak English, which his father would never do, and was a brave and skillful soldier. He found England at war with Spain, but he made peace in 1728. For twelve years Robert Walpole managed his affairs. There was some trouble with taxation in that time, but in the main affairs went smoothly with France and Spain, until trouble arose because the bold English seamen would persist in carrying cargoes of merchandise to the Spanish colonies across the Atlantic. In consequence of this, which was against the Spanish laws, they were often seized by the Spanish authorities, and treated with great cruelty. The English were so indignant at this treatment of their Jack-tars, that they wanted Parliament to declare war forthwith.

Walpole had seen enough of foreign wars to know that England usually lost more than she gained by them. He opposed the war, and when Admiral Vernon declared that if Parliament would grant him six ships, he would engage to demolish Porto Bello, the strongest port on the coast of South America, he granted him the vessels. Perhaps he hoped that Vernon would fail, and the war sentiment thus be dampened. The gallant admiral sailed away with his six ships in the summer of 1739, and actually destroyed Porto Bello, beat the Spaniards soundly, and captured their brass guns, losing in the engagement eight men, and having only twelve wounded. Vernon had trouble with the Admiral sent out to aid him, and gained no more victories, though the English captured several Spanish treasure-ships in 1744.

In 1745 England engaged in the War of the Austrian succession. I have told you elsewhere how Charles of Bavaria wanted to rob Maria Theresa, the Empress of Germany, of her Austrian States, and how Frederick the Great, and the King of Spain, were arrayed against her. England went to her aid, and after many defeats,



Punishment of Dr. Akeley



the persecuted empress regained some of her territory. It was while the English were engaged in this war that Charles Stuart, son of the Pretender, sold some of his jewels, and with the money bought a cargo of arms and ammunition. These he put on board a French man-of-war, and after he had seen the vessel put out to sea, embarked with a few friends on another ship for Scotland. Many of the Scotch were bitterly opposed to the union with England, and he hoped to rouse them against the "upstart German princess," who now ruled their ancient kingdom.

The "Chevalier," as Charles was called, sailed on to Scotland with neither arms nor money, for an English man-of-war had so crippled the French vessel carrying his supplies, that it was obliged to put back to port. When Charles had anchored on the west coast of Scotland, he sent for Cameron of Lochiel, a chief whose father and grandfather had been true to the Stuart cause, and whom he knew to be loyal to him. Lochiel knew that the case of the Chevalier was hopeless, and advised him to

return to France. It is said that an old Highland piper who loved the Stuarts with his whole heart, accompanied Lochiel in the interview with Charles. When he saw that the chief of his clan was refusing to engage with Charles, he paced back and forth on the deck, his hand on his dagger, and his face working with emotion. Charles noticed his agitation and cried out. "Piper will you draw the sword for me?"

"I will, I will," cried the Highlander. "If every other man in Scotland forsake you, I will draw sword and fight for you, aye, and die for you, too, if need be."

Rebuked by his piper's loyalty, the noble Lochiel solemnly said: "Come weal, come woe, I follow my Prince."

Lochiel and many other brave Scottish chieftains and clansmen did follow Charles the Chevalier, through many a long march and bloody battle. At Dunbar, Carlisle, and Clifton moor they fought for their prince, and in victory or defeat never wavered in his cause. Perhaps you have read how before the battle of Culloden in April, 1746, a bard warned Lochiel of disaster, and told him to beware of Culloden, that death and defeat were before him. It is said that the chief scorned his warning, and marched on to his doom.

Culloden forever destroyed the hopes of the Chevalier. The Scotch were defeated and scattered, and the English pursued those who had espoused his cause without mercy, and laid the country waste with the same barbarity that characterized the revenge that William the Conqueror took upon the people of Northumberland when they revolted. The Prince who led the English gained the name "The Butcher," for he could not be induced to show mercy to the vanquished Scots. The clans were disarmed, and the Scots were forbidden under heavy penalty from wearing the picturesque Highland costume. The Chevalier escaped in disguise to France, and thus ended the pretensions of the Stuarts to the throne of Scotland. Eight years after the defeat of the Scotch, a war arose between France and England, concerning the respective boundaries of their American possessions. This is known to us as "The French and Indian War," and while it raged in America, England, under the ministry of William Pitt, sent soldiers into Germany to retrieve the loss of Hanover, which occurred in 1757, after the defeat of the Duke of Cumberland at



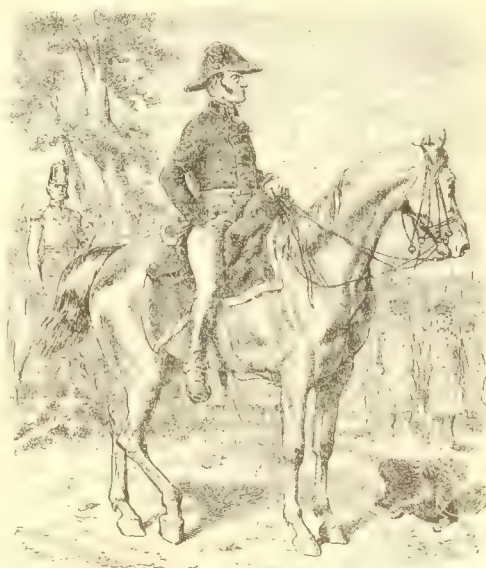
Kolin. The French lost a great portion of their American territory and the West Indies. Sometime before, the French had made their influence supreme in India. There, too, they lost their supremacy. Sir Robert Clive captured Calcutta in 1757, and established English power in India. George II., died in 1760, and was succeeded by his grandson as George III. Assisted by the Parliament, the new king at once began the course which led to the War of the Revolution in America. During the reign of this George, Warren Hastings was the English governor of India. Another William Pitt, the son of the minister by that name, was the minister to George III. He restored the country to prosperity, and had not the French Revolution shaken Europe and the whole world out of its calm he might have made lasting peace with France.



Costume of Englishmen in first part of XVIII. Century.

We have seen how Napoleon arose, continued his marvelous career, and how it was the English who inflicted upon him his first and final defeat. Napoleon made peace with England in 1802, but broke it the next year. In 1805 gallant Lord Nelson, in his staunch ship "Victory," at the head of the English navy, defeated the French and Spanish navy off Cape Trafalgar, and put an end for a time to any designs Napoleon might have conceived of invading England. England induced Austria and Russia to resist Napoleon, but they were defeated at Austerlitz in 1805. In 1807 the Danes were about to yield up their navy to Napoleon, when by a bold stroke England seized it, and thus again frustrated the French emperor.

In 1808 Sir Arthur Wellesley was sent to the Spanish peninsula to fight Napoleon, who had become so mighty by this time that he was crowning his brothers and friends as kings of various European States, and was trying to conquer Spain and Portugal. Wellesley met with some defeats, but gained many important victories, and pressed slowly forward to France with his army, entering Napoleon's empire in 1813. The king of England had now been insane for three years, and his son George was regent. On account of her many naval successes England had grown so haughty on the ocean, that she seized the seamen of other nations and made them serve in her navy, and committed so many objectionable acts, especially directed toward her North American neighbors, that the United States declared war upon Great Britain—the war of 1812—and England was obliged to face two powerful enemies at the same time.



Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Wellington held Napoleon in check in the South, and after the return of the French emperor from his Russian campaign, whose outline I have sketched in another place, came the memorable defeat of the French, the banishment of the modern Cæsar, his



*George the Third King of Great Britain sc. 52*

GEORGE III.

return, and the battle of Waterloo, which disposed of him effectually. George III. reigned sixty-two years, and in 1820 was succeeded by the last, weakest and worst of "The Four Georges." This monarch reigned ten years, and in his time the people of Ireland, under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell, began a movement for freedom from England's Parliament, that under the name of "Home Rule" is still being agitated. The entire reign of George IV. was a contest between Whigs and Tories, which possesses little interest for the readers of history. He died in 1830, and William, Duke of Clarence, his only son, was crowned king. England was now the greatest commercial nation in the world. The introduction of labor-saving machinery, and the increase of the population had reduced to abject poverty large masses of the people, and as the introduction of machinery has continued up to the present time, the condition of the

wage-earners in England has steadily become worse. Although in the arts and sciences, as well as in literature, England leads the world, and has done so since the beginning of the seventeenth century, a revolutionary spirit has been slowly fermenting among the common people since the early part of the present century. William II. was much disturbed by this tendency of his subjects, in the four years of his reign, and constantly worried by the clamor of the Irish for what they considered their rights, and the agitation of various political questions.

William helped seat little Queen Isabella on the Spanish throne, by sending her English soldiers to fight her uncle, Don Carlos. By conquest, which we know is only another name for robbery, the English had seized nearly all India before the accession of William. I told you how Lord Clive drove the French out of that country, and established the English supremacy. The English had begun to trade largely in opium with the Chinese. The Chinese government saw what a debasing effect the use of this evil drug was having on the people, and tried to prevent the English from bringing it into the Empire. Nevertheless the English traders continued the



traffic in spite of the Chinese laws, and smuggled large quantities of opium into Chinese ports, in British men-of-war, protecting themselves from the Chinese officers with the guns of their vessels.

The Chinese government was so determined to protect its Pagan subjects from the curse which the Christian English were attempting to fasten upon them, that in 1839 the Mandarin of Canton, with the help of the Chinese army and navy, seized \$20,000,000 worth of opium and burned it. The British seemed to care more for the yellow gold which they realized from the opium trade than they did for the souls of the Chinese, their honor as a Christian nation, and the respect of international law. They therefore, to their lasting shame, made war upon China. This war lasted the remainder of the reign of William IV., who died in 1837, and was followed on the throne by his niece, Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent. The first important event of the reign of Victoria was a bloody, and for a time successful



Nobleman time of XVIII. Century.

insurrection in India, in 1841, which was most barbarously avenged by the British army sent out for the purpose in 1842. In 1841 a treaty was made with Egypt, long subject to the Turks, which made that country more independent than it had been for ages. The trouble in Ireland continued. There had been a foolish law in force in Great Britain for many years that forbade the importation of wheat into the British Isles, and this law resulted in a dreadful famine in Ireland in 1845, when the crops in that country failed. The laws were finally repealed, but Ireland, suffering under the worst sort of governmental mismanagement, has remained disturbed to the present time.

Queen Victoria married her cousin Albert early in her reign, and in 1851 the Prince Consort, as he was called, opened the first World's Exposition at London. In the same year Russia invaded Turkey, as a step forward in conquest, and England and France, for their own interests in the East, made a declaration of war against Russia two years later. Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of calling Turkey "the sick man," and thought perhaps that it was time that the patient died, and his effects were divided. He wanted the largest share himself, of course, and thought that with some of the Turkish territory held out as a bribe to England, he would be able to do as he pleased with the rest. Austria and Prussia were too weak to hinder the Czar, and Egypt was the price offered to England for her favor. England, as I told you, had made a treaty with Turkey some years before, and now saw the advantage of holding to that agreement. With a mighty show of indignation, therefore, the English government refused the offer of the Czar, and sent war fleets to the Black Sea and the Baltic, and an army to the Crimea. On this peninsula of Crimea was a strong fort and walled town, Sebastopol, in which 60,000 Russians were shut up. The English, French and Turks, allied themselves to keep them there, or else by siege starve them into surrender. So they surrounded the place and resolutely laid siege to it. There were plenty of Russians who were not shut up in Sebastopol, and these harassed the camps of the besiegers until they were also nearly besieged.

On October 25, 1854, some one blundered in delivering an order to Lord Card-

gan, and he led six hundred brave cavalymen against a large Russian army at Balaclava, just south of Sebastopol, and in a single charge lost half of his men. This was the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," which was made the subject of a poem which has thrilled many a soldier-heart. Soon after this the besiegers were attacked at Inkerman, and only saved from utter destruction by the timely arrival of a body of French reinforcements. The English ministry was bitterly reproached by the newspapers, and the people, for sending an army to Sebastopol, and then withholding the supplies and reinforcements necessary to its success. Sickness broke out in the far-away camp, and Florence Nightingale and many other noble-hearted English women left their homes and went to the Crimea to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. In the autumn of 1855, after a year of siege, Sebastopol fell, but the victory was dearly bought. Blood and treasure had been freely poured out, yet they were not



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

grudged, for Russia had been checked. The Christian subjects of the Sultan were insured protection by all Europe. By the terms of the treaty of peace, Russian and Turkish ships of war were also banished from the Black Sea, and the Danube river-provinces were declared free from Russia.

In 1857 the Chinese authorities seized an English smuggling vessel, which by the terms of the treaty that China had concluded with England, was a defiant law-breaker. The vessel was laden with opium, and the seizure was perfectly lawful. That made no difference with the English Governor of Hong Kong. The English had never respected Chinese law, except when it suited their convenience, and the existence of a treaty, was not a serious obstacle to the Governor of Hong Kong. He sailed into the harbor of Canton with his men-of-war, and poured shot and shell upon the city, until it was in a state of ruin, and thus began another unrighteous war with China.



In the meantime England was having trouble in India. The East India Company, to whom the Government had made a grant of Calcutta nearly two hundred years before, built a fort which the Government obligingly filled with soldiers for



QUEEN VICTORIA.

them. A little later the company bought thirty-seven more Indian towns, then finding it more profitable to rob than to buy, drove out the native princes on one pretext or another, and seized their provinces. By a system of robbery, and a series



THE SEPOY REBELLION IN INDIA.

world's great nations, as slavery is not the manifest destiny of the Aryan. The India Company had trained a large body of native soldiers to preserve order in the country. These natives, Sepoys as they were called, were faithful fellows who loved their English officers and obeyed them willingly. They were proud of their trust and of certain favors shown them by the Government. In 1828 England appointed Lord Bentinck Governor-General of India. His bad management of affairs caused the Sepoys to lose their respect for their officers, and become discontented and hard to manage. The Government recalled Bentinck, and sent Lord Dalhousie to India in his stead. Dalhousie was determined to "keep the natives down," and further irritated the Sepoys by depriving them of all their privileges. He was haughty and stern, and made the English rule bitterly oppressive. At length in 1850, Dalhousie seized on the dominions of the King of Oude, and annexed them to England's possessions. Every native chief and prince saw in the act a menace to his own dominions. The Sepoys were soon after furnished with a new kind

of petty but bloody wars, England had become the conqueror and possessor of nearly all Hindostan, at the beginning of the year 1854. You must remember that the people whom they conquered were not savages, but a highly civilized, intelligent and industrious Aryan race, who for a thousand years at least, had been a manufacturing and commercial people, and had built great cities. They were Pagans, it is true, and it may be that the Christianizing that they have been forced to accept in its influence and teaching, will make them one of the



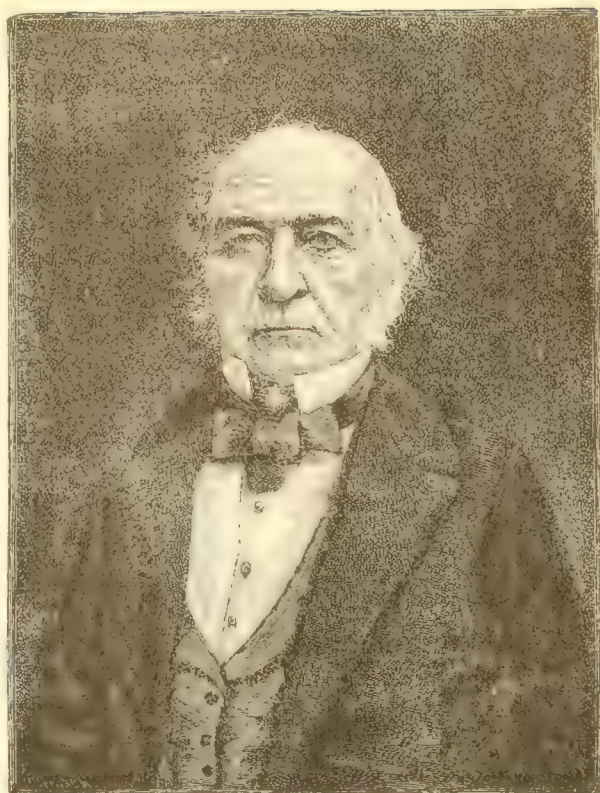
Richard Arkwright, the Inventor of the "Spinning Jenny."



of cartridge, which when used was greased with mutton-fat. The deposed king of Oude and his friends made the Sepoys believe that the fat used on the cartridges was that of swine and cows, polluted and unclean things to a Hindoo. When a regiment of the Sepoys refused to use the cartridges, Dalhousie scorned to explain that they were greased with mutton-fat, and might be used by Hindoos without pollution, but imprisoned one hundred of the them. This was the beginning of dreadful days for the English in India. The Sepoys mutinied in a body, and received large reinforcements. Beginning with their officers, they murdered every European upon whom they could seize, and then laid siege to Cawnpore. When they took the city they massacred the whole European population, and triumphantly pressed on to Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom of Oude.

There was but a small garrison at Lucknow, but knowing what fate would await them should the place be captured, they resolved to hold it to the last extremity. They had learned that Sir Colin Campbell would be able to relieve them if they could hold the place for fifteen days. Amid the greatest horrors of famine, heat, thirst, and siege, with disease and death, thinning their ranks every day, the brave little force maintained the defense for eighty-seven days, until the reinforcements sent to their relief had fought their way to them. The able Scotch veteran, Sir Colin Campbell, put down the mutiny after two years of struggle. All of India thereupon became the property of England in 1858, and Victoria assumed the crown and title of Empress of India. The war with China had been carried briskly forward. In 1860 Peking was captured, and the Chinese agreed to peace. Since that time China has had free commercial intercourse with every nation, and out of the great wrong England did the Empire, has been brought forth good fruit as well as evil.

When the war between the North and South broke out in America, the English aided the South with money, ships and supplies. The privateers fitted out by England did so much damage to the commerce of the United States that a war with Great Britain came near being the result. At one time during the struggle between the Union and the Confederate States, England ordered an army into Canada, to invade the United States from the North. The occasion of this action was because the United States government had taken from an English vessel two rebel commissioners who were going to Europe to solicit aid for the Confederates. England was so anxious to attack America that she did not ask an explanation of the act from the United States, but the government of our country disavowed the act, restored the commissioners to an English vessel, and the British had then not the least shadow of an excuse to fight the United States. The failure of the Confederates taught England a lesson not to interfere in quarrels where her own interests were not



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

concerned, and when the triple alliance between Austria, Germany and Italy was formed, England held aloof from it.

At the present time Home Rule in Ireland, the English occupation of Egypt, and the labor and tariff issues are the most important features in English politics. With Gibraltar in English possession, and Egypt filled with English soldiers, the Mediterranean Sea is to all purposes an English lake. The English control also the Suez Canal, which the French built to connect the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and this, together with conflicting interests in Egypt, has created a rather hostile feeling between the two countries. Russia has long looked with covetous eyes on England's possessions in India, and little by little has attempted to advance its frontier. Both France and Russia, therefore, are carefully watched, and Egypt has proven a little refractory of late, which may be due to intrigues with either or both countries, favored by Turkey. England's relations with the United States have been in the main pleasant for several years, though there have been at times complications arising over the rights of British sealers to fish in American waters.

At home England has grown more liberal in sentiment with every passing year, and there has been recently much talk by the English press of abolishing altogether the House of Lords of the Parliament. Victoria's reign of fifty-six years has been eventful for the country, and she is conceded the most able sovereign that the country has had since the days of Elizabeth. The Prince of Wales is the next in the line of the succession, but as he is already well along in years, and has lived a dissipated life, there is little probability of his ever wearing the crown. By the death of his eldest son, Albert Victor, his second son, Prince George, an able and popular prince, has become the heir apparent to the crown. He is a great favorite with the people, who are not well disposed toward his father on account of the many scandals that have attached to him, and as a sovereign, may be able to stem the tide that is rapidly bearing England toward Democracy.





THE GERMANS were probably the last of the Aryan races to enter Europe, and they came from Asia across the great table-land which we call Russia, and made their homes upon the shores of the Baltic Sea, in Scandinavia. It was natural, after awhile, that they should move southward, and they gradually drove before them the Celtic tribes that they found in Germany, and settled in its forests, and along the shores of its great rivers.

It is not until the fourth century before Christ, when Greek civilization was old, that we first hear of the Germans. When the Romans became acquainted with them, they were divided into Franks, or Freemen; Saxons, so-called from a peculiar sword, seax, which they wore; Lombards, or "long beards;" and several smaller tribes, such as Thuringians, Bavarians and Burgundians. The Romans called them "Germans," because they were such lusty shouters in battle, for that is the meaning of the word, and the Germans called themselves then, as they do now, "Deutsch," because they declared that a certain Tuisco, whose name was probably corrupted into "Deutsch," was the divine founder of their nation.

The Germans attempted to conquer those Gaulish races settled upon the southern side of the Alps, and penetrated into the heart of Italy. Two centuries after we first hear of them, Rome had been engaged twelve years in defending from them its northern provinces.

When Cæsar was made Consul, Ariovistus was at the head of a confederation of 120,000 Germans firmly fastened upon Gaul. Cæsar drove all of the barbarians hostile to Rome that he could not conquer, across the river Rhine. Among the tribes that he subdued and allowed to remain in Gaul were the Belgians, and a few other then insignificant peoples, and those were long the allies of Rome, but the Rhine continued the boundary of Roman Gaul for ages.

Notwithstanding that the German tribes remained free of Roman power, Roman civilization gradually spread among them, although they preserved their own national characteristics. They remained for centuries so passionately attached to the idea of freedom that they could not be united into one government, and only joined forces to repel foreign invaders. They had their nobles, freemen and slaves, like most primitive nations, and family life was peculiarly sacred among them. They were constant, faithful and loyal, pure-minded and warm-hearted.



ARMY OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE.

who had settled in that portion of Southern Gaul, and had established a kingdom between the Ems River and the Raabo and placing Bavarian colonists in their stead. Charlemagne's dominion included all of the Germans except the Angles, Saxons, and the Northmen of Scandinavia, and these long remained free.

When Charlemagne died, his empire was divided, as I have told you in the story of France. In Northwestern Europe a new language made up of Roman and German elements had gradually grown up. In Eastern Gaul the native German, a noble tongue that had for centuries been used in poetry and song, though not as a written language, remained the speech of the people. Thus the different languages spoken in the East and West of Gaul, formed a natural barrier between the people of the two sections. The Lombards, too, had made the Italian language of German and other elements, and the Visigoths developed the Spanish and Portuguese, from a Germanic, Celtic, Latin, and Arab mixture.

The first Emperor of the Germans was Lewis, son of Louis the Debonnaire, and after him his two sons, Carloman and Lewis, who had brief reigns, then the youngest of his sons, Charles the Fat, united the kingdoms of France, Germany and Italy into one empire. He was a weak ruler, who could make no head-way

The religion of the early Germans and Scandinavians was very similar, and in telling you about the Northmen I have described their poetic faith, and you have, no doubt, noticed how superior it was to the Druidism of the Celts, with its bloody sacrifices and strange ceremonies.

We have followed the fortunes of the Vandals, Goths and Franks, and learned what influence civilization and Christianity had upon them, but the Germans across the Rhine were still heathens up to the time of Charlemagne. He subjected the other principal German tribes, and then made successful war upon the Saxons. Charlemagne also subdued the Slavs, who had followed upon the heels of the Germans in their southern migration, and laid the foundation of the Austrian Empire by driving out the Huns



against the disorders assailing his vast empire. In the East the Sclavs founded a kingdom, and on the North Northmen and Danes harrassed Germany and France, while the empire itself was so badly governed that the great lords in their strongholds, surrounded by desperate and half-savage men, became robber-chiefs of the worst kind. At last the German nobles who had the welfare of the Fatherland at heart, deposed Charles, and placed upon the throne a certain Arnulf, of the province of Carinthia, in Southern Germany.

Arnulf seems to have been filled with the mighty spirit of Charlemagne. He scourged the Northmen out of Germany, conquered the Slavick kingdom, and regained Bohemia, but he died in the year 889, and left his kingdom to his little son Lewis.

The regent who conducted the affairs of the empire of "Lewis the Child," as he is called in history, was the cruel Bishop Hatto of Mayence. There was a famine in Europe during his regency, for famine often occurred in those early days, before commerce was sufficient with foreign countries to supply the needs of the people in time of scarcity. In Germany there was great distress, and the poor died by thousands.

A legend relates that the wicked Hatto enticed into a great barn a multitude of the poor who had come to him to beg bread, and then mocking at their suffering he called them "vermin, who were fit for nothing but to consume corn," and setting the barn on fire, burned them all to death. After awhile, unnumbered rats and mice sprang up, and gathering in a great army, pursued the bishop. In vain Hatto sprang into the Rhine and swam to his tower on an island in the stream, opposite Bingen. The rats and mice followed him into his strong fortress, assailed him by the thousands, and devoured him there.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they gnaw the bishop's bones,  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

History says that Hatto was not so cruel as the legends make him out, but that he was obliged to be severe in dealing with the unruly people, in order to uphold the king's authority, and but for him Germany would have been wrecked.

Arnulf had received help in his wars against the Sclavs, from a Finnish tribe, called Magyars, and during the reign of Lewis the Child, these Magyars, who had many of the characteristics of the Huns, terrorized all Germany, and overran the kingdom to the borders of Saxony and Lorraine. Alsace, one of the provinces lying between France and Germany, was gained by Conrad I., the Emperor who followed Lewis the Child upon the German throne, in the year 911, but Lorraine became French territory about the same time. Conrad I. was a noble, gentle, patriotic man, and when he died, after a reign of seven years, in order that Germany might not be torn with civil strife, he bequeathed the crown to Henry, Duke of Saxony, his life-long enemy.

As soon as Conrad was dead, the electors, who were the nobles of Germany that formed the State Council, according to Conrad's wish, elected Henry to be their king, and sent a messenger to tell him of his new dignity. Henry was greatly surprised when he heard of Conrad's death and the decision of the Council. He was hunting in the Hartz Mountains when the messengers found him, and as he had his falcon on his wrist, he was afterward called Henry the Fowler. This name was ap-



German Duke and Ladies.

propriate because Henry was fond of bird-catching which was a favorite sport in those days, to which tame hawks were trained.

Henry the Fowler was not a mere sportsman. He was, as I have told you, a Saxon, and he had all of the best characteristics of that noble people. He was firm, patient, and brave, and was moreover so handsome and winning that the warm-hearted Germans forgot that he and Conrad I., had been enemies, and loved him and his fair wife Bertha with all fealty. The Hungarians had long troubled Germany, and as their strength consisted in cavalry, Henry determined to train soldiers to fight them in their own manner. By a lucky accident he gained possession of the person of one of their most powerful chiefs, and succeeded in securing from him, as a condition of his release, a promise of peace for nine years, by paying tribute of a certain sum of money each year. There

were some of the Germans who were very angry on account of this tribute, but Henry the Fowler had a purpose in it. He set himself earnestly to work to strengthen Germany. Along the frontier he built strong forts which were filled with garrisons and provisions in this way: Every ninth man was required by the king to live in the fortress, or burgh, as the Germans called it, and to train himself to arms, while the other eight tilled the soil, and deposited in the burgh one-third of the product of their labor for the support of the garrison, and for use in time of war.

Realizing what a protection these burghs were, the people built houses close to them, and formed towns, around which they erected strong walls. The dwellers in these towns were called burghers. When Henry had conquered the Wends, a tribe to the northeast of Germany, and had seized on Lorraine, that old, old, bone of contention with France, he defied the Hungarians, who sent to him for the usual tribute by offering them a dead dog instead, to show them in what contempt he held them. The Hungarians at once poured down upon Germany, but the strong burghs successfully resisted them, and Henry's cavalry, in a great battle near Merseburg, killed thirty thousand of the invaders, and drove the others back to the borders of their own country.

It is said that Henry the Fowler instituted knighthood, and was himself the example of what it should be, and he is credited, too, with originating the feudal system, though we have already seen that feudalism grew up out of the mutual dependence of the common people and the nobles.

Germany prospered under Henry for twelve years, though of course not without frequent wars among the fierce German nobles. When Henry died, his son Otto was chosen as ruler. In the nineteenth year of Otto's reign the Hungarians invaded Germany in a great horde, making horrid threats of what they meant to do, and inflicting barbarous cruelties on the poor defenseless villages through which they passed. They were almost savages, and had no experience in besieging walled towns. They were much dismayed when they arrived before Augsburg, to find that not only a wall (then recently rebuilt from the ruins of an old Roman wall) but a deep, wide ditch also surrounded the place. In vain the chiefs tried to force their



followers, under the lash, to swim or wade the ditch. They were thrown into confusion, and as they imagined that the citizens, like themselves, had no means of crossing the moat, they were expecting no attack, when to their surprise a draw-bridge was let down. The Germans poured out upon them, and in the battle that followed a hundred thousand of the Hungarians were killed, if we are to believe the old chroniclers, but it is not always safe to trust them when it comes to figures. At all events the Germans gained a great victory, and the Hungarians thereafter made no more raids into Germany.

Otto I., had a taste for magnificence, and lived in a luxury before unknown in Germany, and his bishops and nobles imitated him. His son, Otto II., married a Greek princess, who introduced even greater luxury, as well as a taste for art and good books. Otto I., was called "Otto the Great," because he brought Denmark under tribute, subdued the Lombards in Italy, and was crowned with their diadem, in which was wrought a nail, said to have been taken from the cross of Christ, and was therefore called the "Iron Crown." He was also crowned with the golden crown of Rome, thus laying the foundation of great trouble, both in Germany and Italy. Otto the Great reigned thirty-seven years, and was succeeded by Otto II., who reigned but nine years, and who, when he died, left his throne to his baby son, Otto III. Otto III., grew up to be a very remarkable man, but he was poisoned by a woman whom the Germans had deeply wronged, when he was two-and-twenty, and was succeeded in 1003 by his cousin Henry, called The Saint, on account of his piety, who was the last Saxon king of Germany.

You have noticed that the German kings were not hereditary, but were elected to the crown, usually from some one great family. Henry the Saint was the first of the German kings to take the title of the Emperor of the Romans, and the next German sovereign, Conrad I., and many who came after bore the same title. This Conrad I., hated the feudal system that made the common people of Germany slaves to the great lords, and would have done away with it if it had been possible. He was of the race of Salic Franks, and during his own lifetime made his son Henry the king of Burgundy, that kingdom that Clovis had coveted, and which had been the cause of many wars since the days of Charlemagne.

The Holy Roman Empire gave much trouble to Henry III., king of Germany, who succeeded to his father's crown after he had been for several years ruler in Burgundy. The popes in those days, though claiming to hold power direct from God, were vain, ambitious, quarrelsome fellows, who had as many vices, often more than ordinary people, and seemed to take delight in stirring up Europe. When Henry III., died he left his kingdom to his little son, Henry IV., a boy of six.

It is a sad thing for a child to be orphaned at such an early age, but much more sad when that child is the destined king of a great country. Little Henry IV., had a beautiful and loving mother, but she was not fitted to rule Germany until her son became of age, and the regency was a heavy burden for such a gentle creature as



Italian Scholars and German Burgesses.

was the Empress Agnes, the widow of Henry III., who had been left in charge of the empire and the young ruler.

When her turbulent nobles quarreled and fought with each other, she did not reduce them to submission but tried to persuade them to agree together, and they only ridiculed her and were more unruly than ever. In those days the bishops and archbishops in Germany, lived like princes, ruling over certain cities with royal power, and only paying tribute and homage to the king, like the great dukes and vassals of the crown.

Two of these archbishops, Anno and Siegfried, determined to steal little Henry and bring him up together, so that they might make him the instrument by which they might add to their already great power and wealth. Accordingly they went to visit Agnes and her little son who were spending the Easter season at a castle upon an island in the river Rhine. The Empress entertained her guests hospitably, and after they had dined in magnificent state in the great hall, the bishops proposed a stroll in the open air with the empress and her attendants and little Henry. They contrived to separate the young king from the rest of the party, and lured him on board their beautiful boat, which he had viewed with delight from the shore.

So absorbed was the lad in the examination of the wonders of the fairy-like craft, that he did not notice that the rope that moored it had been cut, the sail spread, and the rowers were dipping their oars into the water, until he saw his mother running up and down on shore, shrieking and wringing her hands, and heard the attendants shout at the archbishops, and command them to put back to the shore at once. Then indeed he observed that the vessel was in mid-stream and sailing swiftly away from the island.

The poor lad had no doubt heard of little princes who had been cruelly murdered, and thinking, perhaps, that this was to be his own fate, sprang into the water, with some wild idea of swimming back to his frantic mother. He was promptly rescued by one of the rowers, and carried up to the city of Cologne by the archbishops where he was compelled to divide his time between them.

The German dukes made a great out-cry about the conduct of the two archbishops, but they were pacified by the bribes that the wily plotters, who remained in possession of the king's person, compelled the young king to bestow upon them. Poor Henry had a hard time of it between the two stern archbishops. If they had ever been young themselves, they seemed to have forgotten it, and behaved as though they had an idea that a boy should do nothing but study long, tedious lessons, and mumble Latin prayers. They would not allow him to have any companions of his own age, and it is no wonder that Henry grew to hate them both after awhile.

When the archbishops became convinced that their scheme of getting wealth and honors from Henry when he was grown up, would fail if they continued their severe course with him, they took Adalbert, archbishop of Bremen into their partnership.

Adalbert was as jolly a priest as ever fattened upon other people's substance. He ate prodigiously, drank more, laughed, danced, cracked jokes, spent money like water, as is often the custom of people who spend what others earn, and Henry, who was now transferred to his keeping, led an exceedingly merry life for some years, gathering about him a train of wild young blades like himself, who spent with him the income of his kingdom, and flattered and spoiled him.

When Henry was about sixteen years old, Archbishop Anno wanted him to come



back to him, for Adalbert had gained too much influence over the king to suit the other two churchmen, but Henry flatly refused to leave Adalbert. Anno was not to be balked in destroying Adalbert's influence, so he called a parliament of the German



The Huns in Germany.

nobles who offered Henry his choice of giving up Adalbert or his kingdom. As Adalbert had no use for him without his realm, he was obliged to yield. Anno then compelled him to marry a homely girl, whom he hated and treated with brutal

unkindness. After a time two sons were born to Henry and his wife, Bertha of Susa. These growing up in a loveless home, became as undutiful to their father, as he was unkind to his unhappy wife. As soon as Henry thought he was secure enough in his kingdom to punish the lords who had forced him to his marriage, and to revenge himself upon Anno, he attempted to do so. They carried their grievances to the Pope, who summoned Henry to come to Rome and answer to the charges they preferred against him. Now, the Pope was a low-born fellow, mightily puffed up with pride on account of the high station that he had achieved. Henry was the son of a king, and the descendant of a great and ancient family. He scorned to obey a Pope who was the son of a vulgar carpenter. He went even further, he called his bishops together, and caused them to declare that the Pope was no Pope at all, and they named another man to the office.

When the Pope heard of these proceedings, he cursed Henry from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, sleeping or waking, in every act and every thought—Christian, wasn't it—and in turn declared that Henry was no longer king. He paid no attention to this curse at first, but it had a dire effect in his kingdom. His great nobles and bishops now had a pretext for deserting him, and they did so, and at last he found that of all those who had flattered and fawned upon him, only one knight remained true. His despised and neglected wife, Bertha, supported her husband nobly in his hour of trial. She offered to go with him to Rome to make his peace with the Pope, for his nobles had set up his brother-in-law, Rudolf, as king, and his case was well-nigh desperate.

Accordingly in the dead of the bitter winter of the year 1076, a winter so cold that no man then living could remember another of like severity, Henry set off for Rome, with Bertha, her infant son and a single attendant. Over the deep snows of the St. Bernard pass, across Lake Geneva, then frozen completely over, the little party traveled, the brave queen enduring all the hardships uncomplainingly, and cheering her husband when he was weary and disheartened. They finally arrived safely at the castle of Canossa, where the Pope was then staying.

The Pope, Gregory VII., refused at first to see Henry, and commanded him to do penance, as though being obliged to humble himself thus far was not enough. Gregory obliged the king to lay aside his royal robes and ordered him to stand barefooted and bare-headed, clad only in a white linen garment, waiting, fasting and praying, at the outer gate of the castle until he should admit him. The ground was covered with snow, and the winds blew cold and piercing, but Henry did as he was required, and for three whole days without touching a morsel of food, he paced back and forth to keep from freezing, and on the fourth day the Pope commanded him to enter his presence.

Henry had shown himself properly obedient, but the Pope would not forgive him but only suspended the curse until he should have a formal trial. The haughty Pope had rather overdone the matter now. The Germans justly thought that in treating their king with such indignity, Gregory had purposed to insult the whole nation. Henry was the king of the Lombards, too, and although they did not love him overmuch, they loved the Pope less, and took the part of their sovereign, urging him to avenge the insults he had received. When he returned to Germany, many of his lords rallied about him seeing a chance of their favorite sport, war. The Pope now cursed Henry with the bitterest curse that he could think of, and sent his rival Rudolf, a golden crown. Henry again crossed the Alps, this time with an army, took





HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA.

Rome, drove out the Pope and set up a new one, who crowned him emperor of the Romans in 1084.

Alas for the unhappy Henry IV.! In his own household his two sons were his bitter foes. Conrad rebelled in Italy, but died shortly after. Henry, the emperor's best beloved child, was determined to seize his father's throne during his father's life. The emperor had reigned nearly fifty years, and was so hale that he might live many years longer. In vain Henry pleaded with his son to spare him the pain of punishing him as a traitor. The younger Henry marched against his father with an army. The Emperor's troops deserted him, and he fled alone and on foot to take refuge with a faithful knight whom he knew he could trust. There he was found by messengers from his son, who commanded him to deliver the crown and jewels to them to carry to their master. It is said that the white-haired emperor, dressed himself in his robes of state, put on his glittering ornaments, and with majestic step appeared before the messengers, and in a dignified speech upbraided them with their treason. He told them that the crown and jewels he wore had been borne by the great Charlemagne, the annointed and appointed of God as the ruler of the world, and cursed the hand that would pluck them by force from the person of a consecrated king.

The messengers jeered at the old man, tore the jewels from him, and dragged him to a gloomy prison at Bingen. There he was treated with great cruelty, and was so scantily fed, that to keep himself from starvation he sold one by one all of the articles of clothing that he could spare, and even parted with his only pair of boots for money to buy bread.

Bertha, poor, faithful, unloved wife, was dead long ago, and the memory of how he had requited her affection must have been a sharp thorn in the pillow of the unhappy captive king. After weary months of imprisonment Henry IV. escaped, and clad in a beggarly dress made his way to Liege, bearing with him his signet ring which no stress of poverty could make him yield, and the good sword with which he had been girded knight. The kind bishop of that city received the poor emperor, now no longer sovereign, for his son had made him sign a relinquishment of his rights the year before. With him Henry lived a few months, a weary and broken-hearted man who longed for nothing but the death that would bring him forgetfulness of his sorrows. It came at last, and his parting words were of forgiveness for his unnatural son, and his last act was to place in the hands of a messenger his sword and signet ring, that they might be carried to Henry V. in token of pardon. Thus the death of Henry IV. was more noble than his life, and we can not but pity the man whose early training bore such bitter fruit.

Though Henry V. was soon engaged in a quarrel with the Pope, he left his father's body without Christian burial for five years, until the curse was removed from it. For sixteen years he quarreled with his nobles and the Pope, and then died a disappointed man, and no one pitied him or wept for him, for the people remembered how Henry IV. had suffered. Henry V. left no children, and his wife Matilda, daughter of the English sovereign, married Geoffery of Anjou, and became the mother of the Plantagenet kings of England.

I told you that when Henry IV. crossed the Alps in mid-winter with his wife and child, a single knight went with him. The name of this faithful knight was Frederick of Buren, and he received for his fidelity the daughter of the emperor in marriage. In after-days this Frederick built himself a castle on the top of a hill in Suabia, near



the river Rems. The hill was called the Hohenstaufen, and about the castle there grew up a town that received the name of Waiblinger. Frederick was Duke of Suabia, and on account of his castle and village, he was called Frederick Hohenstaufen, the Waiblinger. The Italians called Waiblinger "Ghibelline," as they called Welf "Guelph," and that was the origin of the words that became the battle-cry on many a bloody field. After the death of Henry V., Lothaire, Duke of Saxony, was chosen king, though Frederick of Hohenstaufen, and his son Conrad, being connected with the former royal house, bitterly opposed him. There was at this time a Duke of Bavaria called Henry the Proud, a descendant of that Count Welf, or Guelph, as we shall henceforth call him, whose daughter Judith married Louis the Debonnaire, of France, and who was the mother of Charles the Bald. This Henry supported the claims of Lothaire, who in return gave him so much land that he was the most powerful knight in Germany, so Conrad and Frederick Ghibelline submitted after a time.



FIG. 1. — German Knight

When Lothaire died in 1138, A. D., Henry the Proud wanted to be crowned emperor, but the German princes chose Conrad Hohenstaufen, who was now the head of the family, his father being dead. Henry the Proud at once took up arms to fight the new emperor, but he soon died, and the Guelphs were led by his son, Henry the Lion. So much blood has been shed for that glittering bauble, a kingly crown, that it is no wonder that the head is uneasy that wears it. The Guelphs and Ghibellines fought fiercely over it. At one time during the long struggle the town of Weinsberg was besieged by Conrad III. The people held out so long, and defended the place so gallantly, that the Suabian Conrad swore that when it fell he would put the whole garrison to death.

At last there was no more food in the town, and it was obliged to surrender. Conrad III. told those who came to him to treat for the capitulation, and told them with a mighty German oath, that only the women, carrying their choicest valuables, would be allowed to leave the town, and left to the imagination what would be the fate of the men, for those were merciless days. Soon the gates were opened. The first woman to come forth was the Countess Ida of Guelph, and behind her were all of the women of Weinsberg, each carrying pick-a-back, father, husband, or lover, as their choicest valuables. Very laughable it must have been to see the brawny, red-faced, bearded soldiers thus borne, and the hearts of the poor fellows in the town who had no female friends or relatives must have been heavy enough at the prospect that Conrad had held out to them. It was no joke to the men and women of Weinsberg, for Conrad might withdraw his promise, when he saw the choice of "valuables" that had been made, but he was both amused and touched by the fidelity of the women, and they were permitted to carry their "valuables" away in triumph. He spared the town, too, greatly to his credit.

In the story of France, I told you about the first crusade, and that it ended with the crowning of Godfrey as king of Jerusalem. In the year 1100 Godfrey died, and his brother, Count Baldwin of Flanders, became king. The Moslems harassed

the Christians in Jerusalem, and took their fortresses in Palestine from them one by one. At length a pious abbot of Burgundy stirred up the Christians of Europe to a second crusade. Conrad III. did not desire to go, but his great nobles were, for the time, at peace. Since they must fight, and were never happy unless laying about them with sword and lance, he concluded that it would be much better for them to fight Turks than Christians, so he gathered the most turbulent and warlike spirits, and with seventy thousand men joined the French king, Louis VII., in an expedition to the Holy Land.

There were 900,000 men in the great army, but the treacherous Greek emperor led the German host into a waterless desert, where the Turks fell upon them, and killed nearly a tenth of them in a single battle. The army thinned by disease, starvation and the swords of the Moslems, was defeated before Damascus, and but a feeble remnant of the great host returned to Europe. Nevertheless Germany gained by this crusade, for many of its quarrelsome lords, who left their country for their country's good, were killed or died in Asia, and those who returned had learned much by contact with foreign civilization. Conrad III. won great fame as a soldier, but his fame could not restore his health, shattered by hard-ship, and he died the year after his return, his nephew, Frederick Barbarossa being elected to succeed him.

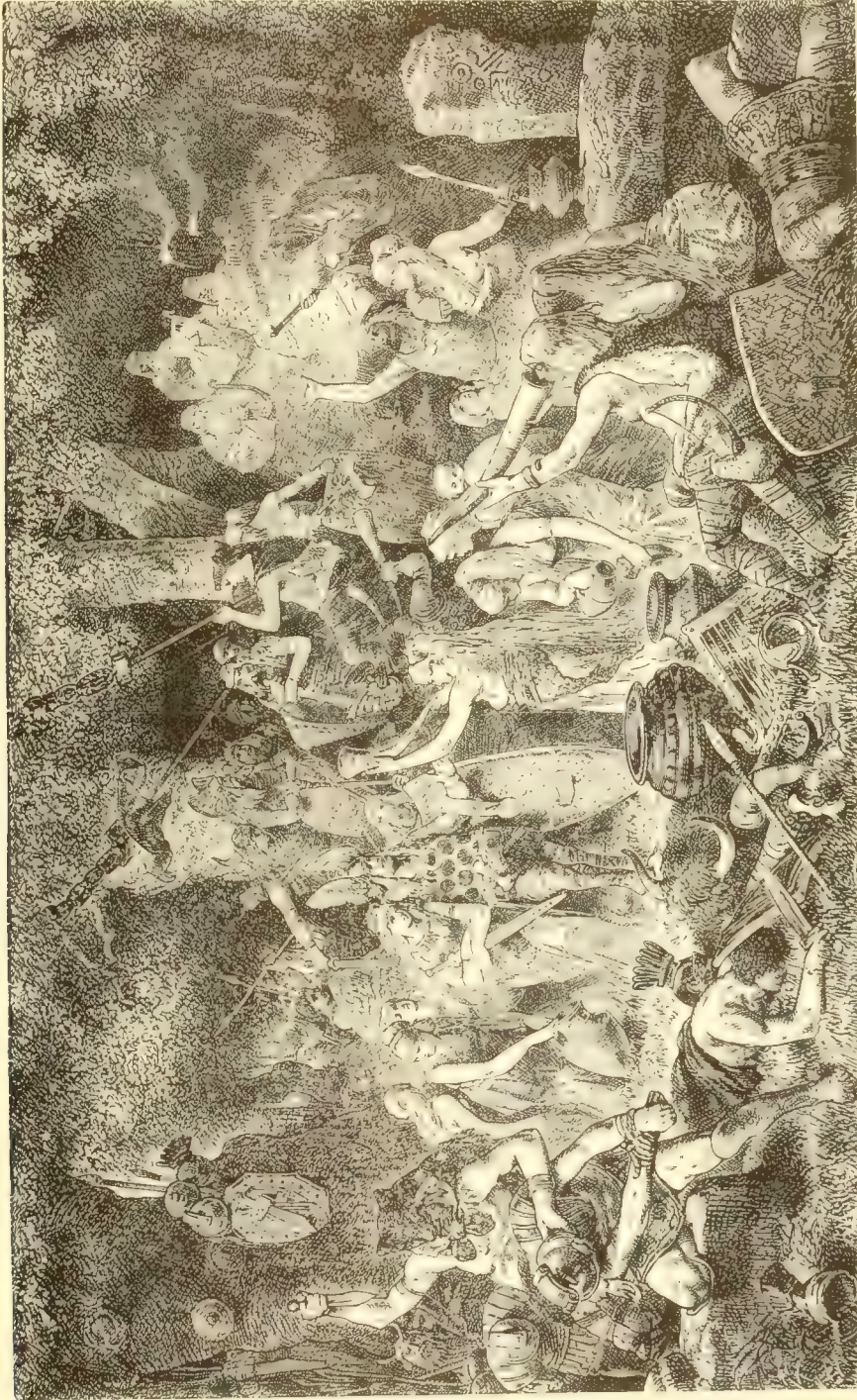
This Frederick Redbeard (Barbarossa) was a hero like Charlemagne, and his deeds have been the subject of song and story. The fight between the Guelphs and Ghibellines went fiercely on, and Frederick was anxious to end it. Conrad III. had wrested from his enemy Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, his two provinces, Bavaria and Saxony. Barbarossa gave them back to Henry, and made the haughty Duke his intimate friend.

The claims of the German emperors over Italy was distasteful enough to many of the Lombards, and especially to the rich Lombard cities. They saw no reason why a foreign king should be forever mixing in their affairs, and Milan, to protect what she considered her rights, trained a large body of citizens as soldiers. When Milan thought itself strong enough to successfully resist the emperor, the citizens refused to send him the usual tribute of money and men, and he marched against them with a large army. After destroying two cities that had joined Milan in the revolt, peace was brought about through the interference of the Pope, but he and the emperor fell to quarreling over some property (the Pope looked sharp after worldly goods) and almost came to blows. Soon the beligerent Pope died, and two Popes were elected, as if one was not a great plenty. The emperor was friendly to one of these, and the former Pope's friends to the other, and the two "Vice Regents of Christ" cursed each other with all the solemnity with which they could invest such a wicked proceeding, and each cursed all the followers of the other, so the whole of Christian Europe rested under the curse of one Pope or the other, but because neither party was none the worse off on account of it, each thought that the other had not the power from on high to do the cursing properly, as though the Creator of the Universe would grant to any living creature such an unholy power over another.

When Barbarossa considered that it would be safe to leave his new Pope and the Italian cities, he returned to Germany, for the German dukes took advantage of his absence to stir up trouble, and no sooner had he settled home affairs than he was obliged to go back to Italy, for Milan had again revolted.



The emperor besieged the unruly city for three years and a half, captured and totally destroyed it, thereby striking such terror to the other Lombard cities, that they humbly submitted. The Pope that the emperor favored was now dead, and he



Customs of the Germans      Victory Feast After Battle.

set up another. The opposition Pope had taken refuge in France, and Barbarossa thought that he would make no more trouble, but he did. When Frederick, like an imperial pendulum, had swung back into Germany, the troublesome Pope came over





Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Lion.

from France, stirred up revolt anew, and Frederick was obliged again to swing back into Italy. So matters went on for several years, when the emperor had succeeded in restoring peace in Italy, trouble invariably broke out in Germany, and by the time he had brought Germany into order, Italy was in a turmoil. To do Frederick credit, he was a just, chivalrous and generous enemy, and treated the Lombard cities with great leniency, when he at last subdued them.

In one of these campaigns in Italy, Henry the Lion, whom Barbarossa had striven to bind closely to his interests, accompanied the emperor with a large Guelph or Bavarian army. Some time before Barbarossa had received by will, certain lands from Duke Guelph VI., one of those who had been carried pick-a-back, from Weinsberg, in the days of Conrad III. This duke Guelph, was the uncle of Henry the Lion, and was a jolly improvident fellow, who cared more for eating, drinking and gay company than he did for anything else. He was stone blind, and to enliven the weary

time, he gathered about him the gayest knights of Suabia and Bavaria, who were so extremely merry at his expense, that after a time he was compelled to ask his nephew, Henry for money.

Now, Henry had conquered the Slavonic provinces of Pomerania and Mecklenburg, had subdued the Frieslanders upon the Baltic, and a part of Holstein, and possessed great wealth, dug from the mines of the Hartz mountains, and wrung by the most cruel oppression from the people. He had founded Munich, Lubeck and Ratzburg, three flourishing cities, and he considered himself one of the greatest princes of Germany, and he certainly was, if we are to measure him by his possessions—not often a safe standard of greatness. He was proud of his success, and in front of his fortress in his principal city, Brunswick, he had caused the huge brazen statue of a lion to be erected. With all his wealth, however, he was extremely angry because his blind old uncle did not hoard his possessions in order that he might inherit them, and when the jolly duke applied to him for money to continue his course of pleasure, he refused it, and Guelph asked Frederick to accommodate him. The emperor loaned the duke all of the money he required, and at the latter's death received his lands in payment, greatly to Henry's rage.

Soon after Guelph's death, Henry was summoned by the emperor to aid him in Italy. The Lombard cities had formed a league, and their armies were approaching Frederick, where he lay ill at Lake Como. This was Henry's opportunity; he went to the emperor and made some very insolent demands, threatening to desert him if he refused. For the future safety of his empire, Frederick dared not yield to the ungrateful Henry. He reminded him of his obligation to his sovereign and to his country, and did not scruple to kneel to him, and implore him not to disgrace the cause that they both represented, but Henry the Lion, showed himself to be really the King of Beasts, but neither a chivalrous knight nor a true subject. He deserted Frederick in his hour of peril, taking all of his troops, and the imperial army thus weakened, was totally cut to pieces. Barbarossa and his brave Burgundian wife, Bea-



trice, barely escaping with their lives. The treachery of the Bavarian duke caused such anger among the German princes, that they met at Worms, and with the sanction of the emperor, called Henry to appear before them. Henry refused to come, and the emperor therefore took Bavaria from him, and bestowed it upon Otto of Wittenbach, and divided Saxony among several powerful friends of the Hohenstaufen family. He also declared Henry



Emperor Frederick Asking Henry the Lion's Aid Against the Milanese.

an outlaw, and forbade anybody to give him aid or comfort. Henry organized his Guelph friends into an army, and made war upon the emperor, but when he had been deprived of all his territory but that which was hereditary in the Guelph family—Brunswick and Lunenburg—he came to Frederick in the year 1181, and, throwing himself at the feet of the emperor, begged his pardon. The generous

Frederick granted it freely, but could not restore his lands. Henry then went away to England, to the court of his father-in-law, Henry III., and while there a little son was born to him, who beside being the heir to the duchy of Brunswick, became the ancestor of a line of English sovereigns, of whom the present queen, Victoria, is the most illustrious.

Frederick Barbarossa was an old man when the trouble with Henry the Lion was finally settled, and his warlike fame had gone throughout Europe. In 1181 the situation of the Christians of Palestine was that of a conquered people.

One of the Christian knights had seized the mother of the noble and gallant Saladin, had killed her attendants, and robbed her of all her jewels and money, notwithstanding that there was a treaty of peace between them and the Turks. Justly angry at this outrage, Saladin marched against the Christians, took their strongholds one by one, and at last captured Jerusalem. He treated the Christians with far more gentleness than they had treated the Moslems, but he destroyed the furniture of their churches, and tore down their crosses.

All Europe was in a blaze of excitement, and the three warriors of the greatest renown in the world—Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, Richard the Lion-hearted of England, and Philip Augustus of France—joined forces in a crusade. The English and French forces went by sea, while the German forces marched across South-eastern Europe into Asia. In a great battle the Germans defeated the Sultan of Iconium, and soon after in the year 1190, Frederick was drowned in crossing the river Cydnus.

The news of the death of the gallant old emperor was for a long time not credited by the German people. Through all of his battles and campaigns he had seemed to bear a charmed life, and had come safely through so many dangers, that his subjects could not believe that he was dead. In the course of time a legend grew up about Frederick, and the people in relating his great deeds declared that he was not dead, but that he and several of his knights were sitting armed from head to feet in the hollow center of Kyffhauser mountain, in Thuringia, sleeping under an enchanted spell. Frederick himself, they say, is seated at a stone table, and his beard has become so long that it has split the slab, as ivy sometimes splits rocks, and has grown through the rift. Around the mountain the ravens are flying, but in an hour of peril to Germany they will cease circling about in the sky that bends above Kyffhauser, the red-bearded king, and all of his knights will arise, strike great blows as of old, and all will be well. Germany has been in many and dire perils since the days when Barbarossa disappeared from the sight of men, and though he has never come forth as the legend promised, there have been other strong hands to strike, other brave hearts to do and dare, and it is through these that the nation stands to-day, glorious, free, united.

The Emperor who now came to the German throne, Henry VI., was as unlike his great father, Frederick, as can be imagined. He was a cruel, revengeful tyrant. He married Constance, daughter of the king of Sicily, and was bitterly angry with Richard the Lion-hearted of England, who supported Tancred on the throne of that rich little kingdom. It was on this account that he threw Richard into prison upon his return to Europe, and with the money the English paid for the release of their king, made a fearful war upon Naples and Sicily.

By way of convincing his Italian subjects that they ought to love him, he punished his real and supposed enemies most barbarously, hanging, burning alive,



torturing and murdering in various fiendish ways, all who might trouble him with pretensions to the crown of Naples and Sicily. He vexed the world seven years with his atrocities, then died leaving his little son Frederick in care of the Pope.

The Guelphs and Ghibellines both set up a king, leaving the infant Frederick altogether out of the question, and for the next ten years Germany was a great battle-ground where such dreadful deeds were done that I shrink from relating them. Finally the Ghibelline claimant, Otto IV., was crowned emperor at Rome, 1208, the Pope who was the guardian of little Frederick performing the ceremony. A German emperor who had no quarrel with a Pope is a novelty in history. Otto IV. opposed some of the presumptions of the Pope, and they quarreled a long time. At length the Pope brought forward young Frederick, who upto this time had borne the title only of the king of Sicily, and sent him to Germany to claim the crown of the empire,



Death of Frederick Barbarossa.

deposing Otto IV. at the same time. Frederick I. was crowned emperor in 1215 at the age of twenty.

The new emperor was a handsome, graceful, well-educated man with many of the great qualities of Barbarossa, without his superstition. He greatly admired the wonderful civilization of the East, and did not view the Saracens in the same light as did many of the bigoted people of the times. He may even have justly regarded the ambition of the Pope as far more dangerous to Christendom than were the Saracens.

The Italians, as usual, were constantly rebelling and when Frederick II. had brought them into reasonable order, the Pope who feared that the emperor might be a check upon his own plans, commanded him to go on a crusade, his favorite

method of getting rid of inconvenient princes. Frederick with some reluctance agreed to go, but after he started a fever broke out in the army which carried his soldiers off by the thousands. The emperor himself became ill and put back to Italy in order that he might regain his health. The Pope was disappointed and angry, when he learned that Frederick had returned. In vain the emperor sent to the Pope some bishops who had been with him, to assure the Holy Father that he was really ill, the Pope excommunicated him with the ever-ready curse.

The next year, 1228, Frederick started again to the Holy Land, but the Pope would not take off the curse, and did everything that he could to make the expedition a failure. Nevertheless Frederick II. went forward, and first by fighting and then by treaty, released Palestine from the Saracens, who esteemed the emperor so highly that many of them joined his army and returned to Europe with him.

The Catholic knights in Jerusalem treated Frederick with contempt and insult, and the Pope even went so far as to lay Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher under ban because Frederick had delivered them. He tried to rouse all Europe against him, and incited the Lombard cities to again make war upon the empire. It was not until Frederick returned and vanquished the Pope at every point that he finally subsided, made peace and took the curse off the emperor, who seems never to have been greatly inconvenienced by it. Frederick II. was absent from Germany fifteen years, and his son Henry, who was regent for the empire all that time, had been so surrounded in his youth with evil influences, that his naturally bad disposition had developed into the mean, cruel, crafty nature of his grandfather, Henry VI. He rebelled against his father, and tried to poison him, secretly encouraged in the plot by the Pope, but Frederick quelled the rebellion, escaped the poison and placed his son in prison where he died after seven miserable years. Then he laid his hand heavily upon his quarrelsome nobles and made them agree to live in peace with each other. This done, he went into Italy, and after some severe fighting, seated his son Enzo upon the throne of Sardinia, so angering the Pope that he again excommunicated him. Frederick was so accustomed to being under a curse that he did not greatly mind it, though he answered the Pope's charges with spirit.

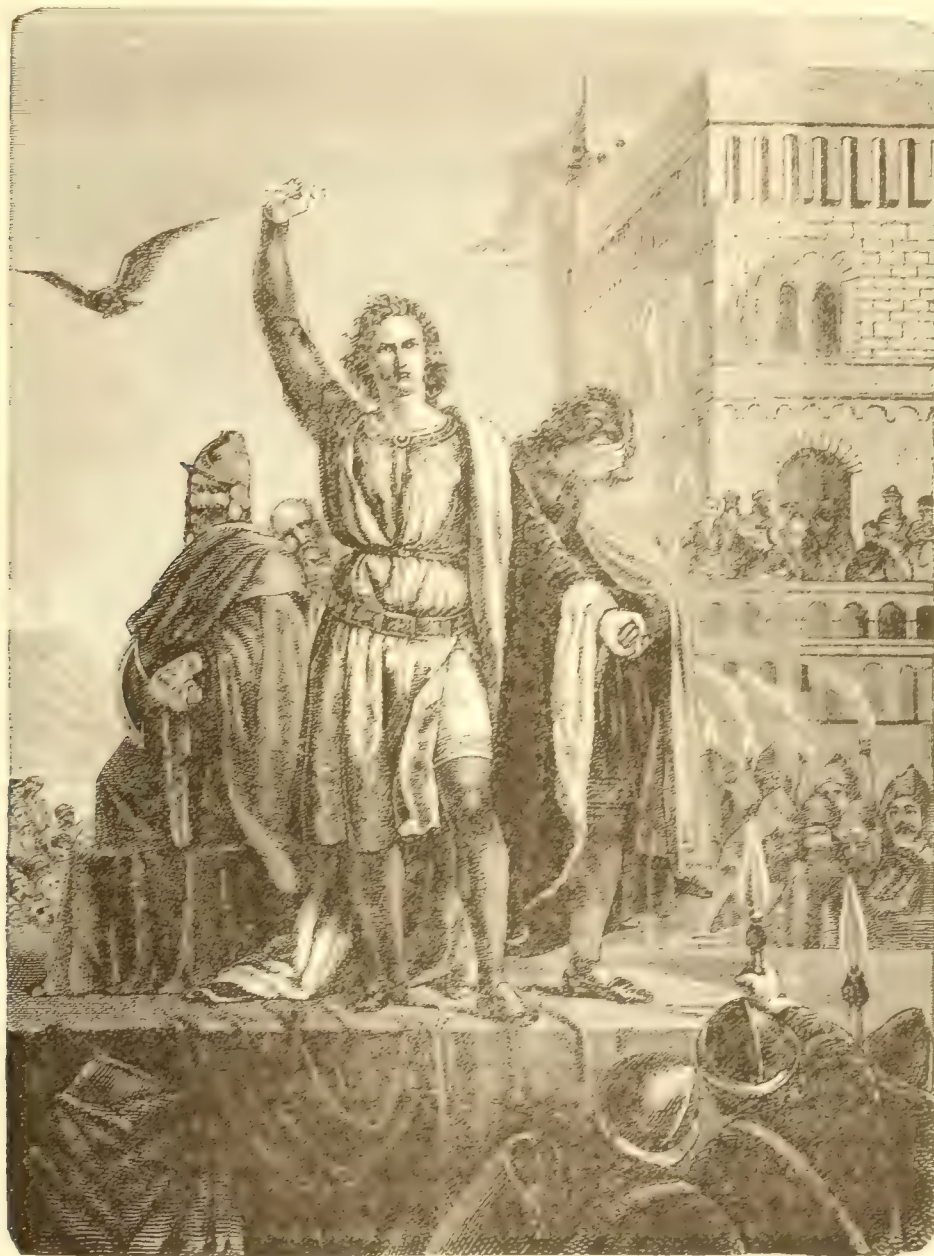
After doing all the harm that he possibly could in the world for more than fifty years, the old Pope died, and a new one, Innocent IV., was installed, but he took up the quarrel with Frederick, who drove him from Rome. So unreasonable had the Popes been in their treatment of Frederick, that the sovereigns of Europe were alarmed, seeing what power the Pope had for making trouble. The fugitive Pope wanted to take refuge in France, but the French king intimated that he had no room for such a guest. James I., of Arragon, would not allow him to enter Spain, and Henry III., of England, had suffered so much from the Pope, that he would not have him at any price. Nevertheless, the Pope called a council of the church, and the council ordered the German princes to elect a new emperor.

Frederick only laughed at the wrath of the Pope, and swore that he would hold the seven crowns that he had won in spite of the Pope or the devil. The German princes would not elect another king, so Innocent IV. sent to different kings of the European States, and offered them the crown of Germany. Several of them coveted it, but they knew that to accept, would be to imply that the Pope had a right to give away crowns at his pleasure, and they one and all refused. The Guelphs and Ghibellines broke out at intervals in Germany, just as measles and other kindred diseases often break out in communities, and with as little apparent cause. Between



them and the Pope the people suffered grievously. In the midst of it all Frederick died, and his son succeeded him in a four years' reign in which he did nothing to straighten matters out. Then Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen princes, fell a victim to the cruel Count Charles of Anjou, who captured and beheaded him.

With the cheerful generosity of people who give away what is not their own, the



Frederick II. of Sicily.

Pope had given to Count Charles, after Frederick's death, the province of Anjou. Enzo, king of Sardinia, was deprived of his throne and placed in prison. At one time he came near escaping hidden in an empty wine-barrel, which was being borne out of the prison by two of his friends, but a tress of his long golden hair falling through the bung-hole discovered him to his jailer, and he was carried back and



enclosed in an iron cage like a wild beast, and it was in this living death that the last of the Hohenstaufens languished for many long years.

In the year 1256 Richard of Cornwall, England, and Alfonso the Wise of Spain, each bribed the electors to make them king of Germany, and for the next fifteen years, although nominally Germany had two kings, it really had none, for Alfonso seldom set foot in the country, and Richard never once visited it. For many years the power of the emperors in Germany had grown less and less, on account of their long absences from the country and their foreign wars, and the rich German princes had set up in their territory a kingly rule. Thus Denmark, Poland and Hungary had become independent, Bohemia, indeed, had been made a kingdom by one of the Hohenstaufens.

The time when Alfonso and Richard of Cornwall claimed to be sovereigns, is called the "Interregnum," or between reign, and it was a very dark period in German history. Bold robber barons built strong castles on the crags, near the fords and roads, and not only robbed the peasants, whom they considered their natural prey, but merchants and travelers, and murdered helpless people who fell in their way. These robber barons were constantly fighting each other, and perpetrated the most horrible cruelties upon their prisoners. There was no law in the land, and had it not been for the walled towns that supported large bodies of trained soldiers to preserve them from the marauders, civilization might have been almost destroyed in Germany.

There were two orders of knights in the empire at this time, Teutonic Knights and Knights of the Sword. During the reign of Frederick II., they united to conquer Prussia, up to that time a heathen country, and from 1230 to 1309 they fought the Prussians, who were a Slavonic people, finally conquering them and colonizing the country with Germans.

In the centuries lying between Henry the Fowler, and the last of the Hohenstaufens, the burghs had grown wonderfully in importance. They carried on commerce with many countries, and as I have before said, had their own trained soldiers. The cities along the Rhine joined for the protection of their commerce, in a league, called the League of the Rhine, while those along the sea coast formed the Hanseatic League, with its navies on the ocean and its armies on the land. These fleets and armies prevented the infringement of the liberties of the cities and protected them from pillage. The English called the German merchants Easterlings, and carried on a large trade with them, and the English "sterling," as applied to money originated in those days.

With the princes, cities and leagues, all having their own laws in their own territory, Germany suffered the fate of the broth in the nursery tale, that was, spoiled by too many cooks. There was no law that was the same in all parts of the kingdom, and this was a great evil. Out of this confusion of laws, there grew up in Westphalia a law that is a favorite in our own frontier communities. We call it "lynch law," but the Westphalians called it the *Vehmgerichte*, or a secret court. Any one who was accused of a crime, which deserved death, was summoned to appear on a certain day and hour before the *Vehmgerichte*, to answer for it. If he refused the



first, second and third summons, a secret avenger was appointed to hunt him down and kill him. If he came and was found guilty, he was immediately strung up to some convenient tree.

Anybody could appeal to this kind of a court, and any freeman could become a judge of the Vehmgerichte. The oppressed people from all over Germany complained to the Vehmgerichte, and for three hundred years it remained powerful, but died out at last, as most human institutions do. Richard of Cornwall died, in course of time, and



WOMAN AND OX AT PLOW

after the German princes had paid Alfonso to withdraw his claim to the empire, they elected Rudolf of Austria to the throne. He was from an old Swiss family that since the tenth century had lived in the little castle of Hapsburg, near the Konigsfelden, in Switzerland. Rudolf was neither rich nor powerful, but what was better for Germany, he was a brave man who loved his country well. He avoided quarreling with the Pope, for he realized that it was through those quarrels that Germany had been brought to this unhappy pass. He put down the robber barons, and destroyed their castles, and won the love of the whole German people by his bravery, skill and honesty. He fought against the king of Bohemia, who had taken Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carinola by force from the German empire, and gave the reconquered provinces to his family, who founded the present royal house of Hapsburg. Rudolf died in the year 1291, and after his son Albert had defeated a rival claimant, Adolf of Nassau, he became Emperor of Germany.

Albert had no real right to the crown, for the electors had chosen Adolf and the son of Albert's dead brother, was the heir to the Hapsburg possessions. Albert determined to take Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, three Swiss cantons or counties that were free under the crown. The brave Swiss armed themselves with whatever they could secure, and resisted the governors Albert sent to them, who treated them with great severity. Perhaps you have heard the story of brave William Tell. Gessler, one of the governors sent by Albert, was so cruel to the Swiss that they formed a league against the Austrians. To this league the gallant archer, William Tell, belonged. Tell was known far and wide as a bowman who could shoot straight and true, and as a man who had a spirit as independent as the free winds that blew across his native mountains. One day in passing with his little son through the village of Altdorf, he noticed the ducal hat of the Hapsburgs set on a pole in the market-place and was ordered to bow down to it.

Tell boldly refused to honor the hated Hapsburgs with any allegiance, and was dragged before Gessler. The tyrannical governor had heard of Tell's skill with the bow, and as a means of punishing him, commanded him to shoot an apple set upon his son's head, and threatened him with death if he refused or failed. Tell selected two arrows, placed his son the distance required by the tyrant, drew the string and clove the apple fairly in twain, to the great surprise of all present.

Gessler had noticed that Tell had stuck the other arrow in his belt, and now asked him what he had intended doing with it.

"To slay thee, tyrant, had I killed my son," answered Tell.

Gessler was enraged, and caused Tell to be bound, and thrown into a boat, to be carried across Lake Lucerne to the dark frowning castle of Kussnacht. On the way



Superior of the Order of St. John.

a dreadful storm arose. Tell was a skillful sailor, and offered to guide the boat safely to land if Gessler would have him unbound. The tyrant did so, and Tell performed his promise, but as soon as he was near to the shore he grasped his bow and arrows, sprang out before he could be hindered, and giving the boat a vigorous push saw it carried away by the wind, as he sprang swiftly up the bank and hurried into hiding in a rocky defile that he knew well. The storm almost immediately subsided, and Gessler and his comrades landed and began a search for their escaped prisoner. As they passed through the narrow glen where Tell lay hidden, he shot Gessler through the heart, and eluding capture, became the hero of the whole canton. We are told these days that the story, like many of the other heroic tales, is false, but it is nevertheless true to the spirit of the Swiss people. All of the opposition of the Swiss only made the emperor

the more determined to subdue them, but he was murdered by his nephew on his way to Hapsburg castle, and for the time the conquest of the Swiss was abandoned. Albert had proven so unpopular with the Germans, that they selected their next king from another family, and Henry of Luxemburg was chosen to reign over them as Henry VII. The new emperor had certainly not learned much from German history, or he would have let Italy alone. One of his first expeditions was into Italy, where the Italian cities and the Pope resisted him with might and main. Brescia was besieged, and Henry swore that he would take the city, and cut the nose from the face of every man in it. The Brescians were attached to their noses, as is usually the case, and held out gallantly until Henry promised to knock the noses from all of the statues instead of from the men, then they let him in and he proceeded to take his bloodless vengeance on the statues, with a solemnity worthy of a comic-opera king.

Henry was poisoned soon after, in the year 1313, and was the last of the German emperors who exercised any real power in Italy. Two emperors were elected to succeed Henry VII., Frederick the Fair being supported by some of the electors, and Louis of Bavaria by the others. Of course they went to war, and in 1322 Frederick was taken prisoner. Louis visited him, and he promised to give up his claim, whereupon Louis set him free. Frederick's brother and the Pope, who had as usual mixed in the quarrel, would not agree to the terms that Frederick had made with Louis, so the honorable prince went back of his own accord to deliver himself up again to Louis. The emperor admired the loyalty of Frederick so much, that thereafter they were as dear to each other as brothers, and Louis would even have shared the throne with him, if the electors would have permitted it.

The Germans were tired of having dissension sown in their country by the Pope, and during the reign of Louis, the princes met and declared that the German empire was henceforth free from the Pope, and would manage its affairs to suit itself, whether he liked it or not. They were soundly cursed, but they did not mind it much, and when they were ready to depose Louis, who proved a bad emperor, they did so, weakly consulting the Pope, in spite of all of their bold defiance to him. Louis fought the electors awhile, but he died in the height of the contest, and Charles





Arnold von Winkelried Making a Way for Liberty at Sempach.



IV., son of the king of Bohemia, brought the long struggle against the Popes to an end, by having himself crowned without their sanction. He nevertheless remained upon good terms with the Pope, and reigned for thirty-two years, enriching his family by making great marriages for his children, but doing little for Germany. The country fell back into the clutches of the robber knights during the next reign, and murder and all of the crimes of the old days ran riot. The people sighed for the virtuous and just rule of a good king, but it was long before they had it.

Wenceslas, who followed his father on the throne, was a vicious madman, who governed Bohemia with frightful cruelty, and delighted in blood. The Germans endured his rule for several years, then although he remained king of Bohemia, they caused him to be confined a prisoner in a castle in Austria. It was during his reign that Duke Leopold of Austria, with several thousand soldiers, marched into Switzerland, in the year 1386, to again attempt the conquest of the free people. On the heights of Sempach fourteen hundred Swiss patriots guarded the pass. The Austrians, several ranks deep, armed with long lances, surrounded the Swiss, who had only short spears, swords and battle-axes, beside their bows and arrows. On foot the Austrians advanced to the charge, and it seemed hopeless that the Swiss could break through the array of bristling steel points and reach the Austrian ranks. One of the wisest of the Swiss leaders, Arnold Winkelried, saw that a way must be opened, so rushing forward he grasped as many of the lances as he could embrace with his arms, and as their points entered his body cried "make way for liberty," while his countrymen, rushing through the gap thus made, fell upon the Austrians and defeated them. It was patriots like Winkelried who held Swiss independence dearer than life, who fought at Nafels, two years afterward, and made Austria respect the independence of the Swiss cantons; so you see that once in a great while in the world's story, bravery has led to the triumph of the right, against the most overwhelming odds.

During the reign of Wenceslas the lords governed their own particular territory without being responsible to anybody, but in the course of time violence so increased that the lords themselves began to realize that the country was going fast to ruin, and was at the mercy of a foreign enemy. When Wenceslas was imprisoned as a lunatic, a certain Rupert, grandson of a Rupert who will never be forgotten, because he founded the famous University of Heidelberg, was called to the throne in the year 1400, thirteen years after the University was founded.

The crazy Wenceslas had a strong following, who must have been deranged themselves or they would not have wanted a lunatic for a king, and these made so much trouble that Rupert could accomplish nothing, though he wore himself out in trying, and died when he had borne the crown ten years. As soon as his death was known there was worse confusion than ever, if that were possible. A Moravian prince named Jobst, and a Hungarian named Sigismund, were the chief claimants, and as both were chosen by separate parties, there would no doubt have been another cruel war, had Jobst not, fortunately for the country, been removed by death, leaving Sigismund the sole choice of the electors.

Sigismund was a proud, faithless, cruel man, vain and haughty. Like all tyrants, he believed that the king should hold the conscience of the people in the hollow of his hand, and that none should dare think or speak contrary to the belief of their sovereign. It was during the reign of Sigismund that John Wickliffe preached in England against the avarice and ambition of Popes, and held up to public scorn the shamful lives led by the priests. He fearlessly asserted that God, and not the Pope,



was the head of the church, and many persons agreed with him. In Germany learned men who read Wickliffe's writings, and believed that he was right, did not scruple to speak their mind; and in Bohemia, John Huss, a professor in the University preached fearlessly against the sins of the Pope, and not only the students, but the whole city of Prague was enthusiastic. Huss was absolutely fearless, and when he began showing that the state of the Catholic Church in Germany was as bad as it was elsewhere, the Pope cursed him, and the whole city of Prague.

The citizens of Prague found that the sun shone just as usual, the rain fell, and neither plague nor famine were brought about by the Pope's curse, which was an unusually lurid one, and told him in effect that he might curse them to his heart's content, they would neither give up Huss, nor his new doctrine, which they considered far more reasonable than the old. Emperor Sigismund called a council of the church in the city of Constance, and gave Huss and his friend Jerome who went with him, a written promise that no one should do them any bodily harm, but when the Pope had the reformers in his power, he gave them their choice of taking back all that they had said about the priests, bishops and popes, or of being burned at the stake. The two brave men refused to deny the truth of their preaching, and both were burned to death, as though the burning of a million fearless men could hide from the eyes of the just God the sins of the clergy, or could stifle in the minds of the people the new-born ideas, which were to develop through the smoke of the torture fire, into the wonderful reformation, which a few years later Martin Luther was destined to spread far and wide in Germany.



German Landsknecht. 15th Century.

The faggots about the feet of Jerome and Huss burned to ashes, but their flames kindled in Bohemia such rage as made the tyrant Sigismund tremble. The people who had known the two martyrs and their teachings, rushed to arms. Sigismund called upon the States of Europe to organize a crusade against the "heretics," for Wenceslas now died, and Sigismund came by inheritance king of Bohemia, as well as the emperor of Germany. The Hussites vowed that not only would they defend their faith, but they would also prevent Sigismund from taking his kingdom of Bohemia. They chose for their leader, a lean, wizened, one-eyed man, by the name of John Ziska, and although he was not handsome to look at, he was the best soldier in Europe, as brave as a lion, and as was the manner of the times, nearly as cruel.

Three times the army of the emperor was routed by Ziska, and when the Bohemians were certain that they held the kingdom secure from Sigismund, they invaded Germany, retaliating with dreadful cruelty, the injuries the emperor had heaped upon them. Ziska died in 1424, and Procopius, a blind priest led the Hussite army. For nine years more Germany was devastated by the Bohemians, then Sigismund made a treaty with the Hussites, and received his kingdom from them. When he had put them off their guard, he proceeded to break his promises with that cheerful disregard of plighted faith, that we have often noticed as a peculiarity of kings before and since his time. The Hussites were not crushed out, however, in spite of all the persecutions to which they were subjected, and they are known to us,

as the "Moravian Brethren." Sigismund died in 1437, and his son-in-law, Albert II., who was chosen after him, only lived two years, then the crown was given to Frederick III., nephew of Albert, who for fifty-three years did more to ruin Germany,



John Huss Before the Council of Constance

than had any king before him. He was a weak, lazy, selfish slug-gard, who was nicknamed "Emperor Nightcap," because he invariably fell asleep when State affairs were being discussed, and was too lazy to have done what little thinking he did, and would have no doubt refused to think altogether, if he could have been relieved of the trouble. He bought off robbers instead of punishing them, allowed his lords to defy and insult him, and to carry on ceaseless warfare with each other, and while Germany was threatened on every side by foreign foes, levied no armies, and made no exertion to save the country.

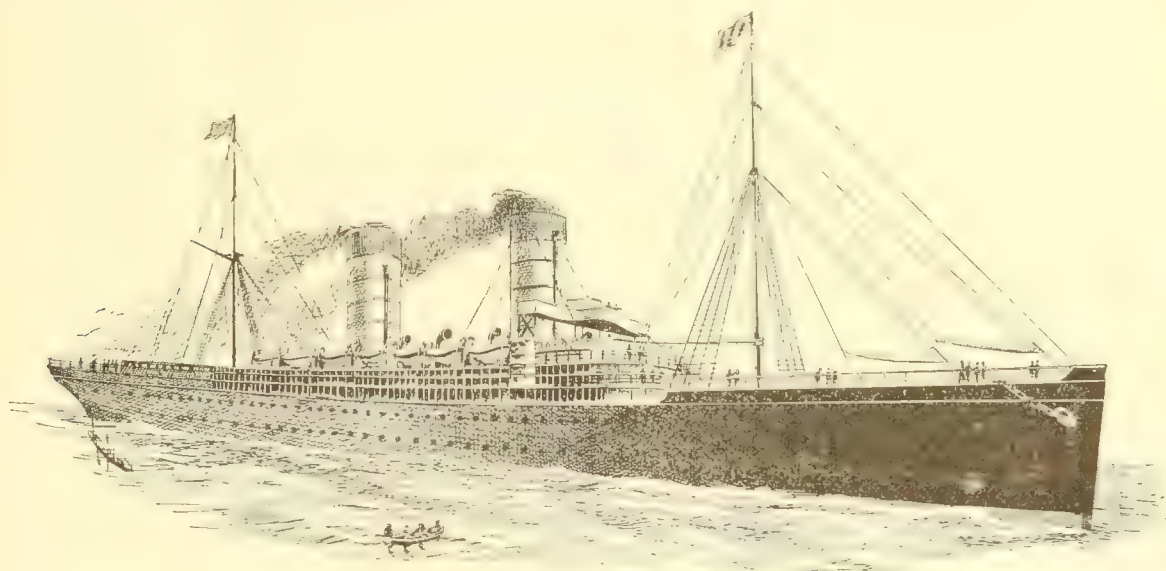
By this time learning had spread all over Europe, though up to the year 1301 all books were either written by hand on tablets of horn or wax, or on rolls of vellum, or papyrus, and were scarce and costly. In the year 1301, paper was first made in Europe, and when in 1390 paper began to be made by machinery moved by

water-power, books became cheaper. It remained for a German, John Guttenberg, to invent movable type, and when with the aid of Peter Schaeffer, who designed his letters for him, and Faust who furnished the money to cast the type, Guttenberg perfected his



invention in 1436, the first jewel was set in the diadem of a new king—universal knowledge. Like most inventors, Gutenberg reaped no reward for his invention. Faust and Schœffer seized his blocks and press for the share they had taken in the work, and in 1457, the first book made with movable type—a bible—was printed without him. So fast were the copies of this work turned out, that the people thought Faust in league with the devil, and so sprang up the legend of Faust, of which Gœthe has made such beautiful use.

Hungary and Austria were devastated by Ottoman Turks during the reign of Frederick, "Emperor Nightcap," but no imperial force was sent to hold them in check. The Hungarians had long desired independence from German rule, and they gave themselves a valiant king, John Hunyadi, while the Bohemians, who were also dreadfully harrassed by the Turks, made George Podiebrad king. The people of Vienna at last grew so angry at the indolent and foolish conduct of Frederick, that they compelled him to give Albert III., his brother, the regency of Austria for eight years, though Albert was soon as much hated as was the emperor.

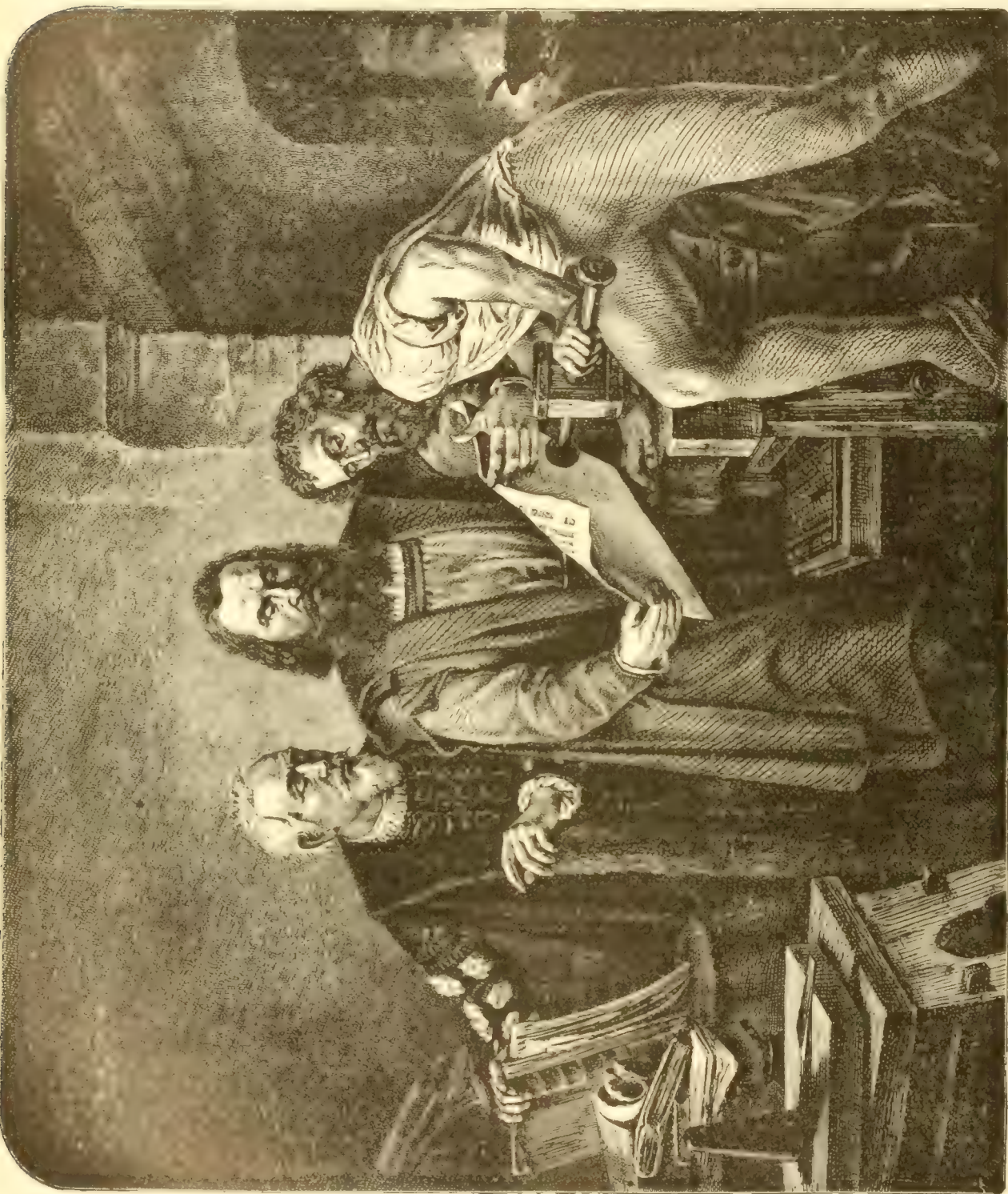


Modern Ocean Passenger Ship.

During his reign the brave Swiss defeated Charles the Bold, a famous Burgundian prince, who tried to seize Lorraine, with whose duke the Swiss were allied, and the Bohemian and Hungarian people maintained themselves against Frederick. Fritz, of the Palitinate also rebelled, and Germany was so distracted by wars, quarrels and revolts, that the nation and its emperor was the byword of Europe.

Maximilian, the son and successor of Frederick III., was the bravest and handsomest man of his time. He was as generous as he was valiant, and as true hearted as he was handsome. Frederick and his wife, Eleanor, had been anxious to marry their son to Mary of Burgundy, the heiress of Burgundy and the Netherlands, but when her father was killed in battle, the French king seized her territory for himself and the poor maiden was left portionless. That made no difference to gallant Maximilian, for Mary was as good as she was fair, and the prince had fallen desperately in love with her, for her own sweet sake. We are told that he went to Ghent to meet her, as she was journeying through his father's kingdom, and that in the streets of that old town, streets whose every stone—could stone speak—might tell

a romantic tale, they dismounted, kissed each other, and renewed their plighted vows. They were married, and when Mary's son, Philip, was born, the French king could no longer claim that there was no male heir to Burgundy, and was obliged



The First Proofs Gutenberg and Faust

to yield it up to Maximilian who ruled it and the Netherlands, in the name of the child. As the real king of two such rich provinces, beside Germany, Maximilian









German Citizens Beginning of XVI. Century.

was more powerful than any German emperor had been for a long time. Mary bore a daughter, Margaret, and after five happy years of wedded love, died, bitterly mourned by her husband.

Poor Maximilian had a sad time of it, after Mary's death. The people of the Netherlands refused to obey him, and sized little Philip, Mary's son, whom alone they regarded as their king, though if they had known what misery this very Philip was to bequeath their country, through his descendants, they might have strangled him in his cradle. The people of Burgundy also rebelled, and shut Maximilian up in prison and held him for many months. The lords of his empire checked and harassed him, and though he succeeded in doing some really good and great things for Germany, he was worried by the hostility of the Pope, and always in want of money, so much in want that he once served as a private soldier to the English king. Maximilian organized

the first government postal system of Germany, and also a court where the quarrels of the nobles might be settled, and prohibited them from fighting each other without his permission, under the penalty of being declared outlaws. He divided the empire into circuits, for the administration of justice, and did what he could to bring about an orderly government. The popes all this time were stirring up discord in Germany and leaving nothing undone to embroil it with France and Italy, yet Maximilian dreamed that by uniting Philip in marriage with Joanna of Spain, heiress also to the Americas, that the Hapsburgs were to exercise an empire like that of Charlemagne. So dreaming he built castles in the air, in which he saw himself Pope, the spiritual as well as the temporal ruler of the world, and with these dreams, and with the poems of chivalry that he loved, he whiled away the intervals of his leisure, though he might have known that the great cities of his empire were really free, that the leagues they had formed were fatal to the imperial power, and that the old Germany was passing away for ever.

Maximilian's daughter, Margaret, was married to the French king, Charles VIII. who discarded her to marry a lady who had vast possessions, Anne, of Brittany. He sent Margaret back to her father, thereby so enraging Maximilian, that he took up arms against France, and his last years were embittered with troubles of various kinds. He died in 1519, in the midst of the greatest religious struggle that the world has ever seen.

In the year 1483, the year after Maximilian's wife, Mary, died, there was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in the cottage of a poor miner, a child who was to do mighty deeds for the world. In that humble cottage there was cherished a passionate love of knowledge. The father and mother were too poor to send their son to school, but they succeeded in inspiring him with the desire to gain an education. Then, as now, poverty was no barrier against knowledge. The lad had a sweet voice, and a true ear for music, and he managed to learn to read and write. Then by singing from door to door he earned enough money to pursue his studies. At last he found a friend, who saw that the son of the poor miner of Eisleben gave promise of future

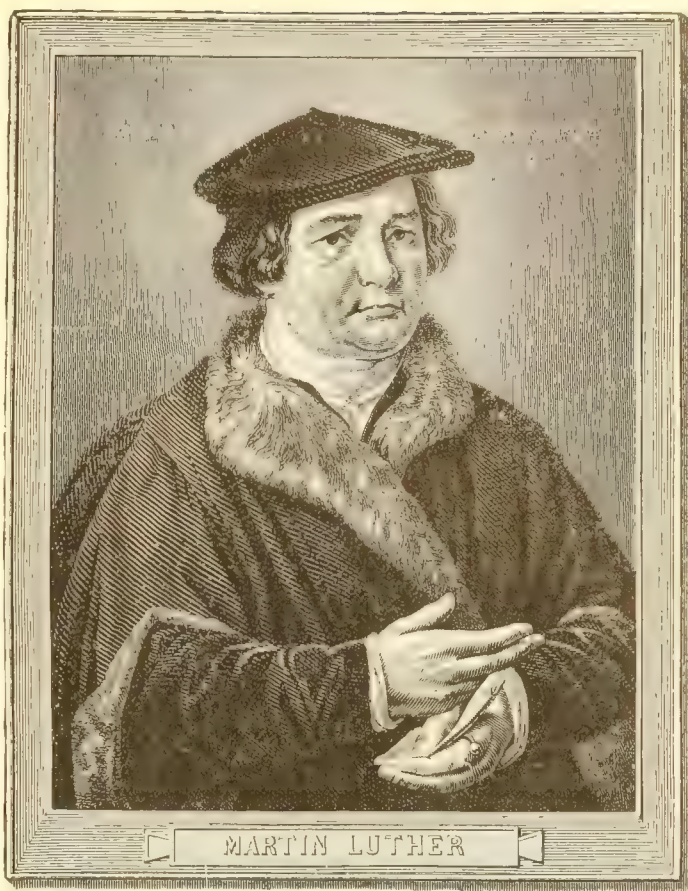


greatness. This kind patron sent him to the University of Erfurt, where he remained studying law for four years. At the end of that time his patron died, and Luther, for the boy of whom I have been telling you was Martin Luther, entered a monastery, where he became so learned, that when he was but twenty-five years old, he was made a professor in the University of Wittenberg.

While in this position, Luther made a journey to Rome, in 1510, and became acquainted with the Pope. Now Luther had read history, especially the history of his beloved Germany. He had learned how the popes had committed all sorts of crime under the cloak of religion, how they had murdered those who had opposed them, plunged nations into war, and had become religious princes without religion, and that their doings and those of the clergy had been a scandal to all pure-minded people. What he saw of the Pope at Rome, convinced him that the charges so often made by Wickliffe and others, were no doubt true. One thing particularly shocked and disgusted him. When the Pope wanted some money to build a great church, St. Peter's, at Rome, he allowed certain persons to sell indulgences, that is licenses of forgiveness for certain past and future sins, to raise the required sum. Think of a church of Christ, the sinless, being built by such means! These indulgences had really been sold for a long time. That is, the Pope would promise to pardon a sinner if he would build a church to a certain saint, give a sum of money to the clergy, go on a crusade, or perform some other such service, but the wholesale disposal of pardons at so much money each, seemed a shameful traffic in the ignorance of the people, as well as a premium on sin.

There must have been a great many sinners in Germany, or a multitude of people contemplating sin, for the Pope sold through his agents, to whom he allowed a large commission on the business done, thousands of these written indulgences. Luther went to the Archbishop of Mayence, who had bought his church position from the Pope for a good round sum of money, and complained of the harm that a certain pardon-vender, named Tetzel, was doing to the cause of true religion. The haughty churchman told him in effect, to mind his own affairs. Luther considered that the purity of religion was his affair, and proceeded to obey the bishop's behest in a way that astonished that insolent personage.

The "forgiveness seller," Tetzel soon afterward sold to a gay young cavalier, who was something of a practical joker, a license to beat and rob a man whom he hated,



MARTIN LUTHER

## GERMANY.

whereupon the knight set upon Tetzel himself, as he was traveling, beat him well, and took away a large sum of gold that he had received in his nefarious trade. I suppose he was cursed by the priest, but that did not hinder him from having his laugh, and there were not wanting people to declare that Tetzel deserved all that he had brought upon himself, there being an homely proverb, "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

Luther wrote out ninety-five reasons why the sale of pardons was wicked and contrary to the Bible, and nailed them on a church door in Wittenberg, where all might read them, and challenged any Catholic to prove that he was in the wrong. A learned doctor, named Eck, debated with him, and as printing was now common in Germany, the "reasons" of Luther were scattered abroad, and created intense excitement in the cities where the people were thoughtful and well educated. Many persons, among them

princes and professors, believed with Luther. At first the Pope paid no attention to the new doctrine, but when he learned that the "pardon" commerce was being ruined in Germany by the disputes of the people, who told those who were inclined to purchase them that they were buying only worthless nonsense, he roused himself, and summoned Luther to come to Rome and be tried for heresy. The Elector of Saxony was Luther's friend, as well as his lawful prince, and he politely told the Pope that if he wanted to try Luther it must be done in Germany, for he would not allow him to go to Rome. Thereupon the Pope sent a haughty cardinal to conduct the trial. This dignitary called the princes of the empire together at Augsburg, and told Luther that he must recant,—that is, recall everything that he had said. Luther replied that he was perfectly willing to do so, if the cardinal would prove to him from the Bible that his doctrines were wrong, but the cardinal scornfully refused. Luther then wrote an appeal to the Pope, nailed it upon a church door in Augsburg, and fled by night into Saxony.

In 1520 the Pope solemnly burned Luther's writings, and would no doubt have burned Luther himself if he could have done so. He gave the "contumacious monk" sixty days to recant, or be excommunicated. Luther had been preaching and teaching for the whole two years since the affair of Augsburg, and had gained thousands of followers. When he heard of the Pope's proceeding against him, and received the Pope's written order to recant, he made a bonfire, too, burning in it the books of the law of the Romish church, and the Pope's letter, or "bull"



German Knight in Full Armor and Lady XV. Century.



as such communications are now called, in the public market-place of Wittenberg. When the sixty days had passed the Pope excommunicated Luther. The sturdy reformer retaliated by excommunicating the Pope, and went on preaching as before, his fearlessness being the admiration of all Germany.

Charles V., the grandson of Maximilian, was at the time Emperor of Germany, and in the year 1521 he assembled the princes at Worms, and called upon Luther to appear. Luther's friends remembered what had happened to Huss and Jerome, upon a similar occasion, and tried to persuade him to remain in Wittenberg, but the brave Luther feared nothing. "I will go to Worms if there be as many devils there as tiles on the roofs," he said, and he did so. The cities through which he passed honored him as never monk was honored before. Bells were rung, the people came out by the thousands to bless him, and wish him God-speed, and hung upon every word that he spoke as we treasure the words of the dying. Perhaps they thought he was going to his death, and he may have thought so himself, but his courage and zeal never flagged, and his purpose to hold fast to the truth, as he believed it was as firm as ever.



Bartholomaeus 1450

At the door of the church where the princes were assembled, a grizzled old soldier, one of the ablest generals of Europe, confronted him and looked into his fearless eyes. What he saw in the face of the brave Luther moved him. "Little monk, little monk," he said in a tone of some agitation, laying his hand on Luther's shoulder, "thou art doing a more daring thing than I or any general ever ventured; but if thou art confident in thy cause, go on, in God's name, and be of good cheer, for he will not forsake thee."

Luther stood up before those great princes and churchmen, he, the humbly born monk of Eisleben, and most eloquently defended his faith. When asked to recant he firmly refused to do so. There were those who desired the Emperor to burn Luther, but Charles would not break his promise to the Elector of Saxony, that no personal harm should befall him, but he at once forbade everybody to believe his doctrines, as though faith was a matter over which kings have control, and threatened punishment upon any one who should befriend him. The Elector of Saxony, nevertheless, sent a body of masked horsemen, who seized Luther and carried him away to Wartburg castle, where he remained safely in hiding, under the name of "The Knight George" for nearly a year. It was during this time that he began the translation of the Bible into German, and wrote many beautiful hymns and sermons.

Certain disturbances broke out in Germany, among those who had embraced the reformed religion, and it was to preach against their violence and disorder that Luther left his quiet retreat. With the aid of Philip Melancthon, a talented young professor of Wittenberg, Luther finished the translation of the Bible into German, and it was published in 1534. It was this Bible, which found its way into the homes of the nation, that made the rich, beautiful, High German language, the literary language of Germany, for there were nearly as many spoken dialects as there were



JOHN CALVIN

provinces of the empire. The German peasants had long groaned under bitter tyranny. They had been taxed, harried and oppressed, but had borne it all, thinking that Providence for some reason or other, had decreed their suffering. The priests had encouraged this belief, for they, like the nobles, grew fat on the toil of the poor. The printing-press and Martin Luther had done much to unsettle these peasants, and when they became convinced that all these long ages they had been deceived and robbed by those who should have protected them, they rose in arms, and went forth in vast disorderly hordes, to abolish feudalism and the Catholic church. Churches and castles were laid low, monasteries were burned and plundered by the aroused peasantry, who laid waste the fertile fields, and committed as many atrocious acts as though they had determined to avenge all of the wrongs of the ages at once. Soon preachers arose among them who

pretended to have divine revelations, and the peasants were incited by these mischievous persons to destroy all law, religion and government, and any of the nobles who hesitated to comply with their absurd demands were put to death. Luther tried to persuade the peasants of their folly, but failing in this, he wrote some forcible arguments opposing them. Finally the German princes marched against them. The rude courage of the peasants was no match for the trained soldiers of the Empire, and they were subdued, though not until a hundred thousand lives had been sacrificed, and many dreadful deeds had been committed on both sides.

Amid all these troubles Lutheranism steadily gained ground. Calvin, a leader who believed somewhat differently from Luther, but was as bitterly opposed to the Catholics as he, made many converts. Charles V. was a busy monarch, for he was king of Spain and the Netherlands as well as Germany, was at war with France, and had continually to fight the Turks, who persisted in ravaging Austria and Hungary. He did find time in 1529, to settle upon plans for driving out the Turks, and bringing into order the religious affairs of Germany.

To do this he called an assembly, who decided upon compelling the Lutherans to cease preaching against the Catholic religion, but the Lutheran princes refused to agree to this decision and drew up a protest, from which they received the name Protestants, a name borne ever since by those who differ from the Roman Catholic doctrines of faith and practice.

Haughty Charles V. told the Protestant princes, that he would give them six months to submit to the decree of the Catholics in the council, and at the end of that time if they still refused, they would be outlawed. The Protestants were not to be

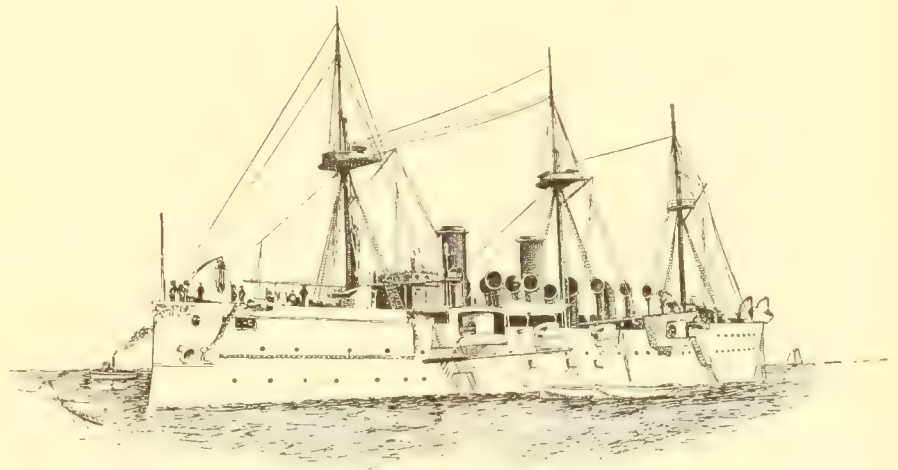


frightened, for they knew that they had friends abroad that would be glad to see Charles engaged in civil war, and instead of submitting, they formed a league and raised an army.

At first, Charles, who was a great military genius, defeated the Protestant army, but at a time when he sent some of his troops into Lorraine and others against the Turks, thinking that he had thoroughly crushed the Protestant princes, the Protestants, under Maurice of Saxony, again rose, defeated the imperial army at Augsburg, and formed such a powerful league against the emperor, that he was compelled to grant the Protestants liberty of worship, while they did the same for the Catholics.

Charles V. was disappointed in most of his ambitions. Although he fought for the Catholic religion, the Pope was his jealous and bitter foe. All the world seemed ungrateful for what he had attempted to do for it, and the heart-weary emperor gave Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the American colonies to his son Philip II., and bestowed upon the king of Bohemia and Hungary, his brother Ferdinand, the German-Austrian possessions, then retired into a monastery, where he died in 1558.

It is said that Charles V. had a desire to hear his own funeral sermon, and dressed himself in a winding-sheet, was laid in a coffin, and had the service performed over him. He took cold upon that occasion, and in a few weeks a genuine funeral sermon was preached over his body, which, as he seemed to enjoy such things, it was a pity that he did not hear. Luther had been dead twelve years when Charles died, but how different his end. Calmly, triumphantly and hopefully he passed from earth, leaving a memory forever precious to the world and a work that will never perish.



Modern Man-of-War.

Calvinism, Lutheranism, and other Protestant "isms" spread all through Europe in spite of the tortures of the inquisition in Spain, France and the Netherlands. Ferdinand I., who succeeded his brother, Charles V. as emperor, and his son Maximilian I. avoided trouble between Protestants and Catholics, but Rudolf II. who came to the throne in 1576 cared more for horses, dogs, and astrology, than he did for his subjects, and allowed the Jesuit priests, among whom he had been brought up in Spain, to work mischief in Germany. In Austria, these Jesuits tore down Protestant churches and schools, and burned bibles, driving many Protestants to take refuge in other countries. These outrages forced the Protestant princes to form a league, which the Catholics opposed with a union. Rudolf II. became more and more the tool of the Jesuits, who increased so rapidly in power, that the princes of Bohemia and Hungary made Rudolf sign an agreement not to interfere with religion in those kingdoms. He did not keep his word in Bohemia, and in 1611 Mathias took the Bohemian crown, being the next hereditary prince of that kingdom.

Rudolf II. died in 1612, and Mathias was elected emperor of Germany. The



Protestants soon found that they had misunderstood the character of Matthias. He was determined to make the Catholic religion supreme in Germany. He was a childless old man, and called to his aid, his cousin, Ferdinand, and made him king of Bohemia.

Ferdinand was a cruel and bigoted man who thought that the only road to heaven was that which led through the portals of the Catholic church, and would have driven the whole world along that road at the point of the sword, if he had possessed the power. He began his reign in Bohemia by tearing down a Protestant church, to let the "heretics know his humor toward them." The Bohemian princes reproached the emperor for giving them such a king. The emperor returned a haughty answer, and the Protestants, headed by Count Thurn, proceeded to the council house of Prague, and threw the Catholic councilors out of the window. Emperor Matthias was somewhat alarmed when he heard of this, and more so when he learned

that the Protestants of Bohemia had made an alliance with those of Austria, Germany and Hungary. He tried to induce Ferdinand to be more gentle, but the bigoted king had made up his mind to crush out Protestantism. He raised two bodies of troops and placed them under skillful generals, and thus was begun that terrible thirty years war of religion in Germany, which involved all Europe.

By the death of Matthias, in 1619, Ferdinand II. became emperor of Germany, as well as sovereign of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary. Bohemia was conquered and punished cruelly. I shall not attempt to detail the terrors of those dreadful years, when Germany wept over her dead, when her fair vineyards were red with slaughter and her blue skies were darkened with the smoke of ruined cities. Two-thirds of her people fell, and the echoes of the blows struck upon German battle-fields, sounded in the groans of widows and orphans in many a home in Sweden and Denmark. Christian IV., of Denmark, came early to the aid of the Protestants in Germany, and Gustavus Adolphus, the good king of Sweden fell on the field of Lutzen, where sixteen thousand Swedes nearly gained a victory over the great Catholic general Wallenstein, and sixty thousand men.

What did Germany gain by the long struggle? you ask. I answer you that Germany gained religious liberty, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of her bravest and best, but so much territory was lost that the empire was almost a shadow. Alsace was lost to France, Pomerania to Sweden, Holland and Switzerland were separated from the empire, and the German princes were made nearly independent. The suffering from famine after the close of the thirty years war, was so great, that the people in some parts of Germany are said to have killed and eaten travelers. The fields had been left untilled, commerce was destroyed, and death and ruin were everywhere. The leagues of the cities had been dissolved, and nothing seemed to be left of Germany's greatness.

The German princes owed little allegiance to Ferdinand III., who succeeded Ferdinand II. ten years before "The Peace of Westphalia" closed the war. Louis XIV. wanted the Rhine acknowledged as the boundary of his French dominions, and



soon after the treaty of peace was signed, seized Strasburg, and finally brought on a war which Germany waged with varying success with France, for more than fifty years. Louis XIV. induced the Turks to fall upon Germany on the east, in order that he might plunder it on the west. The dreaded Saracens laid all Hungary waste with fire and sword, and besieged Vienna, the brilliant capital of Austria.

All about the city the Turks fell upon the inhabitants who had not sought the safety of the walls, and sent eighty thousand of them into captivity in Turkey. For two months the Viennese defended themselves. Then the Turks who had succeeded in making a tunnel under the walls which they filled with gunpowder, began to blow up the defenses. In their distress the citizens sent up rockets from the spire of St. Stephen's church. These were seen by gallant John Sobieski, King of Poland, who was approaching with an army to the relief of the city. He knew that the rockets were a mute prayer for immediate succor, and he hurried his army forward, pounced upon the Turks in the hour when they thought Vienna was theirs and were already rejoicing over the victory, and beat them out of Austria.

In the Suabian table-land which gave birth to the Hohenstaufen family of princes, there is a mountain upon which, away back in the early days of Germany, a certain doughty prince built his castle, and received from the mountain the name of Hohenzollern. Whether the Hohenzollerns were robber barons in their day, or whether they were not I can not say, but they grew rich, and in the year 1415 Frederick of Hohenzollern bought the county of Brandenburg, in northeastern Germany, adjoining Pomerania, and his descendants were the bravest and best princes of the German empire. While the German emperors were fighting France, after the Thirty Years' War, not many of the princes stood by them. Leopold I. was especially unfortunate in this respect. The French king bribed some of his most powerful princes to be untrue to him, but he could not offer a bribe that would tempt the Great Elector of Brandenburg, the noble Frederick William, to desert his emperor. He stood nobly by him, gained back Pomerania from Sweden, made Prussia free from Poland and in every way strengthened and developed it, and fairly won his title of "The Great Elector."

For a hundred and fifty years the Turks had been slowly pressing forward. They had in that time taken many provinces from Austria, and had firmly fastened upon Hungary. Christendom was in danger from them, and the war that Germany waged against them from 1684 to 1699 was called the Holy War. In this struggle Prince Eugene of Savoy, won great fame. Prince Eugene was a Frenchman, for Savoy is a province in southeastern France, and it was a strange thing for a French prince to gain renown in the German cause. This was the way that it came about. Prince Eugene was so small, lean and absurd looking in uniform, that when he offered himself as a general to Louis XIV. that monarch sneered at his pretensions, and made fun of his stature. From that time forward Eugene hated the French king. He had been educated for the church, and received the name of "The Little



Albert III. Achilles. A Leader Against the Suabians.



German Citizen and Peasants XVI. Century.

Abbott" from his soldiers, for he offered his services to the German emperor, and was accepted. The great stalwart grenadiers were disposed to laugh at their diminutive general, but when they had once seen him in battle, they comprehended that in spite of his size there was none that could compare with him in bravery, skill and daring. He had a remarkable power of winning the affection of his men, and they would follow their "Little Abbott" where they would not have dared to venture under another leader. The comfort of his soldiers was as dear to him as though they had been his children, and if the emperor was slow in paying them their service-money, he would pay them out of his own pocket. In return they worshipped him, and would fight to the death at his command. It was Prince Eugene and his stout followers that dealt the death-blow to the Turkish power in Europe, at the battle of Zenta, in 1697, and the French king must have heartily regretted the folly that cost him such a famous general.

He was to regret it more bitterly, however.

When the Turks had been driven off, Leopold I. compelled the Hungarians to crown his son Joseph as their king, and made the country of Hungary tributary to Germany. In the year 1701 the king of Spain died without children. Louis XIV., of France, Leopold I. and Joseph Ferdinand, of Bavaria, each claimed the Spanish throne. They could not all have it, but none would yield, and thus came about the War of the Spanish Succession. With the help of Frederick III. of Brandenburg, whom he made king of Prussia, and the "Little Abbott," Leopold I. gained several great victories in the year 1701.

It was at this time that James II., the last of the Stuart kings of England, died in exile in France, and Louis declared his son the rightful king of England, though he had solemnly promised the English people to abandon the attempt to force the Stuarts back upon them. The English had called William Prince of Orange to the throne, and as the French and the Dutch had long been enemies, Louis thought to kill "two birds with one stone," that is, to restore the Catholic sovereignty in England and crush Holland at the same time.

The English declared war after William died in 1702, and Queen Anne came to the throne, bringing with her as her minister the famous Duke of Marlborough. All Europe was now in a broil. The Dutch, English and Germans on one side, were under the Duke of Marlborough, and Bavaria and France on the other side under several famous leaders. The fight over the Spanish crown and the Stuarts lasted thirteen years, and while it was in progress the ambition of Louis XIV., which had really caused the whole trouble, was ended by death, Leopold and his son Joseph also passed away, and Charles VI. came to the throne of Germany.

When all of the countries engaged in the dreadful struggle were well nigh exhausted, peace was declared, but Charles VI. was dissatisfied with its terms, and fought a year longer. In 1714 he was obliged to yield, and the war came to an end. From that time dates the jealousy between Prussia and Austria, that brought disaster upon Germany a few years later. For the next twenty-five years Germany



was generally peaceful. A German prince succeeded to the English throne, and Prussia grew all the time in power, while Austria became somewhat less strong. In the year 1740 Frederick the Great became king of Prussia. His father, Frederick William I. was a singular person, and must have been a hard man to live with. He hated learning and art, and because his son loved both, hated him, too. He wanted to make Prussia a war-like State, and hunted all over Europe for the tallest men that could be found to compose his guard. Though he despised all learning, he hated French culture and manners above everything else, and made his own habits differ so much from the polite manners of the French, that he was considered extremely rude and vulgar, and he knew it and gloried in it. He was a rigid Calvinist, and used to preach such long and wearisome sermons to poor Frederick, when he was a mere lad, that the boy almost perished under the infliction, and was turned against all religion. Frederick William I. had a most violent temper, which he seems never to have made any attempt to control, and he would belabor with his cudgel any one who angered him. Music was another thing that the king hated. Being commanded to let French books and music alone, Frederick, with the perversity of human nature that is often seen in high-strung people unnaturally repressed, had a craving to do everything that was forbidden to him, and indulged his will in secret. His over-doses of Calvinism spurred him to read every work he could procure that threw doubt upon divine teaching, and he became an avowed unbeliever, to the great wrath of his father, who did everything that he could, both in public and private, to humiliate the crown prince.



The Great Elector, Frederick William of Brandenburg.

To cap all of his folly, Frederick William was determined to marry his son to a woman whom he hated. He had tried before to make Frederick give up his claim to the crown, but the prince was firm in his refusal, and now this proposed marriage was the last straw in the already too heavy burden of the prince. Aided by his sister and two faithful friends, Frederick attempted to run away, but he was captured and brought back. One of his friends was taken at the same time and hanged before his eyes. His angry father would have killed him with his own sword, had he not been prevented. The Emperor Charles VI. interfered to save Frederick's life. He was kept in prison a long time, and treated with the greatest severity, but at last his father forgave him, and in time learned to respect his qualities of mind and heart. He bought a palace for him, where he lived many happy years with his friends and his books, and when he came to the throne, he was already a great favorite with his people.

Charles VI. died without sons, and left his empire to his daughter, Maria Theresa, but several of the German princes were jealous of the beautiful young empress. Two of these, Frederick of Prussia, and Charles, the Duke of Bavaria, tried to seize a portion of her lands, while the King of Spain wanted all the rest. The Bavarian duke had the French king on his side, for Bavaria was always friendly to France, and marched toward Vienna, while Frederick met the army of the empress



in Silesia, and held it in check there. Maria Theresa fled to Hungary, and asked for help, which was given her, and England came to her rescue. After some fighting peace was made in 1748, the empress losing to Frederick the province of Silesia, and being compelled to give up two provinces in Italy also.

Frederick II. was a great king in peace, as in war, and after the first struggle with him, Maria Theresa watched his growing power for eight years with much uneasiness. She could not forget Silesia, her lost province, and she determined to draw the sword to regain it and check Prussia. This time she had the help of France and Saxony, while England helped Prussia. This was the Seven Years' War, and Frederick won the title of "The Great" by the brilliant victories he gained over the empress and her allies. I shall not tell you about these battles, but it is sufficient to say, that when the war was over things were left as they had been at the end of the first war, except that 145,000 homes lay in ruins,

and 280,000 men in Saxony and Bohemia had died of famine, to say nothing of those who fell in battle, or died in prison. War, you see is a costly luxury, and we are glad that the improvements in death-dealing engines and implements, have made it so much more expensive to life than it was in the days of Frederick the Great, that it is likely to go out of fashion altogether. There can't be any great satisfaction in killing the opponent that one can't convert, and people are beginning to realize that sword strokes enough have been given to carve out a very solid foundation for the temple of human rights, though we can see that in the past, the evil has sometimes been necessary to bring about the good.

Frederick had, no doubt, spent far more treasure in conquering Silesia than would have bought it twice over, and he had beside, to repair the damage done to his kingdom. He began at once, like the wise ruler that he was, to undo the mischief wrought. He rebuilt ruined villages, gave money to buy seed and tools to the poor farmers who had lost their all, established schools, and went about among his subjects so kindly and familiar, that they lovingly called him "Old Fritz" and "Father Fritz."

When Frederick II. died he left Prussia one of the greatest States in Europe, with a full treasury, and a splendid army. He was respected and admired by the whole world for his learning and wise government, and the six millions of people of Prussia, mourned his death as a personal loss. He had lived to see Maria Theresa's son, Joseph II. on the throne of the German empire, and to be the model of that brave and virtuous prince. Joseph had, however, not a single people to govern like Frederick the Great, but thirteen principal governments, speaking ten different languages. He tried hard to rouse a spirit of German nationality, but he could not, and in trying to rule all of these people in the same way, he almost wrecked the empire. Joseph II. was unlucky in nearly everything. He removed the burdens of the peasants, and won the hatred of the nobles; abolished the convents, and brought down upon himself the wrath and machinations of the Jesuits; interfered with the



old laws and customs, and the people rebelled; fought the Turks, and was beaten. He was a good man, but he wore himself out early, and died in the prime of his life, leaving his empire in great confusion to his brother Leopold, who was not quite so good, but had more judgment, and made his goodness go farther and accomplish more. Joseph was lucky in one thing, (though the chances are that he did not know it,) he died in 1790, and thus escaped the most dreadful period in Europe's history, the French Revolution, and what followed immediately after. Leopold only lived two years to wear the crown, then Francis II. became emperor. Frederick William II. had been king of Prussia for six years, upon the accession of Francis, and he lived five years longer, doing nothing to greatly entitle him to a place in history; upon his death, his throne descended to his son, Frederick William III.

I have told you in the story of France the tale of how Napoleon Bonaparte came into power, and how the good king of France Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen died for the sins of their forefathers. You must not suppose that Germany, of all the nations of the world, could view calmly affairs in France. The king of Prussia at first intended to fight France, but when he saw England coming forward to join Austria, against the French, full of jealousy, he refused to ally himself with the other two powers. Prussia, Austria and England were attacked singly by the French, and beaten. A French army invaded Austria, but the Arch-duke Charles, brother of the Emperor Francis, drove it across the Rhine.

In the spring of 1797, Bonaparte came over the Alps with his victorious army. At Glogau, the dauntless Arch-duke met him with a little army of five thousand men and stood his ground, the superbly disciplined and overwhelming French army dashing against him, until only two hundred and fifty men were left to him. He retreated almost alone, when there was nothing else to be done. Napoleon so terrorized the Austrian emperor, that in the fall of 1797, he gave him the whole west bank of the Rhine,



JOSEPH II



Prince Eugene.



REZETTE. ANNE. GALLIE. XVI. 1777.

to secure peace. Frederick William III. was as jealous of Austria as his father had been. The other German princes began to forsake the empire and join France, and Napoleon soon demanded the right bank of the Rhine. Austria refused to grant it, and the Arch-duke backed up the refusal with such hard blows, that Napoleon's generals who had crossed the river to hold what they had demanded as a gift, were driven back again, defeated and in disgrace. The Arch-duke was sent to Bohemia soon after, and when Napoleon again crossed the Alps, in 1800, he fell on the Austrians unawares, and defeated them at Marengo and Hohenlinden, thus compelling them to yield to his demands and make peace in 1801.

Prussia wanted very much to secure Hanover, which was a hereditary possession of the reigning house of England. England had from the first been the bitter foe of Napoleon, and had furnished the Austrians with money to fight him. To further his

schemes against Hanover, Frederick William III. made no objection to Napoleon's overrunning Hanover with an army, hoping to receive that province as the price of his inactivity. England knew that the ambition of Napoleon endangered all Europe, and the English people were determined never to yield to him. The English ministers succeeded in combining Austria, Russia and Sweden against France, but Prussia would not lift a hand to save Germany.

Napoleon triumphed over the new combination of his enemies at Austerlitz, in 1805, and Prussia at once professed warm friendship for France, and Frederick William III. received the coveted Hanover, as the price of his faithlessness to the Fatherland. Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden, also joined the French. Sixteen of the German princes deserted the Emperor in 1806 and declared themselves subject to France, therefore Francis I. with deep sorrow announced the dissolution of the Empire, and Austria, with its provinces, was all that remained to the Hapsburgs of that magnificent dominion, that Maximilian had dreamed would one day be a world-wide empire. Alas for human greatness!

Traitors seldom prosper, and the weight of Prussia's sin bore heavily on the kingdom. Napoleon treated the Prussians as a conquered people. Queen Louisa, a strong-souled loyal woman, had all along urged her husband against the course he had taken, and the whole kingdom, smarting under the sense of disgrace, pleaded to be allowed to fight the French. War was accordingly declared in 1806, but the Prussians were beaten in six months.

Austria, so often conquered by Napoleon, would not remain conquered any length of time. Again in 1807, the Austrians endeavored to throw off the hated yoke of France. Surely never was there more splendid courage, and devoted patriotism than was shown by the gallant Austrians, who in five dreadful battles against Napoleon and the renegade German princes who had turned their arms against their own country, tried to stem the tide of conquest that threatened their national life. They were defeated again, and were compelled to part with three provinces to France, and a large tract of territory to Bavaria.



This was in the year 1809, and the peasants of the Tyrol nobly took their part with Austria. The Bavarians were compelled to march through the Tyrol, to join the allies advancing upon Austria. In the Passyr Valley, there dwelt Andreas Hofer, an inn-keeper, who had planned with his neighbors, what they should do, if the Bavarians should come that way, as they doubtless would, on their march to Vienna. On a certain bright April day, the peasants received from a messenger, slips of paper, on which were written "It is time." The Inn river bore that day the same message to those living along its banks, who were in the secret, for they knew that the bits of wood floating on the stream, each with a tiny red flag fastened to it, was the signal agreed upon at the approach of the hostile army.

On the south side of the Brenner Pass, is a basin-like valley, green and lovely, surrounded on all sides by towering mountains. On the slopes of these mountains the Tyrolese waited safely hidden until the Bavarians gayly marched down into the narrow green basin. High above the valley a gloomy castle perched upon a crag, but no danger seemed to menace the Bavarians, not an enemy was to be seen. Suddenly the peasants charged down upon the foe. Loads of hay were made into effective breast-works, over and between which they fired into the hollow square into which the soldiers had formed when so unexpectedly assaulted. So hot was their fire, that the square wavered, broke, and the troops fled, pursued by the peasants, who took them all prisoners, and carried them to the gloomy castle for safe-keeping. Every peasant cheerfully promised to say nothing of what had happened. All trace of the fight was removed, or hidden, and when the allied armies passed through the basin-like valley, a little later, they wondered perhaps that the Bavarians did not meet them, but had no suspicion of what had happened. When they were threading their way among the rocks and defiles of the pass, showers of bullets and stones hailed down upon them from the peasants hidden high above them, and terrible was the havoc they wrought.

Hofer and two daring comrades carried on the war in the Tyrol, and with their peasant soldiers took many strong places. A field-marshal of France, with a large force, was sent against them, but the Tyrolese defeated him, and with a loss of but few men killed and wounded, killed 4,000 Frenchmen and took 6,000 prisoners, sending the field-marshal home "with a bee in his bonnet."

When Austria signed the conditions of peace, Bavaria was given the Tyrol, but the Tyrolese would not consent to be transferred to their enemies. Against odds numbering twenty to one they held out, until Hofer was betrayed to the French by a traitor, and there was absolutely no hope. Hofer was shot by the order of Napoleon, and met his fate like the hero that he was, and among the Tyrolese his name is honored as it deserves to be.

I have told you in the story of France of the dismal failure of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and in what plight he returned to France, and have related how the



Frederick the Great

Emperor Alexander of Russia, in 1813, made an alliance with Frederick William III. against him. Like a single brave man the Prussian people sprang to arms in answer to their king's appeal, anxious to wipe out their country's dishonor. Poor Austria had striven so valiantly against the conqueror that it had neither money nor men to venture in a contest which from past experience seemed doubtful indeed. Her fields had remained untilled, and her commerce was nearly ruined. The people, too, had lost heart, and the thought of confronting again invincible legions of Napoleon,



"Well, Metternich, how much money has England given you to play the part of peacemaker?" insolently cried Napoleon, flinging his hat upon the ground, to see if Metternich would stoop to pick it up. The courteous Prince Metternich, no doubt, thought this rudeness but natural to a low-bred Corsican, who had literally "waded through slaughter to a throne." Perhaps he thought, too, of the millions of money and the torrents of blood that had been poured out to satisfy the ambition of the unscrupulous conqueror, and believed that to bow before him was like bowing to some Pagan idol. At all events he set his lips firmly, looked at the hat, then squarely at Napoleon, and each knew what was in the mind of the other. Fate gave the lash to the unseen forces that were driving the French emperor to his doom. He determined to fight Austria.

In the next month the German Field Marshal Blucher won his title of "Marshal Forwards." In Silesia he gained a great battle, and destroyed a large French force, and in the four days' battle before Leipsic, of which I have already told you, struck the decisive blow which broke Germany's bonds, and made her free. The allied princes now offered peace to Napoleon, but he would not accept their terms. Bluff, rugged old Blucher, therefore, crossed the Rhine in 1814, and joined the allied army. The kings that Napoleon had made tumbled from their thrones and hurried into hiding. "Marshal Forwards" won several battles, and Napoleon, too, gained several victories, but could not stay the advance of the enemy toward Paris. Napoleon fell, as I have told you, was sent away to Elba, to soon return, and in one hundred days, with 150,000 men at his back, fought his way to Waterloo, to be defeated by the English Wellington, and the second Peace of Paris was made.

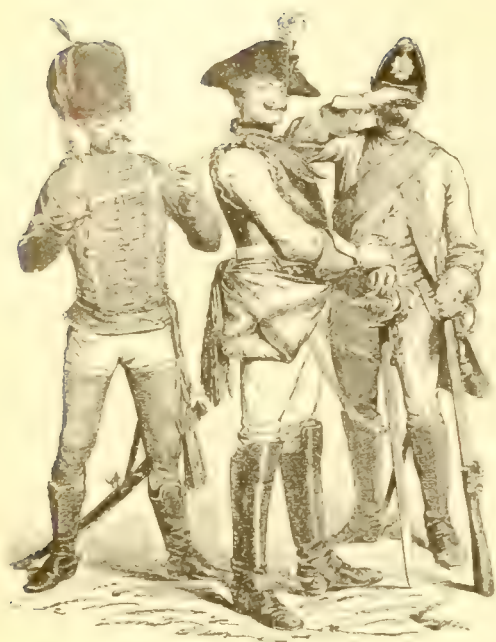
After this peace, which finally disposed of Napoleon, France was compelled to restore to Germany a large part of the conquered territory, and the Tyrol came back into the possession of Austria. The German empire was replaced by thirty-nine States, with a parliament at Frankfort. Only one of the kings that Napoleon had made was left in power, and he, Bernadotte, of Sweden, was the voluntary choice of the Swedish people, and had assisted in the overthrow of the tyrant.

The revolution in America and France gave a new impulse to the thoughts of the people of Europe. The Germans, as a race, you will remember, had always been passionately attached to the idea of freedom, but the feudal system had been fastened upon them, and petty princes had riveted them in fetters, against which they had vainly striven. At the end of the Thirty Years' War, the people had hoped that they would have more liberty, as they had more independence from the empire, but they found that the nearly independent princes ruled them more despotically than they had been ruled before.

The success of democracy in America had been fully proven at the time of the overthrow of Napoleon, and the Parliament of Great Britain had long been tending in the direction of popular liberty. Germany's printing presses were under the eye of the government, and there were officers whose duty it was to read the books and newspapers, and report to the government anything they considered a reflection upon the administration of affairs. Persons who wrote or spoke against the government were severely punished in nearly all of the German States. Trial by jury was not common, and great injustice was perpetrated by the arbitrary courts. Such heavy



Uniform of Infantry of  
the Guard 1897



Prussian Soldier, 1800. Hussar Officer, 1800. Prussian Soldier, 1800.

taxes were laid upon exported and imported goods that commerce could not flourish. The coinage of the several States was different, and there was not the same standard for money, and this caused great confusion. In July, 1830, a significant revolution occurred in France, by which Charles X. was driven from the throne, and Louis Philippe was given the sovereignty of France. After this the people of Germany were more bold in expressing their wish for freedom. When Ernest Augustus, the uncle of the present queen of England, succeeded to the kingdom of Hanover, in 1837, he began his rule by striking down the constitution under which the people had for several years enjoyed a measure of liberty. The Hanoverians appealed to the Parliament, or Confederation of German States, for their rights, but the confederation declared that it could not interfere, and the people lost all confidence in it. The Zoll Verein, or Customs Union of several German States, was formed soon after, which removed in a certain measure some of the

disadvantages under which commerce labored. Before this Zoll Verein was made, merchandise could not pass from one German State to another without paying a tax, which was a burden and nuisance.

Louis Philippe promised to rule the French people by a constitution, and when he had tried their patience for eighteen years, always evading the fulfillment of his word, they drove him from the throne, in 1848, set up a constitution which made France a Republic, and placed at its head as president, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He in his turn betrayed the liberties of France, but the people did not despair. The struggle for liberty in France roused a sympathy in Germany. France had received a constitution, Germany too, would have its wrongs redressed.

For years the students at the German universities had been formed into clubs for the spread of liberal ideas. They did many ridiculous things to show their contempt for antiquated notions, and were, no doubt, a visionary lot, but they nevertheless carried the seed of free thought and free speech into every part of Germany. When Louis Philippe was driven from the French throne in 1848, every State in Germany was roused to sudden action. The people demanded a constitution, and the doing away with the clumsy tyrannical state processes of the past. The king of Prussia, and most of the princes of the smaller States yielded to the demands of the people, for they were made in many cases at the point of the bayonet. The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria refused, and was obliged to flee for his life, and even to give up his throne to his son, who was more liberal in his ideas.

In May, 1848, the national German parliament met at Frankfort, to appoint a national assembly, but it accomplished little, and revolutions broke out all over Germany. They were put down one by one, and when Napoleon III. proclaimed himself emperor of France, in 1851, the German princes congratulated themselves that the failure of the republic in France, would discourage the people of Germany. For centuries patriots had dreamed of a United Germany, and for centuries the stern blacksmith, War, had been hammering the Germans on his anvil, striving to weld



them together, but the metal required a little more heating, with the fire of trial, more strokes of swords, more tempering with blood and tears.

Schleswig-Holstein had long been subject to Denmark, but a large number of the people were Germans, and were constantly quarreling with the Danes. In the unquiet days of 1848, when all Europe was in agitation, the Germans tried to drive the Danes out of Schleswig-Holstein, and make themselves free of Denmark, but they failed. In 1863 King Frederick VII., of Denmark, died, leaving no children, and the Danish crown passed to Christian X., according to the agreement of the European powers who met in London some years before, and settled Holland, Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein upon him.



EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

Germany and Schleswig-Holstein had not agreed to this settlement, and the King of Prussia, William I., who had succeeded to the throne of his brother, Frederick William IV., in 1861, refused to allow Christian X. the two duchies. The fact of the matter was, that Prussia wanted the two duchies, and with the aid of his splendid army, which in spite of the Prussian constitution he had reorganized and strengthened William I. and his "Iron Chancellor," Otto von Bismarck-Schoenhausen, were confident of ultimate success.

The idea of "freeing Schleswig-Holstein" was popular throughout Germany. Austria joined in the war that was made for the purpose. Brave little Denmark fought its two powerful enemies until utterly crushed by the large armies they sent against her. The war lasted for two years, and was a shameful contest. Prussia triumphed, and coolly made arrangements to annex the "freed" duchies to herself. Austria had not counted on Prussia taking all of the spoil, and the dispute over the division of it terminated in a seven weeks' war between Prussia and Austria in 1866.

The Saxons, Hanoverians, Wurtembergers, and the people of Baden took the side of Austria, alarmed at the growing influence of Prussia, who at once stirred up the Italian provinces of Austria, and raised three great armies to attack the Austrians in their own territory. All of the people of German blood were thus arrayed upon one side or the other. Many battles were fought, but the Austrians out-generaled and out-fought, were defeated by the superior equipment of the Prussian army and the genius of its commanders.

Peace was made in 1866, by the terms of which Prussia not only received Schleswig-Holstein, but Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Nassau. The States north of the Main were formed into a federation, Nord-Bund, with Prussia at its head, the States south of the Main were formed into another federation, while Austria was left out in the cold.

In 1870 the throne of Spain became vacant, and Leopold, of Hohenzollern, put in a claim to it. France had long distrusted Prussia, and fearing that the Iron Chancellor had it in his mind to crush France, as Austria had virtually been crushed, the Emperor Napoleon III. determined upon war, at least that was the reason he gave for his action. The probability is, however, that he saw alarming symptoms of a republican uprising, and seized the first pretext to divert the attention of the French

people to a foreign enemy. There was no real cause for the declaration, for when Leopold saw how distasteful his claim to the Spanish throne was to the French, he withdrew it. Then Napoleon III. sent his ambassador to William I., insolently demanding of him the assurance that no Hohenzollern should ever in the future put in a claim for the Spanish crown. The king met the audacious demand with contemptuous silence, and Napoleon III. issued his declaration of war. In so doing he showed the utmost folly. He was not prepared for war, while Prussia had the best army in the world.

In the past France, in her contests with Germany, had counted upon the mutual jealousies of the various States. Napoleon had reckoned upon south Germany remaining neutral, but the south German federation cast its lot with Prussia and the northern States. Always before, the Germans had waited to be attacked by France,



Congress of Berlin, 1878.

and Napoleon thought that they would do so now. Again he was mistaken. The French army marched to the frontier of Germany, but no farther, for they were obliged to wait for ammunition and supplies. The German army was hurried forward to confront the French, but its condition was very different. The national spirit in Germany awoke as if by a magic touch. France had often humiliated Germany, now was the time to vindicate the prowess of the nation. In eleven days Germany had 450,000 soldiers in three armies on their way to France, and 112,000 in the garrisons of Germany, ready to fight to the last for the fatherland, while France only had 310,000 all told. Moreover, Germany had also Von Moltke, the skilled and gallant field-marshal, who had crushed Austria at Sadowa.

The vast German force in three armies, General Steinmetz on the north, with 61,000 men, the Crown Prince Frederick William, with 180,000 men on the south, and



Prince Frederick Charles, with 206,000 men in the center, advanced toward France. The whole German frontier was protected with a living wall, and France did not yet assume the offensive. It was necessary for Napoleon III. to gain a victory, to inspire the French with confidence in him as a general. The odds were against him at every important point.

There was a little town on the German frontier, Saarbuck, in which there were stationed 1,500 German cavalry. The town had neither walls nor fortifications, and was of no importance, from a military standpoint. Against this place, Napoleon III., his young son, the Prince Imperial, and 25,000 French rifle-men advanced, captured it, and telegraphed to Paris, the news of a great victory. The newspapers of the French capital printed glowing accounts of the action, carefully refraining from mentioning against what ridiculous odds the battle was waged, and the populace went wild with excitement. At last the French had crossed the frontier, and stood on German soil, but it was the only time during the war that they did so, except as prisoners. Two days after "the comedy of Saarbuck," August 4, 1870, the crown-prince, whom the Germans lovingly called "Our Fritz," crossed over into France, defeated the French Marshal, McMahon, at Weissenberg, drove him back to Worth, followed him there, and two days later, in a dreadful battle, lasting thirteen hours, killed 4,000 French, and captured 6,000, losing in the engagement, 10,000 men.



Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

McMahon fled toward Strasburg, and Alsace was nearly all open to Germany. Another French Marshal, Bazaine, was defeated a week later at Courcelles, by Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles, and retreated to Metz, a strongly fortified place on the right bank of the Moselle river. Bazaine intended to have a force to hold Metz, and to retreat to Chalons, where a new army was being formed, but Von Moltke, suspected what he was about, and Frederick Charles crossed over the Moselle, and placed himself with 120,000 men between Bazaine and Chalons.

On the 16th of August, the French Marshal with 180,000 men made a gallant attempt to force himself past Frederick Charles, and in a six hour fight, each army lost 17,000 men. Bazaine claimed a victory, and the French in Paris shouted and wept for joy. He was, nevertheless, driven back to Gravelotte, where on the 18th, the Germans, who had received reinforcements, met him with 20,000 more men than were at his command. The Germans fought him with their faces toward Paris, while the French faced toward Berlin, and both armies were thus inspired to do their utmost. From early morning until darkness fell upon that mid-summer day, the battle raged. The Germans lost 20,000 men, and Bazaine pressed on to Metz, claiming another victory, but when the French people learned that he was shut up in Metz, surrounded by 200,000 Germans, they saw the trap into which Von Moltke had driven him, and almost went mad with rage and grief.

The French had fought with the utmost bravery, but this was the beginning of the end. McMahon attempted to march to Bazaine's relief, by passing northward, crossing into Germany, then descending upon the rear of the besiegers, but he was baffled by the German army, and driven into Sedan. He made the most heroic



EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

effort to break out, and in the attempt he brought on a fearful battle, resulting in the utter destruction of his army. His whole force, 108,000 men, 4,000 officers, 70 field pieces, and 11,000 horses fell into the hands of the Germans, and the greatest victory in the history of war, was placed to Von Moltke's credit.

Still France would not give in, and within the walls of Paris an army of 70,000 men made continual assaults upon the forces of "Our Fritz," who had marched to the very gates of the French capital, and awaited the siege trains. Toul fell September 23. Strasburg defended itself with magnificent bravery until September 28, falling under a terrible bombardment. Bazaine gave up his great army a month later, and the victorious Germans cried "On to Paris!" Gambetta, the leader of the republicans, escaped from Paris in a balloon, and roused by his fiery eloquence, the provinces of southern France. Heroic bands of French sharp-shooters harassed the Ger-

mans, and late in November, 150,000 Frenchmen marched to the relief of stubborn Paris, but were defeated.

Little by little, and against the most determined resistance, all France was subdued, and at last Paris, sorely pressed by famine, was compelled to yield. Three months later France gave up Alsace and Lorraine, and the war was practically over. The Germans had seen how by union they had achieved their greatest national triumph, and resolved to make that union lasting. The princes of the German States offered the imperial crown to William I., while their army was still before Paris, and the first Diet, or parliament of the restored German empire, an empire in the true sense of a united people, met at Berlin, March 21, 1871, twenty-six States, including the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, being included.

The new German empire thus founded was composed of people who had passed slowly through various stages of national development. The emperor was beloved by all, and Bismarck, his chancellor, had the firmness and skill to carry any measures that he thought necessary for the good of the State. A military system was devised that compelled every able-bodied man to serve three years in the army, exempting none from a certain term of service. The soldiers were well drilled in body and mind, and the army soon became the national school of manhood. The military system is still fastened upon the German people, who feel that the school is both an expensive and hard one. The officers are frequently brutal, and treat the private



soldiers with cruelty. To escape the three years of virtual slavery, the young men emigrate by the thousands every year, and the empire is drained of one source of its strength.

Emperor William's life was twice attempted by Socialistic assassins, because he had made laws against them. These Socialists are really Democrats, who desire to do away with monarchy. Among them are some foolish persons who imagine that all government should be destroyed, and property equally divided. These fanatics are called Anarchists, and have caused the Socialists much trouble, and by their wild nonsense, and their insane crimes, have prejudiced Europe against democracy, and have caused the Socialists to be misunderstood.

Emperor William died peacefully in his bed, March 9, 1888, at the ripe old age of nearly ninety-one, mourned with the most sincere grief by the whole nation. The Crown Prince Frederick had suffered for some time from an incurable disease of the throat, and had borne the intense agony of his painful ailment with such heroic fortitude that the whole world had become interested in his case. When his aged father died, he was already beyond the power of speech, and in this condition was made emperor, six days after William I. breathed his last. He lived but three months to bear the title of emperor, dying June 15, 1888.

Beloved as was Emperor William I., "Our Fritz" occupied a place apart in the affections of the people. He stood to them as the type of the new German nation, embodying all that was best in their qualities. Hating war, he was nevertheless prompt to defend the Fatherland against its enemies, proving himself generous to the vanquished, and sullyng his victories with no acts of cruelty. He was liberal in his ideas, and was utterly opposed to the government stifling the voices of the people in the elections, for Bismarck had done this more than once, and he believed that the days of despotism in Europe were numbered.

William II., who followed his father on the throne, and is the present Emperor of Germany, is a true Hohenzollern. He has an exalted idea of the divine right of kings, and that notion has already plunged him into trouble. He would suffer no man to oppose him in council, and one of his first acts was to dismiss the "Iron Chancellor," who had for several years been looked upon by other nations as the real ruler of Germany, and to call to his aid Caprivi, a man more pliable to his wishes.

He has taken stern measures to repress Socialism, but it is a greater power in Germany to-day than ever, being like the fabled plant that thrives best when it is bruised and trodden upon. By his manifestations of a warlike spirit, he has driven France and Russia into an alliance, and has found it hard work to conceal from the people that the Triple Alliance, that has been so long maintained between Austria, Italy and Germany, is more for the purpose of checking the spread of French ideas of liberty, than protecting Europe from French and Russian aggression. The common saying "that every man in Germany carries a soldier upon his back," is now more often heard. Then people resent the taxation that keeps an immense army prepared for war at all times, and their representatives in the Diet have resisted further increase, though without success.

For ten years there have been rumors of coming war in Germany, but it would take a clever prophet to tell what incident will precipitate the struggle, and what would be the result, should the Triple Alliance and England engage in war with Russia and France, and as I make no pretensions to being a prophet, I shall not attempt to do so.



Portrait of Emperor 1891



# SCOTLAND & IRELAND.

LONG before Carthage was built, there lived among the mists and snows of the north, a race kindred to that which the Greeks found in the south when they crossed over to Europe. Who they were, or whence they came, I can not tell you, but they left traces in every part of western Europe of their life and habits in the stone implements of the war and chase found deep down under the mold of ages. They may have had traditions of the great movement of the race that peopled the world, or descendants of the savage cave-dwellers, the brutal man of that time in the world's age, when the earth, the air and the sea teemed with animal life, of which we know only by its fossil remains.

We have learned that the Celts were the first Aryans to reach Europe, and that they conquered in very early times the people they found there, and spreading far and wide, formed colonies. They were in their turn crowded by the Teutonic races, and fleeing before their conquerors, crossed over into Britain and Ireland. The Romans called the Celts, Gauls, and the Gauls were long the most powerful of the tribes of western Europe.

There is an old story that relates that at the time of the Exodus, Gathelus, a Greek, married a daughter of Pharaoh, named Scotia, and emigrated with her to Europe. Their descendants, so runs the tale, came over to Ireland, and thence peopled Scotland, which took its name from Scotia. This tradition has no truth in it, as you will see, when I tell you how Scotland was settled. The adventurous Celtic Gauls crossed over from Ireland whither they had gone in search of new homes, and founded a colony in Scotland. They did not change their ancient name, nor indeed have they to this day, and the Gauls or Gaels yet speak in some portion of Scotland, the old, old Celtic, which Cæsar heard when he invaded Britain. This Gaelic or Celtic speech may not have been spoken in exactly the same way by the direct descendants of Japhet, but the Gaels declare that the ancient patriarchs would have had little trouble in understanding it. They even claim that Celtic is the oldest language of the world, though oriental scholars do not agree with them.

The Celts lived among the mountains of Scotland and on the shores of the lovely lakes and rivers of the country, for unnumbered centuries, before we hear of



them in history. History is one of the new inventions of man, when we compare it with the age of the world, and its story has neither beginning nor end. Scotland in these days abounded in wild animals, and the Gaels lived a pastoral life, hunting game for food, perhaps as a sort of pastime, but depending mainly on their flocks and herds. Like the Hebrews, they wandered from place to place in search of pasture, at the different seasons of the year, and were a rugged, sturdy, independent race.

The religion of the Gaels, like that of the other Celtic tribes, was Druidical. Just what this religion was, is not now quite certain, for though the Druid priests had an alphabet, and knew philosophy, science and magic, their writings have been lost to us through the zeal of the early Christian teachers. Cæsar inquired into the religion of the Druids, and other Latin writers have told us what they were able to learn concerning it. The Druid priests were men of the most dignified manners and mysterious practices. They made the laws of their respective tribes and were held in fear and reverence. The princes and chiefs of the tribes were below them in authority, for they appointed whom they would to hold the people in subjection. The fierce leaders of the Celts could not go to war without the consent of the priests, nor would they undertake any matter of importance without first consulting them. The priests were supposed to be able to govern wind, rain, thunder and lightning, and knew every trick wherewith to outwit the evil spirits that were constantly lurking about, bent on mischief. To keep the people in awe of them, they celebrated mystic and awful rites in the depths of the dark forest, and sometimes offered human victims to appease the wrath of the demons.

The word (*druidheadh*) from which *Druid* is taken, is the Celtic term for "impressive," and the Druids were certainly as impressive as all their arts and the fears of the superstitious Celts could make them. They educated the sons of all the chiefs and principal men, and having them thus under their authority, were able to gain great control over their minds and influence their action in after life. I can not tell you what the education of the Celtic youth was, for the simple reason, that since they were forbidden to write, there has been no record kept of that mysterious knowledge that it took them so long to acquire. I am sure that their bodies were trained in all sorts of war-like exercise, and their minds were not wholly neglected. Patriotism and the love of valor were their characteristics, and their training probably placed great value on those qualities. Many of their lessons were in verse, and fifty thousand verses are said to have been memorized by the pupils during their term of instruction under the priests. Those youths who showed any aptitude for poetical composition, were trained as bards or singers, and became second only to the priests in influence. Many of these bards were chiefs, and their stirring war-songs inspired their followers to such deeds of valor in battle as entitled them to a place in the isle of heroes, which was the Celtic heaven.

(The Druids did not believe in a God who would protect them in battle, and were, therefore, always careful to exhort their warriors to rely on the valor of their own arms. The God of the Druids was the spirit that filled all nature.) They believed that in the blessed islands the warriors would receive the rewards for their good deeds, and taught them to hold death in contempt. There was much that was debasing in the religion of the Druids, and their bloody rites, magic and mystery, kept their Pagan followers in the condition of moral slaves, and made them extremely cruel; yet at the beginning, like all religions, it had in it some seeds of truth, and shows the Aryan origin of the people who could thus adapt a religion differing not a

great deal from that of Old Egypt, and make it so characteristic of a certain element in the Celtic character.

When the Gaels had lived a long time in Northern Scotland, a tribe of Goths, a



Druid Priest, Offering Human Sacrifices.

Germanic people, seized upon the islands lying to the north of Scotland. The Gaels called these people Galli, or strangers, and soon found them inconvenient neighbors.



The newcomers were of a restless, war-like tendency, and would swoop down upon the Gaelic shepherds, rob them of their flocks, and driving them off the land, take possession of it. The Gaels wandered from place to place in search of pasturage for their herds, and when after a winter in some sheltered valley a tribe or family returned to their summer pastures, it was to find them in the possession of the "strangers," who were not at all disposed to give them back.

There was plenty of room for all, if the Gothic intruders would have been content with the game in the forests and the wild herds of the mountains for their food and the material for their clothing, but they could not. It was as natural for them to plunder, as it is for cats to catch mice, and like true savages, they had a supreme contempt for work of any kind. They despised the Gaelic shepherds, and gave them the name of "Scots," or wanderers—"vagabonds," perhaps—and the Scots in turn called the Gothic tribe "Picts," which means "painted men," also "thieves," so in the two words "Pict" and "Scot," we have a portrait of the people to whom they were applied.

In the third century, the land of the Scots is first called Scotland, the Romans having called the tribes of North-Britons "Caledonians." These Caledonians resisted Agricola most bravely. When he tried to penetrate into their country and subdue them as he had the Celts to the south, the Picts and Scots who had been at war for centuries, laid aside their mutual quarrels, and united against the Roman invaders. They chose for their leader a gallant chieftain named Galgacus or Goll of the tribe of MacMorin. Galgacus was as eloquent as he was brave, and before he led his forces against Agricola at Ardoch, in the year 84, he made a speech to them in which he related all of the greed and cruelty of the Romans, and urged the Caledonians to fight for liberty to the last drop of their blood. His words so inspired his followers that they engaged in battle with great fury. It raged all day, and at night the field was red with their blood and covered with their corpses. The Romans had triumphed, but from that day they could never tempt the Caledonians to face their terrible legions. They had learned that valor was useless against such discipline. Their defeat did not by any means crush them, but henceforth they fought only from ambush, and from inaccessible rocks and fens.

Hadrian was finally convinced that the Caledonians were not to be subdued, and built a wall to protect those tribes on the south who had acquired some degree of civilization, from their savage northern neighbors. His successor, Antoninus, found the wall of Hadrian entirely insufficient, and built between the Forth River and the Clyde, an immense wall forty miles long, protected by nineteen fortresses. This work must have been difficult enough, for the Caledonians no doubt harassed the builders ceaselessly, and placed every possible obstacle in their way. The Romans had a double design in the construction of the wall. From its fortresses they could at the same time protect their colonies from the incursions of the northern tribes, and overawe the Britons on the south.

In the year 180 the Picts broke through the wall of Antoninus, and began to plunder the Britons and Romans. For many years they committed outrages, and it was not until 210 A. D., that the wall was made the boundary of Rome's dominion in Britain. After that time the Picts and Scots were busy for a century, practicing in their own country the arts of peace and war that they had learned from contact with the Romans. They cut down forests, drained marshes and cultivated the soil, and though they kept their tribal hostility alive with the feuds and frays between them-

selves, there was no general war, and no foreign expeditions. The Scots early became Christians. Among the Christians who fled from Roman persecution were men who sought peace and safety in the British Islands. They made themselves a home among the people of Wales, England and Scotland, and taught their neighbors the doctrines in which they themselves believed. Their faith slowly spread, and the Scots being of a deeply serious and reflective turn of mind, adopted it readily. For a long time the Picts would have nothing to do with the Christian faith, and in the second century they were still Pagan and savage. All the centuries that the Picts and Scots had been quarrelsome neighbors, their character had changed little. The Scots were still content to live by industry, the Picts still eager for adventure and plunder.

In Valentia where the Romans had built towns, the Scots had made remarkable progress. It was in Valentia that Saint Patrick was born, and grew up to man's estate. He was the son of wealthy parents who gave him every advantage in their power, and he early became renowned for his piety. He could compose poetry and sing, so he was known as "Patrick the Psalm Singer." He went about in Ireland among the Druid Celts, and labored among them for many years, converting them to Christianity and building churches.

About a hundred years after Saint Patrick crossed over to Ireland to carry the Gospel to the heathen Celts, an Irish missionary, Columba, the pious son of a royal prince who had done much for Christianity in his own country, took twelve of his zealous countrymen and ventured into Scotland to convert the Picts. At first the Picts would not receive the missionaries, but Columba won their admiration by his feats of strength and endurance, and they became his enthusiastic friends. Columba appears to have been a truly wonderful man, a hero of romance as well as religion, and the monkish chronicles of the olden time have much to say about his adventures. Saint Ninyan Ninian had preached the Gospel nearly all over Scotland, but Columba was an apostle after the idea of the Picts, and for them he did wonders. The Scots had by this time become quite civilized, and the arts, sciences and literature were not unknown among them. The conversion of the Picts and Scots to the faith put an end for a time to their wars, and the peace lasted for several centuries.

In the ninth century the Picts had spread over the land until they occupied a third of the kingdom of Albin. Alpin was king of the Scots when a war broke out between the two tribes. Greedy as usual for plunder, the Picts had made up their minds to exterminate or drive out the Scots, and possess the whole country. Alpin was not the man to be easily terrified, even though the Picts had reputation for ferocity that made them a formidable enemy for a people peacefully inclined. He gathered his warriors and awaited the attack. It was near Forfar, in Angus-shire, that the Picts fell upon the Scots. Fearful was the clash of arms, and hardly less fearful the mingling of Gothic and Gaelic war-shouts that lasted from dawn to close of day. The king of the Picts was slain, and his host acknowledged themselves vanquished. The victorious Scots were returning to their camp when they fell into an ambush prepared for them by the treacherous enemy, and were all slain. The head of Alpin was hewed from his body and carried through all the towns of the Picts, and there was the wildest joy over his death among them. The bloody head was nailed to one of the towers of the Picts, that they might not forget how their enemy had fallen. The Scots, too, did not forget. "Remember the death of Alpin," became their war-cry, and fearfully did they revenge their fallen king.



Alpin was the first of the really historic kings of the Scots. His death was a bitter blow to his people, and for three years they did not renew the war. His son, Kenneth MacAlpin ascended the throne upon the death of his father in 834, and made peace with the Picts. Secretly he forwarded every preparation for war, and when all was ready, at the end of three years, called all his chiefs together, and made the plan of campaign. Led by Kenneth himself they fell upon the Picts, routed them in a hard-fought battle, giving no quarter. The Picts then pleaded for peace, but King Kenneth sternly refused it on any other terms than the surrender of all their lands. He reduced them nearly to the condition of slaves, and leaving guards among them went back to his own territory. No sooner was he gone than the Picts arose, massacred the Scots and attempted to regain their independence. Kenneth swore in the most emphatic Gaelic,—and I assure you that Gaelic can be very emphatic,—that he would blot the Picts from the face of the earth, and forever render them incapable of further trouble. Drusken, the Pictish king, was informed of this terrible threat, and knowing that King Kenneth was a man of his word, was somewhat alarmed. He therefore took his people across the river Forth, to the town of Scone, and sent messengers to Kenneth apologizing for what had happened, and begging peace. The Scottish king replied that he would only speak to them of peace when they had promised to surrender. He would give them no assurance for the future, and told them that he would punish their treachery as seemed best to him. The Picts then determined to sell their lives dearly. Seven times in one day were they attacked by the Scots, and finally defeated and scattered, they found safety in England and Wales, and Scotland was thenceforth the land of the Scots. Kenneth broke up all the strongholds of the Picts, and banished those who were left, and had not been implicated in the massacre.

Next Kenneth attacked the Saxons who had invaded the Lothians, and the Britons in Strathclyde. He vanquished them and feared not to engage Ragnar Lodbrok, the Dane. This marauder had filled all England with desolation, and none had been able to overcome him. Valiant Kenneth beat him off, and so great was his fame as a warrior, that thenceforth as long as he reigned over Scotland, the kingdom was free from foreign invasion. Kenneth died in 854, leaving to the people a freed kingdom, and to his brother Donald the crown, for the crown was then not hereditary, but the people chose the king, and Donald was their choice.

The brother of the wise Kenneth MacAlpin was very different in character from that good king. He was slothful, vicious and vain, qualities abhorred by the Scots. Seeing how little force of character the monarch possessed, the Picts who had fled to England secured the aid of the Saxons to regain what they had lost. In spite of Donald's luxurious habits and his lack of discipline among his warriors, he was as brave when roused as was Kenneth. He gathered his hosts, and in a great battle, defeated his foes. The Saxons made peace, leaving their allies to shift for themselves, and Donald returned to his slothful ways. Disgusted with him, and despairing of his improvement, the nobles cast him into prison, where he got rid of himself by suicide, to the relief of the nation.

Kenneth had left a son, Constantine, and he was next chosen as the king of the Scots, and ascended the throne about 860. For sixteen years he ruled the Scots strictly, and woe to the youth who practiced the indolence or drunkenness that had been favored by the former king. Like the Spartans of old, he compelled the men to eat their meals together, sleep on the bare ground, and neglect no exercise that

would develop strength and skill. He even put to death cowards, and those who persisted in their vices to the extent that they were a burden to the community. Lord Ewen of Lochaber saw how hateful many of these strict laws were to the Scots and roused a revolt. The king put it down, caused Ewen to be strangled in prison, and thus intimidated the unruly. The Danes under their renowned chief, Hubba, descended upon the coast of Fife and made a camp, during the reign of Constantine. To this camp they carried much pillage, and the king attacked them more than once. He was finally betrayed to the Danes, and was murdered by a Pict who had enlisted into the Scottish army for the purpose.

The next king, Hugh, was known as "The Swift-footed." Swift or slow, he soon ran his race of vice and sloth, and a year from the time he was crowned, was slain by Grigory or Grig, an eloquent and brave chieftain, who then became his successor. King Grig was one of the mightiest of the ancient Scots. He beat the Danes out of Fife and fought them under Hardicanute in Northumberland, nearly annihilating them. He thus gained Northumberland as a portion of Scotland. When he had set his conquest in order he turned his arms against those Britons who still held a portion of his kingdom. These people were in a sad plight. On one hand were the savage Pagan Danes, on the other the hardly less savage Christian Scots. Preferring the Christians to the heathen, they made peace with the Scots, promising them all of the lands that the Scottish warriors might wrest from the Danes. The chances were that the Scots would have kept such lands even without their permission, so it was prudent of the Britons to make a virtue of necessity.

Scarcely had Grig settled with the Britons, when the Irish invaded Galloway, and securing great quantities of plunder crossed back into their own country. Without loss of time, Grig followed the robbers, took bloody vengeance on the Irish who attempted to oppose him, and arrived at Dublin which he besieged. The place surrendered when the prospect of famine stared the people in the face. Grig then showed himself as merciful as he was valiant. He simply demanded that the persons in charge of the education of the young Irish king should acquit themselves well of the task, made the officers and chieftains promise to govern with greater justice to their neighbors in future, and setting the country in order, returned to Scotland. After a reign of eleven years, much disturbed by the restless truce-breaking Danes, he gave up the crown to Donald II., son of Constantine.

Donald II. was a wise and good king, who also reigned eleven years, and was succeeded by Constantine II. in the year 900. Edward of England had made war upon the Danes and driven nearly all of them from their lands. He also claimed some of the southern portion of Scotland, and was preparing to drive out the Scots. The Danes, Scots and Northmen, therefore, made an alliance against the English, and in a dreadful battle the allies were defeated. Many of the Scottish nobles, when they saw that the cause of their allies was hopeless, rushed on death rather than survive the disasters of the defeat.

The English took Westmoreland and Cumberland from the Scots, and Northumberland from the Danes, thus beginning the long wars for the conquest of Scotland. After Constantine had reigned forty years disastrously and weakly, he retired into a sort of monastery, and Malcolm I., son of Donald II., was made king. He regained Cumberland and Westmoreland, and scourged the Danes into decent behavior. After eleven years of righteous reign he was rewarded for the efforts he had made in the behalf of his country, by assassination.



Indulf, the next king who came to the throne in 954, made Dunneddin (Edinburgh) a part of the kingdom. He reigned for eight years. Then strife arose between Duff and Culen, both claimants for the crown, and after nearly a dozen years of war, and the death of one of the claimants, Kenneth II. became king and reigned twenty-four years. He was followed by another Constantine, who fell also in defense of his crown, and Malcolm II. became king in 1005. This Malcolm was a valiant and doughty Scot, who reigned thirty years over the nation. He invaded Northumberland and gained great victories, made Strathclyde, long a bone of contention with the English, a part of Scotland, beat off the Danes and rebuilt the fortresses ruined in former wars. He made wise laws and established order throughout Scotland, dying in the year 1034. The whole nation mourned the death of the king. To add to their grief was the fear of impending calamities. The rivers overflowed their banks in a way never known before, the rain fell in floods, and in midsummer there was a black frost and a fall of snow. The calamity came soon after in the form of famine. The crops had all been ruined or swept away by the floods, and there was dire distress throughout the whole land. Thus the year of the death of Malcolm II. was long memorable in Scotland.

Malcolm II. was succeeded on the throne by his grandson Duncan, an amiable and honorable prince, who as the Prince of Cumberland, had won the respect of the English and the esteem of his subjects. Duncan had an ambitious and able cousin, Macbeth, who was thane of Ross by birth and having married the widow of the thane of Moray, was rich and powerful. Macbeth was bold and daring, and coveted the crown of the kingdom. He hated Duncan, but concealed his hatred and his ambitions.

There was a thane of Lochaber, Banquo by name, who had been so cruel to his subjects that they drove him from the province. He complained to King Duncan, who sent a herald into Lochaber, summoning to trial before him those who had taken part against Banquo. Headed by MacDual, Banquo's most bitter enemy, the rebels gathered an army after they had murdered the king's messengers, and prepared to resist his authority. They called the Irish to their aid, and thought they would have an easy victory over Duncan, who was nothing of a warrior.

Duncan sent Macbeth and Banquo against the rebels. They conquered them and carried the head of MacDual to the king. The mutilated body of the rebel chieftain was hung in chains in the most conspicuous place in Lochaber, and Macbeth and his army marched back to Perth where the king held his court.

Sweyn, brother of Canute, soon afterward invaded Scotland. Macbeth and Banquo had won the confidence of the king by their Lochaber exploit, and keeping Banquo with him to advise him in regard to military matters, he sent Macbeth with an army against the Danes. The Danes were driven off, and Macbeth's aspirations for the crown grew bolder. Since the days of Kenneth II. the crown of Scotland had been hereditary, and the Prince of Cumberland was its heir. When Duncan was Prince of Cumberland he had married the daughter of Siward, thane of Northumberland, and now had two sons, Donald the Fair (Bane), and Malcolm the Large-headed (Canmore). Malcolm Canmore, being the eldest, was made Prince of Cumberland, greatly to the rage of Macbeth who wanted that title himself in order that he might inherit the crown. His fierce wife encouraged his rage and together the two conspired against the life of the king.

Macbeth, like most of the people of his time, believed firmly in witch-craft, and

he used to visit three mysterious sisters, who pretended to be witches. They lived in a dark hovel in the woods and brewed all sorts of mysterious messes which they sold to the ignorant and suspicious as "charms." These "weird sisters" probably discovered the ambition of Macbeth and knowing what sort of prophecies would please him best, after the manner of their kind in all ages of the world, gave him the advice he wanted most to take. They hailed him as king, and pretended to be able to see into the future. Urged on by these three witches, by Lady Macbeth and his own evil nature, and aided and abetted in the plan by Banquo, Macbeth murdered Duncan. The two princes, greatly to the disappointment of the murderer, escaped. Malcolm went to the protection of Edward the Confessor, of England, and Donald fled to the Hebrides, then inhabited by Celts and Norwegians.

Macbeth was crowned King of Scotland, and for the first ten years of his reign was a just and able king. He restored the country to peace and order and punished robbers and criminals without mercy. As time went on he showed a most tyrannical disposition toward the nobles of his kingdom. He executed them, seized their lands and banished them on trifling pretexts, and made himself cordially hated by all classes of the people. Banquo, his accomplice in the murder of Duncan, had some hopes that his sons, instead of those of Macbeth, might succeed to the crown. There was said to be a prophecy that his son Fleance should be the father of kings, and when this came to the ears of Macbeth, he had father and son waylaid by hired assassins. Banquo fell, but Fleance escaped to Wales, and a little later I will tell you how the prophecy concerning him was fulfilled.

The nobles were indignant when they heard of the murder of Banquo, and rarely appeared at the court of Macbeth, fearing the same fate for themselves. The king became more and more of a tyrant. He was not blind to the hatred of his nobles, and resolved as a matter of prudence to build for himself a strong castle, into which he might flee in case of revolt. He chose the steep, rocky hill of Dunsinane for the site of his stronghold, and set his people to work carrying material up the slope. It is said that he divided the work between the thanes of the kingdom, compelling each to furnish a certain number of laborers and oxen for dragging the carts. Many of the thanes had a suspicion that the king was building the castle as a refuge against them, and a fortress from which he might oppress them and defy their wrath. Macduff, the bold thane of Fife, was the most outspoken in regard to the conduct of the king. He told the lords and nobles that the building of this castle boded them no good, and had they not agreed to furnish the king their aid, he would withhold his. He sent his quota of workmen and materials, but as he had heard that his words had been reported to Macbeth, did not venture himself into the power of the king. Macbeth determined to seek Macduff in Fife, and marched thither with a strong force. Macduff did not wait to receive his foes, but fled to England. The king seized Macduff's possessions, pronounced his ban against him, and treated with the utmost severity every one that he could discover had said anything against his tyranny.

Young Malcolm Canmore was at the court of the English Edward, and to him Macduff carried the story of his wrongs and those of his country, entreating him to avenge the death of his father, and to free Scotland from the tyranny of the usurper. Malcolm knew that Macbeth was a wily and scheming villain, and did not know but that the story that Macduff told him might be a snare to lure him back to Scotland and into his power. To test Macduff and learn whether he really had the welfare of Scotland at heart as he pretended, Malcolm told him in confidence of various things



that he would do were he made King of Scotland, that were neither honorable nor virtuous. Macduff listened to the prince in horror. When Malcolm had finished, the stern thane of Fife looked at him with an expression of loathing. "Begone, heir of royalty, dishonor to thy name!" he said. "Prodigy of evil, fitting rather to bring disaster on a valiant nation than to rule them as a free people!" He turned away and was about to leave the presence of the prince, his heart full of rage and sorrow, when Malcolm seized him by the hand and explained that he was only testing his loyalty. He brought witnesses to prove his honor and truth, and Macduff was convinced.

Malcolm was eager to return to Scotland, and his grandfather, Siward of Northumberland, provided him with an army to make good his claim to the Scottish crown. When the people of Scotland learned that their rightful prince was returning to his own, they were full of joy. Not a hand was raised for Macbeth, and his lords and nobles deserted him until there was hardly enough, all told, to man the walls of the castle of Dunsinane, to which the tyrant and his wicked wife retreated. From Dunsinane Macbeth sent messengers to Ireland and the Hebrides for soldiers, offering rich reward for their services. Neither he nor his wife had any doubt that they should crush their enemies, for the three "weird sisters" who had prophesied the death of Duncan, Banquo, and that Macbeth should be king, had said (if we are to believe Shakespeare)

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be until,  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him."

In his pride and cruelty, he as little thought it possible that he should cease to tyrannize over the Scots, as that the forest should walk abroad and approach his castle gates.

Multitudes of men-at-arms and thanes of the kingdom rallied around Malcolm. The people and priests prayed for the success of the handsome, gallant young king, and heaped blessings on him as he marched to Dunsinane. As his soldiers passed through the forest of Birnam, they plucked green branches and fastened them in their helmets, as though they were already victors. Thus King Macbeth, as he looked from the casement of his tower of Dunsinane, saw in the distance what seemed to him a forest in motion steadily coming nearer and ever nearer to Dunsinane. "Until Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane," and now he thought it was surely coming. Feeling that his doom was near, he fled the castle, which fell into the hands of Malcolm. Flight could not save him, Macduff followed him close, overtook and slew him and his son. Both were buried in the wave-washed isle of Iona, in 1057, and Malcolm was crowned king of Scotland. Macbeth reigned in all, seventeen years, ten as a good and wise king, and seven as a hated tyrant. It may be that his crimes committed to gain the crown drove him mad at last, for his deeds were those of a lunatic in the last seven years that he reigned over Scotland. His name and memory were abhorred by the Scottish people, who hailed Malcolm as their deliverer.

Malcolm Canmore was the greatest king of old Scotland. As soon as he was placed in the charge of the kingdom, he busied himself in rectifying as far as lay in his power, the effects of the tyranny of Macbeth. Macduff remained his valiant and true friend, and aided him much in his efforts for the good of the country. As a reward for the part that Macduff had taken in his restoration, Malcolm conferred three great honors on the posterity of the thane of Fife, that were highly prized for

centuries. A law was made which allowed them to place the crown on the heads of the kings of Scotland, to command the right wing of the king's army, and in case of causing the death of an enemy without premeditation, to pay in money for the "accident" without being brought to trial.

During the reign of Malcolm some robbers made their lair in the forest of Cockburn, and from its depths were wont to issue forth, plunder the surrounding country, and then hie them back to their shelter. Patrick of Dunbar assailed them, and with the loss of but twenty-four men, killed six hundred of the rascals. For this service he was knighted, and his descendants played an important part in the history of Scotland. It is said that Malcolm was as generous as he was brave. Having heard that a plot had been formed for his murder, and that one of the leading nobles of the court was its prime mover, he one day invited the thane, who had no idea that the king knew of his plan, to walk with him in a safe and secret spot.



When they were alone, the king told the plotter that he thought it a cowardly and unmanly thing to attempt to destroy the life of a man secretly, and that now if he wished to kill him, to do it as a valiant man should. Both were armed, and he was willing to try the issue then and there, and all he asked was fair play and no favor. The would-be murderer was overcome with remorse and shame, and falling at the king's feet begged his pardon, which was freely granted.

It was while Malcolm IV. was still a young man that William The Conqueror invaded England, killed valiant King Harold, took possession of that kingdom and made himself the cruel master of the Saxons. Edgar Atheling, the son of Harold, feared to trust himself to the tender mercies of the Conqueror, and with his mother and two sisters, took ship for Germany. The vessel was driven by the winds into the Firth of the Forth, and the fugitives, assured of the protection of Malcolm, landed in Scotland. When the young king saw fair Margaret, the sister of the fugitive prince, he was smitten with her beauty and winning ways. He found on closer



acquaintance that she was as good as she was beautiful, and as she returned his love, they were married.

Up to this time the Gaelic or Celtic language had been the common speech of the people and the court of Scotland. Malcolm's long stay in England, and his marriage with Margaret inclined him to use the Saxon speech, and it soon became the language of the court. The old kings were wont to hold their court in the north or the Highlands, but Malcolm and the kings who came after him held court in the south or Lowlands, and the Lowlands were the most influenced by new ideas and customs. The Highlands were neglected, and there the Gaelic was spoken for many centuries, and there it is still spoken. The Saxon nobles driven from their lands by the Normans, found a refuge in Scotland and were given lands and honors by the king, and they, too, helped make the Lowlands English in speech and manners. On the coast and in the isles about Scotland, there was a union of the Danish, Saxon, Gaelic and French languages that formed the Scotch speech, and therefore in the small kingdom of Scotland, there were three languages spoken in the days of Malcolm, that long continued to be the speech of the people.

It was because the king and his armies were so constantly busy in the south, that there grew up in Scotland an institution that was the very opposite of feudalism, though it had for its end the same mutual protection of the chiefs and the common people. The "Clan System" of the Highlands became a necessity, and as it lasted seven hundred years, it must have been a strong bond between the people of the Highlands. The Northmen still continued their descents upon the Scottish coast in the north, and as the king and his armies were in the Lowlands, and the marauders could secure all of the booty that they wanted and retire before help could come from that direction, the Highlanders were compelled to depend upon themselves.

The people who bore the same name and were descended from the same ancestor, lived in the same part of the country for ages. They formed their clans during the days of Malcolm IV., by electing the most popular and powerful man of each such family or clan to rule over the people of his kin in time of peace, and to command them in war. All of these chiefs were united in common interests, and were the Highlands assailed by Church, State or foreign foe, the chiefs and their clans were as one man in their courage and endurance. The nature of the country, hilly, broken and sparsely settled, made it difficult to send messengers to the clans in time of sudden invasion or other emergencies, and therefore signs were made for their assembling that were well understood by all. This sign was usually a flaming bush waved from the summit of some hill, and the signal repeated from hill to hill. The direction indicated was followed by those whom it was desired to assemble, and the place of meeting was indicated by a flaming cross. The Indians of North America at the present day, and from the remotest times have used similar smoke signals, and by them are able to read the number and character of the foe against whom they are warned.

The dependence on each other in times of danger, bred among the clans, that brotherly feeling that comes from the endurance of trouble together. The clans themselves were like great families, of which the chief was the ruler, judge and father. Among its members he went about kindly and familiar, interested in their joys and sympathizing in their woes. So dear was the chief to the clan that every man of them would dare any difficulty or danger at his bidding. This relation was very different from that of the proud feudal lords and their vassals, for whereas the

one was a tyrant and the other a slave, the Highland clans were communities of friends and allies, the only distinction between them and their chief being that he was chosen to represent the clan on account of superior qualities, and made no pretense of thinking himself above the humblest of his followers. The Highlanders clung to their speech and customs and to the old form of the Faith brought over to them by the early refugees from Roman cruelty. Malcolm and his queen introduced the Roman Catholic faith with the absolute power of the Pope and the Latin church service, readily enough in the south, but it was long ere the free-spirited people of the north could be persuaded to adopt the pompous forms and rituals of the Lowlands. Queen Margaret induced her husband to build many churches and monasteries, and these being filled with Saxon churchmen, in a short time greatly changed the manners of the Lowlands.

When William the Conqueror had reduced England to a state of supreme wretchedness and installed his Normans everywhere to rob and oppress the Saxons, he sent a herald to Malcolm with a message commanding him to at once send Edgar Atheling from his dominions, or accept the consequences of his refusal to do so. The Conqueror probably knew that Malcolm would not thus abandon a ship-wrecked fugitive, cast as it were by Providence on his hands, and moreover when that he would be unlikely to desert the brother of his queen. The Normans only wanted a pretext to invade Scotland and make it their own, and that Edgar had found a refuge there served their purpose.

Malcolm defied William and prepared for war by sending a body of his soldiers to join Siward of Northumberland. William already regarded Scotland as his own, and sent one of his blustering freebooters with a company of kindred souls to take possession of Northumberland. The Scots and Northumbrians killed him and chased his followers back to England. Richard of Gloucester with a strong force was next sent by the Conqueror, but Siward and Malcolm defeated him and drove him homeward. Then Odo, William's half brother, whom he had made Earl of Kent, was sent with a still larger force. The Scots and Northumbrians could not make a stand against such superior numbers, and Odo killed many people, collected great booty and was leisurely making his way back to England, when the allies fell upon him, stripped him of his plunder, killed many of his followers, and sent him back as they had sent the others. Still William did not despair. He sent Robert Curthose, but he did nothing, and William was at last compelled to give over a struggle by which he gained nothing and lost so much, and fix a boundary for his conquests. The people of Galloway were in a turmoil soon after the close of the English war, and a grandson of Banquo, who had gained the respect and admiration of the king, was sent against them. He subdued them and managed affairs so well that Malcolm made him Steward of All Scotland. That is, he allowed him to collect all of the king's taxes that had before that time been collected by the different thanes. English exiles who were given the dominion and power of a thane, were also called stewards, but Walter, grandson of Banquo, was the first royal Steward, and it is said that the Stuart family of sovereigns was descended from him, thus fulfilling the old prophecy that a son of Banquo should be the father of kings.

When William the Conqueror died and his son Rufus became king of England, the peace between the two countries was at an end. Rufus seized one of Malcolm's castles to provoke him to war. Malcolm tried to regain his property peacefully, but when he found Rufus insulting and obstinate, he marched with a great army and



besieged the castle that he had garrisoned with English soldiers. Reduced to distress, the garrison surrendered and under a flag of truce came out, pretending that they were about to give the keys of the fortress to Malcolm. Instead of doing this, however, those who came out for the apparent purpose, killed Malcolm as he stood waiting to receive them. His son Edward was by the king's side as he was attacked, and to revenge him drew his sword and rushed on the murderers, losing his life also. Malcolm Canmore's glorious reign lasted thirty-six years. He had held his kingdom against William the Conqueror and Rufus in spite of the overwhelming odds, and had steadily civilized and improved the country.

Good Queen Margaret did not live long after the tragic death of her beloved husband. She had aided him in all his efforts to improve his kingdom, and had been especially concerned for the souls of the rude Scots. On this account when she, too, died, the priests declared that she was a Saint, that might be prayed to by the pious Catholics, and to convince the people that they told the truth, they related a miraculous story, for those were the days when the impossible was believed

by the ignorant, if the priests or the Pope declared that it had occurred. The priests said that when it was thought that Saint Margaret's body should be moved from the tomb where it had at first been laid and placed in a more splendid one, befitting a person who had been declared a Saint, all the efforts of those who were sent for the purpose were unavailing to lift the body, until the body of Malcolm had first been lifted and transferred to the new tomb, showing plainly, according to the interpretation given of the miracle that Margaret was as faithful and deferential toward her husband in the land of souls, as she had been while on earth. Of course thereafter she was regarded as the patron of all good and pious wives, and received great honor.

You will remember that King Duncan had another son, Donald, called Bane, or The Fair, and that upon the death of his father he fled to the rugged isles at the Northwest, when his brother Malcolm found refuge in England. There he lived during the whole time that Malcolm Canmore was king. The people of these islands were wild and rough, and Donald was a chieftain after their own notion. The people



Druids and the Druid Priestesses.

of Northern Scotland did not take kindly to the new ideas introduced into their country by Malcolm and his Saxon queen, and when upon the death of the latter Donald returned to claim the throne, to which, of course, he had no right according to the laws of the times, for his brother had left sons to inherit his crown, the Northern Scots flocked around him. With their aid he seized the crown of the kingdom. The first act of this wild Donald was to declare that all foreigners must leave the country forthwith, or take the consequences. These consequences would not have been pleasant, and the priests, Saxons and others, who had for many years contributed to the civilization and prosperity of the country left it, or made preparations to do so. The people of the Lowlands were eager to get rid of Donald, and the English and the Normans aided Prince Duncan to drive him from the throne.

Duncan was the son of Malcolm, it is true, but he was not the son of Margaret, and had therefore no lawful right to rule over Scotland. Edmund, his half-brother, was the rightful prince, and he contrived to have Duncan assassinated when he had been a year on the throne, and was himself seated in his stead, sharing his kingdom with his uncle, Donald Bane. It seems that Donald was a very obstinate Scot, who would take no warning by the past. No sooner did he find himself joint king of Scotland, than he re-commenced persecution of the foreigners in the kingdom. William Rufus had received at his court a son of Malcolm, whose name was Edgar. This prince saw with rising anger the course of events in Scotland, and realized that the great work of his father would be destroyed by the fierce Donald and the weak Edmund if he did not interfere. He therefore secured the help of Rufus, who was willing that the Scots should fight one another until they became weak enough for him to conquer them. With his army he marched into Scotland, took Edmund and Donald prisoners, and was crowned king. To make sure that Donald would make no more attempts upon the kingdom, he put out his eyes. His brother made no struggle to maintain his position, and Edgar thus became king, and for nine years and a-half, ruled wisely and well, beloved by the whole nation. It was his sister, Matilda the Good, who married Henry Beauclerc. Edgar died without children in 1107, and his brother, Alexander the Fierce, became king. Alexander was a devout Roman Catholic, and did much to increase the wealth and power of the Church in Scotland, building monasteries and abbeys, and supporting the clergy by grants of land and privilege. When Alexander died in 1124, David, the most valiant and able of the six sons of Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, came to the throne of Scotland. From the beginning of David's reign, feudalism, which had been growing up in England under the Norman rule, began to spread also in Scotland. The thanes of the north resisted it, and the people were always opposed to it, but it grew in spite of them, and became a great source of weakness to the kingdom, for the Scottish feudal lords, surrounded by their vassals, in after-times, often defied the power of the king. David granted lands and powers to the Norman and Saxon nobles who settled in Scotland, and while he built up feudalism, built also the Church. His reign was vexed by war with England brought about by his interference in the cause of Matilda, who had taken arms to maintain herself and her rights against Stephen. I have told you in the story of England that while Matilda and Stephen were disputing for the crown of that kingdom, the queen escaped with her little son to Scotland and there raised an army, for David was her uncle. The Scots of the wild portions of the country, and the men of Galloway, were fierce fighters, and committed so many dreadful deeds in the northern,



counties of England, that some of the Norman barons who had been David's vassals, declared they would no longer serve him, and left him to join Stephen. Among these Normans were Robert de Bruce, ancestor of another famous Bruce, of whom we shall hear more, and Bernard de Baliol, whose descendants also played a part in Scottish history. This was just before the battle of Cuton Moor, in which David's army was badly beaten. This defeat induced the Scots to make peace with Stephen and refuse to help Matilda any more. David was found dead in 1153, having passed from earth while kneeling in prayer, and as he had been a widower for twenty years at the time of his death, and the Crown Prince Henry had died the year before, his grandson, Malcolm, became king at the age of twelve. Fergus, the son of Eric, had brought from Ireland ages before a stone supposed to be sacred to the gods of the Druids, and upon this stone Malcolm received his crown at Scione with the ancient ceremonies.



Scottish National Costume

This Malcolm was known as The Maiden, and though he died when he was barely twenty-five, he had managed to lay the foundation for a long war. He quelled a revolt of one of the descendants of Macbeth when he was still very young, and soon thereafter went to the court of Henry Plantagenet to be knighted. Sometime before, Henry had demanded some of the southern counties of Scotland of Malcolm, and as the young king had not the means of holding them against Henry, he yielded them up to him. Malcolm naturally supposed since he had shown himself so yielding to Henry, that the English king would knight him willingly enough. Henry was anxious to embroil Malcolm IV. with the king of France, who was his bitter enemy, and with whom he was waging war. To this end he sent him over to France to fight under his banner, promising to knight him on his return if he acquitted himself well. Malcolm had the tact to excuse his action to Louis of France, and to explain that he fought him from no enmity, but to gain his spurs, a reason considered sufficient in the days of chivalry. He returned to England his knightly valor proven, and Henry having no further excuse for delaying the conferring of the honor of knighthood on Malcolm, performed the ceremony.

When Malcolm returned to his kingdom, he found a cold reception. His people thought he had paid rather dearly for his golden spurs and the friendship of the English king. They were indignant, too, that he had adopted so many Norman ways, and had settled upon them so many haughty Norman nobles, who treated them as slaves. They were heavily taxed, too, and rose in rebellion. The rebellion was put down when Henry returned two of the counties, but the Scots felt very sore over the loss of Northumberland, which the English king kept, and were never quite reconciled to Malcolm, who died before he had a chance to commit any more serious mistakes, and was succeeded by his brother, William the Lion.

This brave prince was the flower of the chivalry of Scotland, and was a noble, generous but firm and determined king. He at once demanded that Henry Plantagenet restore Northumberland, maintaining that Malcolm had no right to bestow it upon the English king without the consent of the nation. The haughty Henry had expected the demand, and as soon as it was made crossed the border with an army.

William defeated him in battle, and in his turn invaded England. Before the castle where Malcolm Canmore lost his life by the treachery of the English, William the Lion was as treacherously captured in 1174. The English had asked for a truce and William had granted it, and awaited their ambassadors. They came in great strength, and before he could summon aid his guard was overpowered and he himself carried away. Before the English would release him, he was compelled to yield up fifteen hostages, and four of the strongest fortresses on the border. These were the castles that Richard The Lion-hearted sold back to the Scots, and for money to equip the crusades, he also returned Northumberland to them.

Henry the Lion of Germany received his name from the great bronze lions he had erected before his castle, and William of Scotland received his name, "The Lion," from the picture of a lion on his banner. He was a brave, loyal prince, and an able law-maker. He held the wild Scots well in check, and did much to civilize the country. The weak and cowardly King John of England was afraid of him, and though he blustered and swore that he would take vengeance upon the Scots because their king would not help him in his war with his enemy, Philip Augustus, of France, he had no intention of entering into a war with the knightly old king. When William the Lion died, and his son, Alexander II., became king, John began the strife. He invaded Northumberland and cruelly ravaged the Scottish territories. Alexander made peace with him, and thereafter enjoyed a quiet reign.

Alexander III. became king at the age of eight, and his childhood was clouded, as has been the childhood of most royal children, who have been left orphans at an early age. The Scottish hatred of the English increased greatly among the nobles, though the young king was inclined to favor them. In the north, the Comyns opposed the advisers of the king, and watched them closely that they did not betray the interests of the country into the hands of the hereditary enemies of Scottish independence. When Alexander went to England to marry Princess Margaret, King Henry obliged him to do homage to him for his English possessions. When he had done so, the king to establish a claim upon Scotland, asked him to do homage also for Scotland, but the king refused. He took his bride home in great state, and when he was twenty-one, declared his intention of subjecting the Western Isles.

Norway had claimed these Isles from the earliest times, and from them, times without number, piratical expeditions had been sent into Scotland. There were many Gaelic settlers upon these islands, and Haco, the King of Norway, had attempted to humiliate them and make them renounce their allegiance to the Scottish king. With this object in view, he had gathered the largest fleet that up to that time had ever left Norway, and had sailed to the islands, fining those who would not acknowledge him, and levying tribute of the northern coast of Scotland. Having done this, Haco anchored in the Firth of the Clyde, and sent out his plundering expeditions in every direction. It was to punish the Norwegian king, that Alexander III. determined on this campaign. A great storm wrecked the Norwegian fleet, and the Scots cut their marauding bands in pieces. Haco put back to the Orkneys, and soon died there. A treaty was concluded with Norway in 1266, which ceded to Scotland all of the islands off the coast of North Britain.

It was about this time, say the old chronicles, that fair Marjory, the Countess of Carrick, who dwelt in the lordly castle of Tunbury, one day rode out to hunt, on her snow-white palfrey, surrounded by a gay train of squires and damsels. As she rode along through the forest, her bright eyes spied a noble knight, as handsome as the



mind of maiden could imagine, approaching down the green-wood path. She paused when he was near enough to be addressed, and courteously passed the time in conversation. She learned that his name was Robert DeBrus and that he was a noble knight, whose paternal ancestors had come over to England with the Conqueror, and whose maternal ancestors were related to William the Lion.

The susceptible Marjory was smitten with the gallant mien of the noble knight, and begged him to join in the hunt with her train. Robert was equally impressed with the beauty of the sprightly Marjory, and for that reason he declined. In those days, a knight could not pay court to a high-born damsel like Marjory, who was an orphan, without consulting her relatives, and securing the consent of the king. It was on this account that Robert courteously begged to be allowed to continue on his way. Mistress Marjory was not thus to be thwarted of her object of becoming better acquainted with the handsome knight. She made a signal to her people, who at once surrounded Robert. The knight laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, but when Marjory rode up to him, placed her hand on his bridle, and with gentle force turned his horse's head in the direction of her castle, he laughingly surrendered himself her prisoner.



Marjory took DeBrus to the castle of Tunbury, and there entertained him so sumptuously and graciously that he was as eager to remain, as he had at first been unwilling to go. At the end of a fortnight he married the young lady, without asking his relatives or hers, and without obtaining the consent of King Alexander. This was not only contrary to custom in those days, but it was also a breach of the feudal laws. Alexander, therefore, seized the castle of Tunbury and all of the estates of the romantic couple. Friends pleaded their cause, and when the king had seen the lovely Marjory he could not blame Robert for marrying her without the consent of the proper parties, and forgave him, restoring at the time the estates of the Countess of Carrick. As an example to other romantic couples, however, he made Robert pay a heavy fine. Thus, Robert DeBrus became the Lord of Carrick, and his son became the great Robert Bruce, of whom I have already told you something, and shall tell you more.

Alexander III. was in his prime, at peace with the world, blessed with a fair wife and three beautiful children. The nation had before it the prospect of a long and happy succession of sovereigns, when the queen died suddenly in 1274. Prince David soon followed his mother. Princess Margaret, the king's only daughter, was married to Eric of Norway, and Prince Alexander, the heir to the crown, was wedded to the daughter of a Flemish earl. Both of these died in a short time, Alexander leaving no children, and Margaret only an infant daughter. The king was only forty-five, and hoping to have an heir, he married again. He was thrown from his horse and killed a few days after the wedding, and The Maid of Norway, as the little daughter of Eric and Margaret was called, was the sole heir of Malcolm Canmore, and the old line of Celtic kings of Scotland.

In the Lowlands of Scotland, at the time of the death of Alexander III., civilization had gone forward not very rapidly, but surely, since the days of Malcolm Canmore. The great feudal lords had built castles, and at the court of the king there

was some magnificence. There was commerce with other countries, and the Scottish king had an army nearly as well drilled as that of the English king at the same time. In the Highlands, however, the people were nearly as fierce and rude as in the days of Kenneth McAlpin. Indeed some of the chiefs of the clans would not acknowledge that the king had the least right over them, and he could only command obedience by terrorizing their followers by the presence of his army. Thus the Scottish people were still divided into the barbarous and the civilized, and were nearly as different in dress, manners and customs as though they belonged to different countries.

Edward I. of England determined to marry his son to young Margaret, and sent a vessel to Norway to bring the little princess to Scotland. The child died on the voyage, and Scotland was left without a ruler. Edward I. had often solemnly maintained the independence of Scotland, but now called himself the "over lord" of the kingdom, and pretended that he alone had the right to decide who should be the king. A dozen claimants presented themselves, and a dozen tiresome meetings were held in the next twelve months, at which each of the would-be kings presented long-winded arguments to sustain their claim. The contest finally narrowed itself down to Robert Bruce, father of the Lord of Carrick, and John Baliol, both of whom claimed descent from William the Lion, on the female side. After a great show of consulting learned authorities, Edward judged in favor of Baliol, in 1292, and made him do homage for the crown of Scotland, thus confirming all that Edward had claimed in regard to his right to bestow it on whom he would.

When Baliol returned to Scotland he found the people bitter against him because he had done homage to Edward. He was soon brought to realize that in so doing he had made a serious mistake. Upon the most trifling pretexts Edward would summon the Scottish king to England, at all times and seasons. Upon one occasion he was called before the English Parliament to answer to the complaint of the Earl of Fife regarding some lands. The suit had already been decided by the highest courts in Scotland, and the claims of the earl denied. Edward pretended that King John had offended against him in deciding the suit, and harried and insulted him until his patience was exhausted. Furthermore, he demanded that three of the strongest fortresses in Scotland be placed in his hands until King John should do as the English Parliament willed in regard to the lands of the Earl of Fife. This was the last straw in the heavy load of King John, and he resolved that the next time that Edward attempted to show authority over him, he would defy him.

Soon after, Edward went to war with France, and commanded the Scottish king to send him an army to aid him. King John held a parliament, dismissed all the English from the court, joined with France against England, and appointed a committee of twelve noblemen to help him conduct the affairs of the kingdom. Some of the Scottish lords were frightened at this proceeding, and wavering between England and Scotland, supported neither. Others raised bodies of fighting men, and made two raids across the border, while Edward was preparing to march northward. In the spring of 1296, the English king advanced upon Scotland. He took Berwick and killed eight thousand of its people in cold blood. At Dunbar he defeated Baliol, who had now renounced all allegiance to him, and before the Scottish army could recover from the blow, took Edinburgh, Linlithgow and Stirling.

King John never very independent or courageous, had no heart to continue the struggle, and accepting the defeat as final, he was deposed and sent prisoner to



London, and afterward allowed to go abroad, where he lived in peace and comfort for some years as a private gentleman. Edward carried off the coronation chair from the old town of Scone, destroyed every monument of the past greatness of Scotland that he could find, and leaving English soldiers in all the castles that had submitted to him, marched back to England. Many of the Scottish nobles had been thrown into prison, and others had been forced to join the army of the English king, and accompany him to his own kingdom. The government of Scotland was left in the hands of Englishmen, and Edward congratulated himself that the country had been thoroughly conquered.

For many generations Normans, English and Frenchmen had settled in Scotland and became vassals of the king. They had no very strong affection for the country, or they would never have so tamely yielded to the claims of the English king. It was quite different with the Scots who traced their ancestry back to the dim days of legend and song. They resented the slavery of their country most bitterly, and would willingly have died to free it from the yoke of England. Like the Saxon Hereward, in the days of the Norman conquest, many of these chieftains retreated to the woods and wild glens of the North, and determining to be free at all hazard, harassed the English ceaselessly, but accomplished little for their country, because their efforts were separate, and were not under the leadership of any man who could gain the confidence of the whole people.

The English officials were so overbearing that the Scots could scarcely tolerate them. One of these proud officers made use of insulting language to William Wallace, the second son of a Scottish knight. Wallace had refused to acknowledge Edward as the rightful king of Scotland, and that may have had some influence on the tone that the officer used toward him. The wrongs of his country weighed heavily on the mind of Wallace, and feeling that Scotland, as well as himself, was insulted by the haughty Englishman, he struck him dead, and fled to the protection of Sir William Douglas and his brave band, who had taken arms against the English. Wallace was a remarkable man; tall, kingly, and with wonderful strength of mind and body. His voice was full and mellow, and his eloquence moved the hearts of his countrymen, when he fearlessly urged them to arm themselves and fight for their liberty. He went about in the North, reciting in glowing language the past glories of the Scottish race, and the disgrace of submitting to the English, who plundered and killed them as though they were slaves. He declared it a duty to scourge the English from the land, and found thousands eager to obey his bidding.

With a band of bold spirits like himself, he fell upon the English Guardian of the Kingdom, and drove him from the country. Edward was amazed when he heard that Scotland was in rebellion. He would not believe that a man of the people could have a large enough following to cause him any uneasiness, and sent a bishop to frighten the unruly Scots with his curses. The bishop had no opportunity to do as he was bid, for he was chased out of the kingdom as soon as he had set foot in it. Now Edward's wrath was kindled, and he ordered Henry Percy known also as Hotspur, to take forty thousand men, and carry fire and sword into Scotland. Many of the nobles who had joined Wallace, deserted him on the approach of the English army. With a brave force of men from the North of Scotland, Wallace was besieging Dundee. Many of the castles that the English had taken had been reduced, and had been made to surrender to the Scots, and Dundee would soon have fallen. As soon as Wallace heard that Edward's army was about to attack Stirling, he gathered his whole force, forty thousand men, and

marched to the relief of the place. On the 11th of September, 1297, he reached the bridge of Kildcan, spanning the River Forth two miles from the town. He posted his men on some rising ground not far from the end of the bridge, and awaited the English.

When Percy arrived with his army and saw that the Scots had every advantage of ground and position, he offered terms to them. Wallace would listen to no terms, but answered that he would give battle for the liberties of Scotland. Some of the English generals wanted to retreat, but others thought the veteran soldiers would make short work with the untrained forces opposed to them, and were eager for the fray. Two abreast the English began to cross the bridge. The Scots stood perfectly still until five thousand of the enemy had passed. Then Wallace sent a party of his men to the foot of the bridge to prevent the passage of any more of the English, and the rest of his force fell upon the unfortunate thousands in their power, and literally cut them to pieces under the eyes of their countrymen, who could do nothing for their relief, as the narrow bridge was easily held against them, and the river could neither be forded nor swam. The slaughter was so dreadful that a panic seized the English, and they fled.

The Scots followed up their victory, and beat the English out of the country. Edward was in France at the time, and the Scots even penetrated into the northern counties of England, to revenge themselves upon their foes. Wallace was chosen Guardian of the Kingdom, and leader of its armies. Edward made a truce with the French, and in June, 1298, came into Scotland with 80,000 men. Wallace had not enough troops to make a stand against such a large force, so he burned or concealed all of the provisions along the English line of march, and drove off all the cattle, so that the foes should have nothing to eat. At Falkirk Wallace and his little army, through the treachery of some of his pretended friends, was trapped by Edward, and compelled to give battle. Fifteen thousand of the Scots were killed, and Wallace retreated to Stirling. The English followed, and to prevent the town and its stores of provisions from falling into their hands, Wallace burned it to the ground. The patriotic people of Perth fired their homes with their own hands, so that they might not afford shelter to their enemies. Finding no provisions and supplies in the country, Edward was obliged to lead his half-starved army back to England.

Wallace resigned his office of Guardian of the Kingdom after the battle of Falkirk, and John Comyn, the nephew of King John Baliol, was appointed in his stead. Robert Bruce, son of fair Marjory and the Lord of Carrick, was also in arms against Edward, and under the two leaders the Scots for five years more resisted Edward, Wallace all the time doing his duty nobly in the cause of liberty. Sir John Segrave was defeated, and twenty thousand of his men killed. Then Edward in 1303 came again with an overwhelming force, and laid all of the north of Scotland waste. The nobles made submission, and even Comyn and Bruce gave up, but William Wallace would not yield. The king promised to spare his life, but Wallace loved his country too well, to save himself at the expense of his principles. His followers dropped away one by one, but with the stern courage of a dauntless spirit, Wallace sought safety in the Highlands, and defied the king. Edward was now an old man, but he prosecuted the Scottish war with all of the vigor of youth. Stirling Castle surrendered after a most heroic defense, and all of Scotland lay at the feet of Edward. Shelterless, homeless, deserted by all, Wallace was as bold and undismayed in his resistance to the power of Edward as though he still had an army at his back.



Defiant to the last, he was betrayed into the hands of the English and carried to London for trial.

Of course the English Parliament found him guilty of high treason, though he had never taken the oath to Edward. He was barbarously dragged at the tails of wild horses, hanged on a high gallows, ripped open while he was still alive, and torn in pieces after he was dead. This horrible tragedy made a deep impression on Robert Bruce, and inspired him with a bitter and deadly hatred to the English. In 1304 Bruce made an agreement, or "band," as it was called, with a Scottish bishop, who had twice broken the oath of allegiance to England. The "band" was of mutual support against their enemies, but Edward in some way possessed himself of a document in which it was set forth, and summoned Bruce to England to explain what was meant, and whether resistance to the English was what he intended. Before the matter came up for trial, one of Bruce's friends sent him twelve pennies and a pair of spurs. This singular present might not have been understood by another, but Bruce comprehended that it was to convey to him the news that he had been sold to the king, that his life was in danger, and that he must ride back to Scotland with all speed. Bruce was not slow to act on the warning. He turned his horse's shoes so that they would point in the opposite direction from that which he took, and in a blinding snow-storm, fled across the border. At Dumfries, where the English judges were in session, he stopped on business. There he met Comyn, and in the Church of the Grayfriars the two had a conversation. Their talk waxed warm, for it was on the state of the country, and the oppression of King Edward. Comyn said enough to convince Bruce that he was a traitor to Scotland, and that it was he who had betrayed him to Edward. They had a fierce quarrel, in which Bruce stabbed Comyn. He then rushed out and told his friends what he had done, and to make sure of the victim, some of them went into the church, and killed the wounded man. The friends of Bruce then gathered in force, drove the English judges from the kingdom, and in March, 1306, crowned Bruce King of Scotland at Scone, for he was now the only rightful claimant to the crown.

Edward had carried away the royal crown of Scotland and the sacred stone upon which its monarchs had long received it, and there was no descendant of Macduff except one brave woman who was loyal and fearless enough to place the circlet of gold which was made for Bruce, upon his forehead according to the old usage, yet he was nevertheless made king, and the gallant hearts of the noble Scots rose up toward him. You may be sure that Edward of England raved and raged against the Scots when he heard of it. He made a great feast to which the knights and nobles of the kingdom were assembled. In the midst of it he had two white swans richly decked out with gold net-work, brought in and placed before him, then he made a solemn vow to God and the swans to beat the Scots into obedience and to punish their outbreak without mercy. He declared that every Scot taken in arms against him should be hanged, and that he would terribly avenge the murder of John Comyn. There were many of Comyn's relatives and friends who joined Edward's army, and the new king was deserted by some of the very people who had sworn to be true to him to the last drop of their blood. His own wife even taunted him with being a "summer king," though let us say to her credit she did not desert him in his danger, when he was defeated by the English under Pembroke at Methven, and was compelled to fly to the desolate wilds of the Highlands. He remained with a few brave followers and their wives in the northern forests for many months, living on the game of the woods.

Finally Bruce escaped to the islands that had been a haven of refuge to Donald Bane, and which were then under the rule of a gallant and loyal chieftain, Angus MacDonald. Bruce had left his wife and the most of his friends in safe hiding in Scotland, and fearing that should he remain in the territory of Lord Angus of The Isles, King Edward would bring his army against his friend, and cause him great loss and suffering, he hid himself in a wild and desolate island off the coast of Ireland, which was inhabited by a few fishermen and hunters of the clan of MacDonald. Bruce remained there in hiding all the winter of 1306, while his friends in Scotland were sought out by the English and fearfully punished. His wife and daughter were taken to England and placed in separate gloomy prisons, though they had done nothing whatever to deserve such a fate. There they remained eight long years. The high-souled loyal Countess of Fife, the descendant of MacDuff, who had placed the crown on the head of Bruce, was chained in a dungeon on the top of the castle of Berwick, and many of the true Scots who had rallied around their king, Robert Bruce, were hanged, drawn, quartered and burned by the old King Edward, while Bruce's brother Nigel, and a friend who had rescued him from death at the battle of Methven, were most cruelly executed. Edward would not spare those of his own blood who had taken Bruce's part, though he did grant them the privilege of being hanged on gallows fifty feet high, an honor with which I have no doubt they would have gladly dispensed.

For Bruce, himself, Edward would have had scant mercy, though try as he would, he could not lay hands upon him nor find where he was hiding. He declared him guilty of every crime under the sun, and the Pope solemnly cursed him and called upon all good Christians to refuse him aid and comfort, and even went out of his way to make his curse more terrific than usual. When spring came again, hope sprang anew in the heart of gallant Robert Bruce who, in his lonely isle, had his spirit nourished by visions of freedom for his dear country. He secretly made his way to the Isle of Arran, waiting an opportunity to cross over to the mainland. He had some faithful friends in Carrick, his earldom, and with them he agreed to come over to Scotland when he should see from his hiding place in Arran a fire burning on the beach. The fire would be a signal that the Earl Percy, who was in the castle of Tunbury with a force of English, might be safely attacked. Bruce was not alone in Arran. His gallant brother Edward, and many a stout Scot were with him, and one night they were rejoiced to see the signal-fire, and crossed over and landed near the castle of Tunbury. They were greatly disappointed to find that the fire was accidental, that Percy had many men in the castle, and that the friends of Scottish liberty were almost in despair. Bruce was half in favor of leaving the country again, but Edward, his brother, declared anything was better than hiding about as they had been doing so long. The followers of the fugitive king were hastily summoned, and the English left Tunbury in haste and returned to England. James Douglas had been with Bruce in most of his wanderings, and a price was set on his head as a traitor. A force of English held his castle and the neighborhood about it. Douglas made a sudden swoop down upon his stronghold with some devoted followers, captured the castle, killed every Englishman in it, mingled with their bloody corpses the large stock of provisions and war stores that the English had collected there, and setting fire to it that it might not again fall into the hands of his enemies, retreated in haste. The dead bodies were roasted and the castle burned to ashes, and to this day the people of Scotland call the deed "Douglas' larder." It is said that the



followers of Douglas approached the castle by night on all fours so that the watchers on the towers might take them for cattle, covering their backs with their long cloaks to add to their delusion, and thus surprised the castle, arriving under its very walls before they were detected.

Bruce had many narrow escapes and many romantic adventures before the English were finally driven from Scotland. At one time he was chased by bloodhounds, and he escaped so many dangers in such a marvelous manner that the people began to believe firmly that heaven had decreed that he should succeed, and flocked to his standard in great numbers. In battle Bruce was a brave and skillful leader, and beat the English again and again. The aged English king had been for twenty years at war with the Scots, and he could not bear to be defeated at last. Old and sick, he finally took the field himself, making his son swear that should he die his bones should never be buried until the Scots were subdued. He had to be carried in a litter, but when he came in sight of the rugged hills of the border, he mounted his steed and rode forward. His strength failed and he died, bitter against Scotland to the last moment. Edward II. was not the man to succeed against Bruce, and after eight years of steady fighting, conquering now the English and now the hostile lords of Scotland, Bruce was firmly fixed on the throne of Scotland. Edward II. did not, however, give up the struggle, though Stirling and two other strongholds were the only castles on Scottish ground that his forces still held in the year 1314. Bruce knew that as long as the English held Stirling he was not the real master of the country, so he determined to attack it. He sent word to the keeper of the castle, Sir Philip Mowbray, and told him what he intended. Sir Philip begged him to give him a certain number of days, and if the castle was not relieved by the English within that time he would surrender it. Edward II. hastened to the relief of the garrison with an immense force. It is said that there were a hundred thousand men in his army, all skilled in war, and many of them veterans of his father's time; (and Edward I., as you know, was one of the most renowned warriors of Europe). Bruce could only gather about thirty thousand men, unskilled except in the wild Highland warfare, and not the equal in training of the English archers. Only five hundred of his soldiers were mounted, while Edward had several thousand cavalry. Bruce, while he was waiting the number of days to pass that he had agreed upon with Mowbray, gathered his army four miles from Stirling, and made preparations for the battle which he knew must be fought and which he believed would decide whether Scotland was to be a free kingdom or to be governed by England. The ground about Stirling was a sort of Park, for the castle had often been used by the kings as a residence, and the approach to it from the border was swampy. There was a little brook or "burn," as they call them in Scotland, running to the east of Stirling, which has high rocky banks not easy to ascend, and here one wing of Bruce's army was placed. To the left of the Scottish army was an open bare space which Bruce prepared for the reception of the English by planting in it pointed stakes, the points upward and lightly covered with earth. Balls with sharp-pointed spikes were also scattered plentifully about, and when the English cavalry should attempt to cross this open space their horses would be lamed or thrown to the ground. On the twenty-third of June, Bruce learned that the English were near at hand. He called his troops together, and in a short speech to them, told all who were not prepared to conquer their foes or die for Scotland to depart, to return to their homes. There were men there assembled who thought of hearthstones desecrated by the English, of homes

laid in ashes, of brothers slain, and women and children brutally used, and they set their lips together and listened in silence until Bruce had finished. We can imagine them, then, the barelegged Highlanders, the more martial Lowlanders, and the half-naked men of the Isles, lifting up one loud and deep shout, "Scotland forever!" and waiting the orders of their king. Those orders were soon given. The servants of the camp, of whom there were several hundred, were sent back to a hill in the rear of the army. A select body of horsemen were by the side of the king. Bruce's nephew, Thomas Randolph, who had once been his bitter enemy, but now his devoted friend, was charged with the duty of keeping the English from making a circuit to the east and entering the castle. This brave soldier who is also known as Earl of Moray, did not see that a body of English, under Lord Clifford, had made a wide circle and was attempting to gain the castle, until the king pointed it out, and said in a tone of gentle reproof: "Ah Randolph, there is a rose fallen from thy garland." Then Randolph dashed forward at the head of his men and engaged the enemy. Randolph had long been at bitter enmity with the gallant Douglas, but when that warlike Scot saw that the English were about to overwhelm Randolph, he begged Bruce to allow him to go to his aid. When he came nearer he saw that Randolph was gaining a little on his foe, and like the generous man that he was, would not allow his men to aid him, saying that it was not right to rob Randolph of the glory of the victory.

When the English came nearer and saw the small number of the Scots, they were confident of victory. When Edward saw the Scottish army kneel he cried out that they were seeking mercy, but one of his own knights told him that they were indeed, but that it was the mercy of God, and not of the king of England, for the Scots had knelt to receive the blessing of a good abbott of the army. The trumpets were sounded and the English rushed down on the foe. The chargers of the English fell on the sharp stakes, and the Scots cut their riders down without mercy. Bruce watched the horrible scene until the proper moment had arrived for mixing in it, then turning to Angus MacDonald, the man who had been his friend through all the troublous years when he was a hunted fugitive, he looked an instant into his steadfast eyes. "My hope is constant in thee," he said, and that was the voice of the souls of both those loyal friends. Then at the head of the horsemen he had held in reserve, he dashed into the fray. Upon his helmet he wore a coronet of gold, which marked him out to his own men as well as to the enemy. One stalwart English knight seeing that King Robert was but slight and rode but a small steed, rode out against the king full tilt, intending to bear him down with the weight of his own great charger. Bruce awaited the oncoming, but at the instant when the two would otherwise have collided, he swerved his little horse aside, and with a stroke at the English knight in passing, laid him dead at his feet. Soon the English were flying defeated from the fatal field. As they fled, the servants of the camp on the hill raised horse-blankets on poles, and thinking that this was a force in ambush, the panic in the English ranks became greater. The waters of the Bannock-burn were red with the blood of the slain and the air heavy with the groans of the dying when the gallant English Gloucester, who had seen King Edward to a place of safety, cried, "It is not my custom to flee from an enemy," and turning his horse toward the Scots, rushed back upon their spears, choosing rather to die with his face to the foe than to seek safety as a coward. Sir Giles de Argentine, too, uttered his war cry, and dashed among the Scottish spears, and many a gallant veteran of Edward's wars gloried with his last breath on that bloody field that he had died as became a brave man rather than live



routed and disgraced by the hated Scots. The "Scots who had wi' Wallace bled," gave thanks to the Lord of Hosts in the solemn hour of victory, and in their hearts the battle shout became "Liberty or Death," the desire of every earnest patriot since love of country has spurred man to deeds of daring.

In spite of Bannock-burn, Edward was not willing to give up Scotland. He still held Berwick, and hoped to regain what he had lost. Of course, in a quarrel of any kind between kings, the Pope must take a hand, and he sent a written curse to "Robert Bruce, Governor of Scotland," which King Robert very properly refused to receive. The priests who brought the document were rudely handled by some Scottish highwaymen, and were glad to escape with their lives. Soon after this Berwick was captured by the Scots, and through the bravery of gallant Walter Stuart, ancestor of the House of Stuart, it was held against the English. Then Bruce returned with interest upon the English the system of plunder and misery with which they had so long afflicted Scotland. Douglas, Randolph, and other Scottish chieftains, ravaged the border counties with fire and sword, and the name of Douglas especially became such a bugbear that the mothers were accustomed to threaten naughty children with "Black Douglas." After a raid into Westmoreland, in which the Scots carried away great treasure in grain, cattle and valuables, Edward came to the conclusion that he would better make a truce with the Scots for two years, that is, agree that neither side should commit any act against the other for that length of time. This period was occupied by King Robert in settling certain affairs, such as who should rule after him in Scotland and making laws for the protection of his kingdom and his people. Edward Bruce had been killed in Ireland in the meantime, and Robert Bruce, grandson of the king, whose mother was also dead, was declared his heir, though a birth of a son to the king afterward, rendered his title of no value.

After the truce was over Edward II. renewed the war, but the English being again severely beaten in July, 1327, a peace was made in 1328, and Joanna of England, sister of the English king, was married to David, Prince of Scotland, though both were but infants. Bruce had passed many years of hardship, and had eaten poor food, and been exposed to the severe climate of Scotland and the Isles until his constitution was wrecked. He was attacked with a kind of leprosy and died in the year 1329 at the age of fifty-five. Faithful Douglas was with him to the last, and to him Robert entrusted a mission. He had made a vow that when he was free from the English wars, he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but his strength failed so rapidly that the journey was impossible. To Douglas he gave the duty of carrying his heart to Palestine when his body was cold in death, and commending his infant son David, to the care of the faithful chief, he peacefully breathed his last. I must tell you that Douglas set out with the precious charge for the Holy Land, but hearing on the way that Alphonse of Spain, was at war with the Moors, he stopped to aid him. In a battle with the Saracens, Douglas attempted to rescue a knight who was fighting against great odds, and was killed. The followers of Douglas brought Bruce's heart back to Scotland, and it was buried in Melrose Abbey while the body of Douglas was buried, too, in Scottish soil, in the tomb of his great ancestors.

Thomas Randolph, the nephew of King Robert, was chosen to govern Scotland until little David should be of age, but he died after a short time, and Scotland fell upon evil days. You no doubt remember John Baliol, who once thought himself



equal to ruling Scotland, but proved wholly unequal to the task, and who lived many years in France. When he died he left a son, Edward Baliol, who now claimed the Scottish crown in spite of the fact that little David had been crowned. David and his queen were being brought up in France, and Walter Stuart, the husband of Marjory Bruce, was chosen regent in place of Randolph, who was dead. Edward Baliol got together a large force and seized the government of Scotland, and to gain the friendship of England was even more slavish to King Edward III. than his father had been to Edward I. He reckoned without the brave Scottish lords who had once solemnly declared that as dearly as they loved Robert Bruce, and as well as they had served him,

should he attempt to yield their liberty to England, they would hurl him from the throne. They were not disposed to deal very gently with the selfish son of cowardly John Baliol, and he soon found to his sorrow that the spirit of liberty still lived in Scotland. There were many dreadful battles and sieges, but I will only tell you of the bravery of a woman who was called "Black Agnes of Dunbar." She was the daughter of Thomas Randolph, and the wife of the Earl of March. In 1337 her castle of Dunbar was surrounded and besieged by the English in the absence of her husband. Agnes had little fear of the enemy, so little that every day she walked calmly about the walls of the castle in plain view and caused her maidens to wipe the stones of the battlements with their handkerchiefs when a stone from the English engines struck them, in order to show her contempt for the besiegers. She jeered at the English and beat them off at every point, and conducted the defense with such skill that the English saw the only way of subduing her was to starve the garrison into surrender. This they tried to do, but one dark night a bold Scottish chieftain sailed up the stream near Dunbar castle with a little vessel and unseen by the enemy, delivered to the Countess of Dunbar enough food to last the defenders of the castle a long time. Black Agnes defended the castle for five months, then the English retreated.

The knight who had relieved the wants of the garrison of Dunbar was Alexander Ramsay, and he was one of the heroes of those times. So many services did he perform for the country that when David came back from France to reign over his kingdom, he made him the Governor of Roxburgh.

This so angered another fierce Lord who wanted Roxburgh himself that he set upon Sir Alexander one day, wounded him severely and carried him away to a gloomy castle. There he threw him into a dungeon where he died of starvation and the pain of his wound. The times were so troublesome that King David did not dare to punish the cowardly murderer, but actually gave him Roxburgh. Indeed poor Scotland was in a miserable state of desolation from its long wars, and to add to her miseries famine and disease so devastated the country that the poor died by the thousands and some of the people, it is said, ate human flesh to still the cravings of hunger.

David Bruce was only eighteen years old when he returned to Scotland to become in reality, as he was in name, its king. He had been brought up abroad, and



was exceedingly fond of enjoying himself, though he was brave when aroused. He had not been long king, when he resolved to invade England. He persisted, against the advice of his experienced lords, in attacking a large force of English near one of the border castles, and as a natural result was defeated and captured by the enemy. He was carried captive to London along with many of his faithful chieftains, some of whom lost their lives through the anger of Edward III., who pretended that they were traitors because they had refused to aid their lawful king, Edward Baliol, to hold his throne. David remained in prison in London eight years, the Steward of Scotland, who by the will of Robert Bruce, was the next heir to the Scottish crown, ruling Scotland in the king's absence. Then the king of England promised to release him on the payment of a large sum of money. It seems that David Bruce, to secure his freedom, had privately agreed with Edward III., who had bought off Baliol and made him resign his claim to Scotland, to pay homage for the Scottish crown. To find out how the Scottish people would receive the idea, Edward III. allowed David to make a visit to Scotland. It is hardly necessary to say that the people would not consent to any such arrangement, and David, willingly enough I am afraid, went back to his English prison, where it is almost certain he plotted with the English king to deliver Scotland over to England. After three years more, Edward III. released David upon the promise of the Scottish nation to pay even a larger sum for his ransom than they had at first agreed.

The thrifty Scots were soon sorry enough of their bargain. They were making themselves poor in pocket on account of a king, who, they soon discovered, cared vastly more for England and his English friends, than he did for the country his father had fought and suffered to make free. He was constantly returning to England to visit Edward, and actually proposed, that since he had no children, Lionel, the son of Edward III., should be declared the heir of the Scottish crown. You may be sure that the Scots were disgusted at the proposal, and told David that Robert Bruce had made the Steward of Scotland his heir in case David should die without children, and that this same Steward was a brave and true-hearted man. They also declared that they and their fathers had not fought and suffered all these years in order to grant England what England could not wring from them by force. Soon after this foolish attempt, David did something even more unwise. His wife Joanna had been dead some time, and having fallen violently in love with a lady by the name of Margaret Logie, a lady who was none too good, if we are to believe what is said of her, he married her against the advice of his counsel, and at her request, or by her scheming, it is not certain which, the good Steward of Scotland and his son were thrown into prison where they remained for many years.

The father of this Margaret Logie had been executed because he had made an attempt upon the life of Robert Bruce, the father of David, whose name the Scottish people honored and loved, and it is no wonder that they hated the new queen, and were disgusted with David. After awhile David quarreled with his wife and was divorced from her, but as long as he lived he never ceased to scheme with Edward III. to deliver the kingdom of Scotland to an English heir.

In the year 1371 Scotland was freed from the rule of David, who died in the forty-seventh year of his life and the forty-fifth of his disgraceful reign. Throughout all the time that he had been king of Scotland, in name, as well as in fact, the loyal Scottish people had sacrificed money, life and property for his sake, and in the whole period he never did a single worthy act. He was a dishonorable, vicious and capri-

cious king, and that he was not personally a coward, is the only thing that can be said in his favor.

I told you that there was an old prophecy that declared that a son of Banquo should be the father of kings, and it used to be said that the Steward of Scotland, who now became king, was a descendant of France, though some historians deny it and say that he was descended from the Fitz-Alans, a Norman family of England. At any rate the Steward of Scotland who had suffered in field and prison for the liberties of his beloved land, became king of Scotland in his old age, and founder of the unhappy House of Steward, or as it is usually called Stuart, of whom you have already learned something in the story of England. During his reign, another Douglas, a descendant of that great Scottish chieftain, who had been the friend of William Wallace and of Bruce, grievously harassed the border counties of England. Edward III. died and was followed on the English throne by Richard II., the son of the valiant Black Prince. This Douglas was slain by Hotspur Percy, though in the battle on that occasion both the Percys, father and son were made prisoners by the Scots. To tell the story of the reign of the Steward, or as he is called in history, Robert II., the first of the Stuart monarchs, is to repeat the story of Scottish raid and English invasion, that for so many years made the northern counties of England and the southern counties of Scotland a great battlefield. Nineteen years Robert II. sat on the throne of Scotland, a worthy descendant of Robert Bruce, then he passed away and his son was made king, with the title of Robert III. It was in the year 1389 that he became king, and soon after he made a truce with England. Robert III. was weak in mind and body, and utterly unfit to occupy a throne. He was suspicious of everybody, and allowed his son David, the Earl of Rothesay, to be murdered by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, the king's brother. The great lords of Scotland fought and quarreled constantly, and the weak king could not bring them into submission.

During the reign of Robert II., Richard II., of England, lost his crown and his life, and Henry IV., called Bolingbroke, became King of England. The truce between Scotland and England was broken, and both countries suffered again the miseries of war. In 1405 the king who had bitterly repented the folly that had lost to him his eldest son, became anxious to provide James, his only remaining son, with some safe retreat, where he could be educated, and would at the same time be out of the reach of his cruel uncle, the Duke of Albany, who had schemed to murder him so that there would be nothing in the way of his becoming king when his brother, the weak Robert, now an old man, should be no more. The king accordingly placed little James, who was then only eleven years old, on board ship for France. Contrary winds drove the vessel near to the English coast, where it was captured, and James carried captive to the Tower of London. About the same time in a fight between several of the great Scottish lords, some of the king's best friends were killed. Poor old Robert III. was crushed to earth by these disasters, and only lived a year afterward, dying in the year 1406.

The wicked Duke of Albany had been the Prime Minister of Robert II. and Robert III., and from the death of the latter to the close of his own life was ruler of Scotland with the title of regent. It is said by some historians that Richard II. was not killed in prison in England, as was commonly supposed, but escaped in disguise to Scotland where he was discovered by some of the followers of the Duke of Albany who captured and took him to the castle of Stirling. There the Duke held him prisoner,



and by threats of releasing him, giving him an army and aiding him to regain the English throne induced Henry IV. to hold little James prisoner. At any rate James remained in prison in England but he was treated as a prince, educated in all the accomplishments of the day, and grew up a wise, valiant and brave man. When the Duke of Albany died, and his son Murdach Stuart became regent, Scotland was in a sad state from the selfish and vicious acts of his father. Murdach cared very little for the honor of being regent of Scotland though he held it for five years. Sometimes it is a trifling thing that determines great events, and I will tell you how it happened that James Stuart at last gained his liberty after a captivity of nineteen years.

In those days, as I have told you in the story of Germany, bird-catching was a favorite sport with knights and nobles, and hawks, or falcons as they were called, were trained for the purpose. It happened, so runs the tale, that Murdach Stuart had a falcon that he prized highly and his son Walter, a wild, disobedient young man who thought he would one day rule Scotland as his grandfather had done and his father was doing, teased Murdach to give him the hawk. Murdach refused and one day Walter in a fit of anger siezed the bird as it sat on his father's wrist and wrung its neck. Murdach in a rage declared that as his son had shown that he had no respect nor obedience for him, he would bring some one into Scotland who would subdue his proud temper. Thereupon he began arrangements with England which resulted in a few weeks in the return of James Stuart to his kingdom.

James was as brave as Robert Bruce himself, and no sooner came back to Scotland than he determined to bring affairs into order. He was married to an English lady and at once set about bringing the haughty nobles to terms. The regent Murdach and the whole house of Albany, notwithstanding that the king was very nearly related to it, was punished for the part it had taken in the death of his brother and his own imprisonment. Many of the nobles were executed and the king then turned his attention to the Highland chieftains who defied his authority. These Highland chieftains were many of them robbers and the Lords of the isles had for some times considered themselves independent of the King of Scotland and as pirates had caused great misery along the Scottish coast. James dealt sharply with them and soon subdued them. In all these things it was but natural that though he was doing all in his power for Scotland, James I. should make bitter enemies. Every relative of a man executed for treason or other crimes was secretly enraged against the king.

It seems that one of the Scottish Lords, Sir Robert Grahame, had come into the possession of crown lands that James took back and gave the young Robert Grahame the earldom of Monteith in stead. The earl had an uncle, Sir Robert Grahame who hated the king because, when he returned to his kingdom Grahame had been arrested with other lords and kept in prison for some time. The fierce old noble retreated to the fastness of the wild Highlands and from his hiding place sent a letter to king James I. telling him that he hated him and meant to kill him. The King then offered a reward for the arrest of Grahame. James' uncle Walter Athole, wanted that his grandson, Robert Stuart, should have the crown of Scotland, and he and Robert therefore secretly joined with Grahame and plotted to murder the king. James had always treated Robert Stuart with great kindness, and employed him as his chamberlain, but this had no effect on the ungrateful Stuart, if indeed history gives an account of any of the Stuarts, who were grateful. In 1437 James went to Perth to spend Christmas and his court went with him. This was the opportunity of the plotters.

About six weeks after Christmas, in February of the year 1437, the king entertained the traitor Athole and Robert Stuart at supper and was about retiring to rest when three hundred men were let into his residence by Robert Stuart. Katherine Douglas with the loyalty of her great ancestor, rushed to the door of the queen's apartment, where the king was, and tried to keep out the intruders. There was no bar to the door, but there were great iron staples driven in at each side of the door-frame, probably some of the plotters had removed the bar of iron that usually rested there. At any rate Katherine shut the door, and thrusting her white arm through the staples, bravely held the door shut until the king had concealed himself. The blows of the soldiers shattered the frail barrier, and at last the heroic girl, bruised and bleeding, was forced to give them entrance. They came in, but the king was nowhere to be found. He had raised a trap-door in the floor, and was safely hidden beneath it. The followers of Grahame were searching the other parts of the dwelling, and fearing that they would return and discover him, the king was being assisted from his hiding-place, when two brothers named Hall came into the room. They at once sprang upon the king, but he beat them down. Grahame heard the noise of the fighting, and came to the assistance of the brothers and killed the king with his own hand. He at once fled to the Highlands, but the queen caused such hot pursuit to be made that he and the other plotters were taken. They were executed with horrible tortures, but that did not restore to Scotland her murdered king, and now that he was no more, the nation realized what he had done for it and what he would have done had he been spared, and revered him almost as much as they did Robert Bruce.

After the execution of the plotters Queen Joanna, the widow of James I., took her little son James, who was only eight years old, and who had succeeded to the crown of his murdered father, and fled with him to the castle of one of the lords in whom her husband had trusted. This nobleman promptly imprisoned them both. After a time the queen, who was not very closely watched, escaped and carried her little son with her in one of her chests of clothing. There was a knight called "The Black Knight of Lorne," James Stuart, who was related to the young king. Joanna thought by marrying him she would have a protector for her son, but the little king's troubles were not thus ended.

Sir William Crichton obtained possession of the person of the queen, her second husband, and the little king. Crichton was the lord to whom Joanna had at first fled, and he had a rival in Livingstone, another noble, who had been trusted by James I. These two nobles quarreled with one another for some time, but finally came to an agreement, but the king still remained almost a prisoner at Edinburg castle. I have told you in the course of this story something of the family of Douglas, and how they supported the kings of Scotland. The Earls of Douglas were the most powerful nobles in the kingdom, and held the position of nearly independent princes. They numbered forty thousand men among their dependents, and were rich in lands and castles. In the year 1539 Earl Archibald Douglas died, and his son William, a mere lad, only fourteen years old, became the Earl of Douglas. He was proud of his rank, wealth and power, and made a great display of them all. He was so young that he does not seem to have realized the danger in which he placed himself from the other great Scottish nobles, and especially of Crichton and Livingstone. His followers were not always law-abiding and orderly, and oppressed their neighbors, winning for themselves hearty ill-will. Crichton and Livingstone made every impru-



dence of his followers rest upon Douglas, but gave the lad no opportunity of learning what their mind was toward him. Under the pretense that he wished Douglas, who was near the king's age, to become better acquainted with the young monarch, he invited sir William, his young brother David and another lad, to Edinburg castle. Naturally enough, the boys were flattered by the attention of Crichton, and went willingly to Edinburg, where they were lodged in the castle.

Instead of being seated at the royal table for supper upon their arrival, they were placed in another room. There a black bull's head was brought before them, and the poor boys looked into one another's eyes in mute terror. They knew what this strange signal meant. It indicated that they were to be killed, for in the Highlands, since the earliest days, when a black bull's head was brought before a guest, he knew that his entertainer had determined upon his death. They had not long to wait their doom. They were dragged from the room, brought before some of Crichton's creatures who pretended to try them, and were then and there sentenced to death. They were executed at once in the castle yard.

There was still a Douglas left, but Crichton knew he had nothing to fear from him, for he was an immensely fat, slothful glutton, who cared nothing for the past glory of the great name of Douglas, nor for the dreadful murder that had been done. There was another Douglas, too, but as she was a maiden, the plotter of the death of young Sir William and his brother did not count upon her. Her name was Margaret, and she was so lovely and noble in heart and mind that she was known far and wide as "The Fair Maid of Galloway." The fat old earl had a son with all the spirit of Black Douglas and his other great ancestors. He was young, but not too young, to see the opportunity of restoring the power of Douglas by uniting the two branches of the Douglas House. He at once married The Fair Maid of Galloway, and the House of Douglas, which had before been two divisions, was now one and more powerful than ever, for the fat old Earl died soon after the marriage, and the husband of Margaret became the Douglas.

When the king was fourteen years old, and Crichton and Livingstone had been for six years in power. James II. declared himself able to rule, and the regency of the two powerful lords was dissolved, though James still took the advice of Crichton on most subjects. Douglas came to court and won the complete confidence of the king, whereupon Crichton and Livingstone fled and shut themselves up in castles, but were made to surrender by Douglas himself. Crichton was pardoned, but Livingstone, whom Crichton hated cordially, was imprisoned, his two sons were beheaded and his estates ruined. Douglas gained greater and greater favor for himself and his brothers, and the former power of his House was as nothing compared to what he raised it by the favor of James II. He only enjoyed that favor for a few years, then Crichton caused his downfall.

James II., after Douglas had several times lost favor and regained it, invited the lord to visit him in Edinburg, solemnly swearing that no harm should befall him, and stamping the written oath with the great seal of the kingdom. He entertained his guest at dinner, and afterward led him into a room and began to persuade him to give up his "band" or agreement to aid and be aided by certain nobles. Douglas replied that he had passed his sacred promise, and could not do so. James II. snatched a dagger from his girdle and struck Douglas dead. The brothers of Earl Douglas and the whole Douglas clan at once arose against the king, but after a most gallant struggle the clan was driven from Scotland for the time, and all the Douglas brothers

but one lost their lives. That one returned to Scotland long afterward, and died in a monastery.

In 1460 James II. determined to retake Roxburgh, which had been in possession of England since David II. was a prisoner in London. With this purpose he laid siege to the castle, but was killed by the bursting of a shell from one of his siege guns. The king had married Mary of Gueldres, and she appeared before the castle and continued the siege until Roxburgh surrendered.

As the early years of his father had been surrounded by plots and treasons, so the childhood of young James III. was a time of conspiracies of which he was the unconscious center. He grew up without the training suitable for a king, and early fell into trouble with his nobles. His two brothers, the Earl of Mar and the Earl of Albany, plotted against him, and because they were brave, warlike, noble in looks and manner, the king became eager to get them out of his way. Both were imprisoned. The Duke of Albany escaped to Flanders, but the young Earl of Mar was put to death. This was when James III. was twenty-two years old and had developed the vices of his character. He had no love for out-door sports and war-like exercises, and his two bosom friends were one a tailor and the other a mason, both designing and unscrupulous persons. In 1482 the English threatened to invade Scotland, and James called for his lords to bring their followers and help defend their country. The Scots assembled their men near the border, but when the mason richly dressed and splendidly attended was sent to command them, they refused to stir. They hanged the mason, executed the other favorites of James, and finally imprisoned the king himself. Albany thought this a good time to return to Scotland and claim the crown, but it was almost certain that he had made some bargain to deliver the independence of Scotland to the English, and the Scots refused to have him for their leader. James was given his liberty and made Albany his dearest friend, but their friendship did not last long. Albany began to plot again with the English, and finally gave up his castle of Dunbar to an English garrison and fled to the court of Richard III., who was now king of England, and thence to France.

James III. was so fond of money that he would do almost anything to get it. He sold offices and honors and even justice, and at last his lords became so disgusted that they plotted to take the throne from him. James learned of their plots, but had not the courage to arrest the ring-leaders. Instead of so doing he fled to the North. The lords then proclaimed the crown prince, a lad of sixteen, as king, with the title James VI., and advanced with an army against the old king, who had raised a small force in the North. The troops of the old king were defeated, and James III. fled from the field and took refuge in the cottage of a laborer. There he was found and stabbed to death by one of his son's men. Thus the third Stuart king of the name of James, died of violence, as did the two of the same name who came before him.

James IV. was crowned at Scone with great splendor in 1487, and his court was one of the most brilliant in Europe. After a time he married the daughter of Henry VII., and thus secured lasting peace with England. He had a fine fleet on the seas, and so brought Scotland into order that he was respected at home and abroad. When Perkin Warbeck, who may or may not have been the Duke of York, supposed to have been murdered by Richard III., of whom I have told you made trouble for Henry VII. in England, it was James IV. who received him and gave him a bride, though he afterward deserted his cause and dismissed him from Scotland. Henry VIII. had hardly ascended the throne of England before he was quarreling with

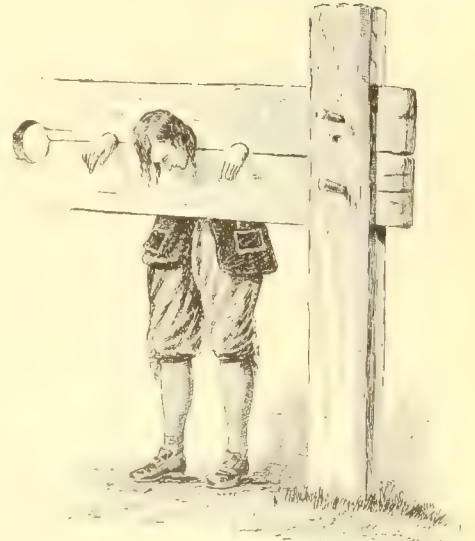


James IV., and the quarrel resulted in war. After some skirmishing on the border, in which the Scots were defeated, James summoned his whole strength of fighting men to invade England. They came and marched into the Northern counties and took several castles. In one of them James captured a beautiful woman, who was another man's wife. James, too, had a wife, but that made no difference with him, and instead of going forward against the English, he remained enjoying the society of his fair captive until many of his men deserted and went back to Scotland. Finally he heard that the English were approaching, and in February, 1437, (and February, you notice, was a fatal month to most of the Stuarts,) James fought a great battle with the English on Flodden Hill, in which the Scots were defeated. After this battle James IV. was never seen more. Whether

he fell fighting in the front rank of his men, where he was last noticed in the evening of the day of the battle of Flodden, or whether he escaped and wandered a penitent pilgrim to the Holy Land, doing penance for the death of his father and for the fall of his army, will never be certainly known, though the best historians of Scotland declare that he fell in battle and that his body was buried in the monastery of Sheen, in Richmond. At all events he was the only monarch of Scotland since the days of Malcolm III., who fell in battle, if he was indeed slain at Flodden field.

James left a little son, and the Duke of Albany, son of the Duke who had been banished by James III., was called over from France, where he had lived nearly all his life, to be regent for the young king. The queen had at first been made regent, but she married the Earl of Angus the year after the death of the king, and was deposed. Albany did not love the Scottish people. He had lived so long in France that he was French in education and manners. The harsh Scottish speech was hateful to his ears, the simple Scottish manners seemed boorish to him. He could make no headway against the quarrels and turmoil of the kingdom, and again and again crossed over to France to be rid of them. After eight troubled years, he gave up the regency. The Earl of Angus, who had left the kingdom when the Duke of Albany became regent, came back, and under the name of guardian to the young king, became his jailer. He and the officers he appointed made the king sign every paper they brought to him, and when James became a man he remembered it against them, and revenged himself. Indeed he showed a hatred to the nobles, and would appoint them to no offices if he could avoid it. The Reformation was spreading over Europe, and as James seemed to have an undue fondness for placing priests in office, the nobles, to oppose the king and the priests, espoused the Reformation with all their might. Without being clever enough to see that by so doing they were playing directly into the hands of the nobles, the priests persecuted Protestants unsparingly. Through the Parliament, in which there was a majority of Catholics, they made it a crime to own or read Luther's books, or preach Calvinism, and soon began to burn and torture heretics. The king in person presided at some of the horrible executions.

Henry VIII. was burning both Catholics and Protestants in England, and was eager to have James marry Princess Mary, of England, and make himself the head



The Pilgrim



MARY STUART AND FRANCIS II.

the heart of the king. He gradually sank under the weight of the disgrace, and died in 1542, leaving his kingdom to Mary Stuart, his baby daughter, who was then but a week old.

The plotters who, like evil fairies, ever hung about the cradle of the Stuart sovereigns, were busy in the infancy of Mary. The young queen grew into a beautiful childhood, and Henry was determined that she should marry his son Edward. The Scottish Parliament, influenced by Cardinal Beaton, rejected Henry's proposal, for they knew that it voiced the old determination of England to possess the Kingdom of Scotland. It may be that the words of James when he learned that little Mary had been born to him came into their mind. "God's will be done," said the dying king. "The kingdom came to the Stuart's through a lass, and it will end through a lass."

Henry then made war upon Scotland with great ferocity, but little Mary was betrothed by the council to the heir to the French throne and sent away to France

of the Scottish Church, as he had made himself of the English Church. James would not follow the wishes of Henry, but kept the friendship of the Pope, and married a French princess. She died in a few months, and he married Mary of Guise, another French princess, made an alliance with France, and began to persecute the Protestants with renewed energy. Henry VIII. was deeply offended, and upon the first excuse that offered, declared war. The king gave the command of his forces to Oliver Sinclair, a common man, who was to take charge of the army when it was across the border. The choice of the commander had been kept secret from the nobles, who confidently expected that the honor would be given to one of their number. When they found that Sinclair had the command, they began to quarrel fiercely with him and his friends, and while so doing were surprised by a body of English cavalry, and many of them imprisoned, while the others were routed. This disaster, known in history as the "Panic of Solway Moss," broke



to be brought up in the family of her father-in-law, and the war was allowed to languish. Cardinal Beaton continued to persecute the Protestants so inhumanly that he was finally murdered, though this did not prevent Mary of Guise, who was made the regent of the kingdom for her daughter, from persecuting them still more inhumanly. Frenchmen were given all the offices of honor and trust in the kingdom, and even the castles, which had for centuries been the property of the great Scottish lords, were coveted by the queen regent who wished to fill them with French soldiers. It is said that the queen asked the consent of the Earl of Angus to place a French garrison in one of his castles. At the moment the earl was feeding a falcon that sat on his wrist. He struck the bird a blow with his fist, and said as though to the hawk, "The devil is in the greedy kite; she will never be satisfied." To the queen he then courteously replied that he could keep his castle for her use far better than could any foreigners. Three hundred of the lords came before the regent and declared that they could defend their country, and needed no foreigners, and Mary of Guise was compelled to give up the plan. Soon afterward Mary Queen of Scots was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France.

All this time the Presbyterian nobles of Scotland had been opposing with all their might the persecution of Protestants, and in their zeal had even destroyed several churches and many beautiful works of art. Mary of Guise had again and again made them promises of allowing the Protestants freedom of worship, but every time broke her promises, which were only made for the purpose of gaining time. John Knox was particularly active in opposing the queen regent, and in inspiring his countrymen with determination to maintain their liberties at any cost, even of war.

The young Queen of Scotland, encouraged by her father-in-law, put forth pretensions to the throne of England, claiming that since the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Arragon was illegal, Elizabeth had no right to the crown of England. Elizabeth had, as you will remember, espoused the Protestant cause. Mary of Guise brought soldiers from France to subdue the rebellious nobles of her daughter's kingdom, while the great lords of Scotland implored help from England, their ancient enemy, against the French, who had up to this time been always their faithful allies in time of trouble.

After some hard fighting, the allied armies of Scots and Englishmen gained the victory over those Catholic noblemen who favored Mary of Guise and the French. In a short time the young queen who had become Queen of France by the death of her husband's father, was compelled to renounce her claim to the English crown, and soon after Francis II. died. Catharine de Medicis, the queen's mother-in-law, had always hated Mary, and soon made her so uncomfortable at the French court that she was obliged to accept the invitation of her Scottish subjects to come home and rule them. By blood Mary was half French, and by training entirely so. She loved France dearly, and wept and lamented when she saw the shores of the country fade from her sight, and realized that she was indeed upon her way to the wild, bleak North, where the men were rude and warlike, and above all where the religion of the whole people was that which she had been taught to despise. She was only nineteen, poor girl, and naturally of a gay and lively nature. When she arrived in Scotland she found her worst fears realized. The sober manners of the lords and ladies who surrounded her, bored and tired her, the speech of the people was harsh to her ears and their manners uncouth, but unlike her uncle of Albany, she could not escape and return to her beloved France. She in turn shocked the stern Presbyterians by

her gay manners and her open practice of the popish rites which they hated. Soon there were many suitors for the hand of the young queen, but of these, Mary favored the Earl of Lennox, Lord Darnley, above all others. He was the heir to the crowns of England and Scotland, if the direct line should fail. He was a handsome man, could dance and sing, but was a glutton, drunkard, and an unclean fellow altogether. He schemed with David Rizzio, the secretary of the queen, and succeeded in gaining Mary's favor. Mary's brother, the leader of the Protestant party, was the Earl of Moray. He hated Darnley for his evil life, and because being a Catholic he would encourage the evident determination of the young queen to persecute protestants. He called the nobles together to take measures to prevent the marriage, but in vain, the willful queen not only married Darnley, but a month later rode at the head of her army to crush the Protestant lords. She drove them



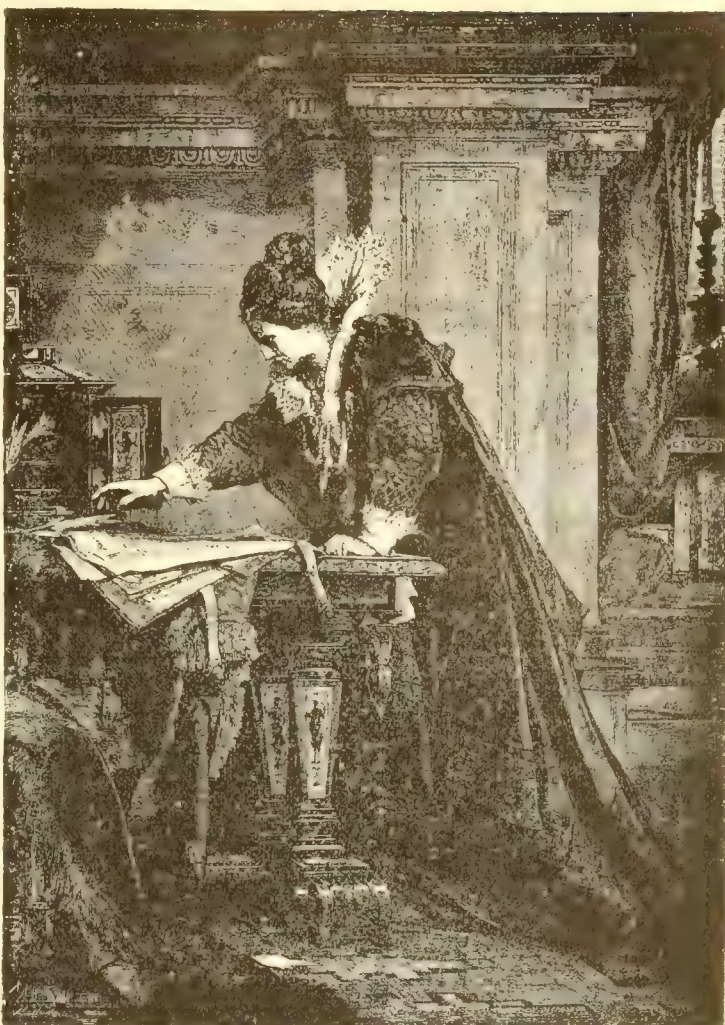
CITY OF EDINBURGH

out of Scotland, and renewed the persecution of the church. The queen soon began to hate her husband, for she was in love with Rizzio, and made no secret of her affection for him. Simpleton though Darnley was, he had sense enough to hate the man who had stolen the queen's favor from him. Rizzio had his enemies, and Lord Ruthven and several others joined Darnley in a plot for his murder. He was stabbed to death in the very presence of his mistress. Mary persuaded Darnley to deny all knowledge of the murder, and to go with her to the castle of Dunbar, and thus separate himself from his friends. Here the royal pair was joined by Earl Bothwell, a handsome, cruel man, who raised eight thousand men, and drove Lord Ruthven and the other conspirators into England.

Bothwell succeeded to the place in Mary's affection that had been held by Rizzio,



and between them they plotted to get rid of Darnley. The birth of Mary's little son James delayed the execution of the plot, and Mary pretended to be reconciled to Darnley. Soon after the baby James was christened, Darnley went on a visit to his father in Glasgow, and while there was taken ill with the small-pox. This was Mary's opportunity. Going to her husband, she persuaded him to accompany her to Edinburg, and that the palace might not be infected, placed him with a faithful servant in a lonely house in the suburbs of the city. There Bothwell planned to murder Darnley in a very terrible manner—to blow him up with gunpowder. There is no doubt that Mary was in the plot, and knew the very hour when it was to be executed. Darnley must have learned in some way of his danger, for when the house was blown up February 1, 1567, immediately after the queen had visited him and left him in his chamber, Darnley was not in it. The murderers had made sure of their work, however, for they had overtaken Darnley and his servant in the garden and strangled them as they were taking flight.



*Elizabeth Signs the Death-Warrant of Mary Stuart*

Bothwell, Huntley and Balfour were known to have done the deed, and a placard was nailed on the Parliament House accusing them. The Earl of Lennox, the father of the murdered Darnley, demanded that the accused should be tried by the Parliament. The Parliament consented, but on the day of the trial Bothwell with three thousand armed men took possession of the streets of Edinburg to overawe the court, and prevented any witnesses from appearing. He was declared innocent, and the very next day announced to the Parliament that he meant to marry Mary. Bothwell had a wife, but that gave no serious concern either to him or the queen. He divorced her May 7, 1567, and a week later married Mary Stuart.

The people of Scotland had been unusually patient with Mary, but her scandalous conduct in marrying the murderer of her husband was too much to be borne. The nobles gathered an army, and a month after Mary and Bothwell were married, besieged them at Seton House. The queen promised to surrender if her husband were allowed to go unharmed. Bothwell was allowed to ride away, and Mary was carried to a castle on an island in Lochlevin. Bothwell tried to get hold of little James, doubtless to murder him, but the Earl of Mar, his guardian, would not allow

the wretch to even see the child. Closely pressed on every side by the angry nobles, Bothwell fled abroad, and died a raving maniac nine years later. James was crowned king at the age of thirteen months, and his uncle, the Earl of Moray, was made his regent. The Douglasses though fallen from power again, played a part in the history of the Stuarts. In her prison Mary gained the affection of a lad named Douglas, who stole the keys of the castle, unlocked the doors, and rowed her across to the mainland. Here others of the faithful Douglas clan awaited her, and they went to Hamilton, from which Mary issued a proclamation asserting that her resignation of the kingdom had been forced and was therefore unlawful, and commanding the regent to give up his authority. Moray pretended to treat with the queen, but really delayed only to raise troops, and when he had fifteen hundred men marched against the queen and defeated her. Mary fled to England, and to the protection of Elizabeth. The queen of England had heard of the crimes of the Scottish queen, and being convinced that to aid her, or even to allow her to leave the kingdom, would



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, BEING LED TO THE BLOCK.

bring disaster on England and the Reformation, placed her in prison. Her imprisonment could not have been very severe, for she was allowed several intimate friends as servants, and corresponded freely with her son and her Catholic friends in France and Spain, as well as Scotland. In the nineteen years while her son was growing up, she schemed for her liberty and for the overthrow of the Protestants. In neither can we blame her, for educated as she had been, she felt justified in doing anything that would destroy the enemies of the church. She was allowed to go out hunting, but was so carefully watched that it was impossible for her to escape.

James VI. had a sorry time of it among his plotting and unscrupulous nobles, and in time became as crafty and unscrupulous as the worst among them. He was a selfish, vain, conceited man, and was willing to be scolded and dictated to by Elizabeth, in hope that she would leave him her crown when she died. He deluded his imprisoned mother with vain hopes of being released and sharing the crown with him, but in reality he never raised his hand to save her, and when she was finally



beheaded for joining in a plot against the life of Elizabeth, he allowed his wounded feelings to be salved with a pension.

After the death of Mary there was a bitter struggle between the Presbyterians and the Episcopacy in Scotland, and that struggle, with much bloodshed and many horrors, was continued for nearly a hundred and fifty years. When Elizabeth died in 1603, James inherited her crown. Scotland continued to have a separate government, though under the same crown as England, until the days of Queen Anne, when the two governments were also united. Elsewhere I have told you the main features of the Story of Scotland under the later Stuarts, and the wars that were waged by the Scots to restore them to the throne.

The Scotland of to-day is a country of peace. So long distracted by wars, it is now the home of commerce and industry, and no country of the world has a more sterling, thrifty, God-fearing people than has Scotland. Its population has been so modified by contact with England, that it is truly British, and Queen Victoria has no more loyal subjects than the descendants of those proud Scottish lords, who gave their lives to save their country from England's yoke, and the posterity of those determined commoners, both Highland and Lowland, who fought at Bannockburn, Falkirk and Flodden.

## ✧IRELAND.✧



**I**YING in the Atlantic Ocean just west of England, is an island which, though no larger than the State of Indiana, has played an important part in the history of Northern Europe. Not that it has made conquests of other countries, has discovered new lands, or has sent fleets laden with riches to the busy marts of the world's trade, but that for ages it was the center of the learning of Northern Europe and the home of religion and poetry. This island we call Ireland, or Erin. Sometimes it is spoken of as "The Emerald Isle," on account of its verdant fields and meadows and its clear sunlight. The natives did not call their land Ireland, but it was so named by the Phœnicians, or rather from a name which the Phœnicians gave to the country ages before Cæsar first saw the shores of Britain. They called the island Ierne, "The uttermost point," for they thought it the most western portion of land on the earth. Before they discovered Ireland they had called a cape of Western Spain Ierne. Thus the ancient Irish learned to call their land Erin from the Phœnicians.

There was a time in the far past when Ireland was not an island; and indeed it is said by those who have studied the rocks, to read the story that they tell, that Ireland was twice united to the mainland of Scotland, and twice separated from it by some great disturbance of nature. It is said, too, that Ireland was covered to the depth of several hundred, and perhaps thousands of feet, with ice and snow, and that this melting and being dissolved in the course of centuries by the changing of the temperature of the surrounding air and ocean, great ice-fields slipped down into the sea, scraping the mountains in their passage until they assumed the regular outline that they wear to-day. After this, forests began to grow, and ages and ages afterward,

how long I can not tell you, the first people of Ireland inhabited the country. Who these first people were is not known. There is a legend that declares that long before the Deluge, fifty men and three women from the far-away home of the human race came to Ireland and formed a colony. The flood swept their settlement away, and in the sixtieth year of Abraham a colony of the descendants of Japhet came to Ireland and formed a settlement.

According to the legends the first people who inhabited Ireland, were giants, fierce in war, savage and cruel. They did not know anything of the use of metals, pottery or even fire, and were little more intelligent than the beasts of the fields about them. Remains of this legendary race have been found in caves and elsewhere, showing that they used stone hatchets and hammers, but little indeed can now be learned of them or their manner of life. When they roamed in the fields and forests of Ireland, the fierce Gauls of what is now the country of Belgium, in some way learned of the existence of the island, and crossing over the English channel and Irish Sea, a colony of them overran the country and conquered the rude natives. These Belgic Gauls, or Firbolgs, as they are called in the old Irish chronicles, were in turn conquered by the Danes, who swept down the eastern coast under the lead of a valiant chieftain named Nuad. These Danes, or Danaans, fought a great battle with the Firbolgs, in the west of Ireland, which raged for three days, and remains of which are found still in a great cairn which marks the spot of this legendary struggle. The Danes won the fight, but in the course of it their chieftain lost his hand. The followers of the victorious chieftain thought it beneath their dignity to serve a man who was mutilated, but Nuad induced one of his followers, who was a cunning worker in metals, to fashion a silver hand for him. Around "Nuad of the Silver Hand" the wave of legend sweeps bright and sparkling. He was a mighty warrior, a great builder of forts of earth and stone, and he entirely vanquished and destroyed the fierce Belgic Gauls, establishing a line of Danish kings that reigned nearly two hundred years over Ireland. All this was hundreds of years before Christ was born, and before history of any kind was written in Northern Europe.

In the reign of Luga the Longarmed, the legends further say, the Milesians invaded the country. The Milesians were not natives of the proud old Greek city of Miletus, of which we have learned something in the story of the old Empires, but they were followers of the two sons of Milesius, a Celtic chieftain of ancient Spain. These Milesians had come in contact, through the Phœnicians, perhaps, with the civilization of the East, and though still savages, knew far more of the fashioning of weapons and of war than did the Danish conquerors of Ireland. The Danes, however, were fierce fighters, and it was only after a severe struggle that the Milesians conquered the country and divided it between their two chieftains, Heber and Heremon. In the course of time Heber became jealous of his brother Heremon, and slaying him, made himself ruler of all Ireland, though his chieftains occupied portions of the land almost independent of his authority. These Celts brought with them the religion practiced by their race in the south, with all of its mysterious and bloody rites.

The Celts divided the people into different classes, each distinguished by their dress, and taught them to worship the gods. They had their bards or poets, their Sennachies, or men whose duty it was to keep in memory the history of the people, relate it at certain times, and instruct their sons in the same art, and judges who decided disputes. One hundred and fifty or sixty kings of the race of the Milesians



ruled Ireland in the dim centuries of legend, and though the country made little progress in civilization, as we understand it, poetry and the arts did develop, and there were palaces built and temples raised to the heathen gods. One of these early kings, Lara, was the Brutus of Irish legend. Lara's father and kindred were slain by a fierce Milesian king, but Lara, a mere lad, escaped by pretending idiocy. He was brought up by a faithful old harper, and married a fair princess. Then passing over to Gaul, he gained the help of some warriors of that country, who returned with him to Ireland. He slew the murderer of his kindred, and became king, founding a line of monarchs famous in Irish history.



An Irish Cottage

One of the descendants of Lara married a fairy bride, for those were the days when fairies were supposed to have lived in the green forests and mossy glens of Ireland, and sported by moonlight on the yellow sands that kissed the happy shores of the fair "Emerald Isle." The daughter of the fairy princess and mortal prince, was Meave, famous in the fairy legends of Scotland, England and Ireland, as Queen Mab. Meave was the Semiramis of Erin, the fiercest, most gifted and war-like queen that ever reigned amidst the mists and shadows of the land of fable. She married three husbands, and quarreled with them all, and made successful war against Cocullin, the fiercest chief of his time. Meave died at the age of a hundred years, and her descendants reigned over Ireland until they were overthrown by a native tribe, who founded the kingdom of Meath.

One of the famous kings of the Irish legends is Con of the Hundred Fights, and next to him comes Finn, the son of Coul, who reminds us of King Arthur. He had his "Knights of The Round Table" in the person of the Feni, his sworn friends, who followed wherever he led, were leal and loyal to him through all his adventures, and were heroes in their own right. Finn destroyed all sorts of dreadful monsters, was a valiant fighter, and had more than mortal power, for he could read the future. He was beloved by two sisters, but like most people who "read the future," he could not read his own destiny. One of the sisters having declared that she could never love a man with gray hair, the other lured Finn into an enchanted pool, where he was changed into an old man. The Feni compelled the enchantress to restore Finn's youth, but from that time forth his hair was snow-white. While Finn was king, the Danes first invaded Ireland, but were beaten off. One of the Feni is said to have lived many centuries, and it was he who it is said to have told to Saint Patrick the stories of the great deeds of the valiant Finn, that are recorded in the Four Masters, the ancient chronicle of Erin.

There are many weird and interesting stories told of the adventures of the Feni but I will relate only one of them that you may understand how imaginative and poetic the early Celtic bards of Ireland were, and what singular stories they sang to the people, perhaps accompanying themselves on the harp. In this tale we are told that the Feni, who were great hunters, went out one day with their hounds to their



Irish National Costume.

favorite sport. Finally, after they had enjoyed themselves for some hours, they climbed a hill and sat down to rest. As they reclined upon the grass and watched the cloud-shadows on the plains below, they saw in the distance two strange objects. As these came nearer the hill, they discovered that one was a giant, like those conquered so long ago by the Firbolgs, and that he was immense in size and so ugly that they could hardly bear to gaze upon him. This giant was leading a horse, the most singular beast that the Feni ever saw. He was huge like his master, six times larger than ordinary horses, but his knees were crooked and deformed, he was lean and scraggy, and his jaws stuck far out in front of the rest of its head. The Feni were highly amused at the appearance which this strange pair made, and laughed loudly as they saw the giant, still leading the beast, make straight for the place where they sat. The giant paid no attention to their mockery, but bowed low before King Feni, and offered to serve him for a year, but as one of the conditions, desired that his horse should have the best fare and be well treated. He particularly requested

that the brute should not be allowed to stray, at which all the Feni laughed louder than ever, for the poor old beast seemed so weak, lean and stiff, that it did not seem possible that it could have any desire to stir of its own free will. As soon, however, as the giant took his hand from the halter upon its head, it rushed among the horses of the Feni, kicking and biting, and killed them every one. One of the Feni sprang forward finally, and seized the horse again by the halter, whereupon it became as stiff and solid as a rock. He mounted its back and flogged it, but still it would not stir. Thirteen more of the Feni jumped on the brute's back to aid him to flog it, but still it did not move, but when its gigantic master gave it the signal it began slowly to follow behind him as he walked away. The other Feni laughed loudly, but their laughter was turned to alarm when the giant changed his pace and set off as swiftly as a swallow could fly, followed just as swiftly by his horse with the unlucky Feni on his back. Soon they were out of sight, and Finn and his warriors started toward the sea to seek a ship in which to pursue them, for the giant walked as easily upon the water as on land. On the way they met two beautiful youths who were great wizards and who guided them to the sea, by their magic built swift ships, and the crafts sailed away to the enchanted island, where they thought they might find their fourteen comrades. The first thing that they saw when they arrived at the isle, was a huge cliff, as bright and smooth as glass, which they thought it impossible to climb. One of the Feni determined to climb it, however, and did so, finding at the top of the cliff a smooth plain, in the midst of which was a well, beside which there was a drinking horn. He raised the horn to his lips, when from out the well there sprang a terrible enchanter with whom the Feni fought till sunset, when he sprang into the well and disappeared. For four days the same thing happened, but at sunset on the fourth day when the enchanter was about to spring into the well, the Feni clasped him about the waist and sprang in with him. Down, down they went through the darkness, until they reached the other side of the earth and came out into a land where the sun was bright and the flowers always in bloom. There the Feni had many wonderful adventures, and finally the fourteen Feni were found and carried back to their own land, whereupon the giant and his ugly horse vanished into the air and were never more seen.



It was with such tales as these that the bards amused the poetic Celts, but the bards were something more than story-tellers. They were priests of the mystic religion, and their curse was dreaded more than that of the Pope in later times by the Catholics. Woe to the Celt who angered one of the bards or offered him injury. His lands, his horses, cattle, sheep, wife and children were cursed with an awful curse, and he could never be safe or happy until he had succeeded in having that curse lifted.

I wish that I might tell you more of these early Celts, of their heroes and fairies, their demons and beautiful maidens, and their sorrowful tales of love and war, but these things are not history, and I must pass them by.

Like most half-savage nations, the Celts kept slaves to till the soil and care for their flocks and herds. These slaves were bought from other tribes or taken in battle. Some time in the early part of the fourth century, the wild Irish made a raid into that portion of Scotland lying nearest to their coast, and after committing many violent deeds retreated across the arm of the sea that lies between, carrying with them much plunder and many captives. Among these slaves was a youth destined to work a great change in Ireland. He was a Christian, and the master whom he served as a shepherd in the mountains of Antrim, as well as all of the Celts of Ireland at that time, was deep sunken in idolatry.

While this shepherd wandered under the blue sky and bright sunlight in fair Erin, he pondered deeply upon its lack of civilization and religion, and when he escaped after a captivity of seven or eight years and returned to his own land, he still carried in his thoughts the idea that had grown up within his mind, that he was destined to Christianize Ireland. He wandered to Gaul and thence to Rome, but finding no peace but in fulfilling his mission, gathered a few followers and crossed into Ireland. From the very first, the hearts of the Irish people were softened toward the missionary, who was none other than Saint Patrick, of whom I have already told you something, and he converted thousands to the faith. You have no doubt heard the beautiful legend of the shamrock, or clover, which is now the emblem of Ireland. It is said that Saint Patrick had difficulty in making the heathen Irish comprehend how God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost were one, until stooping he plucked a shamrock from the grass at his feet, and showed to them the three perfect rounded beautiful parts that make the one leaf of the plant. You may have also heard that Saint Patrick drove the snakes and toads from Ireland, but that legend has only one truth in it, that there are neither snakes nor toads in Ireland except those that have been imported in the last century from other countries. The fact is, that there were none before the days of Saint Patrick, and those who have studied the subject are inclined to think that since before the days when the great ice-fields covered the island, there have been no toads or frogs and probably no snakes, in the country.

The written history of Ireland begins with the mission of Saint Patrick, though there was a written history of the Celts of that country long before. This Celtic history was carefully kept by the Druids, and was chipped in blocks of wood and stone in strange notches and characters that the early missionaries did not know how to read. They considered these cumbersome records of the Druids, not only mys-



Irish Peasant Woman.



terious, but exceedingly evil, and destroyed all of them that they could find. In doing this, Saint Patrick and his followers were the means of losing to the world much that would now be considered of the deepest interest and value, for instead of the traditions and legends that have come down to us from father to son, we would have accurate history, not only of the nation but of its religion and its practices. Perhaps Saint Patrick feared that there might be found those who would believe the doctrine of the Pagans, and thought it safest to destroy their writings, but not only he, but other early Chris-

tian missionaries were exceedingly zealous in removing from all the countries of Europe which they Christianized, every trace of the old religion that it was possible to blot out. Saint Patrick found the island Druid, and left it Catholic. He established churches and monasteries throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in a remarkably short time, there grew up in the homes of religion in Ireland, a class of men who were not only eloquent preachers and teachers, but who in their monasteries composed music, practiced the working of metals, and became skilled architects. These monks traveled over the then civilized world, and imbibing a love for Greek and Latin literature, read and wrote much in those languages. While Gaul and Germany were torn by ceaseless wars, and learning made no headway, in Ireland the learned and pious monks kept the lamps of literature, poetry and religion burning with the flame supplied by their genius and zeal.

The fierce Danes disturbed these pious monks, and drove them forth from the monasteries and retreats, which they destroyed. They went abroad to Gaul, Scotland, Scandinavia, and other countries, and at least two hundred and forty of the Saints worshipped at the different shrines of Europe, are of Irish origin. The fierce seakings held Ireland in subjection for nearly a hundred years, but in 968, Brian, the brother of the king of Munster, united the Irish chiefs against the Danish invaders, and drove them out of the body of the kingdom, though a few still held the towns on the sea coast, and warred with the tribes. In the course of time the Danes and the Irish became reconciled, and those who remained on Irish soil, united with the natives, and became Irishized. Forty-six years after Brian had driven the Danes from the kingdom, and when he had been for twelve years king of Ireland, the Danes came again, and with them a large force of Norwegians. Brian defeated them in a great battle in 1014, though he himself was slain in the fight. The Danes made no more attempts to conquer Ireland, and those who did not leave the country after the defeat, lived in peace with their Celtic neighbors.

There were four great tribes that were all powerful in Ireland in the days after the defeat of the Danes. These tribes long remained masters of the different portions of the country, in which from time immemorial they had made their homes. Among them were the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, O'Briens and McCarthys of Munster, and the MacMurroughs of Leinster. In the twelfth century the Irish church became a part the Roman Catholic system, and Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever became a Pope, and who is known in history as Adrian IV., granted Ireland to Henry Plantagenet. Henry II. cared little



for Ireland, for greedy as he was for territory, it was the fair lands of the French king upon which he cast longing eyes. Dermot MacMurrough, king of Leinster, a fierce, savage Irishman, who cared little for the rights of neighboring chieftains, carried off the wife of a chieftain named O'Rorke, and refused to give her back. Dermot was sixty years old, and had not youth or a romantic temper to plead as an excuse, and the king of Ireland, Rory O'Connor, joined with O'Rorke, to win back by force of arms, the fair Helen of the Irish story. MacMurrough was driven from Leinster, and crossing over to France, where Henry was then holding his court, did homage to him for his kingdom, and offered to will Leinster to any Norman knight who would help him regain it. Richard De Clare, the Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow, accepted his offer. He crossed the channel with Dermot and an army of stout Norman men-at-arms, and attacked the enemies of the brutal king of Leinster. The half-savage, poorly-armed Irish, were no match for the steel-clad Normans, and they were beaten. The Normans overran the country, and for awhile carried everything before them. Soon the bold Irish lost their fear of the steel armor and heavy battle-axes of the Normans, and rising in rebellion, aided by the Danes, harassed the Normans fearfully. Dermot died a year after Strongbow conquered his kingdom, and Strongbow who had married Eva, Dermot's daughter, succeeded to his kingdom according to the contract. Henry Plantagenet, thereupon crossed over to Ireland with an army, and made Strongbow yield up Leinster. Many of the Irish chiefs made their subjection to the English king, but Rory O'Connor, the hereditary king of the country, refused to do so.

When Henry went back to England the struggle between Irish and Normans was renewed. For many years they were constantly at war. The Normans would issue from their strong castles and walled towns, plunder the fields of the Irish and slay all who opposed them as regularly as the harvest season came around, and the Irish would waylay the Normans when and where they could, and slaughter them without mercy. In course of time, both found that it was better for them to remain at peace. The Norman nobles gradually adopted the dress and manners of the Irish, married into Irish families, and even changed their Norman names and speech for those of the Celt. The Norman kings of England did not look on this mixture of the races with approval, but they could not prevent it. After awhile the chiefs of the ancient Irish tribes began to regain power. When Bruce defeated Edward's army at Bannockburn, and the Scots threw off the English yoke, the Irish chiefs invited Edward Bruce to come over and help them gain their independence from England. He came, was crowned the king of the country in 1315, and the Irish rose in rebellion. Sir John De Birmingham led a large force of English troops into Ireland, Bruce was defeated and killed, and a number of English chiefs settled on the lands that they took from the leaders of the rebellion.

After this attempt, the Irish chiefs harassed those who adhered to England's policy, and attempted to keep up English customs in Ireland, until they were glad for the sake of peace, to renounce both. In 1356 the English Parliament passed a law that no person born in Ireland should hold the king's castles or towns. A little later the Parliament of Kilkenny, made up of Normans, passed laws, making death by torture the punishment for any Norman who should marry an Irish woman, and even prohibited the Norman and Irish children from playing together.

The law-makers, instead of softening the mutual hatred of Normans and Irish, thus sought to keep them alive. Their absurd laws could not be enforced, and only

embittered the people against those who made them. Richard II. determined that he would thoroughly subdue the Irish, and had crossed into Ireland with an army, when the news of the landing of Bolingbroke took him back to England to unsuccessfully do battle for his crown and kingdom. During the War of the Roses the Butlers of Munster, and the Ormonds of Tipperary, wore the red rose, and the Geraldines of Maynooth, wore the white. There were many bloody frays on account of the quarrels of York and Lancaster, on the soil of Ireland, and many poetical tales are told of the heroism of those who fought on either side. In after-days the Irish espoused the cause of Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be that Duke of York long thought to have been murdered by Richard III. This roused the wrath of Henry VII., and he prepared to crush Ireland by destroying the power of its Parliament, for he saw that in the hands of the Irish chieftains it might become a power dangerous to the English claim over the Island.

An army was, therefore, sent into Ireland under a leader named Poynings. He summoned a Parliament and made it declare by a solemn act that henceforth all English laws should operate in Ireland, and that no act of the Irish Parliament could become a law, without the consent of England.

Henry VIII. was as cruel in Ireland as he was in England. He took church property, burned images and shrines, and fearing that the Irish chieftains, justly indignant at the desecration of the things they held most dear might arise in rebellion, he prevented the possibility, in a manner imitated afterward by several of the English sovereigns. He captured them, threw them into prison or put them to death, laid waste their lands, and after shooting down men, women and children, that formed their tribes, distributed their effects, their homes and lands, among English settlers.

The most dreadful deeds were done in unhappy Ireland in those sad days. The poor wretches who had the misfortune to belong to the tribes against whose chief the English king's wrath was directed, were hunted like wild beasts, and ruthlessly murdered wherever found. It is no wonder under such inhuman outrages that the Irish hatred to English rule, grew into a deep national passion, that has never been overcome, and it is safe to say that it never will be.

When Henry died and his son Edward was seated on the throne, Protestantism was made the national religion of Ireland, but when young Edward died, after a brief reign, and Bloody Mary became queen, the Catholic faith was restored. Although the queen refrained from persecuting the Irish, on account of their faith, having no excuse for so doing, she was not more generous toward them in other respects than her father had been. She took a whole county of Ireland for herself, and after driving off the people who were obliged to take refuge in the woods and mountains, and live if they could upon what they could find there or starve to death when they could do no better, peopled her new lands with English. One half of the great tract of land of which she robbed the Irish chieftains and their clans she named King's County, in honor of Philip of Spain, and the other half was called Queen's County, in memory of herself, names which they bear to this day. In Ireland the honor of being the chief of a tribe and inheriting his property was not hereditary, but each tribe when its chieftain died, elected a new chief from their clan, usually one of the sons of the old chief. As among some other rude nations, the land did not belong to the persons of a tribe, but to the whole tribe.

Henry VIII. had given the chieftainship of the tribe of the O'Neills, who were the descendants of a famous old Irish king, to one of the sons of Con O'Neill, who



was not the lawful son of his father, and who, by the ancient Irish law, as well as by the modern English law, had no shadow of right to the chieftainship. Con O'Neill had a younger son who was in high favor with his tribe. His name was Shane, or John, and he was brave, patriotic, and a man of great personal beauty. The O'Neills hated the chieftain appointed by Henry VIII. as much because the English king had chosen him to rule over them, as for any other reason, and they loved Shane with peculiar warmth. When Elizabeth became Queen of England, and the chief appointed over the O'Neills by her father, had been killed in a quarrel, Shane rallied his followers and declared that his half brother, whom it is suspected he himself had killed, had never any right to the honor of being the chief. The young heir of the murdered chief who was safe in England, appealed to the English Governor of Ireland for aid to hold the chieftainship. The Earl of Sussex was the rightful Governor of Ireland, but he was absent at the time, and the matter was brought before Sir Henry Sidney, who marched against Shane, but was met by the young chieftain and persuaded to submit the dispute to Queen Elizabeth. Presently Lord Sussex came back to Ireland, and with an English army at his back endeavored to conquer Shane, but he failed. Shane beat the English at every point, and finally bound Sussex to maintain peace until he himself could go to London and present his case to Elizabeth. He went, and Elizabeth was so deeply smitten with the handsome Irishman, that she maintained him at court for some time, and sent him back in a high good humor to Ireland. For two years Shane was at peace with the English, but in that time he committed some extensive outrages on the Scots in the north of Ireland, who had been his friends and allies in his first difficulty. He kept the North in good order, however, and the English did not interfere with him. In 1565 he made a great raid upon the South country, which so angered Sir Henry Sidney, then the deputy, or Governor of Ireland, that he sent an army against him, which after some defeats was victorious, and Shane was compelled to flee for his life. Trusting that the Scots whom he had injured would forgive and shelter him, he fled to them, but a few hours after his arrival became enraged at a taunt flung out by one of them, and engaged in a brawl which ended in his death. His head was hewn off and sent to Sir Henry Sidney, who after the barbarous manner of that day, exposed it all bloody and ghastly upon Dublin Castle.

Shane's onslaught upon the South was the beginning of a long struggle between the English and Irish chieftains.

The persecution of the Protestants in France, Germany and Spain, and the continual plotting of the Catholics to restore that religion and renew the persecutions of the days of Bloody Mary, made Queen Elizabeth wary and cautious, guarding at every point and by every possible means, against the overthrow of her power, and the Protestant supremacy in Great Britain. The Geraldines headed another revolution, but Elizabeth was merciless in her dealings with them. After a long struggle, the Irish chieftains were apparently subdued. It was then that the representative of the queen invited four hundred of them to a banquet, and murdered them all except one, who escaped to tell the bloody tale. Rory O'Moore, the hero of Irish ballad, devoted his life to avenging this horrid deed. He, himself, had been invited to the fatal feast, and many of his friends and kindred had fallen by the treachery of the queen's agent.

O'Moore headed an uprising against the English in which many of the Irish chieftains, successors to those who had been murdered, willingly joined. Ormond



Sir Walter Raleigh.

of Butler, his bitter hereditary enemy, aided Sir William Pellham to put down the rebellion. I shrink from telling you of the awful deeds done on both sides, during this revolt. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was sent against the Irish, I grieve to say, acted as savagely as the others concerned in the dark horrors of that time. On one occasion—the surrender of Smerwick—he murdered all his prisoners in cold blood. The English laid the whole county of Munster waste. There was not left a tilled field nor an inhabited cottage, except in the towns, the length and breadth of the district, and a dreadful famine followed in which the people starved to death by the hundreds. The lands taken from the people of Munster were given to English settlers, but as they had a harder time among the resentful people who had been robbed for their advantage than the early settlers of America had among the Indians, they found little inducement to remain in Ireland.

Red Hugh O'Donnell, son of a brave Irish chieftain of that brave Clan, was imprisoned by the English, through no fault of his own, but because they thought it likely that his father might take a notion to rebel, and therefore held the son as the pledge for the behavior of the elder O'Donnell. Red Hugh was confined in Dublin castle, and in some way escaped and found his way in safety back to his tribe. His father resigned the chieftainship to him and filled with bitter hatred to the English, he became their most dangerous enemy among the Irish. Hugh O'Neill, a relative of Red Hugh, was one of the cleverest and most talented men of his time. He had found much favor at the court of Elizabeth, and she trusted him. He had been educated in England and was a Protestant in religion. Nevertheless, when he returned to Ireland, and learned of the outrage that Red Hugh had suffered, he headed a rebellion in which all the bravest Irish chiefs joined. Without excusing the atrocities committed by the Irish chiefs, we can sympathize in their struggle for freedom. England seemed to them to have no right in law or nature to Ireland, and the English rule had been one long story of blunders and crimes. The English made no attempt to pacify the Irish, or adapt themselves to their prejudices. They had made their yoke unnecessarily heavy, and had not even pretended to be just to the unfortunate nation, that needed but wise guidance, to make it great, rich and happy.

O'Neill's rebellion suffered the fate of the others and was made the occasion of new desolation, new grants of Irish lands to Englishmen, and another horrible famine occurred in Ireland because the crops were repeatedly burned by the English. In 1641 the most dreadful of all the revolts in Ireland happened. Hatred to England and the Protestant religion, that had been forced upon the Irish, the cruel murders of thousands of innocent people, the oppression and wrongs of centuries, and the secret influence of Charles I. all operated to rouse the Irish to take revenge. We



know that the Irish were originally a high-spirited, impulsive, brave race, but long centuries of worse than slavery, had brutalized them, and their wrongs and miseries goaded them to desperation. They rose up and slew nearly one hundred thousand Protestants and English. Cromwell took a dreadful revenge, when with his Ironsides he captured Drogheda and Wexford. He put every inhabitant of both cities to death, and settled English farmers on the confiscated lands of the Irish. The people were compelled either to pay rent for the lands that had been theirs for ages, starve or emigrate.

The Irish Parliament still existed, but as it had usually been the tool of English oppression, the people had little faith in it, and though Swift, Grattan, Flood, and other gifted patriots and orators lent all their powers to the task, they could not accomplish much in the way of liberty. During the Revolutionary War in America, a large force of volunteer troops was raised in Ireland, to protect the country from the assaults of the valiant Paul Jones. These men were led by Flood and Grattan, and when the war was finished, with these soldiers at their command to support their cause, they demanded liberty for the Irish Parliament from the King of England. He was obliged to grant their demands, and for several years, Ireland had a free Parliament. In the year 1800 the Irish Parliament was joined to that of England, bought, it is said, from the members who were willing to sacrifice their country for British gold. Since that time Ireland has been wholly under English rule. There have been revolts, wrongs and oppression since the union as before, but in the last fifty years there has been more of a spirit of tolerance shown on both sides. Emmett, O'Connell, O'Brien and Parnell have been the heroes of the Irish struggle since 1800, and the result of their labors and sufferings is still to be reaped by Ireland.

The famine of 1845 drew the attention of the world to the unhappy condition of Ireland's peasantry. Sunken in ignorance and poverty, taxed unjustly, dwelling by sufferance on the land that is their own by right, they have the sympathy of all liberty-loving people. The contest for Home Rule, which has been the feature of the Irish struggle in our day, and has shared with the Land Question the attention of the Irish Party, seems likely to have an early solution. The industries of the country, ruined by the long wars, have in a measure revived, and Ireland may yet be the home of a free, independent and happy nation.



Daniel O'Connell.





IN TELLING you the story of France, England, Scotland and Germany, I have from time to time mentioned the Danes and Northmen, the people who formerly inhabited what is now known as Scandinavia. We usually include Denmark, Norway, Sweden and the Peninsula of Jutland, in Scandinavia, and though these countries occupy but little space upon the map of Europe, the Northmen influenced the world's history as strongly as did the Greeks and Romans, though in a very different manner.

When the people of Central Asia, long ago when the world was younger by many centuries than it was when written history first made its appearance, set out upon their wanderings in search of new homes, they traveled for some time in a large body, but when this horde came to the Caspian Sea they probably halted and a discussion may have occurred concerning the route. At all events it is certain that it here split up into two streams, one going northward and the other southward, and that the Carpathian, Alps and Caucasus mountains further divided these two streams of humanity. One of these divisions, the Germanic-Gothic, settled along the shores of the Baltic and Black Seas, but they were not the first inhabitants of the country, and were obliged to conquer the people they found there, as they had, in their turn, long before conquered the first inhabitants. The Celts were the dwellers upon the shores of the German Ocean, in the Peninsula of Northern Europe, in the days when the Phœnicians went roaming about the ocean, touching upon strange coasts and trading with savage people. The Celts had also come from beyond the Black Sea, but when, I can not tell you. Like the Celts of Ireland, they welcomed the Phœnician traders, and learned from them their worship and some rude idea of the use of metals. They worshipped light, heat, sun and fire, but how, or with what ceremonies, history does not tell us. These Celtic tribes were pushed farther and farther Northward until only Lapland and Finland, the coldest inhabited parts of Northern Europe, were left to them, and there their descendants live to this day.

These people must have all left Asia about equal in civilization, but the country in which they settled had its influence upon them. In the South the people had less



to do in order to make a living. The climate was mild, and their need of shelter and clothing was not so great as it was in the North, and could the more easily be provided. Therefore, in the South art, music, literature and poetry had their home, and civilization grew and flourished. In the North the people had to struggle against the elements. They were obliged to face the fierce storms, the cold and the mist, and they became rude and savage, wild and rugged like the mountains about them, and with passions as uncontrollable as the icy winds that swept across the gorges. They had poetry, it is true, but the very poetry was fierce and savage, unlike the beautiful fancies of the lands of the South, where the soft air and the blue sky made the imagination refined and graceful.

When the Goths entered Scandinavia they brought with them a written language. Their alphabet had sixteen letters called Runes, and these Runes could at that time be easily read by all the nations of Northern Europe, who, you will remember, were from the same stock, but there are few persons now living who can read the queer old Gothic characters, and the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Icelanders, who at first spoke exactly the same language, have had their speech so changed by the nations with whom they have come in contact, that they can not understand one another much better than they can understand the speech of the English and French people, who in their turn owe a great deal to the old Gothic languages.

As the sea surrounding the Greeks in the south of Europe in a great measure influenced their character and pursuits, so it had a share in shaping the minds and habits of the Northmen, who loved the sea with its raging waves and wild tempests, and dared its dangers with undaunted hearts. The Northmen were rovers by nature. They scorned working like the more civilized races to the south, and when the warm weather came and the impulse to wander became strong within them, they would leave their homes, and pushing out to sea in their rude but strong and light vessels, would swoop down upon some more civilized community, rob them of the fruit of their toil and either return with it to their own land, or hide themselves securely in some camp defended by the sturdy arms of their warriors.

They were pirates, too, on the seas, as they were robbers on the land. They would lie snugly in some secluded bay, or Vik, as it was called in their own language, and wait for some unwary vessel to appear, when they would dart forth, seize the craft, plunder it of everything of value, kill the members of the crew, or make them captive, and then retreat to watch the seas as before. From this habit they received the name of Vikings, a name which they bear to this day. From early spring until late autumn they thus roamed, plundering whoever fell in their way, but when the frost began to close their harbors they would bring their vessels home, and during the long, cold winter of the Northland, they would feast in their dwellings, run, fling clubs and javelins, wrestle, sing songs, tell stories and sacrifice to their gods. They were very particular to give to Odin and Thor their just share of the plunder, fearing that otherwise their gods would desert them and their next season be unprofitable.

The Northmen had no charts, nor compasses to guide them on the seas, but they cared little where the winds and waters bore them, if they only found there plenty of plunder, and they could read the direction by the stars or when the weather was stormy and they wanted to reach the land, they had only to loose the tame ravens they carried on board for the purpose, and follow their flight, being sure that they would conduct them to the nearest shore.

I have told you that the language of the Northmen was written in Runes and

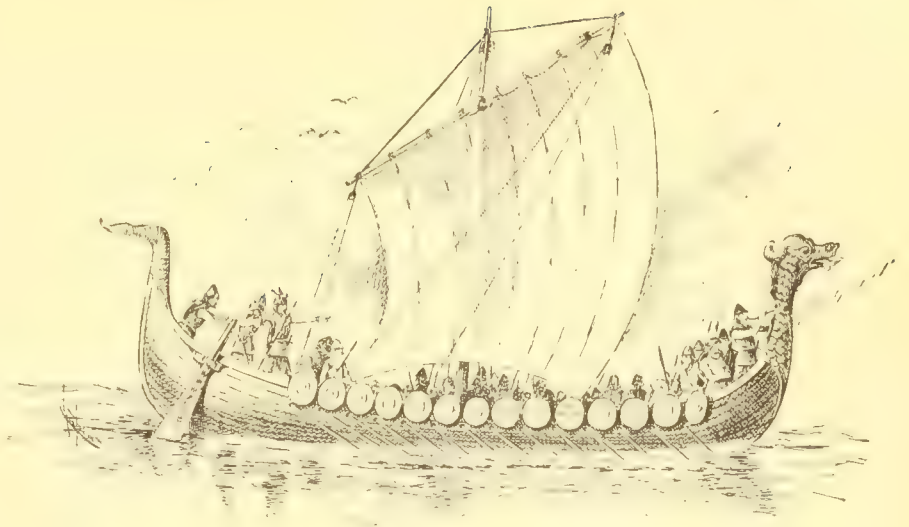
that there was a time when it was understood in most of the countries of Northern Europe, but you must not suppose that this writing was known to the common people as is our own. The priests and great chieftains alone learned the meaning of the Runes and how to write them. They engraved them on their sword handles, on the rudders of their vessels, and upon stones set above the graves of their dead, for they supposed the letters to hold a charm or magic which would depart from them were they to become generally known. You will remember that among the Celts this reverence for written language was nearly as deep, and indeed, written language is the most wonderful of the inventions of man, though, of course, the rude Northmen did not revere it on that account, but because they knew so little of writing. Notwithstanding that there were no books, and that only a few persons could read the Runes, the Northmen, like most people, who are fond of war and adventure, loved song and story, and had a wonderful fund of traditions and legends that were full of wild poetry and beauty, abounding in tales of the deeds of gods and heroes, and the adventures of mighty champions.

In the story of France I have told you something of the religion of the Northmen, and how they worshipped Odin and Thor. Their religion was really founded on a historic poem, told by the Scalds, as the bards of the Northmen were called. The Odin, whom they in the course of time came to regard as the creator,—and whom they supposed rewarded the good by taking them to dwell in Gimli the golden, and the evil by flinging them down into a place, made of serpent's bones among the wicked and lost—was a real person, a mighty king who was born and lived in the mystic Northland nearly a hundred years before our Saviour was born—and ruled over the Northmen. When he died his kingdom was divided among his sons, and they, too, came to be regarded as gods. From the days of the Phœnicians the nations of the South of Europe were in the habit of sending merchant ships to the shores of the Baltic and Black seas to trade with the men of the north for fish, fur and amber. There merchants also carried back lumber for which they had bartered arms, armor and other things with the Northmen. Fish, fur and amber were hard to procure, and the Northmen were eager to gain the things they coveted without working for them. They learned from the cargoes of the merchant ships what the lands of the south offered in the way of plunder, and as their necessities increased, they were driven to the trade of robbery, for which they were well inclined by the knowledge that it was impossible to produce in their own country what they wanted. Again they were fond of fighting and experience had taught them that though they might gain fame among themselves by fighting with hostile tribes of their own countrymen, there was little plunder to be expected, while the nations to the South were their natural prey. Indeed as I have said they had conquered the Finns, but had received in return for the conquest only the country that had once been their home. I must tell you while I am upon the subject that the Laplanders and Finns were of a widely different branch of the human family from these Norsemen, and were more like those tribes of early Ireland that were conquered by the Celts of Spain, than any other people that are known to history. They were of the Tuaranian branch or Ugrians as they are sometimes called. They were then hideous of face and form as they are still, and the word Ogre, which you have no doubt heard used to designate a monster, comes from the ancient name of the Finnish people. The Laplanders were even lower than the Finns as savages and they were already conquered by their less savage neighbors when the Northmen came into the country. The first people then to feel the weight of the arms of the



Northmen were the Finns but they were small game when compared to that which the sturdy Vikings afterward pursued.

It was not likely that a race, whose only fear was that they would not die in battle and thus be granted a home in Valhalla, that would be denied them if they died a natural death, would hesitate at anything in the way of attempted conquest, and we find them in the very earliest days



Viking Ship.

sailing to the coast of France and Germany, attacking strong castles and fortified cities and terrorizing the whole of Western Europe as their Germanic ancestors in olden times terrorized the civilized nations of Southern Europe and Western Asia.

The history of Denmark, Norway and Sweden up to about 843 A. D., is so mixed with fable that it would take a more clever person than I claim to be to unravel the truth from falsehood, therefore I will ask you to read again what I have told you in the story of France about their religion and exploits, to recall what has been said of their connection with England, Scotland and Ireland, and you may have a fairly clear idea of the habits and customs of the Scandinavian nations, up to the time when their authentic history begins.

Regner Lodbrok, who commanded some of their expeditions against the British Isles, was one of the early heroes of the Northland. It is said that he received his name Lodbrok, "leather breeches," from the fact that once when he was courting a Gothic princess for his bride, he donned leather leggings in order to outwit a huge serpent that guarded the bower where the fair one dwelt. He won her, because the serpent's teeth, which had proven fatal to all the other suitors for the princess, could not pierce his leather leggings. This Regner Lodbrok was one of the fiercest of the old Vikings. He led many expeditions into Britain, but at last fell into the hands of Aella, King of Northumberland, who threw him into a nest of venomous serpents. The dauntless Northman made no complaint, and simply declared that "The young pigs at home will grunt aloud when they hear what has befallen the old boar, their father." The Sagas say that the sons of Lodbrok not only grunted aloud, but they swore by all the gods of Valhalla they would take a dreadful revenge on Aella. It was years before they were able to fulfill their vow, but they did not forget it. They gathered a fleet of Vikings, landed on the shores of Northumberland, plundered the whole country, took the king captive, and amused themselves by cutting his back open and tearing out his heart while he was still alive; then after he was dead they carved the figure of a raven upon his corpse and took possession of his kingdom.

After the reign of the sons of Regner Lodbrok, Scandinavia was split up into many little kingdoms, each ruled over by its own king and chieftains, and many of them engaged in constant war. Every year bands of plundering Danes invaded



LIEF ERICSON DISCOVERS AMERICA, A. D. 1000.



England, carrying death and destruction before them, but finally the great and good Alfred came to the throne, and not only beat them out of the island but kept them out. It was then that they became such a terror to France, which was ruled over by the degenerate successors of Charlemagne.

Between the year 860 and 936, a king or chieftain by the name of Gorm succeeded, by conquest and purchase, in uniting all that part of Scandinavia, afterward known as Denmark, under his rule. This Gorm was a chieftain who commanded the respect of the Vikings for his deeds of bloodshed and robbery. He had been brought up to the life of a Viking rover, though not at first a man of any prominence among his people, raised himself to the station of king by his bravery and his talents. When he was quite a young man, he went with a band of rovers into Russia and traveled as far as Kief, probably learning then facts about the country that afterward led to its conquest by Rurik. He next entered the German Empire, which was then under the rule of the emperor, Charles the Fat, and marking his way with the flame of burning churches, convents and towns, crossed the country to Aix la Chapelle. There he and his band sacked the church where the body of Charlemagne was buried, and even stripped the ornaments from the tomb of the great emperor. Charles the Fat raised an army to beat off the Danes, but Gorm succeeded in persuading him to pay them 2,000 pounds of silver to leave the country, promising no longer to persecute Christians and to be baptized. When he had the money safely on board his vessel, he and his men refused to leave the coast of the Frankish emperor's dominions and hovered about harassing the cities, burning and destroying until they wrung treasures enough to fill two hundred ships from the cowardly emperor, then they departed to their own country, and he congratulated himself that at last he had bought them off. When the Danes showed their riches to their countrymen, they were all eager to go out and plunder the Franks. The emperor was so anxious to win their friendship that he made laws condemning to death any of his subjects that should kill a Dane, and when the Northmen heard this you may be sure they were not slow to take advantage of it. Gorm was the leader of that great band of Northmen that settled down before Paris, and with another chief named Siegfried, besieged that city for fifteen months, the siege being raised in 885, when Count Eudes placed himself at the head of affairs and beat them off. Arnulf of Carinthia, in Germany, was next attacked by the Danes, but he, too, defeated them, and they returned to their own country.

Gorm's wife, Thyra, conducted his home affairs when he was absent on his plundering expedition, and she ruled wisely and well. A good Frankish monk named Angasarius had preached the Christian faith in Denmark long before, and had made some converts. Queen Thyra treated these Christians kindly, and even had some of her children signed with the cross as a token of baptism, though she, herself, like her husband, was a Pagan. When Gorm was at home, however, his Christian subjects were made to suffer most cruelly. Henry the Fowler, the gallant Saxon, Emperor of Germany, who came to the throne of that empire in the old age of Gorm of Denmark, was much enraged because the Pagan monarch treated the Christians in his dominions so harshly. Finally he sent a message to Gorm telling him in plain words that if he did not stop his persecutions of Danish Christians the Germans would invade his dominions in such numbers that he could not stand against them and would wrest his kingdom from him. Gorm evidently thought it prudent to allay the

anger of the Germans, for he allowed the Christians peace afterwards, though he himself remained Pagan to the last.

When Gorm died in the year 936 he left his son, Harold Bluetooth, as his heir. His eldest son, Knud, or Canute, had died some time before, and Harold Grayskin, his nephew, desired to share the kingdom with his uncle.

At this time Norway was divided into thirty-one little kingdoms, each ruled over by a chief, earl, or jarl, as they called them in that country. One of these chieftains, a Viking with such long, beautiful bright hair, that he was called Harold Fairhair and Gold Harold, fell in love with a fair princess who was as ambitious as she was beautiful. Instead of carrying off the maiden of his love by force as the gallant Vikings had more than once done, Harold Fairhair sent a messenger to her telling her how dearly he loved her, and asking her to be his bride. The princess was flattered by the offer, but she knew her power over her fierce lover, and replied that she "Would not wed Harold Fairhair as long as he was no more powerful in Norway than the other one and thirty jarls, and if he desired to have her for his wife he must make himself really King of Norway, and not share his authority with one and thirty more." The words of the princess were repeated to Harold, and he immediately set to work to reduce the petty jarls to subjection. He soon brought all of Norway under his yoke. The fair princess married him, and no doubt lived happily ever after, for Harold was a noble and thoughtful king, valiant, wise and much less of a savage than were the people that he ruled. He had a mind that could pierce through the mists of superstition that shrouded his nation, and see the truth that was hidden to them. He had never heard the story of the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, His beneficent life and blameless death for the sins of the world; neither had he been told of the True God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, but he knew that the absurd fables of Odin, Thor and the other Gods of the Northmen were but inventions, and he told both priests and people that they were false. He assembled them on one occasion and solemnly declared that he would never worship the gods to whom his people offered sacrifices of horses, sheep, cattle and even human victims. He said that he felt in his heart that such offerings were vain, and that there was one Great God, the Maker of all things, and him only would he worship and serve. This was in the year 932, long after he had brought Norway under his rule and had endeared himself to the people by his wise and good reign.

There lies in the ocean to the northwest of Ireland an island, whose greatest breadth is three hundred miles, and whose length is about two hundred miles. Its coasts is deeply gnawed by the icy ocean about it, for it is nearly upon the Arctic Circle. It is the home of Fire and Frost, a strange, wild land, whose skies are pierced by lofty volcanoes, and snow-capped mountains, and in midsummer for seven days the sun hangs above the horizon, without once setting, and in midwinter for seven days does not once show its face. This is Iceland, a part of Scandinavia, and to the dwellers in the Western World the most important part. It was from Iceland, without doubt, that Columbus obtained information that led to the discovery of America, for he visited that country in 1477. The interior of the island is filled with desolate rugged tracts of naked lava, thrown from the volcanoes in the unrest of long ages, and in many places vast ice fields connect the tops of mountains, forming glaciers that extend to the very edge of the ocean, making it impossible to go by land from one part of the island to the other. There are certain level and shelterd districts along the coasts in which grass, and the various food-plants of the north can be grown, and the



island has fine fisheries of salmon, herring cod, and other fish. The mountains abound with iron and sulphur. You have doubtless read of the famous Geysers or hot springs of this island of volcanoes and that the inhabitants use the water for washing clothes and for bathing.

The Norwegians knew of this island, long before the time of Harold Fairhair, for in their voyages they had sailed over nearly every part of the six hundred miles of ocean intervening between Iceland and Norway. When Harold Fairhair conquered the jarls and gave them to understand that henceforth he would rule all Norway as king, many of them took their families, friends and even their whole tribes, and sailed away to Iceland to find freedom in its sheltered valleys. Fifty thousand people were soon settled there, and as they had brought with them sheep, cattle and horses, and seeds of the vegetables that they used for food, they formed successful colonies, that soon had a trade with the mother country in oil, butter, skins, fish and minerals. Iceland had been colonized long before the Norsemen settled there, by some pious and learned Irish monks, who wished a retreat from the world. The Norsemen found them there, and it may have been from them that they learned to write their own language in Latin text. They did not learn their faith of the monks, however, for Iceland remained heathen until the year 1000, and Christianity was only introduced with much difficulty.

The Government of Iceland was a sort of aristocratic republic, and under the freedom and prosperity of the country, a remarkable literature grew up, which is even now the admiration of the world. The records of the doings of the early settlers was kept carefully, and poetry of rare worth was written in Iceland before the North of Europe had developed anything really worthy of the name of literature. Two years after the Norsemen settled in Iceland, one of the settlers who was accustomed to sail back and forth between the island and Norway, carrying cargoes to trade with the mother country, was driven by foul weather far to the westward and sighted a strange land. His ship was frozen fast in the ice not far from its coast, and for several months, until warm weather came and melted the ice about his ship. Gunnbjorn, for that was the name of the mariner, was held a prisoner to the Frost King. As soon as his ship was loosened from the ice, he sailed back to Iceland, and gave an account of his experience, which was much talked of at the time, but soon became a seldom-related tradition.

Eighteen years after Gunnbjorn's voyage, Eric the Red, a settler on Ox Island, near the mouth of one of the fiords of Iceland, killed a man in a brawl, and was outlawed. Eric at once took ship with a few bold comrades, and set out to find the land that he had heard of to the westward, although he had only the vague directions that he had gathered from the traditions of Gunnbjorn's voyage. The adventurers sailed with favorable winds, and after an uneventful voyage reached the shores of the new land. They anchored their vessel in a fiord that cut deeply into the land and was admirably sheltered, and in a green little valley built seventeen huts, of rough blocks of the sandstone that abounded in the vicinity, chinking up the crevices with a mortar made of clay and gravel. For three years those huts were the homes of Eric and his crew, and they explored the coast for a considerable distance on both sides



Bridal Costume of Norwegian Peasants

of Cape Farwell. A thousand years ago, the climate of Greenland was much milder than it is now, though even then the coast of the winter-land must have been grim and desolate enough. Yet there were sheltered valleys whose climate was sufficiently affected by the warm current far away, to make them for a few weeks in the brief Arctic summer, exceedingly verdant. This was, perhaps, the reason that Eric called the country Greenland, for as we know, it was even in his day more of a "white land" than a green land, a treeless, desolate waste, for the most part.

In 986 Eric and his companions ventured back to Iceland, and persuaded a number of their countrymen to return with them in five-and-twenty ships, to the green land of the west. The voyage was a cruel one, beset with dangers and disasters. Nearly one half the fleet was crushed under giant icebergs, which like huge demons of winter, wander over the northern seas, until the warm currents dissolve them. Five hundred of the colonists arrived safely, and formed a settlement on the southwestern coast. In course of time this settlement grew and prospered. It kept up a communication with Iceland, and for four hundred years, played an humble part in the history of the Norsemen.

One of Eric's colonists, Bjarni, the son of Herjulf, or Bjarni Herjulfson, as he was called, made a visit to his native Iceland, and upon his return was driven out of his course by the wind and discovered a country lying to the west of Greenland. Its shores, as seen from his vessel, were heavily wooded, and somewhat hilly. He told of his discovery when he reached Greenland, but no one paid any attention to it. Finally Lief, the son of Eric the Red, or Lief Ericson, as he is better known, heard of Bjarni's discovery and pondered much upon it. Four years afterward Lief made a voyage to Norway, which had by this time come under the influence of the Catholic missionaries in the North. He was much impressed by the Christian doctrine, and brought back to Greenland with him, several priests to convert his heathen countrymen. In the year 1000, Lief Ericson selected a crew of five-and-thirty men, and set out to find the land that Bjarni Herjulfson had sighted. He took the course into which Bjarni had accidentally drifted, and it brought him to the coast of a heavily wooded land, probably Nova Scotia. He called the land "Mark-land," "Mark," being the Norse for forest, and the land was one of forests. He and his companions explored the country near the sea, and thus were probably the first white men to set foot on the American continent. From Mark-land, Ericson and his crew coasted to the southward, sighting land at different times, and finally anchored at a point where a clear river entered the ocean. Just where this was, I can not tell you, but it may have been on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

The Norsemen went ashore and rambled about. They were charmed with the autumnal beauty of the forests, and noticed that a sort of wild wheat grew on the river banks. Among the company was a German, and as he was wandering through the forest, he was rejoiced to see hanging in purple clusters from wild vines that coiled about the branches and trunks of the trees, grapes like those of his native valleys. To be sure they were smaller, and many of them were very sour, but he knew that was on account of their uncultivated state. He told Eric of his discovery, and as they afterward found that grapes grew wild in great profusion in the whole district, they gave the name "Vinland" to the country. They were so pleased with Vinland that they spoke of it as "Vinland the Good," and thus it is mentioned in the chronicles of Iceland, that record the doings of Lief Ericson and his friends.

Lief and his crew cut a ship-load of timber from the forests of Vinland, and in



the year 1001 sailed back to Greenland, where their friends were, no doubt, overjoyed to see them. On the way back Lief rescued some shipwrecked sailors from death, and from the good fortune that had attended him, he received the name of Lief the Lucky. In the year 1002 Lief's brother Thorwald sailed to Vinland, found the huts in which the crews of his brother's ships had passed two winters and explored the land. He spent two years in sailing up and down the coast, and rambling about inland. I am sorry that Thorwald did not keep a record of his discoveries, but it is not likely that he could either read or write. At all events no record was made until long afterward and the details of the adventures of the Norsemen in the new world are a sealed book. Thorwald was killed by the Indians, and his crew sailed back to Greenland in 1004. Thorstein, another son of Eric the Red, attempted a voyage to Vinland, taking with him his wife. He failed to discover land, and died on the return voyage. Soon after Thorstein's death, a rich jarl came over from Iceland and settled in Greenland. He saw the widow of Thorstein, wooed and won her. When they had been married a short time, Gudrid, the wife, persuaded her husband in 1007 to take a colony from Greenland and settle in the pleasant land to the south, which her former husband had failed to find. A hundred and sixty men and several women were willing to venture, and these and a cargo of cattle were taken to Vinland and a colony settled in the country. In the same year Gudrid's little son Snorro, was born, and was probably the first white child born in America. From him in after-times were descended many brave and learned men of Denmark and Norway.

After three years spent happily and profitably in Vinland, the Indians who had traded freely with the Norsemen, and shown themselves friendly, became sullen and quarrelsome. An occasion for strife arose, and the Norsemen were attacked. Many of them were killed, and the rest were driven from the land. It is claimed that Gudrid some years afterward went to Rome, and related to the Pope her experience in the New World, and that it was on this account the Pope later encouraged Columbus to make the voyage upon which he determined after a visit to Iceland, where, as I have before said, he learned of the Greenland colony, and the experiences of its members in Vinland the Good. It would seem that Columbus must have received from some source definite knowledge of a land beyond the Western seas, or he would not have mapped out his course as he did, and held to it so persistently. The fact that the continent had been discovered centuries before his time by Europeans, does not detract from the fame of the gallant Genoese, and what he did for mankind.

One more attempt was made to colonize Vinland by the Greenlanders, but it was foiled by the wickedness of a woman, who set the crew of the vessel to quarreling and in the fight that followed half of them were killed, among them the husband of the mischief-maker, and the other half put back to Greenland. While the Norsemen were colonizing Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland, others of the jarls, who refused to yield to Harold Fairhair were sailing in their staunch, well-built crafts, to other foreign countries. Algiers, Constantinople, and the shores of the White Sea were visited, and in the year 875 Rurik, a Scandinavian, of the tribe of Russ, founded the kingdom of Russia.

The kingdom of Sweden was founded in the year 900 by a chief named Yingling, of whom I can tell you little, for the real history of Sweden did not begin until some years later, when Olaf the Lap-king, so called because he was crowned while still a babe, began his reign. Harold Fairhair was followed on the throne of Norway by Eric, who was so cruel that he earned the name of Blood-axe. He killed all of his

brothers but one, Hacon, a mere child, who was sent to the protection of Athelstane, the Saxon king of England, who treated him with kindness, and reared him as his own son. This Hacon returned to Norway when he was twenty-one years old, and was elected king. Eric was compelled to flee to the Orkney Islands, which had long been in the possession of the Norsemen, and in after-days his sons united with the Danes and made fierce war on the good Hacon. Eric had been so cruel that the people had looked on Hacon as their deliverer, and he did not disappoint their expectations of a good reign. He made wise and just laws, and imitated the virtues of Athelstane. Harold Grayskin, one of the sons of the banished Blood-axe, came with a large fleet to Norway in the year 963, attacked and defeated Hacon's warriors, killed the king, and had himself crowned as monarch of Norway.

The kingdom of the Danes at this time was not merely the little Denmark of to-day. Jutland, Schleswig, and all of Southern Sweden were included in the dominions of Gorm the Old, who reigned there in the days when Harold Fairhair and Eric were kings of Norway, and Olaf, the Lap-king, reigned in Sweden. When Gorm died, his son Harold Bluetooth, one of the fiercest sea-kings of his day, (and there were many very savage Vikings in the Northland,) was called to the throne of Denmark. It was he who joined with Harold Grayskin to drive out Hacon. Grayskin promised to pay him well for his services, but after Hacon's death, and Grayskin's victory over his enemies, he refused to pay Bluetooth the sum agreed upon. That refusal cost Grayskin his ill-gotten kingdom and his crime-stained life. Bluetooth invited him to a conference on a certain river, and when he came, caused him to be treacherously murdered, and gave Norway to his own nephew. Hacon Jarl, or Earl Hacon, of Denmark, soon afterward murdered the king's nephew, not without the sanction of Bluetooth, who then again divided Norway between the murderer and a Norwegian prince. When the Norwegian prince died, Hacon Jarl became the ruler of all Norway, doing homage for his dominions to Harold Bluetooth. Thus Norway became a province of Denmark, and so remained for long ages.

Harold Bluetooth became a Christian, which his savage son Sweyn took so ill that he armed himself and a large number of heathen Danes, and waged war against his father until the latter fell in battle for his new creed, and Sweyn was made king. This Sweyn was the pirate chieftain who harassed the British Isles for so many years, and committed so many atrocities on the coasts of France and Germany. By these piratical excursions the people of Denmark had gained much gold. It is said that Sweyn was once taken prisoner by a chieftain named Sigvald, who wanted to make the country along the Baltic free from Denmark, and had taken up arms to effect his object. To secure his liberty, Sweyn paid to Sigvald, in pure gold, twice his own weight when fully armed. The women of Denmark, with whom Sweyn, in spite of his fierceness and savage cruelty, was a great favorite, melted down their golden rings and ornaments to contribute to the king's ransom. When Sweyn returned to Denmark and learned of the generosity of the women, he is said to have made a law that henceforth forever the women of Denmark should inherit the property of their father, equally with their brothers. Women in most of the countries of Europe were at a disadvantage in respect to inheritance, for with the exception of a dower given to their husbands upon marriage, they had no rights in the estates of their father, which even in most highly civilized lands, usually descended to the male relatives of the family.

Sweyn levied heavy tribute on England, during the days of Ethelred, and many



of the Danes were settled in the country, which they regarded as tributary to the Danish crown. When Ethelred perpetrated the horrid massacre of St. Bryce's Day, of which I have already told you, Sweyn took a fearful vengeance, for his own sister fell a victim to the treachery of the king, and many of his relatives suffered a like fate. I have told you in the Story of England, how Sweyn died and Canute became king of England, and his brother inherited the Danish crown. Harold died in the year 1018 and Canute ruled both Denmark and England thereafter as long as he lived. He established churches and schools everywhere throughout Denmark and Norway, and from his time the Christian religion may be regarded as prevailing in that portion of Scandinavia.

Canute was as fierce in his temper as most of the Vikings, though as a Christian he had more sorrow for his misdeeds. While he was in England governing that country, he left the affairs of Denmark in the hands of a tried and trusted friend by the name of Ulf. This Ulf was a loyal fellow a Norwegian noble, but he allowed himself to be deceived by Emma, Canute's queen, of whom you have learned something of in the story of England. Emma was called the Pearl of Normandy and there have been pretty stories written about her but this "pearl" was a false wife and a cruel mother. You will remember how she brought about the death of her own son unhappy Prince Alfred, whose father Ethelred the Unready, had been driven from England by the Danes. She became the wife of Canute afterwards and one of her sons, Hardicanute was her favorite. She was much older than her husband, but she did not have the influence with him that she wanted and she pleaded in vain with him to make Hardicanute the king of Denmark. When she found that she could not persuade her husband to give Denmark to Hardicanute, she sent messengers to Ulf declaring that Canute was anxious to have his son crowned king but feared that the Danes would not consent. Ulf at once caused Hardicanute to be crowned and Canute was exceedingly angry about it. He did nothing, however, for he was at war with the Swedes and during the war Ulf regained his good-will by coming with a large force of Danes and Norwegians to the aid of Canute when he was on the point of being beaten by the Swedes. After this Canute's distrust of Ulf revived and he wanted very much to get rid of him but could find no means of so doing. One evening Canute and Ulf sat down to play a game of chess. Canute made a false move in the game, and Ulf took advantage of it and captured one of the king's chess-men. Canute thereupon refused to let the move stand. Ulf was angry at this and springing up declared that he would not finish the game. On this, Canute called out rudely that "the cowardly Norwegian Ulf was running away." This was unkind in the king, for though Ulf was a Norwegian he had served Canute long and faithfully and the only fault that could be laid at his door was committed in his anxiety to please that hot-tempered monarch.

There had been as many Norwegians as Danes in the force that Ulf had brought to aid Canute in his battle with the Swedes, and Ulf was justly angry that any slur should be thrown upon his gallant countrymen. He answered with spirit that Canute and his Danes would have run away fast enough in the recent battle if he and his Norwegians had not come to their aid and that they would have been beaten like a pack of curs. He then left the room in high dudgeon. Canute brooded over the words of the jarl all that night. That they were true probably caused them to cut deeper than they would otherwise have done. The next morning when Canute arose from his bed he called one of his Danish guards to him. "Go and kill Ulf Jarl," he commanded

him. The guard trembled and turned pale. "My lord King, I dare not," he answered "Ulf Jarl is at prayers in the church." This did not remind Canute that he himself pro-



MAKING LAILLON OF THE NORTHMEN

fessed to be a Christian and to believe the doctrines of love gentleness and forgiveness. He looked fiercely about him and spying at a little distance a young man



who had long been in his service, a Norwegian, he called to him and told him to go to the church where Ulf was at prayers and thrust his sword through his body. It was done, and when Ulf was out of his way Canute pretended to repent and paid his widow a large sum of money. After a time Canute caused Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror, to marry this Norwegian widow, but tiring of his new wife, he soon sent her to the Court of England to get rid of her. Ulf left a son Sweyn or Svend, and he became ancestor of a line of royal princes from which Queen Victoria traces her descent on the female side and the princes of Oldenburg, Denmark, trace their claim to the throne from Ulf's wife Estride, for Estride was the sister of Canute of Denmark, and Ulf was nearly related to the royal house of Norway.

After the death of the two sons of Canute, and the coming of William the Conqueror, the Danes lost their hold on England. William did, indeed, pay them tribute while he was busy fighting the Saxons, but it was only to gain time. When he had established himself in England, the Danes began piracies in the expectation of being bought off as usual, but he chastised them so severely that they never again attempted to harass England. At the time when Harold Hardrada, the tall and stately king who fell at the battle of Stamford Bridge, was King of Norway, Edmund Slemme was King of Sweden, and Sweyn II., the nephew of the great Canute, ruled in Denmark. The five sons of Sweyn II. successively sat on the throne of Denmark in the next fifty-eight years. I shall not attempt to tell you of the bloody quarrels and feuds that made the chief events of their reign. When the last of them laid down the crown, five kings of another line reigned in succession, in less than twenty-five years. The kingship of Denmark was evidently a dangerous office in those days of anarchy and confusion, and the chief business of the whole country seems to have been fighting, neighbor against neighbor, when there was no foreign foe to plunder.

In Sweden the case was hardly better. The Goths and Swedes were incessantly quarreling and fighting, and Norway alone, of all the Scandinavian countries at this time, was well governed. Olaf III. and his successors ruled Norway wisely and well until Sigurd the Pious joined in the crusade to the Holy Land in 1130, and Norway, too, then entered on a period of civil strife and dissension. Sverker I., of Sweden, restored that country to order in his reign of twenty years, and his son Eric the Saint, who became king in 1155, conquered a part of Finland and forced it to accept the Christian religion. Nearly at the same time Waldemar I., King of Norway and Denmark, gained great victories over the heathen Wends on the shores of the Baltic. His successor, Canute, also surnamed the Pious, conquered the Prussians, a Slavonian tribe, and subjected them and their neighbors, the Pomeranians, to Denmark. For the next hundred years the three Scandinavian kingdoms were engaged in settling their private civil quarrels, though the successor of Canute the Pious conquered North Germany and subjected it to his rule. In spite of all the disorders of the time, Christianity spread and no doubt softened the savage ferocity of the people. The Christianity was, however, tinged with the most absurd superstition, and was not always in those days the beneficent influence that it should have been.

In the year 1320 Magnus Smaek became king of Sweden. He married his son Hacon, who was the king of Norway through his father's inheritance, to Margaret of Denmark. The Northmen had always been a liberty-loving people, and their "Things" or assemblies, had been more free and independent than those of any other European people. Magnus Smaek, like Charles Stuart of England in later

times, had an idea that the will of the king should suffice the people, and that he should be above all laws, even those that he himself made for the government of others. He therefore attempted to abolish the Parliament of Sweden in 1363 and his indignant people took the crown from him and gave it to a German Prince, Albert of Mecklenburg. Margaret of Denmark soon afterward succeeded to her husband's Norwegian crown, and not being satisfied with her two kingdoms, determined to possess herself of Sweden in her husband's right. She was called The Semiramis of The North, for she was a truly great queen. She won the love of the people of Denmark and Norway by her wise and good government, and when she called upon them to aid her to the crown of Sweden, they responded with enthusiasm. She soon had a large army at her command and had little trouble in conquering Albert of Mecklenburg. In 1377 Sweden, Norway and Denmark were joined under one crown and for more than a hundred years were ruled as one kingdom. Margaret was a wise ruler, and not even Elizabeth of England or Catherine II., of Russia, had more genius than she. She knew how to keep the great nobles in order to make the Danes, Norwegians and Swedes forget that they were not all countrymen and to bring into system and harmony all of the discordant affairs by which she was surrounded. She was cruel, it is true, to a pretender to the throne who asserted that its former king Olaf, Margaret's son, who died in his youth, was not dead but had been spirited away to Norway by his mother, who was anxious to make herself queen. This pretender even succeeded as other pretenders in other countries before and afterward did, in gaining a large following. In vain those who had known Olaf well in life related the details of his death and how he had been buried with splendid ceremonies in a certain Danish church. Certain people persisted in following him until Margaret had him taken captive and burned to death at the stake. She did not show good judgment in the selection of her successor, for Eric the prince of Pomerania whom she chose was a weak, cruel and unworthy king and his subjects not only deposed him but made him leave the kingdom over which his aunt had ruled so well, and seek shelter in his own Pomerania. He wasted the kingdom by a long war with a personal enemy in which he was at last defeated.

Christian II., "The Nero of The North," was the last sovereign of the three kingdoms. Christian was to Scandinavia what Ivan the Terrible was to Russia, Henry VIII. to England, and Ferdinand the Catholic to Spain. Like Ivan, he hated the nobles with a bitter hatred, and distrusted them most heartily. He had been brought up in the house of a tradesman of Copenhagen, and may there have imbibed some of this hatred, but he made a mistake in thinking that the common people would love and trust him if he showed severity to the nobles. The injustice of the deeds that he had committed filled them with horror. Even his good qualities could not command their respect, and Christian II. had some good qualities. He made a few wise laws that showed this. He forbade the people to plunder wrecked vessels, and compelled them to send their children to school. He caused better methods of printing books to be used, and good books to be prepared for the public schools. He fined all parents who did not see to it that their children were taught to read, write and cipher, and when they grew older instructed in some trade by which they might earn a living. He caused the first post-offices to be established in Scandinavia, and inns to be built at certain distances along the post-roads. Travelers could complain to the officers of the king if the people did not keep these roads in order, and the dwellers near it could be fined for allowing it to become impassable.



Christian II. showed a decided leaning toward the reformed faith, but made a bargain with the Pope when he found that he was about to send a messenger to him, and afterward became willing to persecute the Protestants. Early in life Christian fell in love with the daughter of an inn-keeper. She died suddenly, and Christian suspected one of his nobles of whom he was jealous, of having poisoned her. He caused the noble to be arrested and tried. The judges could not find any evidence against him, but the king declared that he would have his head anyway, and have it he did. The mother of the dead girl gained a great influence over the king and lived splendidly in the palace, insulting and abusing the nobles, and conducting herself in an altogether scandalous manner.

All these things made the Swedes hate Christian intensely. They had never relished their union with Norway and Denmark, and had more than once revolted. They had once since the union even succeeded in establishing their freedom and seating Charles Canute's son upon the throne, but had not been acknowledged as independent by the other two kingdoms. The life of Christian II. was such that the Swedes were filled with horror at the idea of being under his rule. From his childhood up he had been the scandal of the three kingdoms, and though he was handsome and graceful the Swedes could not trust him, and determined to make a brave effort to free themselves from him. Led by a patriot named Steno Sture, the Swedes surrounded one of their archbishops who had schemed to betray them to Christian II., and besieged him in his palace. Pope Leo X. hurled a terrifying curse upon the insurgents, and they abandoned the revolt and made their submission to Christian II., who made them give as hostages, for their good behavior, seven of their noblemen. Among these hostages was Gustavus Ericson, afterward the liberator of Sweden. Steno Sture would not yield to the king. He possessed himself of Stockholm, and held out for some time against the royal army. He was killed in 1520, and his widow Christine continued at the head of the party in opposition to the king, and bravely defended Stockholm until she saw there was no hope of success. She then surrendered. Christian II. entered the city and was crowned King of Sweden. He declared that he freely pardoned all his enemies, but on the third day after his coronation he showed the Swedes what the forgiveness of a tyrant is worth. He invited the chief Swedish nobles and clergy to a great feast, and when the mirth was at its height, he caused the doors to be locked and guarded, and the archbishop who had been besieged for his treachery, accused all the Swedish nobles and clergy there present, of being traitors and heretics, and demanded their punishment. The king at once condemned them to death, and ninety-four nobles, the whole Swedish Senate, and many of the clergy were taken under strong guard to the market-place of the city, and beheaded. A poor, common man, who happened to see the dreadful spectacle, wept at the fate of his countrymen, whereupon the Northern Nero had him beheaded, too. Among the murdered nobles was Eric Ericson, the father of the hostage Gustavus.

Christian II. marked his progress through Sweden in blood. He murdered people without form of trial, if he suspected that they had taken part in the revolts, and showed himself a ferocious beast. He caused the dead body of the patriot Steno Sture to be dug from its grave, and when he saw the remains flew at them like a wild animal and tore them with his teeth and nails. While these horrors were in progress in Sweden, young Gustavus Ericson escaped from prison in Denmark and fled to Delacarla. He had heard of the murder of his father and the other noblemen, and burned for revenge upon the inhuman tyrant who was plunging Sweden into

such misery. He roused the peasants of Delacarla by the story of his wrongs and those of his country. At first the peasants would have nothing to do with Gustavus although they allowed him to depart in safety from among them after he had counseled them to resist Christian II., but when they learned of the dreadful massacre of nobles in Stockholm and the cruelty of the inhuman king, they summoned Gustavus to lead them to liberty. The young Ericson adopted as the symbol on his banner, a vase which was the coat-of-arms of his house, and from this received the name Gustavus Vasa which he bears in history though he never called himself by that title. The army was largely increased as time went by, and Christian sent one of his bravest generals against the rebellious Swedes. He made a gallant attempt to restore the Danish power in Sweden but it failed. One castle after another was taken from the Danes, and finally Gustavus Vasa was crowned king of the country by right of his descent from Charles Canuteson.

The Pope was disposed to contest the right of Gustavus to rule the country, but when Gustavus sent an appeal to the Emperor of Germany, the Pope and all the princes of Christendom, relating the causes that led to the revolt of the Swedes and telling how brutal Christian had been to them, how he had not only murdered their nobles but had carried the unhappy wives and children of his victims to Denmark where he either starved them to death or caused them to be poisoned in prison, the indignation of the European monarchs who cared for truth and justice was roused. Christian was so enraged at this bold appeal of his enemy that he openly gave orders to have every Swedish prisoner he held murdered. Some of the men to whom he gave these orders refused to obey and allowed their prisoners to escape; but others executed the orders—and the prisoners

Gustavus soon won the love of the whole Swedish nation for he had such an interest in the welfare of the people that he devoted his whole life to the betterment of their condition. He was crowned at Stockholm in the year 1523 and reigned over Sweden thirty-seven years. When he had been king for some years he succeeded in having a law passed making the crown hereditary in his family and when he died in the year 1560 at the age of sixty-four his son Eric became king of Sweden. Good Gustavus Vasa was much vexed by the quarrels of his sons for many years before his death, and to insure peace after he should be no more, he gave Finland to John his second son, and his possessions that were hereditary in the Ericson family to his two younger sons, Eric of course as the eldest succeeding to the crown of Sweden.

King Eric was a strange, restless, half-crazy fellow, who never knew his own mind very long at one time, if indeed he kept to any resolution very long. Before his father's death he had come to the decision to ask the hand of Queen Elizabeth and was upon his way to the coast to embark for England when the news of his father's death reached him. He was a handsome, graceful, educated man, a musician and painter as well as scholar and he had some hopes of succeeding with the Virgin Queen. For a time after he became king he gave over the idea of wooing Elizabeth and spent large sums of money in buying jewels and ornaments of all kinds and in bringing into the country lions, camels and other strange animals with which he designed to amuse his people, somewhat in the manner of the old Roman Emperors. When his splendid and costly coronation was over, he again became eager to woo Elizabeth and to win her favor sent her eighteen piebald horses, several chests of uncoined gold and silver bars, costly furs, strings of pearls and other rare jewels. He sent, too, a large sum of money wherewith the English counsellors of State were to be bribed, but before they could make up their minds how to answer him Eric sent to



Scotland to find out whether Mary the young queen was as beautiful as she was reported—for she was thought beautiful in spite of her cross eyes and bad figure—but not to be disappointed in a wife, had also sent to ask a French princess and a German princess if they would marry him.

It had long been suspected that Eric was insane but his acts now convinced the Swedes that their king was a madman. He was suspicious of his best friends and destroyed them one by one and finally caused the death of a nobleman and all his family for whom he conceived a sudden dislike, though the unfortunate victims had been faithful to him in everything. After this he became a raving maniac for a time and the only person that had any influence over him was a poor low-born girl, by the name of Karen Mansdatter, and she could govern him in his worst frenzy. His brother Magnus went insane, too, and finally John became king of Sweden, as Eric was utterly unable to reign. John treated his brother Eric and Karen, whom he had married, with the greatest cruelty. He reigned many years over Sweden persecuting also his own brother Karl and winning the hatred of the neighboring Russians with whom he engaged in a war which lasted far into the next reign.

In the meantime, during the life of Gustavus Vasa, the people of Denmark and Norway deposed Christian II., and called Frederick, Duke of Holstein, to the throne of the two kingdoms. In the course of time Frederick I. died, and his son Christian III. came to the throne and after that every king of the two kingdoms, when he was crowned, either took the name Frederick or Christian. During the reign of Christian III. the Pope lost all power in the Danish kingdom, as he had lost power in Sweden during the days of Gustavus Vasa. Great progress was made in learning and the arts in Denmark and Norway during the reign of Christian III. and he died in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was Christian III. who established Protestantism throughout Denmark and Norway, but he failed to convert the Catholic Icelanders to the new faith. Frederick II., who succeeded Christian III. on the throne of Denmark was a man who was so zealous for Lutheranism that he hated the followers of Calvin most heartily, and persecuted them with the utmost bitterness. He seemed to think that the king should have the keeping of the conscience of his people, and to make sure that the Danes believed, or professed to believe, in religion as he did himself, he caused twenty-five written statements of faith to be drawn up, and any person who desired to reside in Danish territory was obliged to sign these statements. During the reign of Frederick II. a remarkable man became widely known not only in Denmark, his native country, but throughout all Europe. His name was Tycho Brahe, and he was a member of an old Danish family, and in very early life, to the great disgust of his relatives, began the study of astronomical science. Frederick was deeply interested in the studies of Tycho Brahe, and that he might pursue them without being bothered by the curious, or persecuted by his hostile relatives, he gave him the little island of Hven, near Copenhagen. Tycho built a great observatory which he called Uranienborg, and which was regarded by the ignorant common people as a sort of wizard's castle. There the astronomer constructed so many strange and hitherto unknown instruments for observing the movements of the heavenly bodies that it was considered a very remarkable place even by men of science. Tycho caused an ingenious underground



Swedish National Costume.

chamber to be constructed at Uranienborg, and through a narrow slit in its ceiling the observer was able to see the stars in broad daylight, which was thought magic by the common people.

After the death of King Frederick, the relatives of Tycho Brahe succeeded in having his researches declared wicked, and that he so degraded his rank in thus studying astronomy, that he might be considered a traitor. To escape spending the remainder of his days in prison as a traitor and heretic, or worse yet, a lunatic, for his relatives declared that he was crazy, Tycho accepted the invitation of Emperor Rudolph of Germany, to make that country his home. Rudolph was deeply interested in astronomy and astrology, and gave Tycho every encouragement in his power. At Prague the astronomer found a pleasant home, and there, with the help of Kepler, another great student of astronomy, he made tables giving the results of his life-long work, that were really the foundation of the modern science of astronomy, and to him, next to Ptolemy and Hipparchus, we owe much of what we know of the movements of the heavenly bodies, though Kepler and Newton also should have great honor, for they carried on the work that Tycho Brahe so well began. The daughter of Frederick II. married that James who became king of England upon the death of Elizabeth, and they were the direct ancestors of Queen Victoria.

During the reign of Frederick II. of Denmark and Norway, the youngest son of Gustavus Vasa reigned over Sweden. He was so watchful of the rights of his poor subjects that he gained the name of The Peasant's King. He did many good things for his country, but kept it constantly at war with Russia and Sweden, and his son Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, who followed him on the throne, became so famous in history that he quite overshadows his father. Charles died at the end of the twelfth year of the long reign of Christian III., and Gustavus succeeded to his kingdom at the age of seventeen. Christian IV. thought he would have small trouble now in gaining everything he wanted in Sweden since Charles IX. was dead and a mere lad was king, and he at once made active preparations for carrying on the war. He little knew the genius of Gustavus.

From the time the Swedish king was ten years old he had attended all the Councils of State in his father's kingdom, and had been so carefully trained that there were few men in Europe who were better educated. He had learned all sorts of military matters, and it was well that he did, for Christian IV. was a fine soldier and great general. Gustavus Adolphus soon brought the Danes to agree to peace, and then he marched his army into Russia and reconquered the territory that the Russians had taken from Sweden. Next he made war upon Poland, which ended to the credit of Sweden, and all Europe began to hear of the fame of the "Lion of the North." Gustavus was no less successful in managing the peaceful affairs of his kingdom than its wars, and his court was celebrated as the most learned and brilliant of his times.

All the time that Gustavus was fighting the enemies of his country, the terrible Thirty Years' War of Religion was raging in Germany. The brave Lion was a devout Protestant, and longed to aid the Protestants of Germany. When he had conquered Poland for the time, he was free to turn his arms against the Catholics, and sent envoys to treat with the great Catholic General Wallenstein for peace and freedom of worship for the Germans. Wallenstein refused to come to terms, and so jealous was he of the fame of the Swedish king and anxious to meet him in battle and conquer



him, that he not only openly refused his terms, but sent a large sum of money to Sweden to be used in rousing revolt against Gustavus so that he might invade Sweden with a reasonable hope of success. I have told you in the story of Germany how Gustavus and his little army attacked Wallenstein, but as this battle of Lutzen was one of the great battles of the world's history, I think I will tell you more particularly about it.

You will remember that Gustavus defeated the famous Catholic General Tilly near Leipzig, in 1631, and that for nine weeks thereafter Wallenstein lay in sight of the Swedish camp, and though his own force largely outnumbered the enemy he could not make up his mind to attack Gustavus, and so the two armies did nothing. It was Gustavus who finally assaulted Wallenstein's camp, and though he gained no advantage and was soon obliged to retreat on account of his sick and wounded, the attack had the effect of putting Wallenstein's forces in motion. The Catholic army crossed into Saxony and cruelly ravaged the country, and in 1632 Gustavus, with about eighteen thousand men, followed Wallenstein and came up to him on the plain between Lutzen and Leipzig. As Gustavus had marched through Saxony, the half-starved, cruelly-plundered people had crawled from their fireless hearths to bless him and pray for his victory, and his heart was filled with solemn resolve that they should not be disappointed in their hopes.

It was a foggy day early in November, 1632, when the two armies found themselves almost within hailing distance of one another. Every man of the small army of Swedes, Scots and Germans knew that the day was one heavy with responsibility, and with the dawn of light in the camp of the Protestants there was a solemn service of song and prayer. Have you ever heard that grand old hymn written by Martin Luther, "A Tower of Strength is Our God?" As its cadences roll to the roof of the church and float out into the air, it is easy to imagine that angels are listening to the song which is at once a prayer, a confession of faith and an anthem of praise. Imagine then how the words and music must have sounded as intoned by nearly twenty thousand deep voices it rolled upon the heavy mist like the battle challenge of the legions of light. When it had been sung to the last word the soldiers took up the hymn "Christ our Salvation," led by Gustavus' clear, strong voice, and when it, too, sank into silence, the Swedish king spoke earnestly to his army, telling them what were the results of the victory or defeat and commending their cause to the God of Battles. In Wallenstein's ranks there was dead silence, his soldiers waited the Swedes like men of iron, fearing not the onset and feeling confident, too, in the victory as they were that their cause was just. They fought for the church that for centuries had dominated the minds of men, and had carried its creed to the bounds of the known earth, and had planted the cross in the tears and blood of its martyrs. Thus the two armies met and fought for what each considered the right. The Swedes took up the cry: "Jesus we fight this day for his holy name," and rushed forward. Some of the regiments caught up the old battle cry of the crusaders "God with us," as they rushed on the foe. Where the fight raged hottest there was the gallant Lion of the North,



Swedish Interior

his blue eyes flashing with energy of contest, his long golden hair streaming in the wind and his earnest face inspiring his men with resolution. Three batteries of Wallenstein's guns were taken at the first dash, and when a messenger galloped to the king with this cheering news he bared his head and uttered a brief prayer of thanksgiving then charged at the enemy leading his cavalry. A pistol-shot struck

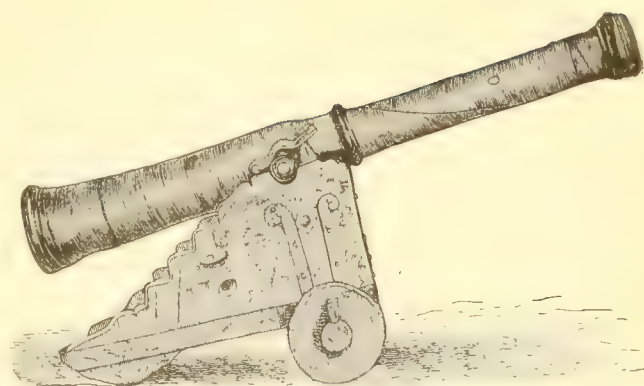


GVSTAVVS ADOLPHVS D.G. REX SVEC. GOTH.  
ET VAND. MAGNVS PRINCEPS FINLANDIE. DVX. ETC.

his horse in the neck, another shattered the arm in which the king held the rein. Gustavus turned to one of his aids to tell him that he was wounded and ask him to help him from the field as another shot had wounded him in the foot and he was unable to dismount from his horse, but as he spoke a third ball struck him in the back and he fell with his foot in the stirrup. A German lad who knew and loved the king and was one of his cavalry, saw him fall, and rode forward to rescue him. The



king was still conscious and reached out his hands to him. The young man was about to lift the king from the ground when some of Wallenstein's men came up and asked the lad who the wounded man was. The boy hesitated to tell them, but Gustavus, confident that they would treat a wounded enemy of his bravery and rank with respect, told him that he was the Swedish king. Shame to relate it, but the men to whom he had trusted himself leveled their pistols at his head and shot him dead. Thus perished the gallant Gustavus, but the day was not lost in spite of his death. When the Swedes heard that their king was dead, they demanded revenge. They rushed forward, and fighting like the fierce Northmen of old, bore down the enemy who outnumbered them two to one, and after a fight lasting until night-fall found themselves in possession of the field upon which twelve thousand men lay dead. All of Wallenstein's artillery and ammunition fell into their hands, and the news of the victory thrilled all Protestant Europe with hope.



Old Swedish Leather Cannon

Christina, the daughter of the great Adolphus, who succeeded him, was unfitted by nature to reign. She had been carefully educated, and knew many things that made her respected by the people, but she was never able to govern herself and was thus unfitted to govern others. She was under the influence of favorites and squandered the money belonging to the State to that degree that Sweden was nearly bankrupt. She spent all her private fortune in silly amusements and filled the court with dancers, singers and actors, and even took part herself in the ballets that used to be performed there. Several times she was obliged to close her kitchens because she had not money enough to buy food for herself and her servants. Her silliness in frittering away her time and opportunities and in conferring titles on undeserving people disgusted the Swedes with her. Worst of all in their eyes she even renounced the religion for which her noble father had lost his life and the principles of conduct that had governed him. She had been betrothed very early in life to her cousin Charles, but she refused to marry him being too much in love with an unworthy favorite. In the year 1654 Christina told her council that she was determined to give up the crown to her cousin. She was only twenty-eight years old and her sole excuse for her abdication was, that she was tired of the throne. She therefore resigned it and left Sweden, visiting by turns many of the European countries and everywhere conducting herself in such a manner that she was an unwelcome guest. She was always in debt, always begging money from the princes, in whose dominions she happened to be, and always spending what was given her with the wildest extravagance. She died in Rome in the year 1689 at the age of sixty-three, a pampered, selfish, vain old woman, whom nobody mourned.

The prince to whom Christina resigned her throne had great dreams of conquest. Under Gustavus Adolphus and the generals who came after him, the Swedish army had won many laurels, and the Swedish soldiers were counted the best in Europe. Charles X. knew the great history of the Gothic race, and imagined that the conquests they had reaped twelve centuries before under the gallant Alaric, might be repeated under his own generalship. From what he knew of his neighbors

he thought that it would be an easy task to conquer the North, and then the world was before him. He accomplished little. He lost East Prussia to the Great Elector of Brandenburg, and when he afterward attacked Denmark, which had been at the



QUEEN MOTHER TERESA OF SWEDEN.

time for twelve years under the rule of Frederick III., he lost his life. The war with Denmark continued when Charles XI. sat on the Swedish throne, and Christian V.



was king of Norway and Denmark. It was brought to a close by the peace-making of Louis XIV. of France, who, as you will remember, claimed the right to settle European quarrels.

When Charles XII., a lad of eighteen, came to the Swedish throne, Frederick IV. of Denmark, allied himself with the King of Poland and Peter the Great of Russia, to wrest from the boy-king of Sweden the conquests of his ancestors, who, for more than a hundred years, had gradually enlarged the bounds of Sweden, until it was the great power of the North. Frederick IV. had no idea that the young king had any military genius, and knew that Peter the Great was a valiant ally, and was, therefore, exceedingly surprised when Charles XII. made an alliance with England and Holland, landed an army in Denmark and besieged Copenhagen, which was totally unprepared for siege. In six weeks' time Frederick IV. was convinced of his folly in making war upon Sweden. His capital was only saved from destruction on the payment of a large ransom and his army hemmed in on every side. He was compelled to give up his allies to the wrath of the warlike young king of the Swedes, and to make peace on the terms offered him, which were not much to the advantage of his kingdom.

Taking advantage of the absence of the Swedish king in Denmark, Peter the Great had marched into Swedish territory with eighty thousand men, and besieged



Charles XII. borne on a litter at Poltava.

Narva. Charles XII. hastened to the relief of the city. He had but eight thousand men to hurl against the eighty thousand of Peter the Great, but they were much superior in arms and training. In fact the Russian army was unskilled in the arts of modern warfare, and Charles XII. made short work of its defeat. He drove the Russians out of his territory, and then set about punishing Poland for the part she had taken against him in the alliance. While he marched to Poland the Russians again attacked his provinces that were the most convenient to them. To retaliate, and to gain for himself the crown of Russia, to which the Swedish monarchs had often made claim, Charles XII. in 1708 invaded Russia. Peter the Great wanted to treat for peace, for he was alarmed for the safety of his crown. Like Napoleon a hundred years later, Charles haughtily replied, refusing the terms of peace, "I will treat with the Czar in Moscow." The pitiless cold of the Russian winter vanquished his army. The Russians had wasted the country before the enemy, and they could hardly get food enough to sustain their lives. Weakened by cold and hunger, the Swedes were attacked at Pultowa, and terribly defeated. Of the large army that Charles led into Russia, only three hundred retreated with him from the field of Pultowa, and took refuge, with their king, in Turkey.

The Sultan at first treated the Swedes with magnificent hospitality, gave the king a handsome house to live in, and supplied all his needs. The Czar bribed him to order Charles and his followers to leave the country. Charles resisted the Sultan, and pitted his three hundred Swedes against the twenty-six thousand soldiers of the Turkish army. Of course Charles was defeated, and with the loss of many of his faithful men, was captured and thrown into prison, where he remained for nearly a year.

Charles was forced to make peace, and returned to his kingdom in 1714. Two years later he made war against Denmark, and in that contest, lost his life. Before Charles XII. ascended the throne of Sweden, the Parliament had conferred almost unlimited power upon its king. Now it saw what a grievous mistake had been made, Charles XII. had plunged the nation into a series of unsuccessful wars, and almost ruined it. The Parliament now revoked the laws that gave unrestricted power to the sovereign, and when Ulrika Eleanor, the sister of the late king, was crowned in 1718, her authority was not very great. Small as it was, she had not the ability to wield it, and after two years gave her crown to her husband, Frederick of Hesse-Cassel. He had no more idea of government than his predecessor, and under his weak rule, Sweden, which had been raised to such a proud height among nations, by its gallant Lion of The North, the noble Gustavus Adolphus, sunk low indeed.

The country was distracted by the quarrels and fights of two factions, called the "Hats" and "Caps." The "Hats" favored France, and the "Caps" were eager to make an alliance with Russia. The king who followed the inglorious Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, was no more able than he. The strife between the "Hats" and "Caps" waxed furious. The nobles really ruled, or rather misruled, the country, and the king was without respect or authority. The members of the Parliament, who were all nobles, sold themselves to France or Russia, according to the price they could receive from those foreign masters, and had neither patriotism nor honor. Poor Sweden, abandoned to these shameless demagogues, was unspeakably miserable. It was with joy that the people hailed the accession of Gustavus III., a brave and resolute Prince. The Swedes gladly rallied around him to suppress the Parliament and bring the nobles to order, and under his firm government the industries of the country revived.





*Carolus!*

Gustavus III. reformed the laws, and for several years was a wise ruler, then he began to ape the splendor of the French court, and soon undid all of his good work. He impoverished his kingdom, and lost the affection of his subjects. When the French revolted, and made Louis XVI. agree to rule by a constitution, Gustavus III. determined to yield to the entreaties of the fugitive French nobility who had come to him for protection, and lead an army into France, to restore Louis XVI. to his former power. His plan was not carried out, for he was murdered at a court ball by an officer of his army in 1792, and was succeeded on the throne, by Gustavus IV.

Frederick IV., of Denmark, died in 1730, and after him Christian VII., an imbecile, became king. His wife, a high-minded, talented woman, an English royal princess, was the real ruler of the country. She had for her prime minister a German doctor, named Struensee. The Danes were jeal-

ous of the Germans, and because Struensee wrote court documents in his native tongue, and made German thus the court language, they were bitterly hostile to him. Certain reforms that Struensee made further excited the wrath of the Danes. The nobles finally seized him, accused him of various crimes, convicted and beheaded him. The innocent queen was divorced from her husband, and died three years later a broken-hearted captive.

The plot for the murder of Struensee, and the disgrace of the queen, had been formed by the king's mother, and she held the reins of government until the Crown Prince Frederick VI. was old enough to take charge of affairs. He called to his aid the gallant and wise Bernstorff, and Denmark and Norway were firmly and well governed for many years.

During the upheaval in Europe resulting from the French Revolution, the three Scandinavian kingdoms remained unshaken. I have told you elsewhere how the royal line of Sweden failed, and the brave Marshal Bernadotte was made king. In 1814 Denmark ceded Norway to Sweden, and since that time the two kingdoms have been united under the Bernadotte kings. Since the fall of Napoleon Scandinavia has had an uneventful history. Peace and prosperity have dwelt in the home of the Northmen of old, and war is but a memory, sad but not humiliating, for braver people never unsheathed sword nor fought for liberty, than those whose cradles were rocked by the Northern seas, and whose mother-tongue was the language of Canute, Hardrada and Olaf the Lap-king.

# RUSSIA.

**A**LL of the countries of Western Europe whose story I have told you or shall tell you in the course of this volume, only occupy a little more than one half of that Grand Division of the surface of the earth. Extending eastward from the borders of Germany, Austria and Scandinavia and from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the limits of the continent on the south, and through Northern Asia to the edge of the Pacific Ocean, Russia is as different in surface and the character of the country from the rest of Europe, as the West of Europe to day is different from the Europe of Caesar's time. You will remember that in reading the story of the old Empires of the East, from time to time mention was made of savages who swept down from the heart of Asia, and desolating the rich lands to the south, struck terror everywhere. The best drilled and disciplined armies of those days melted away before these fierce savages who were called Scythians.

The Scythians were wanderers by nature. People who live in a mountainous country are, as a rule, so fond of their homes, that they are unwilling to leave them, and tending their flocks and herds upon the hills where their fathers for ages built their dwellings and watched their herds, grow strong, hardy, liberty-loving, and patriotic. There is hardly a country of Western Europe that has not its hills and mountains, and is not washed by the waters of the ocean that is a highway of commerce with other lands and a bound to the migrations of their people if they were inclined to wandering.

In Russia the greater part of the vast territory is a level plain, either covered heavily with forests, or with prairie. Such a surface is not favorable for settled homes, and the fact that there is little building-stone in the Empire and that the cheap dwellings of wood are easily put together and extremely perishable, has made Russia slower in the development of civilization than any other European country. Indeed it can not be said that Russia is yet civilized, in the true sense of the word, though it has a written history that goes back to the days of the Byzantine Emperors.



Asia is called "the mother of barbarians," and the Scythians no doubt came from Asia long after the other Aryan races settled Western Europe. They roamed over the plains tilling the soil where they found it fertile, leaving their lands whenever the whim seized them, and carrying terror to their civilized neighbors. They were Pagans but their religion was different from that of the Druids, and its practices were nearly as bloody. To know what are the characteristics of a people we must understand the nature of their gods, for as you have no doubt noticed, they only worship gods who possess the qualities they most admire in men, and which they think it noble to imitate. Being a warlike people, of course the god of war was the great god of the Scythians. His emblem was a huge sword, which was set on the top of a tall mound, and to this sword they sacrificed the unhappy captives they took in their numerous raids. The first of these captives taken, was the one considered particularly sacred to their war-god, and was not only slain at the foot of the huge sword, but his blood was saved and solemnly drunk as an offering to the deity.

When a Scythian died, his friends all showed their grief by making themselves as drunk as it was possible for them to become, drinking for the purpose mead, or a fiery liquor made of grain and mare's milk, and for ten days they bewailed him as well as they could when their first duty every morning was to get drunk. At the end of this time, they asked one of the men-servants of the dead man, which of them would accompany his master to the other world, and if no one was found willing, they selected one, and immediately strangled him. Then one of the women-servants was asked to join her dead master, and as the lot of these slaves was exceedingly hard, it was usually not difficult to find one ready to lay down her life with all its suffering. If the woman consented she was washed and dressed in fine clothing, treated with the greatest politeness, and allowed to get drunk with the other mourners until the day arrived when the body of her master was to be burned. Then she, too, was strangled, and the dead bodies of the slain servants, the favorite horse, dog or other pets of the master, were all burned together on a huge funeral pyre while the mourners beat their shields with their war-clubs, sang songs and danced about it, the most sorrowful leaping the highest and shouting loudest. Beside the god of war the Scythians worshipped Peroun, the god of thunder, lightning and fire, who was supposed to be the avenger of wrongs, and the spirit who made the grass grow and the trees send forth flowers and fruit. Peroun was supposed to be tall and beautiful, with long black hair and a golden beard. He rode above the earth in a flaming car, grasping in his hands a quiver of arrows, and a bow. Sometimes, too, so the Scythians said, he rode abroad on a great mill-stone, supported by the mountain sprites, who obeyed his slightest wish, and who had the power to make stones float in the air as lightly as thistle-down. This Peroun had a statue at Kief, a city of which I shall tell you something shortly, that was made of carved wood. Its legs were of iron, and its head was of silver, with golden ears, and a long golden beard.

Like the Indians of North America, and some other savage tribes in other lands, the Scythians scalped their fallen foes. They also pretended to drink the blood and eat the flesh of the slain, but I am inclined to think they only claimed to do so in order to frighten their enemies. They did make hideous drinking cups out of the skulls of those they had killed in battle and lined them with leather or gold. These they slung at their saddle bows when they went forth to war, and they carried their arrows in quivers made from the skin which had been flayed from the bodies of their captives or those whom they had slain in battle.



These Scythians were the ancestors of the Slavonians, who were the inhabitants of Russia in the latter days of the Roman Empire, and afterward, and who settled in the north of Thrace, along the shores of the Adriatic, in Pomerania, Hungary, Poland, and the land between the Balkan Mountains and the Danube, and between the river Dnieper and the upper reaches of the Volga. The Germans called the Slavonians Wends, and their early emperors were much troubled by them. The Romans called them the Venetae, but the Slavonians called themselves Sirbi, and afterward Slavs, which means that they were glorious in battle.

They trained their young men for war from their early boyhood, and a lad of eight was considered old enough to have his hair cut in the manner of the men, to have a horse of his own, and to go forth on the raids of the tribe. Girls were thought to be a necessary nuisance, but when there were more of them born to the family of a Slav than he thought useful to perform the work of the house and fields, he caused them to be strangled. In

spite of their rude customs and their fierceness, their filthy manner of life and their Paganism, the Slavs had some virtues. They were kind to strangers and considered it a virtue to steal from some wealthier neighbor, in order to supply the wants of any chance traveler who happened to apply to them for food. Even an enemy was safe from the wrath of a Slavic warrior, had he eaten bread and salt beneath his roof, and they would often bind themselves by the most solemn vows to a guest, and would lose their lives in his defense.

These Slavic tribes were divided into two great classes whose names as given by the Russian historians are so difficult to remember, that we will simply call them the Field Folk, and the Forest Folk. The Field Folk were peaceably inclined, though they could and did fight fiercely when attacked, linking their cars together to form a sort of stockade for their horses and the women and children. They tilled the soil in a rude way, and raised large herds of cattle and horses which supplied the necessities of life that they were not able to raise. Their food was not only that of savages, however, but they were savages in most of their manners as well as their religion. They took their wives by force, married as many women as they wanted, were debased idolaters; performing the most revolting and uclean acts in honor of their gods, and treacherous, crafty and ferocious. In spite of all these traits, strangely enough they loved music and poetry, and in every rude village of the Field Folk there were harpers and singers who were honored as the Celts of Wales and Ireland honored their bards, and who like them sang to stimulate the courage and patriotism of the people.

The Field Folk were far in advance, in civilization, of the Forest Folk, who lived in the woods and mountains fishing and hunting. The people of the woods were as fierce as wolves, and were constantly at war with the Field Folk. All the Slavs could endure pain and hunger to a remarkable degree, and thought it cowardly to protect the body with armor. They fought on foot, and had for weapons long poles tipped with iron or stone. Large shields made of hides or plaited willows, were their only



armor, and they were very skillful with their wooden bows, from which they shot poisoned arrows, and with the lasso, which they could cast with a skill unequaled by the cow-boys of our western plains. The javelin, too, was a favorite weapon with the Slavs.

The Gauls were, as you know, a light-haired, blue-eyed people, white-bodied, large and muscular. The Slavs were of very different appearance, having coal-black hair, tall, well-formed, slender and supple figures, brilliant complexions and gray eyes. Swift to anger, treacherous and fierce, yet with the love of poetry that usually distinguishes a war-like people, they were slow to adopt new or foreign customs and religion, and were proud of their very savagery and ignorance.



Peasants in Costume.

In the fifth century, the Slavs built a city near Lake Ilmen, in Western Russia. Long before this they had many villages, for little groups of families would settle together. These families were governed by their elder or head, and the elders formed a council for public affairs. A number of such villages would unite for the common defense and elect a chief. Each confederacy of villages, or canton, had at least one fort or village-enclosure, built of earth and protected by ditches, walls of osier or logs. These forts were commonly erected on the banks of a stream, the steep shores of some little lake, or on the crest of some hill surrounded by thick woods. In time of danger or alarm the people of the different villages of the canton retired to the forts, for safety. The city built on Lake Ilmen, was on the site of a very ancient town whose people had all been carried off by a plague, and in after-time it gained fame as Novgorod The Great. About the same time the Field Folk built a city on the Dnieper, and named it Kief, in honor of one of their chiefs. These cities you must remember would not be called cities in this day, but were most likely a collection of huts, made of mud and sticks, and surrounded by a wall, and formed a retreat for the bold Forest Folk, from which they could harass the people of the fields more successfully, for after a long period of war and turmoil they did conquer them and not only established a sort of government, but made themselves well known to other people of Europe. They traded with Greek and Roman merchants, and were friendly allies of the Arab rulers of Spain and the famous Caliphs of Bagdad.

It is not until the days of Harold Fair-hair, that Russian History first begins to be made plain. You will remember that about that time the Northmen were wandering to different portions of Europe in search of adventure and plunder, the Slavs were in a sad state of disorder. They had, it is true, a very loose sort of government, but the Forest and Field Folk were constantly at war, and at last, though neither would give it over, both were willing that it should cease. To this end it is said they invited a Varangian or Scandinavian prince and his three brothers to come and rule over them. I am not inclined to believe this story, but rather that the Scandinavians saw what confusion affairs were in among the Slavs and decided to take advantage of it. At all events they guided their crafts across the Baltic and took up their march to Novgorod, no doubt leaving behind them the desolation that marked their footsteps in England and Ireland.

The Northmen wore helmets and shields of metals, and the Slavs, who always met their enemies naked to the waist, were no match for these brave bloody-minded plunderers, and perhaps yielded to them on the condition that the Northmen should govern them in the Slavic manner, which they undoubtedly did.

## RUSSIA.



The leader of the Northmen who invaded Russia, was Rurik, of the tribe of Russ, and it is thought by some people that it was on account of his name and family that the country of which he made himself the master is called Russia to this day, and he did, undoubtedly, found the present empire of Russia.

Rurik brought with him his two brothers and their families and followers, but as his brothers soon died he claimed the whole country and divided the land among his men. Of course, it was not his to divide, but that made no difference to Rurik, who, whether he was invited to rule the Slavs, or came among them without invitation, was not inclined to let their wishes interfere with his own. He fixed his camp in the city on the shores of Lake Ilmen and built a castle there, and thus Novgorod became the first capital of the Russian empire. Two of Rurik's captains were dissatisfied with the division of land and spoil made by their chiefs. They concealed their displeasure, but selected their time, and with a few of their companions, greedy like themselves for plunder, set off secretly from Novgorod, and journeying in their crafts down the Great Waterway of the river Dnieper, came to Kief, which was, as I have told you, ruled over by the forest conquerors. As

they voyaged, they plundered every village on the way, and the people of Kief heard of the ferocity of the approaching host. Wishing to gain their favor, for they felt it madness to withstand them, they sent their elders out to meet them, and invite them into the city to become their masters. The Northmen, you may be sure, did not refuse an invitation so much to their taste, and the two captains, Ascold and Dir, became the princes of Kief.

Rurik had far more difficulty with his subjects at Novgorod, than had Ascold and Dir with those of Kief. He found them treacherous and perpetually planning revolt, and only brought them into subjection at the end of seventeen years. It is probable that Rurik would then have ventured to Kief to punish Ascold and Dir for their desertion and to conquer the city, but he died, and the task was left to Oleg, the guardian of Igor, the four-year-old son of the illustrious free-booter. In the meantime Ascold and Dir with their Normans and some adventurous spirits from among their new subjects, had taken two hundred long-boats, and sailed down to the Bosphorus to attack Constantinople, the proud capital of the Greek Emperors, which had so long withstood the onslaughts of Asiatic and European barbarians. The Emperor was absent from the city, beating off the Arabs that had invaded his dominions, when the news was brought to the patriarch, or head priest of the Greek Church, that the Normans were approaching, murdering his subjects, and plundering his dominions. He hastened back to Constantinople, and it is said spent a night in prayer with the patriarch. The legend goes on to relate that the next day the patriarch took the wonder-working robe once worn by the Mother of Christ, and while the astonished Pagans looked and listened, chanted with his priests some mysterious words, and dipped the garment into the calm blue waters of the Bosphorus. Immediately there arose a great tempest that so shattered the vessels of the Normans that they were obliged to put back to Kief. The story ends as it should, for it further states that Ascold and Dir were so impressed by the miracle they had witnessed, that they sent to Constantinople for missionaries to tell them of the religion that was held by the Greeks, and that learning of it, they were converted to the faith. You may



accept the legend with "a grain of salt." A storm did arise which drove the Russians back, and the rest of the story was probably invented by the priests, who were too clever to allow such an opportunity for impressing a moral, to slip by unimproved.

Novgorod was a great city, with commerce with Persia and India, and Rurik firmly established his power in the North. This did not satisfy Oleg, who felt that the schemes of conquest of his prince were but partly carried out. He decided to make the South a part of the dominion of young Igor, and for that purpose gathered a great army of Finns, Normans and Slavs, and set forth in the footsteps of Ascold and Dir. He conquered Smolensk and other important places on the way, and took Kief by a trick. When he neared the city, he hid the main body of his army, and with a couple of galleys filled with soldiers, who were concealed from view, approached Kief, and sent a herald to



R.S. open the chest.

Ascold and Dir, telling them that a merchant from the land of the Northmen desired to show them his wares. The two princes came out to view them, and when they were near the galleys, Oleg brought out the little prince Igor, and sternly telling Ascold and Dir that they were neither princes nor nobles, but that their city belonged to the son of their master, Rurik, commanded his soldiers to kill them both. It was done, and they were buried in one grave.

Thus Oleg became master of Kief. He then conquered all of the country between the city of Novgorod and Kief, and made the tribes that dwelt to the far South pay him tribute. He was so much pleased with Kief that he decided that it should be "the mother of Russian cities" and his capital. When Igor was a well-grown lad, Oleg determined to attack Constantinople. He had heard much of its wealth, for many of the people of Kief were Christians, and had visited the city on the Bosphorus. With a body of cavalry that marched on land, as his galleys were rowed down the Dnieper, he therefore advanced on Constantinople. When he came into the Greek dominions, he treated the subjects of the emperor with great cruelty, and ruthlessly plundered towns, burned churches and convents, and desolated the land. The inhabitants fled before him to the shelter of the walls of Constantinople, and as the emperor knew that he could not withstand an army of eighty thousand men, that threatened to besiege the city both by land and water, he determined to treat with the invaders. The legend tells us that Oleg fitted wheels to his galleys, and waiting for a favoring wind, was wafted thus over the fields, to the very gates of Constantinople. The messengers of the emperor met him with a show of friendship, and brought costly presents of food and wine, which were found to be poisoned, and in revenge, when the emperor entreated that the Normans would accept a ransom and depart, Oleg named six pounds of silver for every man of his eighty thousand soldiers as the least that he would accept, and for himself costly stuffs, gold, silver and jewels. The emperor was obliged to accede to his request, and the Normans returned to Kief, laden with riches. Afterward Oleg made a treaty with the emperor, and ruled over Russia for thirty-three years.

It is said that Oleg once asked a sooth-sayer—for Pagan that he was, he had the firmest faith in witches and wizards—to tell him how he would come to his death. The wizard said that the Northman's favorite steed would be his master's doom. Oleg at once sent the animal away, and for five years did not ride it or see it. At length word was brought to him that his horse was dead, and to convince himself that it was true, he went to view the carcass. It was indeed his favorite, and as he looked upon the body he scoffed at the prediction of the sooth-sayer and his own foolish fears. "There lies the cause of my anxiety," he said, "the horse is dead, and I am still alive." So saying he spurned the dead brute with his foot, whereupon a poisonous snake crawled out of the skull of the animal, stung Oleg on the foot and caused his death. I must tell you that the story is an old Iceland legend, and that it was probably "cut to fit," as most such stories are, but it teaches that one should never boast that danger is past, until no trace of it remains, though the sooth-sayers drew the lesson that man can not escape his destiny, and that sooth-sayers are always to be believed.

Igor, the son of Rurik, was thirty-eight years old when Oleg died, and he began his real reign. He made a new expedition against Constantinople, treating the people of the dominions of the emperor with even greater cruelty than Oleg had done. He was driven off by the Greek fire that the defenders of Constantinople showered upon his army, and with a loss of nearly his whole force, returned to Kief. He afterward made another more successful raid on the rich empire to the south, and after exacting heavy ransom concluded a treaty. In 945 when he was seventy-three years old, he made an expedition against the Forest-folk to the west of the Pripet, a wild, fierce race of men whom he had conquered. When they yielded to him it was only on the condition that they should pay a certain tribute of furs and skins. Igor now wished to increase the tribute. He came upon them unexpectedly with an army, and they were obliged to yield to most unreasonable demands. Igor was returning with his tribute to his capital, when he began to feel downcast and sorry. He was afraid that he had not been severe enough, and that he had left the unhappy forest people too much of the product of their labor. At last he determined to go back and wring more tribute from them. Taking but a small force, he re-entered their village, and demanded more tribute. The Forest-folk were justly angry, and falling on the avaricious Norman, killed him, and all his men, and very properly, too, I think you will agree.

Igor had a fair, brave young wife, taken from among his Norman countrymen. This princess, Olga, was made guardian of the little prince, Sviatoslaf. She was as crafty and wise as she was beautiful, and though she determined at once to avenge the death of her husband, she knew how to bide her time. The Forest-folk fully expected that the Russians from Kief would come out against them, and made alliances with neighboring tribes and prepared for a stubborn resistance. Time passed on but Olga made no movement against them, and they were deceived into thinking that she was glad that Igor was dead, and she was ruler in his stead. She appeared so friendly to them, that at last the elders made up their minds that it would be an excellent thing for their prince to marry Igor's widow, and thus they would come into the possession of the city of their enemy. A number of the head men of the Forest-folk were accordingly sent to Kief with the proposal for the hand of Olga, who heard them through, then had them seized and buried alive. She sent a message to the Forest-folk, telling them that their head men were enjoying themselves right royally



in Kief, but if they would succeed in gaining the Princess Olga as a bride for their prince, they must send the noblest of their chiefs to speak of the matter, for with them only would she consult. The Forest-folk were highly flattered and sent their greatest chieftains to the cruel princess, who met them with a show of pleasure, and pretended that she was causing a banquet to be prepared for them. Perhaps she held the prospect of the banquet out to induce them to take a bath, for she did persuade them to do so, then parboiled them to death in the water which she caused to be gradually heated. Still the Forest-folk did not know what had happened to their countrymen. To further deceive them, Olga commanded them to assemble to meet her, as she, herself, would visit them, and learn their wishes. They came to the number of five thousand. She caused them to be made drunk with mead, then she killed all of them except such as her attendants desired for slaves, and marched against the town where Igor lost his life with a large army. The brave Forest Folk made a most heroic defense, and seeing that she would not be able to take the place. Olga offered to depart in forty-eight hours and molest them no more, if the elders would send to her camp two sparrows and two pigeons from every roof in the city. This was considered a very strange request, but the Forest-folk were glad to be let off so cheaply, and at once sent the birds. Had they been wiser, they would have refused to do anything that Olga demanded, for they were no match for the cunning and revengeful princess. No doubt you will wonder what harm could have been done by rendering such tribute. Olga caused rags or tow soaked in oil to be fastened to the tail of each bird. At sunset, she had them set free, after the rags had been lighted, the swallows flying to the roofs of the houses set them on fire, while the pigeons seeking their nests in the barns spread the conflagration. The frightened people opened the gates of the town and as they fled from the fire, were cut down by Olga's soldiers.



Byzantine Emperor.

Olga ruled over the Slavs for twelve years, and she was as firm and wise as Rurik himself, perhaps even more so. Those were not the days when gentleness or softness of character were appreciated, and Olga was a heroine suited to the times. She kept her quarrelsome subjects in strict order, and caused them to build many new towns and villages, to lay out roads through the fields and forests, and decided their quarrels with fairness. She even made provision for the administration of the laws, and did so many other things for the country, that Russians now look upon her as the mother of civilization in their country. She was the first Christian ruler of Russia, though there is nothing to show that she was Christian except in name.

It seems that Olga had heard much of the faith of the emperors of Constantinople, not only from the missionaries that from time to time made their way into Russia, but from converts to that faith among her own subjects. She was not satisfied with the Pagan gods of the Slavs, and after her son was old enough to take charge of his kingdom himself, she made a journey to Constantinople to learn from the best

authority concerning the Christian faith. She succeeded in convincing the patriarch that she was in earnest in desiring to learn of the new doctrines, and he baptized her, giving her the Greek name Helen. She made a long visit to the city, and when she set out upon her return, the emperor loaded her with valuable gifts. She promised to send in exchange fur and wax, which were articles most commonly exported to other countries from Russia, and which were highly prized by the Greek emperors, and what they desired most of all, some of her stout, brave, fierce, young soldiers, to be recruits for the not over-valiant army of the Eastern emperor.

The Emperor waited a long time for Olga to send him these, and finally messengers were dispatched asking especially for the soldiers, for the Emperor was sorely pressed by the Turks. Olga made all manner of excuses, but did not send the Emperor any men, neither did she present him with wax and furs, so her conversion to the principles of truth and honesty that lie at the basis of Christianity may well be doubted. Sviatoslaf was more sincere than Olga. He was a Pagan and a free-booter by nature and did not pretend to hide it. He loved his mother, but she tired him with her talk about the new religion and about what he ought to do for the country. He cared little enough for the country so that he was kept busy fighting and secured a reasonable amount of booty. He hated wooden walls and loved to live in the open air. He therefore dismissed all of the servants that his mother had kept about him, when he took charge of affairs and placing himself at the head of a few bold, fierce fellows like himself, spent his time in raids and forays, eating horse-flesh raw for his food, and drinking the milk of mares as did the Scythians of the days of Cyrus The Great.

Olga, finding that the kingdom was neglected, took charge of its affairs again and carried them on as vigorously as she had done before. After she died, her son was several times on the point of losing the new possessions that he had gained by his sword. Through his whole life Sviatoslaf had a contempt for the Christian religion. He could not understand how gentleness, love and forgiveness, could be rightfully considered as worthy of warriors. Revenge, hatred and conquest were, he thought, the more honorable, and while he believed that the religion of Christ might "be good enough for women and children," and in spite of the fact that Olga was a Christian, he discouraged the religion and it did not spread rapidly in his kingdom.

Upon one occasion while Sviatoslaf was absent from his capital, the Petchenegs, a wild tribe whom he had once subdued and made pay tribute, appeared before the walls of Kief, and besieged the city, reducing his mother and his three sons to great extremity. He was absent at the time on one of his plundering expeditions, and when he returned, punished the Petchenegs, then set forth to conquer the Bulgarians, and make their city his capital. He had his eye on Constantinople, and desired to abandon Kief so that in time he might come into possession of the Queen of the East, the fair city of the Bosphorus. The Greek Emperor knew what the barbarian prince designed, and when he saw him established in the Bulgarian capital, sent him a stern message to approach no nearer his dominions. Sviatoslaf returned an insolent answer, and the Emperor gathered a large force and marched against the Russians. They fought with the utmost bravery, but were driven back towards Kief, after a long siege in which the barbarians suffered severely. Weakened by famine, they were passing through the country of the Petchenegs, when those inveterate and savage foes fell upon them and killed nearly all of Sviatoslaf's army, and the prince himself. It is said that the chief of the Petchenegs had the skull of the Russian



prince fashioned into a drinking-cup, upon which was inscribed in golden letters this sentence: "In striving to grasp what belonged to another, thou didst lose what was thine own."

Sviatoslaf was killed in 945, and as Olga was dead, the government was divided between his three sons. Vladimir was made Prince of Novgorod, Yaropolk Prince of Kiev, and Oleg was made ruler of the Forest-folk. Oleg was a passionate lover of the chase, and because the son of one of his nobles was found hunting in the forest that he had reserved for his own sport, he killed the youth. This deed so angered the father of the young man, that he persuaded Yaropolk to bring an army against Oleg. The Prince of the Forest-folk was slain. Vladimir feared that his brother, would seek his life also, and fled to Norway. Yaropolk then conquered the Petchenegs, and became the ruler of all Russia. Vladimir remained two years in Norway and then returned with an army. Before his return he heard that his brother was about to marry a beautiful princess named Rogneda, whose father, a Norman, had made himself prince of Polotsk. He sent to her and demanded her hand, but she replied that she would never marry the son of a slave. Vladimir's mother was a bondmaid. Vladimir came against Polotsk, killed the father and the brothers of the haughty princess, and forced her to become his wife. He then advanced against Kiev. He persuaded his brother to come to him to hold a parley and to simplify matters, had him murdered. This done, he entered Kiev. He afterward subdued the Poles, brought all the tribes under tribute, and made himself Grand Prince of all Russia.

Vladimir was as fierce and bloody a prince as ever sat upon a throne. He had not only murdered his brothers to gain the crown, but his wife's father and brothers had fallen victims to his revengeful fury. It was not because he was really in want of a wife that he had demanded her hand of Rogneda, for he had four wives already. When he had established himself on the throne of Russia, he followed the example of some of the ancient kings and kept harems. Nearly four thousand women were enslaved by this savage prince, who was fond of magnificence and pleasure. He made the tribes on the borders of Russia pay tribute and carried matters with a high hand. Up to this time the Russians had really been only a number of petty tribes paying tribute, it is true, to the rulers of the country, but counting themselves as nearly independent. Vladimir, like Clovis of France really united the kingdom under one rule, but he did more than that, for he made the Russians in name at least, a Christian people.

One would hardly think that a man of the stamp, of Vladimir would give much attention to the subject of religion, but he nevertheless did so. When he had been a little while on the throne he caused new ornaments to be made for the god Peroun, and gave a great feast to him. There is a legend that relates that Vladimir, according to the ancient custom of the Pagan Russians, determined to sacrifice a human victim to Peroun of the golden whiskers. He chose for the purpose a young man, a descendant of the Northern conquerors, whose father was a Christian. Enraged at



Byzantine Warrior.



Byzantine Emperor and Princess.

the choice of the king, the father of the intended victim came boldly to Vladimir, reviled Peroun as a log of wood with neither sense nor power, and declared that the gods of the king were senseless idols and that the Greeks worshipped the true god. The people of Kief were so enraged at the boldness of the Christian in mocking at their gods, that they set upon him, killed him and his son, and tore down his dwelling. These were the first Christian martyrs of Russia, and I am happy to be able to relate that they were the last, though it may be that if the people had believed earnestly enough in Christianity to die for it, Russia would not have remained at heart Pagan until nearly the close of the twelfth century. On the spot, where these two Christians lost their lives a great Church was afterward built, and I will now tell you how Russia became converted.

Vladimir, in spite of his personal cruelty, jealousy and savagery had thought very much concerning religion. When he found that he gained no peace of mind by decorating Peroun and worshipping him with the ancient ceremonies, he began to look about him for a more satisfactory religion. There had been a few Christians of the Arian faith in Russia, since the days of Ascold and Dir, and near to the country, in Bulgaria, there were many Mohammedans. In a southern province there were Jews, and many Catholics had in the course of time entered the Empire from Roman Gaul and Western Europe. Vladimir had thus been brought more or less in contact with the principal religions of the world, but had not studied them. He now determined to send some of his most trusted advisers forth to study all these creeds and to decide upon the one that was suitable for the Russians. When they came back to Kief they told Vladimir that they had visited the Catholic churches of the West had inquired of the Jews and Mohammedans concerning their faith, but the ceremonies of the church at Constantinople impressed them most favorably of all. Of course when it became known that Vladimir was searching for a faith, missionaries from all the creeds flocked to him to convince him that theirs was the only good religion. He asked the Catholics about the Pope and his authority, and what they told him determined him to have nothing to do with that religion, for he was suspicious that the Pope might meddle with the affairs of the kingdom and had no desire to have him thundering curses into his ears as he had from the earliest times cursed the monarchs of Western Europe when they went contrary to his will. Next he inquired of the Mohammedans concerning their religion. He knew something of it already and was half inclined to accept it, for the Koran allowed him many wives and the heaven it promised with its beautiful houris, its feasts and pleasures, exactly suited the taste of this luxurious barbarian, but when he learned that the Koran forbade the drinking of wine, he rejected the Mohammedan faith declaring that he could not, on any account, do without wine.

The first question he asked of the Jews was "Where is your country?" The Jewish teachers sadly answered that they had no longer any country, but that they had lost their visible kingdom through their disobedience to the commands of their



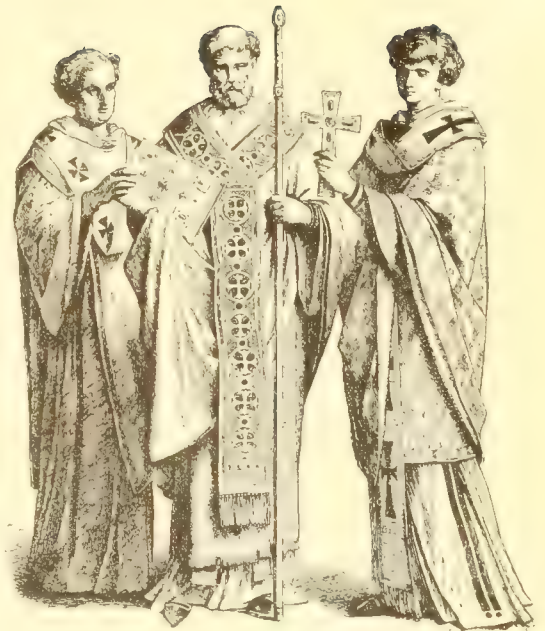
God, and were suffering under his curse. "Get you gone," thundered Vladimir, "How dare you seek to bring me and my people, too, under the curse." The counsellors now again reminded him of the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Church at Constantinople, and told him that there was in it no Latin service to perplex the people, no Pope with unlimited power to vex him. Furthermore they reminded him that the wise Olga, his grandmother, had been baptized a Christian of the Greek faith, and if it had not been the best religion in the whole world she would not have chosen it. This decided him to be baptized in the Greek faith.

It was not in the nature of Vladimir to sue humbly to the Patriarch of Constantinople and request him to send him teachers of the religious faith of his grandmother. He cared for nothing that he did not win by his own sword, and the blood and suffering of others. He wanted to seize upon religion as he had grasped upon everything else

that he valued as worth possessing, and take it by force. He called together his fierce warriors and marched to the Crimea to besiege the only city, excepting Constantinople, that was still held in the East by the Greek emperors. The name of this place was Korsun, and when the people heard that the terrible Slavs were coming against them, they shut themselves up behind the walls of their town and defended themselves with the greatest bravery for six months. Finally a traitor shot an arrow into the Russian camp, and to the arrow was attached a letter, telling Vladimir where the pipes were from which the people of the city drew their supply of water.

Vladimir caused the water to be at once cut off from the town, and tortured with thirst, the people were compelled to surrender. He treated them with dreadful cruelty, and, made prouder than ever by his conquest, he sent to the Emperors Basil and Constantine, who ruled at the time over Constantinople, and demanded that they should give him their beautiful sister Anna in marriage.

Anna had a good excuse for refusing her barbarous suitor, who already had more wives than King Solomon of old married. She declared that she would never marry a heathen, and the ambassadors from the Slavs returned this answer to their king. Vladimir had expected this reply, and while the ambassadors were absent at Constantinople, he had compelled the priests of Korsun to baptize him a Christian. He therefore replied that he was no longer a heathen, but a son of the true church, and knowing that if they refused to give Anna to the Northern king he would probably come and take her by force, and their city as well, the Emperors of Constantinople chose rather to win his friendship by agreeing to the marriage. Poor Anna was unwillingly compelled to go to Korsun to marry Vladimir, and as she left Constantinople behind, she sadly said to one of her friends, "I go into sad captivity. Better far were it that I should go to my grave." Vladimir was charmed with his beautiful bride, and they were married with the most splendid ceremonies by the priests of Korsun. The king returned to Kief, carrying with him the captive priests, and among other articles of plunder the holy vessels from the churches of Korsun, which he caused to be placed in the churches he afterward built in Kief.



Byzantine Deacon, Bishop and Levite.

No sooner had Vladimir arrived at his capital, than he sent forth word that the Russians must be baptised Christians, or be considered as enemies, and punished. Then he assembled the people at a certain day, to receive baptism. He caused Peroun to be thrown down in their presence, belabored with the cudgels of a dozen brawny soldiers, and cast into the Dnieper. The idol was carried by the tide to the shore, and the people were about to rush to it and worship it, when the prince commanded them to pause, and again had the image cast into the stream. It sunk, and as the sky did not fall, as the Pagan Russians at first supposed it certainly would, they lost faith in Peroun on the instant, and when Vladimir commanded them to wade into the water up to their necks while the priests said the baptismal service, they did so. All over Russia similar scenes were enacted, and thus the nation from being Pagan, became Christian.

Vladimir the fierce, now became Vladimir the gentle, and won the name of The Beautiful Sun of Kief. He built churches and convents, established schools, where he compelled the people to send their children to learn what the Slavs considered the unholy magic of reading and writing, invited artists and architects into the country to improve the cities, made good laws and ruled with wisdom. In fact he was so mild that the bandits began to take advantage, and the priests themselves, counseled him to go out against them. He did so, and scourged them into good behavior. In the latter year of his reign, the Petchenegs became troublesome. There is a legend that relates that the Petchenegs proposed that one of their champions should meet a champion of Kief in single combat, and if the issue was with Kief, there should be peace for three years. If the victory was with the Petchenegs, then there should be instant war. The champion of the Petchenegs was a huge giant, and Vladimir was troubled in his mind about whom he should send against him. An old tanner of the city went to the prince and told him that he had a young son who should be the David of the city. The prince had the youth brought before him, and to demonstrate his strength, the tanner's son, tore a mad bull in pieces. Of course he went out against the gigantic champion of the Petchenegs and vanquished him. These warlike Petchenegs were once nicely fooled by the dwellers in the White City on the Don. They had closely besieged the place for a long time, when the citizens invited a few of them into the town, and showed them that they could draw dough and honey from their wells, and it would be useless longer to besiege a town where the earth gave such a natural store of food. At first the Petchenegs were incredulous, but when the citizens whom they asked about their wells, one and all invited them to witness that they could really draw food from them, they were convinced. The fact was, that this plan had been agreed upon, and every citizen had lowered cauldrons of dough and of honey into their wells, to deceive the credulous enemy.

There are hundreds of legends about Vladimir and his companions. In fact he is the King Arthur of Russian story. He battled with the heathen and monsters, and was beloved by his people as a real hero. He made a peace with the Bulgars that was to last until mill-stones float, and hops sink in the water, but it did not continue until that time. He subdued the unruly, but was imposed upon by his large family, who fell to quarreling about his dominions. He died in 1015, as he was on the march against one of his unruly sons, and Russia was in dire confusion for some years thereafter.

Vladimir had adopted as his son, the son of his brother a Yaropolk, who not unnaturally, thought himself entitled to the kingdom, after the death of his uncle



He murdered his adopted brothers Boris and Gleib, and then the Prince of the Forest-folk fell by his hand. Yaroslav, the son of Vladimir, was so incensed at the murder of his brothers, that he raised a great army, and marched against their murderer. The forces of the two princes met on a winter day, on the banks of a river. There was a dreadful battle, in which Yaroslav was the victor, and his cruel cousin Sviatopolk, fled for his life to the protection of his wife's father, the king of Poland. Soon he gathered an army of Poles and Germans, and about a year after he was driven from Russia appeared before Kief. Yaroslav was defeated and escaped from the city at great peril. He went to Novgorod, and was about to take ship for Norway, when his countrymen burned his vessels, and thus compelled him to accede to their demands to stay and again try his strength with Sviatopolk.

He gathered an army and again marched to meet the usurper. On the banks of the river Alta, the forces of the two princes met. In the meantime Sviatopolk had quarreled with his father-in-law, who had left him in a huff, and gone back to Poland. The cruel Sviatopolk then fell upon his Polish auxiliaries and massacred them. He was alarmed when he heard that Yaroslav had not left the country, but was approaching with an army, and secured the Petchenegs to aid him. The employment of these savages, angered the Slavs who were of his force, and they were unwilling to fight with them against their lawful prince. There was a great battle on the Alta, and near the place where Boris was slain, Sviatopolk was hopelessly defeated. He fled almost alone from the battlefield, and died a miserable wanderer, crime-haunted and nearly mad, in the deserts of Bohemia.

Yaroslav was a great and good ruler. He conquered many cities, founded convents, churches and schools, and brought Russia in touch with Western Europe. One of his daughters married the King of France, another became the wife of gallant Harold Hardrada, another married the King of Poland. His own wife was a Swedish princess, and his sons married the daughters of European kings. One of the greatest works of this son of Vladimir, was the translation of the Bible and other sacred works into Russian. He also had a written code of laws, which are rude, to be sure, but show that the idea of justice for the weak against the power of the strong, was beginning to take root in Russia. Kief, in the days of Yaroslav, became a magnificent city. It had walls and gilded towers, and a golden gate. It was divided into three parts, each with its own churches, schools and fortifications. There were eight markets in the city, and in those markets merchants from Germany, Holland, Sweden and the South sold their wares.

Yaroslav, like most of the early princes of Russia, made an attempt on Constantinople. He sent his son against the city with a fleet, but the Greek fire of the defenders of the city burnt a part of their vessels, the rest were scattered by a storm, and with a loss of more than eight thousand soldiers, the expedition was abandoned. It was about the time that Yaroslav sent this force against the city of the emperors, that there was an inscription found on the boot of the statue of Bellerophon in Constantinople, that prophesied that men from the North should capture the city. The Russians to this day covet Constantinople, for to them it is the closed gateway to the commerce of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, but the prophecy of the inscription remains to be fulfilled. When Yaroslav died, in the year 1054, after a glorious reign of five-and-thirty years, he repeated the mistake of his father, and divided his dominion among his four sons.

The next century of Russian history is one long story of broils and dissensions,

following the bad policy of dividing the Empire among the heirs of the rulers, the country in time became only a confederation of provinces, whose quarrels often displaced the Grand Duke or Prince, and worked untold misery. In the year 1168 Andrew, the prince of Souzdal, a large province of Central Russia, determined to put an end to the anarchy that prevailed, and unite the provinces under one rule. Of course he intended that rule to be his own, and patiently schemed to make himself strong enough to attack Kief. He won ten princes to his aid, and they successfully attacked the old city on the Dnieper, ruthlessly sacked it, burned it, and carried many of its treasures away. Vladimir, the capital of Souzdal, became a large and beautiful city, and the decline of Kief was thus hastened. Having conquered Kief, the ambitious Andrew made an attempt on Novgorod.

The city of Rurik had discarded its hereditary princes, and become a sort of a



THE BATTLE OF THE VOLOCHOK.

republic. The citizens were a fickle and unruly sort, that possessed power to choose and dismiss their governors at will. In the hundred years following their democratic organization, Novgorod had thirty-four rulers, but in spite of their fickleness, the people were still brave, and they had not only built up a great city, but had the largest commerce of any Russian town, and they were determined that neither should fall into the hands of Andrew, whose ambition was known to them. It is said that when the Prince of Souzdal marched against Novgorod, the priests took from the church of Saint Sophia a picture of the Virgin that was able to work miracles, and carried it around the walls of the town. The legend relates that one of the soldiers of Andrew's army shot an arrow and struck the picture, where upon it turned its head and shed a flood of tears. The people were so incensed at the insult offered to their "ikon," or wonder-working picture, that they rushed upon the invaders with much fury and completely routed



them. Some time afterward, however, a descendant of Andrew of Souzdal, captured the city and held it for a brief period. It then broke away, and until the year 1553 was a free and flourishing community, a member of the Hanseatic League.

Andrew of Souzdal never realized his ambition of uniting the provinces of Russia under one rule. He was murdered by his enemies, and his schemes caused his descendants untold trouble, for without the cleverness of Andrew, they inherited his ambition, and in striving to make themselves supreme, deluged the country with blood, and distracted the energies of the people so that they were unable to resist the Poles, Lithuanians, Livonians and Finns, who invaded its borders. In 1223 a foe appeared in Russia more formidable than any of these, and for a time it seemed that not only the civilization of the Slavs, but the old and rich civilization of the Latins, and the nations of Western Europe, must also fall before the power from Asia, that remorselessly scourged the countries of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. You will doubtless remember the exploits of Attila the Hun, and how the Romans and barbarians united to break his power, and bound his conquests. The new "Scourge of God" was of the same Mongolian origin, and his followers in every essential were like those of Attila. Their home had been for ages at the foot of the Altai mountains, where they were divided into a number of fierce and warlike tribes. In the early part of the twelfth century, one of their chiefs, named Termudgin, united these tribes, and began a career of conquest. When Termudgin died, he left his son thirteen years old, the chieftain of fifty thousand families. Some of the chiefs, who had been conquered by his father, attempted to throw off their subjection, but the lad had seventy of them drowned in scalding water, and showed even at that early age such an indomitable spirit, that the others were afraid to resist him. When he had firmly established his power over the tribes, he threw off his allegiance to the Emperors of China, and breaking through the Great Wall, desolated the rich Empire, and made himself its master. Then the Tartars, as they were called, after subduing every country to the East, until their progress was stopped by the Pacific, turned Westward, and, conquering as they went, killing multitudes of people, sacking cities, and carrying desolation and terror before them, entered Western Asia. Their leader had taken the proud title "Zinghis Khan" the lord of the earth, and even the fierce Turks, who occupied the lands where once flourished the old Empires of which I have told you, could make no headway against him. For three years he devastated their lands, then suddenly his hosts appeared west of the mountains that separated Russia in Europe from the country that is now known to us as Russia in Asia, though at that time, it was the boundary of European possession and civilization.

The tribe of Polovtsi, always the foes of the Slavs, were the first to feel the wrath of the conquerors, and fleeing to Kief, they carried the news of the invasion, and warned the Slavs of their impending doom. The princes realized the imminence and gravity of the danger that threatened them, and laying aside for the time their mutual quarrels, united for the common defense. They resolved that they would not wait to be attacked, but would seek the foe, and drive him out of the country. Accordingly they collected a large army, and marched against the two Tartar leaders who had been sent by Zenghis Khan to subject Europe. They found the Tartar host encamped on the banks of the river Kalka, and at once gave them battle. The Polovtsi had joined with the Slavs, but in the hour of danger, either from fear or treachery, rendered no aid to their allies. The prince of Kief, also betrayed the cause, and refused to aid in the fight, and the Slavs were routed with great slaughter.

This was in the year 1225, and thereafter the Tartars ravaged all of Southern Russia, to the banks of the Dnieper, carrying thousands of the population away into slavery, burning cities and towns, and committing untold atrocities. The Tartars suddenly left Russia, and hied them back to their far-away homes. For the next dozen years they made no trouble. Instead of profiting by their experience, and preparing against any future invasions by raising armies and training them for the common defense, the Russian princes weakened themselves, and wasted their strength in quarrels as usual, and when the Tartars came again in 1239, they found them even a more easy prey than before.

Zenghis Khan was long since dead, but his grandson, Batou, had inherited his power and his ferocity. He attacked and subdued Bulgaria, and then invaded the Russian province of Raizan. The prince of that province implored the aid of the other Russian princes to beat off the Tartars, and though he represented to them how much easier it would be to keep them out than to drive them out after they had once entered the Empire, the other princes seemed utterly indifferent, and left him to his fate. The invaders overran Raizan, and advanced into the heart of the Empire, burning and sacking Moscow, Vladimir, and many other rich cities. At Vladimir, the people made a stubborn resistance. When the nobles saw that the place would be taken, they shut themselves up with their wives and children in the principal church of the town, and set it on fire, perishing in the flames. The citizens, to the last, refused to open the gates of the town, and breaches were made in the walls, the Tartars entered, and killed every man, woman and child that they could find. Novgorod was spared. The Tartars advanced to within sixty miles of the city, when they learned that the spring rains had so swollen the streams lying in their course, that they were impassible. They therefore turned back, and spent the next two years in ravaging southern Russia.

The desolation of former Tartar raids was merciful compared with that which Batou visited on the defenseless communities of southern Russia. The land over which the Tartars passed was left an absolute desert. Tchernigof fell, then Kief was attacked. More than a hundred years before, Kief had been taken and burned. Andrew of Souzdal struck the second blow at the "mother of Russian cities" and the Tartars gave it the death wound. The place was strongly garrisoned, and made a stubborn defense. When the people saw that the battering rams that were kept busy night and day at the defenses would at last succeed in breaking them down, some of the nobles built a strong wall around a church, and resolved to sell their lives dearly, when the besiegers should gain an entrance. Others retired to the Church of Saint Sophia, but they crowded it so full of their treasures, that the floors gave way, and in the confusion of this disaster, they fell an easy prey to the Tartars, who turned Kief into a heap of ruins, and ruthlessly murdered all its people. The commander of the garrison was taken alive, and brought before Batou. The Tartar chief was struck with the noble and fearless bearing of the prisoner, and asked him many questions. The captive told the Khan, that there was nothing more to be gained by ravaging Russia, that the people were impoverished and the chief cities in ruins. He pointed out to him that Poland and Hungary were better fields for operation, and Batou perceiving the good sense of the advise, at once took it. He left Russia, and passing westward into Bohemia and Hungary, continued his career of plunder. Just as the rulers of the German Empire, France and Bohemia were about to lead a crusade against him, Batou heard of the death of his uncle, the second ruler of



the vast Mongol Empire, and turned back to Asia. On his way he founded the city of Sarai on one of the lower branches of the Volga, as a home for "The Golden Horde" as the conquering Tartars called themselves. It was from that city that Eastern Europe was ruled for some time. The Mongol Empire then embraced all of Russia, Eastern Europe, China and nearly the whole of northern and central Asia.

In 1294, after the reign of Kubla Khan, the grandson of the great Zenghis, and the cousin of Batou, the Mongolian Empire fell to pieces. The possessions won by Batou for the Golden Horde called the Kiptchak, existed for two centuries, and continued to rule Russia. The Tartars did not change the divisions of the provinces, nor the administration of the laws, but they appointed the Grand Princes, and kept up a continual strife and rivalry for that office, knowing as long as there was division among the people, their own power would not be in any serious danger. Novgorod had to pay the intolerable taxes that were levied by the conquerors. At one time, it seemed that a brave

man of that city, who had gained the name of Alexander of the Neva, because he had beaten off Swedish invaders who intended to force Novgorod to accept Catholicism at the point of his sword would free Russia. He also delivered Pskov from The Knights of the Sword, and drove off the Lithuanians, who had an ambition to make Novgorod tributary. This hero visited the Great Khan in his palace in Asia, and convinced himself that it was useless for his countrymen to refuse to pay the tribute, for they had not the strength to cope with the great Empire of the Mongols. He was made Prince of Kiev and Grand Prince of Vladimir.

The Tartars soon found that it was a troublesome business to collect the taxes that they had levied on the people of Russia, and they delegated that work to a class of men called Baskaks. These Baskaks were insolent fellows, and revolt after revolt was organized against them, but the Russians soon found that if they did not pay the taxes, the Tartars would come and plunder them of their all, and thus they submitted. For nearly two hundred years the Russians were abject vassals of the Golden Horde. One of their Grand Princes, Ivan of the Purse, even became a Baskak, but as he made Moscow one of the important cities of Russia, and annexed to it much territory, he deserves at least passing mention. He died in 1340, and was followed by two weak princes, and then by Dimitry, one of the bravest Russians of his time. Dimitry paid tribute to the Golden Horde, as so many of his ancestors had done, but unlike them he refused to receive the ambassadors from Sarai as though he was a slave. Other Grand Princes had spread sable furs for the horse of the ambassadors to tread upon, had offered the messenger of the Khan a cup of mare's milk, had licked off with the tongue any stray drops that might happen to fall upon the animal's neck, and had fed the steed from the royal cap in the open street. Those who had refused these petty degradations, were put to death, and there were few who dared to anger their conquerors, by refusing the most unreasonable and humiliating requests. Dimitry, who came to the throne of Moscow in 1362, told the Khan of the Golden



Boyar — Czar — Boyar



Lapland Sleigh.

tain then vowed that he would surely inflict on poor unfortunate Russia all the terrors with which Batou had visited them so long before. He collected a vast army, but he could not frighten Dimitry. The Russian prince knew how to fight, and allying with him all of the princes except one, who aided the Horde, he marched against the Tartars with 100,000 men. At Kulikovo he encountered the Golden Horde and their allies. A terrible battle was fought in which the Russians were the victors. Eight years later the Tartars had their revenge. The Russian princes fell to quarreling among themselves, and dissolved their league. Dimitry could gather no force to oppose the Tartars, and they invaded the country, swept everything before them, advanced upon Moscow which they took and burned, leaving twenty-four thousand corpses behind its walls.

One of the successors of Dimitry, known as Ivan the Great, though he was not a great man in any sense of the word, had the good fortune to gather the provinces under one rule, and make himself Tzar, or as we usually write it, Czar. This prince was a mean coward, a liar and a hypocrite, yet he knew how to form large plans and hold to them. He contrived to set the Khan of Crimea and the Khan of Sarai against each other, for the Tartars of the Golden Horde were then divided, and when the Khan of the Crimea, who was his ally, defeated the other Khan, Ivan claimed the honor of the victory himself. This division and strife among the Golden Horde broke their power in Europe. It was not until thirty years after the death of Ivan that the Tartars ceased to be a menace to Russia and Europe. They split into parties, quarreled among themselves, were harassed by the Russians, lost all of their power, and gradually withdrew from Europe, except in the Crimea, or were absorbed into the nations among whom they had lived for two centuries as masters and conquerors. Their capital city disappeared from the face of the earth, and no man even remembered where it had been. About fifty years ago, an engineer who was mapping the country on which it stood, noticed some strange hillocks. He had his workmen shovel off the mold and sod, and brought to view the ruins of the proud Tartar city so long dead and forgotten.

Of course this long time when the Tartars held the rule over Russia greatly influenced the character of the people. Although the Tartars are Mohammedans, having been converted, as I have told you, in the early years of their wanderings in southern Europe, they were not so set upon having every nation that they conquered become Mohammedans as were the Saracens. Indeed, if they had been, the story of Russia would have been greatly different and perhaps the story of the rest of the world might have been changed too, for had the Russian Empire been converted to Mohammedanism it would have been an easy thing for the Saracens to have conquered Western Europe. The Khans allowed the Russians to worship in their own way, and it is said that some of the Khans allowed Greek Churches to be built in their own



capitals, and made no objection to their daughters becoming Christians and marrying the Russian princes. Yet in another way the Russians were sadly changed by the Tartars. I must tell you that for centuries the cruel laws which allowed people to be killed or lose their hand or limbs for slight offenses, were not known in Russia. Neither was it the custom to torture, persons to make them confess to crime as it was in Western Europe then and at a much later day. In fact punishment by death, even for murder, was unknown, and a Slav who committed any offense against the king or his fellow-men, was allowed to pay in money for the offense, the sum being set down by law. The Tartars and the Greek Emperors of Constantinople taught the Russians to be cruel in their laws, to torture flog, and burn at the stake, their unhappy criminals, to prostrate themselves in the dust before their superiors and to wear the turbans, long robes and strange dress that even now is seen in some parts of Russia.

The first ruler of Russia after the fall of the Golden Horde was also the grandson of Ivan the Great, known in history as "Ivan The Terrible." He was not the only "terrible" ruler of Europe at that time, for when he sat on the throne of Russia, Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain was burning, slaying and torturing the unhappy Protestants of Spain and the Netherlands, Henry VIII. and Bloody Mary were filling England with terror, and The wicked Catherine de Medici was the ruler in spirit if not in name of France. Ivan's father had married a woman who was very different from most Russian women at that time, for the Russians kept their wives very closely at home, and women were not educated as were men, and were not supposed to have any interest in public affairs. Ivan's mother, Helena Glinsky, was clever, firm, crafty and cruel, would stop at nothing that threatened her power, and knew better how to hold the quarrelsome nobles of Russia in check than did her husband. When he died he left his two sons to her care and she crushed out every opposition to her regency of the young princes, by simply taking the head off any one who objected.

Ivan was only a baby when his father died, and was only four or five years old when the strong-minded Helena was poisoned. She had caused her own brother and her husband's brother to be thrown into prison where they mysteriously died soon after, and the nobles hated her most heartily but she had a friend in the master of her horse, and he stood by her and her two little boys most faithfully. Indeed, the poor fellow lost his life for his friendship to the little princes, and they were left among the quarrelsome nobles without friends, for their beloved nurse too had been executed. Ivan and his weak-minded, frail brother had a hard time of it and were often cold, hungry and miserable. The greedy nobles, headed by one named Shouisky, plundered the palace of its silver-ware and furniture, and insulted the little princes in every way. Ivan was a brave lad, and in his loneliness and neglect he formed a taste for reading.



Ivan The Terrible.



He learned from his books what the power of a king was, and was patient, for he looked forward to a time when he could revenge himself upon his enemies. He noticed that the nobles who were so insulting to him when they were alone in his presence, were extremely polite to him in public, and made a great show of kneeling before him, kissing his hands, and the like. He observed, too, that powerful as they were to cause him suffering, they could make no law unless he signed it, and though he often signed laws that he knew, child though he was, were unjust to him and his people, he only did it through fear that he would be murdered if he refused. Helpless against the men who harried him and abused him, Ivan developed a cruel temper in very early life. He could not torture his nobles when they offended him, but he could, and did, torture his pet dogs and rabbits to death, and watched their sufferings with great delight. He was taught very little that he should have known, and no one attempted to curb in him his cruel temper. He made no friends, for when any person showed a desire to please the little emperor, that person at once fell under the suspicion and displeasure of the nobles. Thus Ivan grew up a strange, moody boy, with faults uncommon to his youth, and a nature warped and blackened by vices. On Christmas, of the year 1543, when he was thirteen years old, Ivan surrounded himself with his dead mother's relatives and called his nobles before him. He stood up proudly in their presence and told them that he was no longer satisfied with their way of governing his empire, and wanted no more of their help. He reproached them with their crimes, and told them that if he should treat them as they deserved he would kill them every one, but for the present he would content himself with making an example of one of them. He then commanded the guards to seize Shouisky, the man who had played the master so long in his palace, and who had caused the death of the master of the horse, the nurse, and perhaps of Helena, herself. He told them to throw him to some fierce dogs in the palace yards. It was done then and there, and Shouisky was torn in pieces.

The Glinskys who were now raised to power by the young emperor, were very little better than the Shouisky's. They made themselves rich from the Czar's treasury, plundered the people and caused every one who opposed them to be put out of the way. They were so cruel that the people of Moscow, which was then the capital of the empire, would not endure them, and in the year 1547 there was a great revolt and a great fire in the capital. The people declared that one of the Glinsky ladies was a witch, and that it was through her magic that the city had been burned. They circulated a story that was believed by the superstitious and ignorant Russians who had firm faith in magic. This story was to the effect that Anna Glinsky had taken human hearts from living bodies, soaked them in water, and with it sprinkled the houses of Moscow, thus causing them to burn at once most fiercely. The Czar had married a beautiful and good woman, Anastasia Romanoff, some time before, and her relatives were in high favor with him, and the Romanoffs too, came in for a share of the fury of the people. Ivan knew very well that his old enemies, the nobles, had secretly inspired these foolish stories in order to get him back again into their power, but he did not yield. He beat off the mob that attacked the palace, and restored order in the city. Seeing that the people were opposed to his friends, Ivan took a certain priest and a noble whom he thought faithful, into his confidence and through them ruled his kingdom well for some years, gaining brilliant victories over



the lingering bands of Tartars in the south, and turning their mosques into Christian churches. He made wise laws for his people, that left them less at the mercy of the nobles, and did many things that endeared him to the Russian people, and made them proud of their young ruler. His good young wife, Anastasia had great influence with him, and he never once, as long as she lived, showed the cruelty that afterward marked his character.

In the year 1553 Ivan fell sick, so sick that all of his friends thought he would surely die and Ivan himself gave up all hope of ever recovering. His two counsellors had secretly been enemies for a long time, and each had gained a large number of followers. They had kept their schemes and their quarrels from the Czar, but now when they thought him upon his death bed, they were careless of his feelings. One of these faithless counsellors had even conspired to place



Russian Dwelling.

upon the throne of Russia instead of Ivan's infant son, a cousin of the Czar who had always been ambitious of gaining the crown. The other sided with the nobles who declared they would never obey the Romanoffs. The angry quarrels and discussions of these counsellors and lords were carried on almost in the very presence of the sick Czar, and in his plain hearing. He had a few faithful friends whom he begged and beseeched to care for Anastasia and the little prince and told them to take his loved ones, and carry them away to some foreign country where their lives at least would be safe. He appealed to the angry nobles and asked them to swear to obey his son and to protect him in his rights, which they refused, and when Ivan arose from his sick bed, for he did not die, he remembered most cruelly the suffering his counsellors and lords had caused him. Anastasia died by poison soon after and Ivan had thus another injury to revenge and if he did not then become insane from the effect of illness and sorrow, there is no explanation that I can give you that will account for his after cruelty.

Just after Ivan recovered from his sickness, the Poles, who had for ages been the enemy of Russia, and constantly at war with the Slavs, began to trouble the empire. Fifteen thousand Russians under one of the great lords, were sent against them, but the leader, who hated Ivan, allowed himself to be beaten by fifteen hundred of the enemy, then deserted and went over to the Polish king. From the Polish camp he sent a letter to Ivan. The Czar had heard of the conduct of the general, and when the messenger arrived with the letter, he cast one look at him, then with his iron staff pinned the foot of the unhappy man to the floor, while he calmly read what the letter contained. It was a foolish, boasting insulting missive, but of course the messenger knew nothing of its contents.

Ivan determined to resign his empire, or pretended that he had made up his mind to do so. The people had tasted the cruelty of the nobles while Ivan was growing up, therefore when Ivan took his family and all his friends and left Moscow, they sent after him and implored him to come back. He came on the condition that he should have absolute right to punish his enemies and to govern the empire in a new manner. They agreed, and then began the strange and terrible tale of cruelty that is not equaled in the history of any king of modern times or of the dark ages.



Ivan the Terrible.

He dismissed all of the counsellors who had aided him in the government, and appointed in their places the most cruel and depraved men of his dominions. Any one who uttered a word against the acts of these men, were put to death. He surrounded himself with a body of six thousand desperate warriors called Strelitzes, who plundered and oppressed the people, and if any one resisted, he was considered by the Czar as his personal enemy, and put to death. The lands and goods of the rich were divided among these guards who destroyed princes and nobles in crowds at the command of their master. Ivan was usually present at the scenes of murder and torture, and seemed to take a gloomy delight in viewing the sufferings of the poor victims. He would vary the wildest excesses of drunkenness, crime and debauchery, with seasons of retirement and prayer, and from these periods of spiritual refreshing he issued so much more cruel than was his wont, that the whole nation

trembled, when they learned that the Czar was secluded from the world, and praying for his soul. He devoted whole cities to destruction on the most trifling pretexts. Two large Russian towns whose people had made some objection to being robbed by the Strelitzes were totally destroyed, and their inhabitants, young and old put to the sword. He charged Novgorod with conspiring to deliver itself to Poland, and declared his intention of dealing with the people. He entered the place with his hated body-guard, and for five weeks, put from five hundred to a thousand citizens to death every day, the most revolting and horrible forms of torture that the diseased brain of the mad Czar could invent, being used. Sixty thousand persons fell under the hands of his executioners, and the glory of the city was forever extinguished. To this day there is a huge mound near one of the principal churches of Novgorod, that is pointed out to the traveler, as the burial place of some of Ivan's victims, and at one place in the river, the waters never freeze in the most severe winters of Russia, and it is said by the peasants, that it is because there was shed so much innocent blood by the tyrant Ivan, that the waters bear silent witness against his crimes, to men of all ages.

His cruelty increased as time went on, and at the word of the Czar his people trembled and turned pale. He married eight wives in succession and in his old age even asked for the hand of Queen Elizabeth of England and desired to make a treaty with her, that allowed him, in case his people at last driven to desperation should rebel, she should allow him to find refuge in England. Elizabeth politely declined the offer of marriage and the Czar next proposed for her cousin but again the queen declined, but Russia and England made a commercial alliance and trade was carried on between the two countries. It was during the reign of Ivan that Siberia was discovered, explored and conquered, but the latter days of the Czar were not successful in the South and West, for he was defeated by the Tartars and the Poles.



It was in 1581, when Ivan was an old, man that he committed the act that caused him the most bitter regret, though it was not more cruel than thousands of others that he had done. He had three sons, the oldest a handsome but wayward youth, the second almost an idiot, and the third a mere baby. One day his oldest son came to him and remonstrated with him because he had insulted and abused his daughter-in-law the young man's wife. This made Ivan terribly angry but according to his custom he concealed his wrath for the time. Very soon after this, the prince asked his father to put him in command of some troops that were being raised for their invassion of Poland. Ivan's rage then broke out: He declared that his son wished to use the troops to dethrone him, and catching up his iron-pointed staff, struck the youth down and beat him so terribly that he died three days afterward. When Ivan realized what he had done he was wild with grief. He fell upon his knees beside the boy and wept and lamented. He cursed the surgeons because they could do nothing to relieve the lad's suffering, and as long as the poor fellow lived never once left his side, and when he died, declaring with his last breath that he was a true son and a faithful subject, Ivan realized that with his own hand, he had struck down what it had taken years of blood to build up and that when he should die, he would leave no one who could wield the power that he had gained. From this time forth Ivan was more terrible than ever. Woe to the unlucky subject who offended him. No torture was too hideous to be inflicted even for slight faults, and if the Czar had been insane all these years, as he is said to have been, his insanity was now more dreadful than ever.



A ROYAL LADY.

At times he would sit by the hour, counting the gold that he had gathered together by his horrid murders, and gloating over the treasures piled up in his strong rooms. At others he would walk the floor weeping, cursing and raving over his sins and beating his head against the wall, would call upon God to have mercy upon him. One moment he would give directions that State prisoners should be set free, at another he would sign the death-warrant of some unlucky wretch. At last he became convinced that his death was near at hand, and consulted some astrologers, for he was extremely superstitious. These, it is said, prophesied that on a certain day the Czar would die. The Czar told them that if they breathed a word to anybody of the prophecy before the day came, he would have them roasted alive. Time passed on and the day came round. Ivan arose in the morning, so runs the tale, feeling better than he had felt for a long time, and was unusually gay. He declared that he was perfectly well and commanded one of his trusted friends to go and have the astrologers hanged for prophesying falsely. This friend told him to give the prophets fair play and wait for the setting of the sun before they were led out to death. The Czar consented, and as the day wore away amused himself as usual. In the afternoon he called for the chess-board, and his friend sat down to play a game with him, but the Czar could not, by any means in his power, make the king of his chess-men

stand upright. Whether this roused his superstitious terror and made him faint, or whether some one had resolved to verify the prophecy of the astrologers by placing poison in his food, or whether the prophecy was invented to cover the suspicious circumstances of his death, certain it is that Ivan died suddenly in 1584, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and it is a wonder that his people did not stab or poison him long before, and rid the world of a monster.

The Czar who now came to rule over Russia was Feodor, the weak-minded son of Ivan the Terrible, but he was only ruler in name. The man who really conducted the affairs of the empire was a noble who had been trusted by Ivan, and whose name was Boris Goudounouf. Boris was the son of Christian Tartar, a man so clever and intelligent that Ivan had given him his daughter in marriage. You will remember that Ivan had a little son who was the child of his seventh wife and a mere baby at the time of his father's death. This little lad showed such brightness, and possessed such winning ways that Boris foresaw that he would probably grow up to be a favorite with the people of Moscow.

This would not suit Boris, at all for he was ambitious and a sooth-sayer had told him that he would one day become Czar of Russia. He wanted to gain the confidence of the nation, and as Feodor had no children he thought perhaps when the people saw how well he, Boris, could rule them they might desire him to succeed the son of Ivan, if there was no one else to whom the crown could be offered. He pretended that he was afraid that the relatives of the mother of Dimitry, the little prince, would attempt to murder Feodor, so he caused the child and his relatives to be banished from the court and sent to a far-away portion of the country in which the Czar Ivan had owned a castle. There he sent secretly some cruel murderers who stabbed the little fellow as he was playing one day in the garden.

The Russians were horrified when they heard of the murder, and Boris pretending also to be greatly shocked caused an "investigation" to be made into the death of the prince, and the people whom he sent for the purpose declared that the child had cut his own throat in a fit of insanity.

When Boris had thus cleared a way for himself to the crown, he set about winning the support of the people.

Since the earliest days the villages had owned the soil in common, and a new division or allotment to each person was made every nine years. The peasants could hire to the lords who owned estates for any number of years or for life. Usually they hired only for a year, and upon St. George's day, annually, there was a general shifting of peasants. For many years the peasants of northern Russia had showed a tendency to hire their services to the proprietors of land in the south, and the consequences finally became serious. Large estates were left without laborers, and became waste-land. Boris ordered all of the peasants back to their own villages, and made a law that hence-forth they should hire their services to the lord on whose soil they dwelt, giving him three days in the week for the use of the land, or else pay a certain rent.

The small farms as a rule belonged to the lesser nobility of the Empire, and it was these who were the strength of the Russian army, for the law provided that from these estates should come the cavalry, each man armed and accompanied by his followers. They were growing so poor that they could not furnish the horses and arms, and Boris sought to please them, and at once to make sure of them for the army by forbidding the laborers to leave their lands. He cared little for the poor





PETER THE GREAT AT THE BATTLE OF POLTAWA.

peasants themselves, for the nobles of Russia looked upon the laborers as we do upon horses and cattle, and could even kill them and not be punished for it, but woe to the peasant who committed the slightest offense against a noble. There were so many cruel and inhuman ways of punishing them, that it makes the blood run cold simply to read them.

The peasants dared not protest but they sometimes succeeded in stealing away to a place on the river Don, where they formed a camp and lived free of any govern-



Catharine II.

ment gaining a livelihood as best they might. It was thus that the people called Cossacks formed their republic.

In the course of thirteen years, Feodor never showed a trace of the firmness and ability of his father. At the end of that time he died without children and his widow went into a convent. Boris had made many powerful friends among the priests, and they now urged upon the nobles the fact, that, since the man who had really ruled Russia during the lifetime of Feodor could be induced to take the crown, they ought to offer it to him. Finally he did so and he refused but only to give his friends



a chance to urge it upon him. The death of the murdered child Dimitry had not been forgotten, but nothing could be proven against Boris. The widowed empress joined with the people in urging Boris to take the crown, and after a great pretense of unwillingness he finally accepted. Boris was a firm and wise ruler, and while he wore the crown Russia became respected by the nations of Western Europe. For a time he had no trouble with the nobles, but they soon became ashamed of being ruled by a Tartar instead of a prince of the ancient line of Rurik, for there were several Russian princes who could still claim a right to the crown through the great founder of the Russian Empire. Boris watched these dissatisfied nobles closely, and put them down with a strong hand. In the year 1601 when he had been four years the Czar of Russia a dreadful famine raged in the Empire and the peasants left the soil by the thousands, and joining the camp on the Don harassed the southern provinces. For three years they created great disorder, and Boris was obliged to send an army against them. No sooner had he reduced the Cossacks to order than a new danger threatened him.



Czar Alexander III.

In a certain convent near Moscow a young monk grew up, and being bright and clever he was employed by a priest, who was a great friend of Boris as his secretary. This was before Boris became Czar, and the young monk, it is said learned many of the secrets of the ambitious Goudenouf and his friends. Among other things he learned all about little Dimitry, who was about the age of the youth. It was there that the bold young monk formed an idea to pretend that he was Dimitry and that he had escaped death because his mother had placed him in a convent for safety as soon as she had been banished from Moscow and had taken another lad in his place to deceive her enemies. When Boris had ruled Russia for six years this false Dimitry made his way to Poland and told his story. The King of that country believed it, indeed there are many historians still who declare that the young monk told the truth and he was the true Dimitry and no pretender. He gained a great following in Poland, and with an army at his back advanced upon Russia. A fire about this time did great damage to Moscow and the soul of Boris was oppressed by a sense of calamity for an astrologer had told him long ago that he should reign only seven years as Czar and the seven years were nearly finished. Dimitry the false or Dimitry the true, as the case may be, nevertheless came swiftly on and the cities of the Empire opened their gates to him and hailed him as Czar, the son of Ivan. Boris attempted in vain to reason with the nobles, and priests were brought from the convent where the supposed Dimitry was educated, who gave a full account of his history, but no one would fight against him. Before the Poles and Russians, who had joined the claimant to the throne reached the capital, Boris died, begging the nobles of Russia to have pity upon his wife and child and spare them. When the great army that now ac-

knowledge of Dimitry as the Czar came near Moscow, the people of the city who favored his claims rose in revolt, murdered the innocent child and beautiful wife of the dead Tartar Czar and welcomed the supposed descendant of the old line of Rurik with open arms. Thus the crimes of Boris Goudenouf were visited upon the guiltless, and the rule which was planted in the blood of an innocent child, and watered by the tears of a bereaved mother, withered away and left no mark upon Russia, except one which was the cause of untold misery to the nation. The slavery that the Tartar Czar established among the peasants lasted almost to our own day.

Dimitry had espoused the Roman Catholic faith, and soon fell into disfavor with the Russians. He filled the court with foreign favorites, adopted foreign manners, and set at naught all the traditions of the people. To crown all, he married a Polish bride, who flaunted her Catholic religion and Polish nationality in the faces of the people. Russia had long striven with Poland, and would not endure any insolence from that quarter. The people were soon as eager to rid themselves of the false Dimitry, as they had been to secure him. He was accused of magic and the people set upon him in his palace, murdered him, burned his body, mixed the ashes with gunpowder, and fired them from a cannon.

Vassili Shuiski was next crowned Czar, but in spite of the fate of the first false Dimitry, pretenders like him, sprang up all over the country. One of these gained the support of the Polish king who gave him an army. Vassili formed an alliance with the Swedes who deserted him in his hour of danger. The Poles marched to Moscow which was obliged to surrender to them in 1610, and the Czar was taken prisoner, and sent to a Polish fortress, where he soon after died. The next year the Russians attacked the Poles in Moscow, and massacred thousands of them. Russia was then in a deplorable state. The Swedes had made themselves masters of Novgorod, the Poles were threatening to invade the country and divide the Empire, taking part themselves, and giving part to the Swedes, who had become their allies, the Crimean Tartars were overrunning the southern country, and the Cossacks, the brave republican community made up of Russian refugees and rovers who were located on the Don, supported the claims of the pretender. A gallant butcher of Novgorod saved Russia. He harangued the people of his native city and eloquently urged them to rouse themselves, choose a ruler, and drive the foreigners from Russia. An army was raised, the Poles driven out, and Michael Romanoff, a descendant of Rurik through the female line, was chosen as Czar. The new Czar was only fifteen years old when he came to the throne, and reigned thirty-two years. He was obliged to make peace with Sweden, with the loss of two large provinces, and to Poland he lost Smolensk, Tchernigof and Novgorod, with all their vast territory. With those exceptions his reign was prosperous. He made treaties with England, France, Persia and China, and extended the Russian possessions to the Pacific. He revived the trade of the Empire, and ruled strictly by the agreement he had made when he was elected, which was in fact a virtual constitution.

Michael Romanoff was followed on the throne by his son Alexis, in 1645. The second Romanoff, like the first, was a just and able ruler, who extended the dominion of the Empire. He recovered most of the territory lost in the former reign, and raised Russia to an honorable place among the nations of Europe. His successors were firm rulers. Feodor III, his son, did away with hereditary rights of the nobles, and made himself absolute ruler.

Feodor though strong of mind was weak of body, and his cares soon wore him



out. He died childless in 1682. His father, Alexis, had been married twice. By the first marriage he had two sons, one Feodor, the Czar, and the other Ivan, an idiot, utterly unable to rule. Therefore, Feodor left his empire to his half-brother, Peter. Sophia, one of the six sisters of the dead Czar, chose to pretend that she was injured because her idiot brother had been passed over. The fact was that she was a clever woman, and she had made up her mind that she would not be compelled to wear out her life in seclusion as most Russian women did, but that she would be the ruler of the empire herself. She did not dare ask the people to give her the crown, for she knew well that they would have been shocked at the idea of being ruled by a woman, so she secured the aid of the Strelitzes, and caused her step-mother to be banished from the court, and her two brothers, Peter and Ivan, to be proclaimed joint Czars. She hoped to gain much by this action, and indeed for a long time she was the ruler of Russia, but at length she became dissatisfied with being the power behind the throne, and wanted to be empress in name as well as in fact. She showed herself in public with her face uncovered, which was contrary to the Russian custom for women, and marched at the head of the soldiers as though she were a man. The Strelitzes knew that they had really been the means of giving Sophia all of her power, and behaved haughtily toward her. She succeeded in keeping them in a good humor for some time by bribes, for she was very rich, but she incurred their displeasure by engaging in a church quarrel, and they murmured openly against her.

The regent, for Sophia was really regent for Peter and his idiot half-brother, learned of their discontent and that they planned a revolution. She did not wait for them to make an attack upon her, but retired to a strongly-fortified convent, summoned the nobles about her, and proceeded to try the Strelitze. She convicted the ring-leaders and executed them, then made bold by her success, she ruled the empire by the help of two favorites. After a time the Strelitzes came again into favor, and were again encouraged to revolt by the conduct of Sophia towards them. This time the empress-regent banished them to the frontiers and scattered them so she had no more to fear from them.

All this took some years, and little Peter was growing up to take his place as one of the greatest rulers that the world has ever seen. Sophia disliked the boy, and hoped that he would be an idiot like his half-brother. She did not concern herself much about his education, but gave him for companions some wild young fellows as "amusers," who she hoped would ruin him. He spent his leisure time roaming about the streets of Moscow, and as Moscow was then one of the most wicked cities of Europe, this in itself was enough to have given him a schooling in vice that would mar, if not ruin his character. Like Ivan the Terrible, Peter was naturally very bright and clever, and had a fondness for books. One of his "amusers" taught him to read, having first interested the lad in some bright-colored pictures of soldiers that were brought from Germany. Peter loved muskets and drums and everything war-like, and from the time he could walk alone, nothing pleased him better than playing at war. He had heard from his earliest years about the battles and campaigns of his father, and of Ivan the Terrible, and soon learned Latin, German and Dutch, and devoured with interest all the stories of heroism and battles in the classics of those languages.

Among those who had sought the friendship of young Peter, was a man of about thirty-five, by the name of Lafort. He was a Frenchman, who had spent an adventurous and romantic life. Born at Geneva of French parents, he was placed in a firm



Count N. Y. Saltykov, Battle against the Turks

of French merchants, but he soon tired of the hum-drum life of the counting-house and ran away. He joined the French army, but liked it even less than mercantile life, for there was no fighting being done, and the drill and routine of the garrison was not suited to his taste. He deserted, found his way to Holland, then went to Archangel where he joined the Russian army, just before the death of Alexis. The regiment to which he belonged seemed to have been forgotten by the government, and Lafort,

as was his wont, took French leave, went to Moscow, and soon became a great favorite in the society of the capital. He won the affections of an heiress, married her, and attached himself to the young Czar. They soon became the best of friends, and Peter learned from Lafort of other countries, of his own importance, and the designs of his sister against him. The Czar imbibed an interest in military affairs, and organized his "amusers" into four regiments, and with them lived a life as much like that of the camp, as he could devise. He kept them under the strictest discipline, and himself enlisted among them as a drummer, and worked his way up to the supreme command. There were mimic sieges, battles, and marches and all were conducted as though the operations were real. The Czar studied military science, mathematics and other things that would make him a good general, and never spared himself or others in carrying out his plans. In the intervals of these studies, and military drill, he drank to drunkenness, and practiced every vice with which his comrades were familiar, and Sophia was thus deceived as to his real character.

When Peter was about seventeen Sophia sent her favorite officer upon an expedition to the southward against the Tartars. Peter objected strongly to this and before the council showed such spirit, such knowledge of the art of war and such good judgement, that Sophia was frightened. This was not the wild dissipated lad that she had thought her half-brother to be, but a rival before whom she might well tremble. She determined to put him out of the way at once, and you have no doubt noticed that a tie of blood was no bar to the murder of a Czar, and that Russian princes and princesses were given to no scruples on that account. It was not an unusual thing for a prince to die suddenly. Peter should die. She turned to her old friends



the Strelitzes. They had helped her to power, surely they would help her keep it. True she had been cruel to them. She had condemned every tenth man of them to death on a former occasion, when they had been too insolent in their demands, but she thought she still had power over them. She confided to some of the most influential of them her intention to seize the throne, and two of these went straight to Peter and told him the plan. Peter fled to a convent, called his battallion of playmates to him there, and waited. Sophia was confident of success, and ordered the Strelitzes to arrest him, and he only saved himself, by fleeing to a convent. From this retreat he called upon his subjects to support his authority, and they assured him that they would do so. Forsaken by her friends, Sophia tried to escape to Poland, but was captured, and thrown in prison. Peter then assumed the throne, and at once set about forming an army. Lafort enlisted a large number of fugitive French Huguenots, and a Scotch officer named Gordon secured the services of about three hundred of his countrymen. These, with the four regiments of well trained "amusers," formed the beginnings of the Russian army.

One day in rumaging about a lumber room, Peter found the hulk of an old pleasure boat. He secured the services of a Dutch ship carpenter, that happened to be in Moscow, and caused the little craft to be rebuilt. The Czar himself was exceedingly afraid of the water. When he first went sailing in his new boat, he broke out in a cold sweat, and was seized with a fit of trembling that ended in convulsions. He was determined to conquer this weakness. He took cold baths, that at first almost ended his life, so severe was his antipathy to water, and sailed every day in his boat, until he completely overcame his nervousness. He knew that Russia could never be a great nation without a navy, and as soon as his army was organized, began thinking of a navy. The White Sea is frozen over the greater part of the year. The Caspian is an inland lake, but to the south the Sea of Azov with the outlet to the Black Sea, promised better for Russia. On that little sea was the strong fortress of Azov, which was the key of the Don, and had been famous for centuries as a seaport. It was ruined by the Tartars, rebuilt by the Turks, destroyed by the Cossacks, in the reign of the first Romanoff, and again rebuilt and fortified by the Turks, who had also blockaded the mouth of the Dnieper by five strong forts.

Peter determined to attempt the capture of Azov, and enlisting in his own army as a volunteer gunner, he placed the command in the hands of Gordon and Lafort, and marched against Azov. The expedition failed, but Peter was not discouraged. He hired Dutch and Venetian ship-builders, and caused a flotilla to be built, and floated down the Don. The building of that flotilla was not an easy matter. The workmen deserted constantly, the winter was uncommonly severe, and Peter himself handled saw and plane, and worked with the common laborers, until it was completed. He was amply repaid by the capture of Azov. Soon after, an attempt was made by the Strelitzes to murder the Czar, and place Sophia again on the throne, but it was not successful. The ring-leaders were executed, and all engaged in the plot were severely punished.

In 1697 Peter started on his travels, to learn the best methods of ship-building. He went to Holland and hired himself to a ship-carpenter in Amsterdam, studying surgery and navigation in his spare moments. He wore the clothes and lived the life of a humble laborer, and from his cottage ruled his great empire, through the officers he had left in charge, being in constant communication with them, and superintending their policy. When he had completed his studies in Holland, he went to England,

and on the various English and Dutch vessels, learned to perform every duty of a seaman. He was recalled to Russia by another revolt of the Strelitzes.



Crossing the Berzona.

When Peter was quite a young man, he had married a woman, who was from one of the old princely families of the empire, and a narrow-minded and ignorant wife



she proved to be. She had no sympathy with the efforts of the Czar to improve his people, and believed his reforms were not only bad for Russia, but that education was evil. She openly expressed her contempt because Peter had taken an interest in the army, ship-building, and practical matters, and thought it low and common for a Czar to thus put himself on the level of ordinary people. She ridiculed him when he talked of building a capital on the frontiers of his empire, and made herself altogether so unpleasant, that when the Czar came back from Europe, full of his new reforms he was certain that she hated him and he in turn hated her. He thought he had good cause for so doing, and divorced her. It was almost certain that it was she who had roused the rebellion against him, for her relations were powerful and unscrupulous, and were bitterly opposed to Peter's idea of making the Russians somewhat more like other civilized nations, and enlightening and educating them. Worse than all, this undutiful wife, though the mother of Peter's son and the empress of a great realm, was unfaithful to her marriage vows, and lavished the love that belonged to her husband upon another man. She desired to seize the throne for herself, her son and her lover, and to aid her plans she had instigated a revolt of the Strelitzes.

Peter had something within him of the nature of Ivan the Terrible. He knew how to be generous, but he knew, too, how to be revengeful. After he divorced his wife he caused her head to be shaved as he had caused that of his sister Sophia long before, and sent her to a dreary convent, first impaling upon a sharp stake the wretched man who had been her lover. He also caused two thousand of the Strelitzes to be beheaded, and it is said executed twenty-two of them with his own hand, swinging high and heavy the arm that had wielded the axe and shovel, and smiling as he saw the corpses roll all bloody and dreadful at his feet.

When the Czar had shown his power, he proceeded to make himself more feared than Ivan the Terrible had been, and perhaps more hated. He could not wait for his people to grow into ideas of education and enlightenment by contact with the rest of Europe, he almost forced them to do so. He compelled them to cut their long beards and hair, and to discard their long-skirted garments, their turban-like caps, and other old-fashioned and absurd apparel, and dress more like the other people of Europe. He also compelled them to entertain their neighbors, both men and women together, an unheard of thing before his time, and established schools of various kinds, compelling the nobles to send their sons there to be educated. He sent a large number of young men abroad to study in other parts of Europe, opened mills and factories for the weaving of woolen goods, making of leather and other things, and encouraged artists, historians and literary men to come to Russia.

Peter's ablest general, though not a person who was either grateful or true to him, was a man named Menchikoff, whom he had raised to the nobility. Menchikoff had been a baker's boy, but was so clever that he attracted the notice of Peter, who made him an officer in his army. In one of his campaigns against Eastern Prussia, Menchikoff captured a young girl who became his servant, and who, after a time, was the mistress of his house, though not his wife. Peter saw this woman, whose name was Catherine, at the house of Menchikoff, and was so charmed by her brightness and wit that in the course of time he took her to live with him in the palace.

On one occasion when Peter and his army made an expedition against the Turks in the South, this Catherine saved him and his whole army. They were surrounded by the enemy and certain of defeat at Pruth, when Catherine's cleverness brought the

Turks to terms. Peter married Catherine afterwards, greatly to the disgust of some of his nobles, for she was a slave and had no beauty to recommend her. He had long had it on his mind to build a city on the Neva and as soon as the unsuccessful war with the Turks, and his final victory over Charles XII. of Sweden left him the leisure he began it. It is said that he sacrificed more than a hundred thousand lives, in nine years, in the building of this capital, St. Petersburg, but at last his dream was realized and he set out for Western Europe again, this time to study its laws, as before he had studied its practical sciences. He did not take Catherine with him, and cared as little for fetes and great entertainments as upon his first visit.

He would ride about Paris in a hired carriage, go into the shops and laboratories, and tired every one of his guides out, so determined was he to see and learn those things that were for the good of his subjects. He visited most of the large cities of Europe, and was upon his way to Venice when news from Russia of the movements of his son caused him to return to Moscow. This son Alexis was by the unhappy first marriage, and had given him much trouble. The youth had boldly announced that when he became Czar, he would undo his father's work in a hurry. There should be no laws or customs that did not prevail in the olden days, and he did all that he could to foster a spirit of rebellion against his father.

He was determined that he would do nothing that his father wished him to do. He was sent abroad to study, but would sit idly all day doing nothing, and when urged to obey his father, said his health was too weak to study. He had the greatest contempt for all of his father's pursuits and plans, and gathered about him the nobles who wanted to see them all fail. He waited until his father was absent in Europe, when he began to actually contemplate overthrowing him and being made Czar in his stead.

Peter was at Copenhagen when he heard of the plotting of his hopeful son. The young man had shown the possession of qualities much like those that made Ivan the Terrible so odious. He had broken the heart of his fair young wife by his cruelty, and had defied his father more than once. He now defied him again. When Peter summoned him to Copenhagen, he went off on a foreign trip, enjoying himself as long as he felt so disposed, but when he returned to Moscow, his father was there, and more angry with him than he had ever been before, for he had been making investigations which showed that the prince really contemplated the overthrow of those institutions that had caused the Czar so much time, patience and labor to construct. Alexis was twice punished by the knout, a terrible sort of a whip, and it is said that he died under a third infliction. Seven years after the death of the Grand Duke, Peter himself died, having contracted a severe cold in attempting to save from death the crew of a shipwrecked vessel.

Peter The Great, was the ablest monarch Russia ever had, He civilized the country, and laid the foundations of its greatness. He never could quite civilize himself, and to the last, drank so much brandy and pepper that he was seldom sober, and in his age, was as vicious as in his youth. He was self-willed, obstinate, a bitter foe, and a loyal friend. He was more hated and feared by the Russians than was Ivan the Terrible, and more respected by the rest of Europe, than any of his predecessors had been. He left no heir except the son of the unfortunate Alexis. Catherine had been crowned Empress in 1784, thirteen years before Peter's death, and she was now made ruler of Russia, by the influence of the same prince who had made



her Empress, Menschikoff, the baker's boy, who had been raised to the nobility by the Czar.

Catherine ruled with much good sense for two years, then died of cancer and too much brandy-drinking, leaving the empire to Peter's grand-son, Peter II. The new Czar was but a boy, and was tyrannized over, and abused by a powerful set of plotters belonging to the Dolgourki family. They encouraged all his vices and kept him busy amusing himself, while they plundered and oppressed the Russian people. Peter II. died in 1730, at the end of a reign of three years, and with him the male line of the Romanoffs became extinct, though the descendants of the female line of that illustrious family still occupy the Russian throne.

Anne, the daughter of the idiot half-brother of Peter the Great, was next chosen sovereign, and for ten years ruled with much firmness. She made treaties with foreign countries, established manufactories, but introduced so many German customs that she lost the affection of the people. When she died the son of her niece was appointed her successor, but he did not live to sit on the Russian throne. Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, seized the throne, caused the little prince, his mother and father, to be imprisoned, though she told the people that she had sent them to Brunswick, which was the home of the young prince's father. The child was murdered, the mother died in prison, and the father lived a captive long after Elizabeth had gone to meet her reward. Elizabeth reigned twenty years over Russia, and though she patronized the arts, built many schools, hospitals and colleges, she was so wicked, and resembled Ivan the Terrible so greatly in her character, that I will not dwell upon her reign. Never was there a more detestable tyrant than Elizabeth, and never was there a woman more impure in her life. When she died, in 1762, the son of her eldest sister took the crown, under the title of Peter III.

This prince was so ugly of face, that when his destined bride was introduced to him, she fainted. This young lady was a German princess, who had joined the Greek Church in order that she might marry the Grand Duke, and Elizabeth became her firm friend. She was one of the most beautiful and talented women of her day, but her husband was as hideous of character as of face. She led a sad life with him, for he was a beastly fellow, unquestionably mad, and better fitted for a padded cell in an asylum for lunatics, than for the throne of a great empire. Soon the fair princess, who took the Russian name of Catherine Alexyna, turned to evil ways herself, and became noted for her wicked life.

When Peter III. became Czar he disgusted the people by abandoning the Greek faith, and by imitating Prussia in all things. He gave back to Prussia all the conquests that former Czars had won from their country, and behaved altogether in such a manner that Catherine seized the throne for herself and her son, and put Peter in prison, where he was murdered, though not by her orders. Catherine II., called The Great, was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. She was mistress of



General Von Tatischev

statecraft, understood military affairs as well as the best of her veteran officers, was a true and loyal friend, and had none of the cruelty that disgraced the character of Elizabeth. She made laws that deserve a place beside those of Lycurgus and Solon for their wisdom, and were formed on the best models and experience of the world. The splendors of her court rivaled those of the French court in its palmiest days, and the most noted personages of the world gathered about her. She added seven great provinces, among them Crimea and Little Tartary, to her empire, and opened to Russia the passes of the Caucasus. The greater part of Poland was added to Russia by her successes in war and treaty, and she improved the empire in every way. She founded hundreds of towns and villages, tolerated every religion, caused her empire to be explored by geographers, and Russia became under her rule, one of the Great Powers. For thirty-four years she was autocrat, keeping her son and grandsons at a distance, almost like prisoners. She died in 1796, and her son Paul came to the throne.

Paul I. was like his father, a man who was repulsive of body, and unsound of mind. He reigned but five years, but that was quite long enough for the Russians to grow heartily tired of his tyranny, and atrocious cruelty. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander who was at first an enemy to Napoleon, but afterward met him at Tilsit and became his friend and admirer. Alexander was a weak, good natured man, who was so much busied in the struggle with Napoleon, for by another change of policy he became his enemy, that he had little time to devote to his empire. Ten years after Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, Alexander died childless, and the crown being refused by his insane brother Constantine, was given to his younger brother Nicholas.

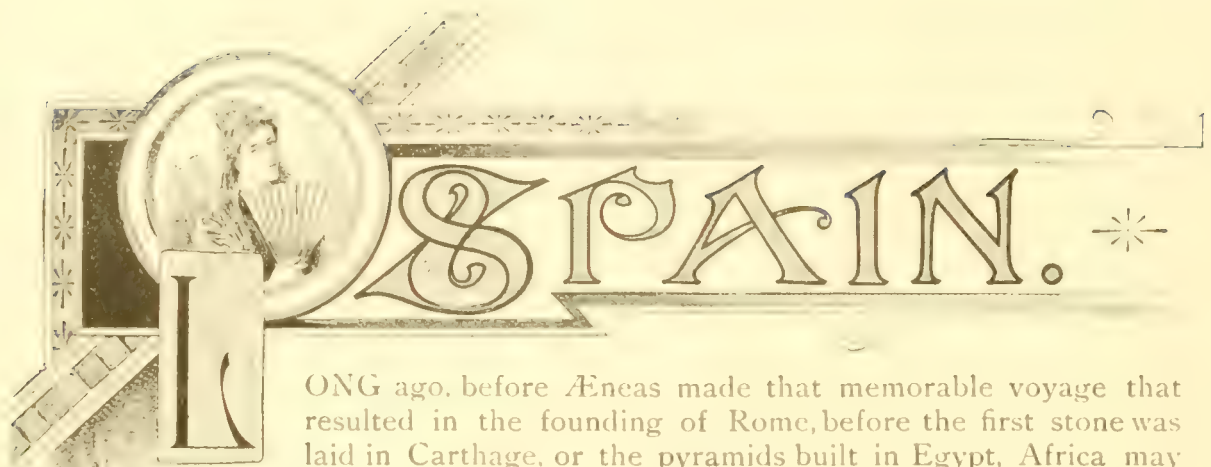
The Czar Nicholas came to the throne in 1825, and for twenty-nine years, ruled Russia with great tyranny. He filled Russia with spies, and sent people by the thousands to wear away their lives in the mines of Siberia, because they were accused of holding opinions against absolute power. The gallant Poles rose in a body, and for months kept the Russian army at bay. The Czar exiled the people of whole districts of Poland to Siberia, transplanted others to Russian soil, where they were made miserable serfs, forbade the Polish language to be spoken anywhere in his dominions and forced the unhappy vanquished people to abandon their religion. Thus while treating with the utmost severity any revolutionary opinions, by spreading the Poles all over his empire with their past traditions of glory and independence, he laid the foundations for Russian liberty, for Russia will yet be free of the tyranny of Czars, and independent of the bondage in which for ages the mightiest nation of the world has been held. Nicholas was Czar while the Crimean war was in progress, and it was he who was so anxious for the property of "the sick man" as he called Turkey, that he resolved to put the patient to death, and share the spoil with France and England. We have already seen how his plan failed. He died soon after the fall of Sebastopol and Alexander II came to the throne in March 1855.

This Czar determined to withdraw his country from mixing in foreign politics, and to devote all his energies to develop and improve the Empire. He freed the serfs in 1863, and established many reforms. Socialism grew alarmingly under his mild treatment in the early part of his reign, and a plot was made for his murder. It was discovered, and its author punished, though with none of the cruelty with which Russian Czars were wont to display on such occasions. The war which Russia waged with Turkey over the treatment of Christians in Bulgaria, and other southern pro-



vinces and because Turkey refused to grant independence to several of the Danube countries under its rule, has already been mentioned. Alexander was Russias most enlightened ruler, but in spite of all he did for the country, his life was attempted many times, and in March 1881 he was murdered by a bomb, thrown by Nihilists who had long sought his life.

The murder of Alexander was a blow to Russia from which she has not yet recovered. Alexander III., the present Czar, attributed his father's death to his forbearing policy, and in his reign of nearly thirteen years, has ruled Russia like the autocrats of the olden days. Secret police are busy everywhere in the empire, the roads to Siberia are crowded with victims, some of whom are exiled on mere suspicion of liberal ideas. The most tyrannical rule prevails throughout the vast empire, and the Czar lives in constant fear of assassination. The exile of the Jews from Russia has been the most important event of his reign. It excited the indignation of the world, for it was carried out with such cruelty that it recalls the days of the crusades. The famine which prevailed in 1892 has been the calamity of the century in Russia, and the people are still suffering from its effects.



# SPAIN.

LONG ago, before Æneas made that memorable voyage that resulted in the founding of Rome, before the first stone was laid in Carthage, or the pyramids built in Egypt, Africa may have been joined to Europe by an isthmus, just as North and South America are joined at the present time. Somewhere in this story of the world, I have told you that there was probably a great convulsion of nature, which broke off from the main-land the little islands that lie sprinkled like jewels on the fair bosom of the Mediterranean sea. It may be that the same disturbance in the interior of the earth separated Europe from Africa, or it may be true, as tradition tells us, that the Phœnicians in times not so remote as those when the islands became fragments of the continent, cut a ship canal across the isthmus, and the angry waters of the Atlantic, yearning to clasp hands with the waves of the blue Mediterranean, gradually gnawed deeper and wider the channel hollowed out by the Phœnicians until they swept away altogether the barring land and rushed gladly to the embrace of the inland sea.

It is only a dozen miles across the Strait that now separates Europe from Africa, and it is therefore not at all strange that the early history of Spain in its most south-eastern portion, and of Mauritania the most northern portion of Africa, should be related one to the other. I must tell you that Spain, separated from the rest of Europe by the lofty and rugged Pyrenees, is very different from its neighbor, France, not only in the character of the soil, climate and productions, but in the nature of its people. In the parts of the country lying near the Mediterranean sea, the climate is almost as sultry as that of Africa, but in the Northern portion there are lofty plateaus crossed by mountains covered with perpetual snow, where the winds are keen and cold. The Greeks knew of Spain long ago, and told many fanciful stories about the land. The frowning rock of Gibraltar, and of Ceuta on the opposite side of the Strait, they called the "Pillars of Hercules," and said that beyond them were the fair islands of the Hesperides, where there was no pain nor sorrow, no old age nor death. Nearly every poet of the ancients wrote of some such land, and taught those who listened to their song to look forward to the happy days when they should rest



from their toils in the green fields and under the blue skies of a land where it was always summer. Homer described these Isles of the Blest, and his description is not very different from our idea of heaven, so you see that few of our ideas are really modern, and most of them are as old as the soul of man, I would have you remember the Pillars of Hercules, and indeed you will find it hard to forget them, for every time you see our sign for dollars (\$) remember that it represents the Pillars of Hercules surrounded by a scroll on which was originally inscribed "Ne plus ultra," which means "Thus far and no farther," for the Greeks ventured usually in their navigation of the waters no farther than the Pillars of Hercules, and supposed the seas beyond them to be peopled by strange monsters, among whom it was not safe for mariners to sail.

I can not tell you who the first people of Spain were, though it is likely that they were of the same race as those that first peopled the rest of Europe, and were conquered by the Celts. The Basques say they were the first inhabitants of Spain, and indeed they are so ancient that their origin is quite shrouded in the mists of the past, and it is only by means of their language, which is still spoken in Cantabria, a province of Spain, that we are able to trace the relation which they bear to the first people of Ireland and the Northern Peninsulas of Europe. It is said that this language is somewhat like that of Finland and Lapland, and from this fact it is supposed that the first dwellers in Spain, and perhaps the rest of Europe, were distantly related to the Tartar hordes that in historic times descended upon Europe and threatened to wipe out its civilization.

When the Romans first wrote of the people of Spain they called them Iberians, or "River men of the Ebro." Whether these Iberians were Basques, or whether they crossed over from Africa when there was land between the two continents instead of the dividing straits, no one can tell. I am inclined to think that the Iberians were Celts, who left their homes in Central Asia long before the great horde of Celts poured down upon Europe and conquered the native people they found there. At all events, when the Celts found their way into Spain around the spurs of the Pyrenees or across its desolate passes, they conquered the Iberians, and the subject people took so kindly to them that in the course of a few centuries the two peoples were really one, and were known as Celt-Iberians. The Basques were crowded to the wilder and more inhospitable parts of the country, where they maintained for a long time their old customs and spoke their old language. They were very proud of their language, and to-day the Basques declare that their speech was that which was spoken by Adam in the Garden of Eden, though the ancient Gæls of Scotland say the same thing, and the Phrygians in ancient times asserted quite gravely that their language was the one first spoken by man. However that may be, if the Basque is not the oldest language on earth, it is certainly one of the most difficult to learn. It is said that only persons born and brought up among the Basques are able to speak it, and that it is an utter impossibility for a foreigner to learn its rules or to write it. The Romans declared that when they made the acquaintance of the Lusitanians, the ancestors of the Portuguese, they had a language and literature that were known to be at least six thousand years old. The Romans were probably mistaken in this statement, for if there had been such a literature among the ancient Portuguese, some traces of it would remain, and there is nothing to show that they were very different from their neighbors.

The Celts of Spain were at first much like the Celts of the rest of Europe, but



the climate and their surroundings influenced them greatly, and made them easier of conquest when their future conquerors came. They were Druids, of course, like all of the Celts, and knew something of navigation, for they had a coast trade with neighboring countries in very early times, and bartered with the dwellers on the Mediterranean islands the fruits, metals and the products of their large flocks and herds, for arms and wine.

It was not long after the Phœnicians made their settlement near where Tunis now stands, and of which we have learned in the story of Carthage, that they visited the coast of Spain. They saw how valuable the products of that country were to their commerce, for they found that there was iron, silver, copper, gold, pearls, rock-salt, sea-salt, and marble in abundance, beside many other minerals with whose uses they were unacquainted. They made every effort to gain the good will of the natives.

They taught them how to mine the metals and minerals they wanted from them, and how to smelt them and prepare them for export. Perhaps they taught them, too, how to manufacture arms, and indeed it is more than probable. The Romans found that they possessed excellent arms, but were not willing to give the Phœnicians whom they hated, the credit of having taught the Celts to make them, and declared that the Celts knew how to manufacture iron and steel before the first Phœnician galley landed on the shores of Spain.

It is certain that the Phœnicians taught the Iberians to work gold and silver, and to mine the precious stones which they prized so highly, and they settled trading colonies along the Spanish Mediterranean shores. The Jewish historians were acquainted with Spain, for the ships of Tarshish, spoken of in the Bible, were no doubt ships that sailed to Tartessus, west of Gibraltar, to take cargoes of copper and other metals back to that country. When they are mentioned in the Bible, the Greeks had founded colonies in Spain after the manner of the Phœnicians, and the mineral wealth of the mountains of the European peninsula was carried to the far East from Tyre and the Asiatic seaports of the Greeks. Neither the Phœnicians nor the Greeks made any attempt to conquer the Iberians, as they called all the inhabitants of the country, but were content to trade with them, and let them learn and adopt what they would of the manners and customs of the civilized merchants. After Carthage was founded, the commerce of Spain with the Phœnicians largely increased. The Carthaginians were a people who cared for nothing but trade and manufacture. They did not till the soil to any extent, and depended upon those countries with whom they had commerce to supply them with food products. Spain was rich in grains and fruits, and was so near to Carthage that her products were easily available. The Spaniards were well disposed toward the Carthaginians, whose religion was no doubt something like their own, and the Iberian chiefs welcomed the Carthaginian merchants in a friendly spirit.

Hamilcar Barca knew of the riches of the country, and at the end of the first Punic war, when Carthage lost Sicily and Sardinia, upon whose fields and vineyards the Carthaginians so largely depended, he thought it would be a fine thing for his country to build up in Spain a great State, modeled upon the government of Carthage and subject to that republic. Hamlicar may have had a double motive in



doing this. He may have thought that in time Spain would rival Carthage in the commerce of the world, and he might become independent ruler of the country, or he might have thought that the warlike Celts of Spain would prove a bulwark against which the Romans might dash themselves to pieces, and the mother-republic be preserved from the shock of wars which were so disastrous to her commerce. The Carthaginians, while fierce and brave enough when forced to fight, did not love war as did the Romans, and preferred to have others fight for them when they could honorably do so. The armies of Carthage were usually made up of African tribes, whom they hired for the purpose, and Hamilcar knew that the Celts of Spain under good training would make better and more loyal soldiers than the fierce but fickle Africans who hated to submit to drill.

For ages the Iberians had been friends with the Phœnicians, and it is probable that many Phœnicians who had settled in the country had married the fair daughters of the Celts, and had become great men among them. The Celtic chieftains took kindly to the plans of Hamilcar, and we have already learned in the story of Carthage what progress he made with them, and how, when he was killed in battle, his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, carried on the work he so well began, and how Hannibal gathered the army that was the terror of Rome for forty years. Carthage, the "New City" of the Carthaginians, became a great and rich city. Barcelona, named for the "Barca" family of which Hannibal was then a member, and Cordova the Punic for "an important town," began to flourish. The Carthaginians were apt to be hard masters, and when they saw their power firmly established in Spain began to oppress the Celts and they were not a people to submit to oppression in those days with the tameness they afterward endured it. They became rapidly civilized under the rule of the Carthaginians, and began to realize their importance. The Carthaginians had always been the gainers in their transactions with the Celts, but as long as the Celts were ignorant barbarians, they were content to let the Carthaginians take what they wanted and give them in return what they pleased. Affairs were changed, however, when the Spaniards learned the value of their metals, fruits and grains, but the Carthaginians, greedy of wealth and power, plundered them as before and made them willing to submit to the Roman yoke, thinking that the change must be for the better since it could not be for the worse.

When Spain finally yielded to the genius of the Roman General, Scipio Africanus, it was not a hard task to pacify the Iberian chiefs. The Romans who later destroyed every vestige of the literature and art of Carthage in Africa that they could find, took pains to wipe out every trace of the Carthaginian possession of the country that was possible. There were traces, however, that they could not wipe out. Those were in the blood, manners and customs of the people, and influenced the Spaniards as the Romans themselves, the Goths and other conquerors influenced their country, whose doom for ages was to be the prey of the strong-handed.

The climate of Southern Spain suited the taste of many of the luxurious Roman nobles, and soon splendid dwellings, overhung with olives and flowering vines, were built on the banks of the beautiful rivers and the margins of the sea. In these dwellings every form of luxury that wealth could purchase was to be seen, and Roman poets and philosophers passed happy hours under the sunny skies of Iberia. Roman soldiers married Spanish women, and when their terms of service were ended settled in Spain. Little by little the Latin language and the Roman customs became interwoven with the life of the people.

Roads were built for the passage of the Roman armies and the accommodation of the Roman merchants, aqueducts, for conveying the water from the mountain springs to the cities in the valleys, were constructed, and from the ruins of all these that still remain, we are able to judge of what Spain was during the four hundred years that she was a province of the Roman Empire. Spaniards boasted of being Roman citizens, and named their cities after the emperors. Saragossa was the 'City of Cæsar Augusta,' Braga, in Portugal, was the old Roman town of *Brcata Augusta*, and many other places in Spain and Portugal still bear the names that the Romans gave them, or were given them by the Spaniards themselves, in honor of the Romans.

Hadrian and Trajan were both Spaniards, as were also Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius, and a legion of Roman poets and makers of Roman literature. The early Roman emperors were either severe or indulgent to Spain, as best suited their purposes. One of them, Vespasian, was the means of settling in Iberia thousands of the Jewish subjects of the empire, who were hated at Rome, and were removed to Meridia, and here became a source of wealth, and afterwards of disaster. Christianity came into Spain in the days of Nero, and was adopted with enthusiasm by the imaginative Spaniards.

After the days of Marcus Aurelius the power of the Romans in Spain steadily declined, and events were preparing the people of the peninsula for another conquest. In looking upon the map of Spain you have no doubt noticed that the country is divided by mountain ranges into several distinct portions. No less than six great ranges cross the country and one of them, the Pyrenees, entirely separates Spain from the rest of Europe. These mountains are some of them very lofty, and one chain, the Sierra Nevada is covered with eternal snow, and is thought by some geologists, to be a continuation of the Atlas Chain of Africa. Beside the mountains there are several large rivers traversing the Spanish Peninsula, for we are considering not only the story of Spain of to-day, but of the whole Peninsula, for Portugal was the ancient Lusitania, a province of Spain.

As the mountains of Greece divided that country into several States, each independent of the others, and each with their own laws, manners and customs, so these lofty mountains separated the people of Spain into several distinct provinces, and the people of every province had their different characteristics. There was not even a common Spanish language, and there was more or less hostility and jealousy among the people as there is even yet after centuries of civilization. The Southern provinces, being nearer the high-way of commerce afforded by the Mediterranean, were of course more highly civilized, and with civilization they had also acquired habits of indolence and luxury. The climate also had something to do with their easy-going temperament, for its summer heat was nearly as great as that of Tunis, and winter is unknown. The mixture of foreign blood marked the people of the South of Spain and tempered their patriotism, making them an easy prey to the Romans, Goths, Vandals and lastly the Moors, with whom indeed they might claim kinship of blood. The people of the north kept many of the characteristics of the early Basques. They were gloomy in disposition, fierce, fickle revengeful and intense, and were the first to take advantage of the decay of the Roman empire. From being a province of the Empire, Spain split up gradually into a number of small republics. Some of these fell under the power of the Vandals who founded a kingdom in Andalusia (*Vandalusia*), and other tribes of Barbarians harassed the others. It was in the beginning of the fifth



century, as perhaps you will remember, as I have already told you of it in the story of Rome, when the Goths, a portion of the Germanic stream of humanity that overflowed Europe about this time, were driven into the country on the borders of Thrace by the Huns, and there received lands from the Eastern Emperor. The Romans treated them shabbily from the first, and after awhile the Goths determined to break away from the place where they were settled, and where they could not get a living, and seek a home somewhere to the West. The Roman Emperor tried to stop them with an army, but their leader Alaric the Brave, was too clever for him, and we know how he sacked Rome and scorning to make himself emperor was about to cross over into Africa with his people when he died and was buried in the bed of an Italian river.

Placidia, the sister of the Roman emperor was carried captive by Ataulphus, the successor of Alaric, and for love of her the Gothic chieftain made peace with the Romans and acted as friend and ally toward them. One of the terms of this peace was the granting of all southern Gaul to the Goths, and all that part of Spain under Roman rule, with the single condition that they should conquer it for themselves from the Vandals, Alans and Suevi, who had taken possession of most of the provinces. This was not a very valuable gift when we come to consider that the Goths would probably have taken the land if they could have done so even without the consent of the emperor.

It was for the love of Placidia that a Roman named Constantius persuaded the emperor to make war upon the Goths. He did so and driving them out of Southern Gaul after a fierce struggle they were obliged to cross into Spain. Autulphus had learned much of Roman laws and civilization and admired them so greatly that when he had fixed his court at Barcelona, he determined to rule his subjects in the Roman manner. The Goths were exceedingly haughty and fond of liberty, and the idea of having to submit to law was not at all relished by them. They hated the Romans and grew to hate their king for copying Roman manners. More than all perhaps, they hated Placidia the wife of their king and the mother of his six children. For a time Autulphus succeeded in holding his followers in check, and finally to satisfy their love of war, he made war upon the Vandals and Suevi, but the Romans fought with him as allies, to the great disgust of the Goths, who called the Roman soldiers "cowardly dogs" and had a contempt for them because they were not as rude and fierce as themselves. The king had trained a large body of cavalry in the Roman manner, and one day as he, his court, his wife and children, sat in the courtyard at Barcelona watching the movements of these Gothic horsemen, a dwarf who had been privately instigated to the deed, stabbed Autulphus to the heart. To further distress the unhappy Placidia her own life was spared but her six children were murdered. The cruel Siegric, the successor of Autulphus who did this awful deed, compelled the queen to walk barefoot through the streets of Barcelona, subjected to the taunts and insults of her enemies, but this was going too far and the people, who pitied the poor lady, rose up in a few days, murdered Siegric and elected Wallia to be their king in his place.

Wallia was a clever politician and knew how to rule the Goths. He called them all together a few days after he was made king, and told them that they had to make their choice of an enemy. There were the Vandals and Suevi, gallant and brave fighters worth the effort to conquer, and there were the Romans, cowardly dogs whom it was no glory to subdue. Let them say against whom he should lead them and he

would make no objection. The fact was that Wallia had already promised Constantius who still faithful to Placidia had demanded it, that the queen should be given him as a condition of the treaty and peace made. The Vandals and Suevi were to be driven out. Wallia had agreed to the terms and had even sent Placidia to her lover. Of course the Goths declared they would march against their most gallant enemies the Vandals and Suevi, and peace was accordingly made with Rome. This peace allowed the Goths a large stretch of territory on the other side of the Pyrenees; that Roman province known as Provence, and the king crossed over with his followers and established his court at Toulouce, where he died two years after.

It was Theodoric, the successor of Wallis, on the Gothic throne, who aided in the conquest of Attila, and his son followed him on the throne, but was murdered. The Goths had an extremely bad habit of murdering any king that displeased them, and it was rarely indeed that a monarch occupied his throne in much comfort.

The eldest son of Theodoric was murdered by his brother when he had been made king after his father's death, and the murderer, Evaric, became the king of the Goths. The Goths now drove the Roman armies from Spain, and became the masters of the whole Peninsula, and we may justly consider Evaric the first Gothic king of Spain. He made his capital at Arles, in Southern France, and under him the Goths became a highly civilized people, who paid some attention to the arts and to literature, and whose name was respected in all civilized lands. It is said that ambassadors from the far East came to Evaric's court, and that Persians, Romans, Franks and Germans did him honor.

The Goths had long ago adopted the Christianity of the Eastern Empire, which differed from the Christianity of the Roman Catholic Church in that it declared that God, instead of being Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one, was a single spirit. The Roman Catholics of those times had the monopoly of all the learning and science in Europe, and Evaric gathered the great men of the Catholics about him in order that he might learn from them, but they could not convert him. He was deeply interested in the study of government, and succeeded in making laws upon which the laws of Spain were founded for centuries. He was truly a remarkable man, and under him the Goths made great advances.

In the early part of the sixth century Leovigild, one of the great heroes of Gothic Spain, came to the throne of the kingdom. He was a bitter hater of the Catholics, and determined to exterminate them. In the Northern provinces of Spain, where the people had held to their Paganism for the longest time, and had been the most unwilling to become Christians, the brave Catholic missionaries had labored to such good effect that the rough mountaineers gave up the worship of their Druid gods and were passionately attached to the new creed. This made them the mark for the hatred of Leovigild, and he set out to conquer them. He drove out every Roman who refused to acknowledge that Spain was independent, put down the revolts of the Catholics against his rule, and for the first ten years he sat upon the throne he was always busy fighting, which was the manner of keeping the peace, it seems, in those days.

When he had a little breathing space at the end of this ten years, he married a fair and haughty woman named Goswinda, an Arian like himself, and ten-fold more bitter against the Catholics. Leovigild had two grown sons by his first marriage, named Ermingild and Recared. Being anxious to keep the favor of the Franks, who by this time had become powerful in the kingdom Clovis had founded, Leovigild



asked for the hand of a princess of the Franks, and received the daughter of Brunhilda herself, who long before had been given in marriage to a Frankish chieftain. Brunhilda was a Catholic, and she had brought her daughter Ingunda up to believe as she did. Ingunda was very beautiful, and possessed all the haughtiness and love of power that made her mother famous, and plunged the Franks into wars and disasters. She was only sixteen years old, and when Ermingild saw her when she was brought into Spain to be married to him, he was smitten with her charms.

Goswinda had opposed the idea of the marriage from the first, and when Ingunda came and she saw how lovely she was, she hated her. She pretended, however, to be very much concerned for the religious welfare of the young bride, and when the splendid wedding was over she began to ridicule and scold her because she was a Catholic. Finally she told Ingunda that she must change her faith. It seems that Goswinda had been in the habit of having her own way, and was exceedingly violent and bad-tempered when any one went against her wishes. Ingunda boldly declared that she would do as she pleased in regard to her worship, and everything else that concerned her, and the old queen, thereupon, complained to her husband. Ingunda in her turn complained to Ermingild, and there was such quarreling and strife in the palace that nobody could be at all comfortable. To add to the confusion, Ermingild's friends sided with Ingunda, and Goswinda's friends sided with the old queen, and for a time it seemed that there would surely be war.

Leovigild loved Ermingild very dearly, and when he saw that his wife and Ingunda would never agree he suggested to his son that he go away to Seville and set up housekeeping for himself while he would remain at Toledo. This Toledo was an old city that had been founded by the Jews and named Toledoth, which means "the mother of peoples." Leovigild made his court at Toledo, and Ermingild and his wife lived in Seville. Goswinda had succeeded in making her religion so unpleasant to her step-son that when he was under the sole influence of his beautiful young wife he renounced the Arian faith and was baptized a Catholic. When his father heard of this he was very angry, and declared that no Catholic son of his should sit on the throne of the Goths.

After a time his anger cooled, and he sent to Ermingild and asked him to come and talk affairs over with him, but Ingunda and the Catholic bishops who were her advisers, would not allow him to go, and influenced him, instead, to conspire with the Catholic Suevi, the enemies of the Arian Goths, to take the crown from Leovigild. The king then raised an army and besieged Seville. Ermingild fled to Cordova, which in its turn was besieged and captured, and at the last he took refuge in a church. His brother Recared persuaded him to come out and throw himself at his father's feet and beg his forgiveness. Leovigild granted it, but he exiled his son to a city far distant from Seville, and made him live as a private man.

Ingunda was bitterly chagrined that Goswinda had triumphed for it was by her advice that Ermingild had been exiled, and she was untiring in her efforts to rouse her husband to revolt. At last she succeeded, and raising an army of his father's enemies, Ermingild advanced toward Toledo. Leovigild was one of the most skillful generals of the time, and his son knew little of war. It was not long before the king, plundering monasteries and burning Catholic churches, had surrounded Ermingild. In vain Ingunda pleaded with him to escape into France, and there raise a new army for the carrying on of the war, leaving the old one to its fate. Ermingild was stubborn, and he was captured and thrown into prison by his father. Leovigild might have



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had his unruly son beheaded, and not have been blamed by his subjects, but he loved him still, and determined to save him. He caused the Arian priests to labor with him to turn him back to the faith of his childhood. Goswinda advised her husband to deal sternly with Ermingild, but the father could not bring himself to hate his eldest born son, with whom he had been patient for so many years and had never quite despaired of winning back to obedience. It may have been the wrongs that Goswinda had heaped upon him and his wife that made Ermingild determine never to yield, but he withstood every persuasion with steadfastness. Leovigild did not despair, for he knew that could he bring his son to consent to give up Catholicism his Catholic enemies would receive a great blow to their hopes. He even went so far as to tell him that he could remain Catholic in private, if he would only profess Arianism in public, to quell the disorders of the kingdom, for there were many Catholics in Spain who had espoused his cause. Ermingild steadily refused, and on one occasion so insulted the priests sent by the king to argue with him, that Leovigild ordered his execution. His head was therefore promptly struck off, and when the king repented his hasty orders, and sent word to the jailer to spare the prince, it was too late. The court that Leovigild established at Toledo continued to be the seat of the Gothic kings for a long time, and when he died his second son Recared reigned there in great splendor. Ermingild, by the way, was made a saint by the Catholics, and was devoutly worshipped for many centuries. Recared established the Catholic faith and persecuted the Arians. He was a great builder and ruled wisely and well for many years, dying in the year 601. When he came to the Gothic throne, he was already greatly admired by his subjects and he showed himself wise and clever. He had learned much of the Catholic faith and was secretly in favor of it, but he knew better than to let his people, and above all his step-mother Goswinda, have an inkling of what was in his mind. When he had been upon the throne a little while he caused the Arian and Catholic Bishops to debate their points of difference in his presence, and while he decided for neither, he set the example to his subjects to consider what good there was in Catholicism. All over the kingdom he encouraged such disputations and when he thought the temper of the people had been made sufficiently liberal by the knowledge of what the Catholic religion really was, he called his chief men together, told them that he had been considering the claims of both forms of faith, and that for himself he was convinced that the Catholic religion was the better, and that he meant to adopt it, but that he would persecute no man who refused to believe as he did.

Goswinda was very angry, when she heard that Recared had done the very thing of all others that she had shed so much blood and caused so much misery to prevent in Ermingild's case, that he had become a king of the Arian Goths. She called the Arian bishops about her, and tried to raise a revolt. It was quickly subdued by Recared, who did nothing to punish Goswinda, and she lived to an unhappy, disappointed old age.

Recared died in the year 601, after a happy reign in which he had done all that he could for the advancement of his people. He bound the Suevi Goths and Spaniards together, crushed the revolts that sprang up against him from time to time, and fought the Franks successfully in Southern Gaul. He was unwise in granting such great



powers to the Catholic bishops of his kingdom, and binding the Church and State so closely together, but he did not realize it.

Toledo had for centuries been the home of numerous Jews. It was they who built up the commercial prosperity of the city, and made it a great metropolis. You have learned from the other nations of Western Europe, that Judaism and Catholicism have never flourished side by side. The Catholic sovereigns of those times, and even of modern days, have a deep-rooted hatred of the unhappy Jews and have always marked them out as objects of displeasure. The Catholics of Spain were not different from those of the rest of Europe. They thought it a religious duty to persecute the race whose ancestors had crucified the Saviour, forgetting that the Saviour himself was born of those despised people, and had always taught his disciples to be merciful and tender.

When Recared had been dead a few years, the bishops succeeded in having it made a law that the kings were to bind themselves to persecute "the accursed Jews," and declared that every Spaniard should refuse to serve a monarch who would not do so. The Jews of Spain had grown wealthy in trade, and to plunder and persecute them became popular and profitable. The Catholic priests and bishops began the persecutions that were carried on at intervals for nine hundred years against the Jews of Spain, and Spain has reaped the reward that has always been vouchsafed to those who have persecuted the people once singled out for the favor of Jehovah; it has fallen from its place among nations, and its palaces have become ruins.

The priests became more and more haughty as time went on, and made the Goths feel the weight of their power so heavily that they lost all spirit. They submitted tamely to the exactions of the haughty priests until 652, when Kindaswint, a noble, determined to stand their tyranny no longer. He was eighty years old, but he seized the crown and he was so fierce that the priests who had abused their power left the country in large numbers. He then set himself to work to reform the government, and there had been so many weak kings in the half century since the death of Recared, that the government sadly needed reforming. He made new and wise laws, and would not consent to have one law for the nobles and another for the peasants, but established justice for all alike. He died at the age of ninety-two, and his son became king. Instead of carrying on the good work begun by his father, this son spent his life in undoing it, and in the twenty years that he sat on the throne, contrived to bring about much harm. He died at Salamanca in 672.

There was a law among the Goths that the new king must be chosen at the place where the old king died, so the nobles of Spain flocked to Salamanca to choose a king. The legend tells us that a certain holy man who afterward became a Pope, prayed that the nobles might be divinely directed in the choice of a new king, and in answer to his prayer received a revelation that the man who should be chosen was called Wamba, and he could be found plowing in a field far to the west. The nobles thereupon set out to look for Wamba, and after long travel found him as was prophesied. They informed Wamba that he was chosen king, and thinking that some one was playing an elaborate joke upon him, Wamba laughed and said: "Yes, and I shall be crowned about the time the pole of my plow, here, puts out leaves." Thereupon he stuck the plow-pole in the ground, and in the moment while he spoke it put forth leaves and buds. Wamba was surprised at the token, but still modestly hung back until one of the Gothic nobles, drew his sword, and told him he must either at once consent to wear the crown or he would render it impossi.



THE PHOENICIAN MONK.

ble for him to wear even a head. This was sharper argument than Wamba had counted upon, and he meekly consented to be made king. When he was crowned, the old chronicles say a dove and a bee ascended from his head, symbols of the peace and prosperity of the nation under his rule.

Wamba had no sooner ascended the throne, than he was obliged to march against some rebels, who under a certain duke Paul had stirred up trouble in Galicia and the Asturias, two provinces upon the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and when he had conquered them, he showed his piety by declaring that all the Jews who would not consent to be baptized should be banished. Many of the Jews crossed over to Africa, preferring to live under the Berber rule, than to be constantly insulted and persecuted in Christian Spain. Wamba saw that the Saracens would in time attempt the conquest of Spain, and therefore kept a fleet sailing about in the Mediterranean to beat them off. He reigned with honor and ability for eight years, then one of his

favorites gave him a drink that threw him into such a stupor that his attendants thought him dying, and as was the custom in those days, shaved his head, and placed upon him the gown of a monk, in order that he might die in holy garb. He did not die then, but lived for several years, but he could never be a king again, for "once a monk always a monk." His faithless friend reigned disastrously and weakly in his stead, and when he died, some years after Wamba was gathered to his fathers, he too had long been a private individual, for he made such a mess of the government, that he gave it up in disgust. His successors, persecuted the Jews more inhumanly than ever, and they continued to cross over to Africa, where the Moslems allowed them to dwell in peace, exacting of them only a small tax.

In 710 Roderick, who is called in history "The Last of The Goths" came to the throne. The Goths, had centuries before overthrown the Vandal kingdom in Africa, and owned a strip of land along the coast opposite Gibraltar. The city of Ceuta was the stronghold of their power in Africa. The Arabs had been converted to Islamism long before, and in their career of conquest had spread over all of Western Asia, Syria and Egypt. They had conquered all of Mauritania except that portion held by the Goths, and had, again and again, been hurled back by them. It happened that Count Julian a gallant general who had bravely withstood the Moors in Africa, had a fair daughter, whom he sent to Toledo to be educated. The maiden was very beautiful, and attracted the attention of Roderick, who took her against her will to live with him though he was already married. Her father was bitterly offended at this wicked deed, and at once allied himself with his old enemies the Moors, and told them of the wealth of Spain, and the field it offered for conquest.

There is a legend which relates that Hercules, who was said by the Phœnicians to have founded the city of Cadiz, and given names to other places in Spain, built in the city of Toledo a mysterious dwelling with sealed doors called the "House of Pleasure and Pain." Every King of the Goths had placed a lock on the doors of this House,



for the oracle commanded that none should seek to know what was therein. Roderick was determined to learn what mystery was behind those sealed doors. He told his knights of his resolve, and they were sadly frightened, and tried to persuade the king to forbear, but his mind was made up. He caused the locks to be broken, pushed open the first door, and commanding his chiefs to follow, entered. The room that had thus lain sealed, since the 306th year of Adam, was revealed to the view of the trembling Goths. It was a square hall, entirely empty, except for a huge statue. One form of the legend says that the statue was reclining on a bed, and that in its hand was a scroll on which was written that its original was Hercules. Another legend relates that the statue was upright, and in its hand was a huge battleaxe, constantly in motion, and on its breast a shield with an inscription "I do my office, I summon the Moors." The first legend says that the king went forward, and found another beautiful room, one part of which was white, another black, another green, and another red. In a niche of the room was a casket of silver curiously made, and covered with all manner of jewels. There was a Greek inscription on the cover, which I do not believe Roderick could have read, but the legend says that he did, and that it said "It cannot be but that the king in whose time this coffer shall be opened, shall see wonders before his death."

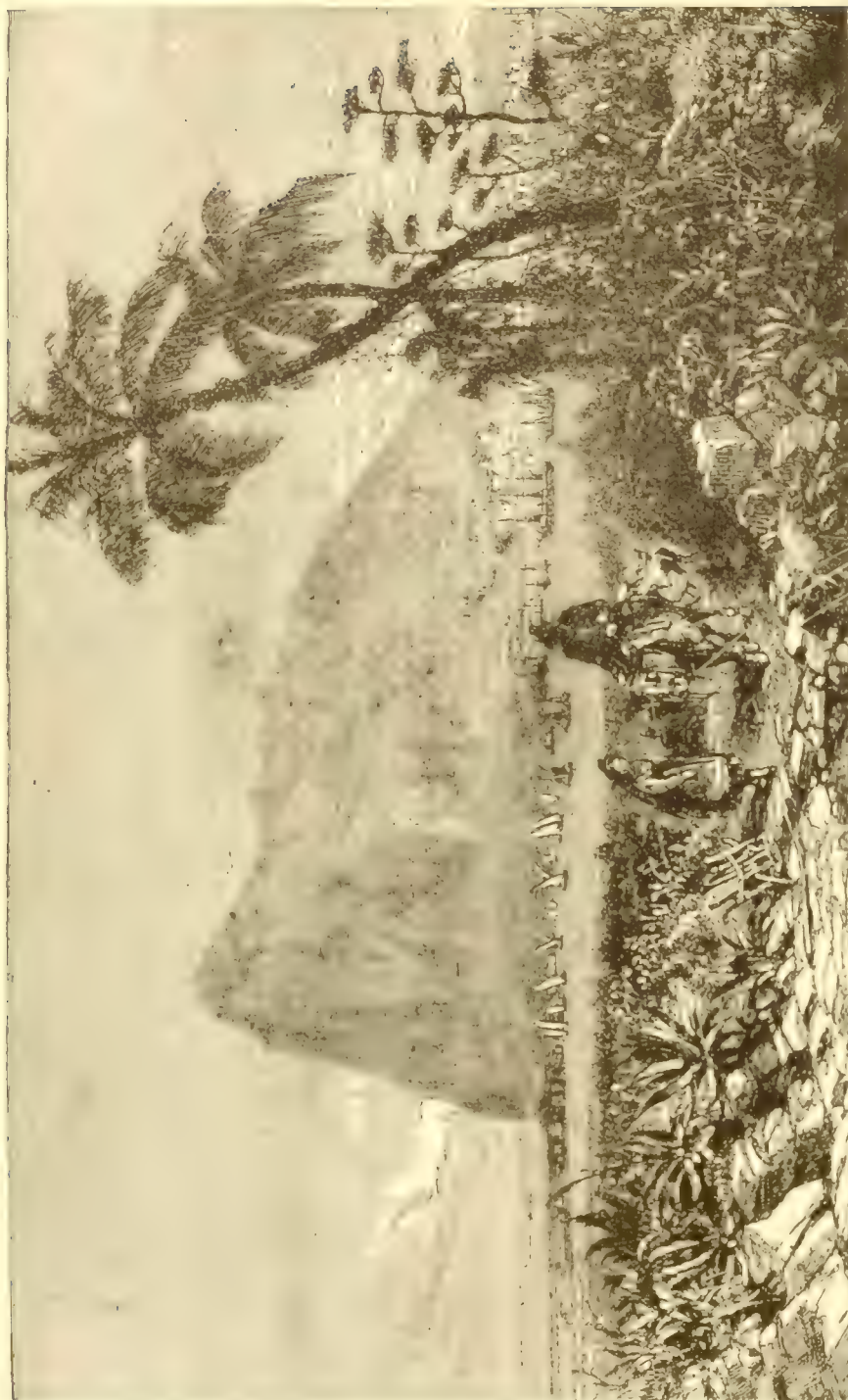
Roderick had the idea that since Hercules had willed that those things should not be known, for the inscription further declared that Hercules had said it, that it would be a brave deed to open the casket. He did so, and found within a white cloth folded between two pieces of copper, and on the cloth were drawn figures of Moors, with their turbans and banners, and upon it was written, "When this cloth shall be opened, men appareled like these shall conquer Spain."

This is the legend, but like the legends of Wamba and other heroes who had supernatural experience, it can not be accepted as anything but an interesting tale. Indeed it is not at all certain that Wamba ever lived, and Roderick is a very shadowy creation of whom little is known, but that a king of his name was the last of the Gothic kings of Spain.

It seems that Musa, the Berber chieftain, had little faith in Count Julian, and evidently thought that his former enemy was planning to entrap him. He therefore concluded to send a few trusty men into Spain, on a sort of exploring expedition. Accordingly in 710 he dispatched Tarifa with one hundred<sup>4</sup> Arabs and five hundred Africans upon a visit to the Peninsula. Tarifa landed on the cape that yet bears his name, and which gave to the world, as I have already told you, the term "tariff."

The party met with little opposition, and journeyed through the province of Andalusia, filled with admiration of its fair cities, blue skies, fertile fields, and rich mines of gold, silver, copper and other minerals, and its fisheries of pearl. They carried back such an enthusiastic report to Musa, that he was fully determined on a plundering raid into the rich country across the Strait.

The next spring he ordered five thousand soldiers under a leader named Tarik, to pass over into Spain, plunder the country and return. Tarik set sail from Ceuta, and landed at the base of the opposite Pillar of Hercules, which from that time was destined to bear his name, Gibraltar, "Gebel-al-Tarik," the mountain of Tarik. The chieftain on his way across the Strait evidently made up his mind what he should do when he was safely in Europe. To induce his followers to consent to his plans, he pretended to have a vision, in which Mohammed, the prophet, appeared to him, and commanded him to treat the Spaniards gently, and to make a conquest instead of a



GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.

raid. Tarik had a wonderful power of leadership, and so worked upon the superstition and love of glory of his Moslem followers, that they were willing to obey him to the uttermost. They made no objection when upon landing he burned his ships, making return impossible.

Roderick was not the rightful monarch of the Goths, but had seized the throne by force. The country under Gothic rule had sunk very low. Thousands of the native inhabitants of the country, people of the old Celtic and Iberian stock, had been reduced to slavery, were unable to own land, and were prohibited by the laws from purchasing their freedom. Their condition was hopeless, and they therefore hated their masters with a bitter hatred. In the centuries since the Goths first entered the country there had been constant religious persecutions. Catholics, Arians and Jews had suffered under church tyranny, and a large portion of the nation had really at heart no religion, and merely

conformed to the rule of the priests and king to escape trouble.

The princes, whose authority Roderick had usurped, were secretly rejoiced when they heard of the invasion of the Saracens, for they thought it but a plundering raid, and that by joining with them they might overthrow Roderick, and when the foreigners had left the country, regain their former power. Roderick called upon them to help him expel the invaders, but they refused. The slaves also refused to fight against the Saracens, being willing to perish at their hands, if their hated masters



were involved in the general ruin. Nevertheless Roderick succeeded in gathering quite a large force of Goths, and met Tarik and his host about seven miles from the old city of Cadiz, on the Xeres plain.

A bloody battle was fought, but the Goths were defeated. Roderick was drowned in crossing a little river that lay between the two armies, and his body was never found, though a head was sent to Damascus to the caliph, which was said to be that of the last of the Gothic kings, and many a sad old tale tells of his valor and despair.

Tarik advanced into the heart of the kingdom. Cordova, Toledo, and many other cities opened their gates to him, the Jews armed themselves and joined him, and the Spaniards welcomed him as a deliverer. Musa was filled with rage that Tarik had turned the plundering foray into a splendid conquest, and gained so much glory, so he followed him to Spain with an army of eighteen thousand men.

Tarik went to meet Musa, who upbraided him bitterly that he had not obeyed orders, and demanded a particular account of the treasure he had collected in Spain. Tarik was able to satisfy his master that he had held back nothing, but Musa could not forgive him his success. He punished him with the lash, threw him into prison, and heaped disgrace upon him. What was his final fate, I can not tell you for a certainty. Upon his way to meet Tarik, Musa had conquered several cities, and now continued the subjugation of Spain. In less than two years the whole country, except the provinces in the North and Northwest, were in the hands of the Moors.

The Spaniards were not persecuted on account of their religion, like the other nations conquered by the Saracens, and the first few centuries of Arab rule in Spain were mild and beneficial. Christians and Jews were taxed for their faith, but no effort was made to forcibly convert them to Islam. By the Mohammedan law slaves were permitted to buy their freedom, and it was considered a virtuous act to grant liberty to them. Land was sold to those who were able to purchase it, and farming was thus encouraged. The Arabs loved running water, and understood perfectly the art of carrying the streams from the mountains, in aqueducts and ditches, across the arid plains, and thus making the desert bloom like the rose. Spain became a land of fruitfulness, the palm, transplanted from Asia, grew luxuriantly on the banks of the rivers of the southern provinces, and the pomegranate, the citron and other fruits that the Arabs loved, ripened in the beautiful gardens that they planted about their homes, and the arts, sciences and industries of the Orient took root among the people, and grew and flourished as did the tropic fruits and flowers.

Musa was summoned to Bagdad, where the jealous caliph meted out to him the same reward he had given Tarik, and for forty years Spain was ruled by emirs sent by the Governor of Africa, with the sanction of the caliph. None of these emirs held office very long, and there was constant change of rulers.

It happened that in Damascus the reigning family, which was very large, became unpopular, and another family wanted to become hereditary Caliphs of the Saracens. They made a plot to murder all of the members of the reigning house, and the plan succeeded so well that only two of the many royal princes escaped. One of them fled to a remote part of Arabia, where his descendants ruled for many centuries, and another, after many adventures, reached the land of the Berbers, and was offered the crown. He accepted, and when he had firmly established his power, crossed over to Spain, threw off the authority of the caliphs of the East, and made himself independent caliph of the West. This prince, Abderaman, put down all opposition with



a strong hand, and it was during his reign that the disaster of Roncesvalles occurred, of which I have elsewhere told you. At first many of the Arabs revered and honored him, but the closing years of his reign were darkened by so many crimes, that he was regarded with hatred by both Christians and Moslems. He surrounded himself with a body-guard of forty thousand men, and was a tyrant of the gloomiest sort.

The Berbers were a fierce ungovernable race and it was exceedingly difficult to teach them to keep the peace and obey the Caliph. They had never known what it was to be under a single ruler, but every tribe was governed by its chief. Of course this was impossible in Spain where the Berber rule could only be maintained by the union of all the conquering tribes, and to convince the Arabs and Berbers that they must obey him it was necessary to make an example of the unruly, and Abderaman never hesitated to do so. He came to be hated heartily by Berbers and Arabs alike, and none were very sorry when he died and his son came to the Caliphate of the West in 788. This son whose name was Hicham, only ruled eight years, but much happened in that time. In the first place his two brothers with a large following rebelled against him and were reduced to order. Then a new school of Moham-

medan theology was founded. Next the Franks assailed the Moslems in Spain but without success. Hicham was a ruler who did what he could for his country and his people. Through his efforts schools of Arabic learning were established in Spain to which even Christians had free access, and his love of science and the arts, his mildness and generous disposition, as well as his piety, endeared him to the Saracens, and when he died he was sincerely mourned.

Hacam, who succeeded his father as Caliph, was a very different sort of person. He was exceedingly fond of hunting and drank wine which was contrary to the Mohammedan rules. He was not well disposed toward the new school of Mohammedan theology and told the priests in so many words that they must mind their own affairs, and that he would not have them mixing in the government as they had done in the days of his father. This angered the priests and they hired persons to pelt the Caliph with stones when he went abroad, and they even formed a plot to take the throne from him. The people of Toledo, the old Gothic capital, may have had a hand in this plot; at all events, a legend relates the form that the vengeance of the cruel Caliph took, for his son no doubt acted under his orders.

This son, a lad of fifteen secured possession of the castle of Toledo and sent out invitations to the prominent citizens of the town, in all between one and five thousand persons, different forms of the tales give different numbers. He set about the preparations for a magnificent entertainment and the people invited were eager to attend. As they came one by one to the castle they were led to the fosse and their heads were struck off. The people on the outside of the castle noticing the disappearance of the guests, and that they did not return, supposed they had gone home



by another way, until a physician, who having some curiosity to hear about the entertainment, placed himself at the other gate of the castle and waited. Of course no one came out and straining his eyes toward the castle walls he saw a thin light vapor rising from the fosse. At first he thought it was the smoke of banquet, but looking closer he perceived it was the blood of the unhappy guests, and warned those still on the outside of the fate in store for them if they ventured within the power of the treacherous son of the caliph.

Every country has had its Caligula, and Hacam was the Caligula of Moorish Spain. He hated the people and made no effort to conceal his hatred. His cruelty to his subjects generally and his partiality for those of his own caste caused numerous revolts, which he always put down with the most inhuman atrocity. Finally he shut himself up in his palace and passed his time in drunkenness and feasting.

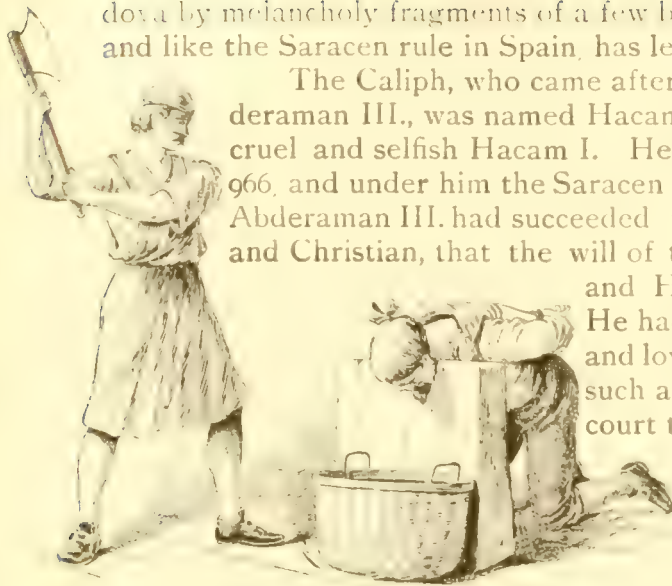
He exiled thousands of the Arabic people to Alexandria and Fez, and gathered about him a body-guard of negroes, who understood no Arabic, and did whatever the cruel Hacam commanded them, for they could not understand the prayers of the people for mercy. It is said that Hacam set Cordova on fire, then sent these fiendish negroes out to throttle the people whose homes he was laying in ruins. Hacam died a melancholy lunatic, and one of his forty sons came to the Moorish throne of Spain, and ruled the country under the title of Abderaman II.

After this prince came others, who ruled Spain for the next seventy years with more or less despotic cruelty, but who advanced their peculiar form of civilization in the country. The weakness of the rule of the princes after Hacam allowed the Christians to gain some of their lost power, became apparent, and in 912 it seemed that the rule of the Saracens in Spain was about to be done away, and that the Christians would regain the son of the preceeding Caliph, but had been chosen as was the custom of the Saracens, as the most able relative of the deceased Sultan. His name was Abderaman III., and he is described as having long golden hair like the old Gothic kings, and flashing blue eyes.

This Abderaman had a wonderful genius for ruling. He gathered an army and reduced Christians and Saracens to submission. The Caliph who had ruled before him, was not capable of holding together the various conflicting elements of the kingdom, and Abderaman III. found his cities in revolt. The Christians had gained power gradually, but he brought them into subjection, and ruled them with such wisdom and gentleness that they were more than content. The commerce of Spain became very large under this great Saracen. He encouraged manufacture, and the arts flourished. He made Cordova one of the most splendid cities in the world. It is said to have had half a million inhabitants in the city, not counting the twenty-eight suburbs, and it contained three thousand magnificent mosques.

One of the great works of Abderaman III. was the building of a splendid palace called the Ahzara, for his favorite wife. The roof of this great building was upheld by four thousand pillars of variegated marble, the floors and walls, too, were of the most brilliant and beautiful marble, and there were beautiful fountains in all the large apartments. The palace was surrounded by gardens, whose magnificence were the wonder of Spain. In the center of the grounds was a white marble pavillion, with a golden roof, and in the pavillion a fountain of quicksilver, that played all the time. Here the Caliph passed his hours of leisure, amused by his many wives, but nothing now remains of Ahzara but a memory painfully brought before the traveler to Cor-

dova by melancholy fragments of a few broken columns. The Alhazara has vanished, and like the Saracen rule in Spain, has left only a few faint traces of former glory.



The Caliph, who came after this luxurious but wise and intelligent Abderaman III., was named Hacam, but he was a very different ruler from the cruel and selfish Hacam I. He came to the Caliphate of Spain in the year 966, and under him the Saracen rule in Spain reached the height of its glory. Abderaman III. had succeeded in convincing the Spaniards, both Saracen and Christian, that the will of the Caliph should be supreme in the land, and Hacam II. had little trouble upon that score. He had a deep interest in every science and art, and loved literature with his whole heart. He had such a thirst for knowledge that he called to his court the wisest men of every land, and delighted in nothing more than in listening to their conversations, and in learning of them. He sent men to every part of the world to collect books for him. In those days there were no printing presses, and books

were scarce and costly, but Hacam II. collected six hundred thousand manuscripts, many of them elaborately illuminated by hand. The schools of Cordova became famous everywhere, and Christians as well as Saracens flocked to them. Men and women contended for prizes in eloquence and grace of oratory, and Spain became the center of the literary activity of Europe. In fact everywhere else in Europe ignorance was dense. Many of the priests could neither read nor write, and the common people had no idea of books. In Spain nearly everybody in the province of Andalusia could read, and there were numerous schools where the children of the poor could be instructed.

Hacam was followed on the throne by his son Hicham, who was a mere child when his father died. Hicham was fond of pleasure and his vizier, Alamansor, took care that he grew up to think that there was nothing else in life worth a thought. Alamansor conducted all of the affairs of the kingdom, and he did it so wisely and well that not even the great Abderaman III. achieved greater fame. Under the mild rule of Hacam the Christians had again gained power in the north and elsewhere. Alamansor persecuted them mercilessly. He not only forbade their worship but he destroyed many of their beautiful churches after he had plundered them of their treasure. In spite of his dealings with the Christians, it cannot be denied that he did much for Spain. He built bridges and roads and improved all of the cities under his rule. He was just, where his own interests were not concerned, and so brave and fearless of danger that he was admired by all who knew of his fame.

Hicham was sent to a beautiful castle where he was surrounded with every sort of amusement and luxury, and was kept there in close seclusion and in deadly fear of his powerful grand vizier. Alamansor called the Berbers into Spain and enrolled them by the thousands in his army, destroying as far as possible the tribal divisions among the Arabs and causing them to be drilled side by side with the Spaniards. The name of the rightful Caliph was forbidden to be mentioned in his presence, for Alamansor had all the power of a sovereign. This did not please some of his jealous relatives, and his father-in-law took up arms in defense of the wretched Caliph, who was perfectly content with his lot and would not have known how to govern had he

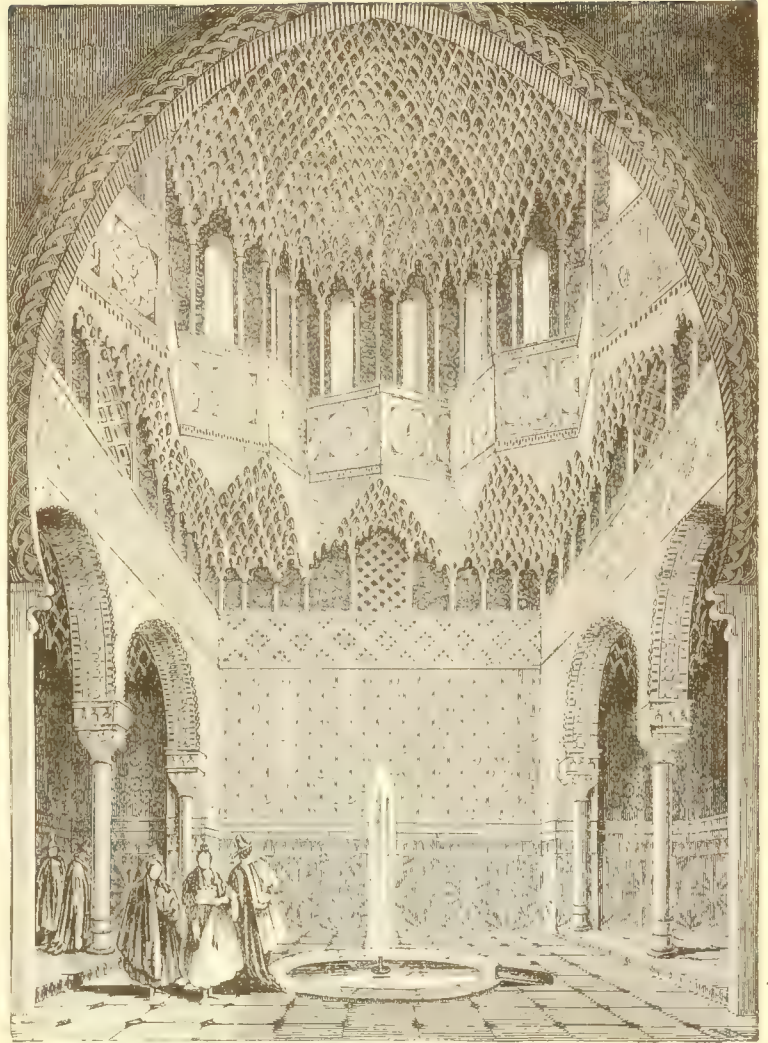


been given an opportunity. Alamansor killed his rebellious father-in-law and sometime afterward desired to be made Caliph. One of the wives of Hicham had been his friend all the years he had governed Spain, but she turned against him when he desired to be made Caliph, and joined the people in murmuring against his haughtiness. The people loved the weak Hicham too, and although Alamansor had raised the country to such a height of prosperity and greatness, they did not love him.

In his old age Alamansor became superstitious. He had read in the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible, that "God will preserve from fire him whose feet are covered with the dust of holy wars," and took care upon his return from every expedition against the Christians to have the dust all shaken from his clothing and preserved as carefully as if it had been precious stones. There must have been considerable of this dust, for Spain then as now possessed plenty of dust that settled in the clothing of a traveler, and Alamansor made fifty campaigns against the Christians.

In spite of all his fame and the envy heaped upon him by the less fortunate of his countrymen, Alamansor was unhappy. He had risen step by step from a humble station to the proud position of real ruler of a great realm. He could see before him the work of his hands and his mind, he was surrounded with splendor and his name was heard in every court of Europe and Asia, but he was wretched. For years he suffered the most excruciating torment from an incurable malady without uttering a complaint, but in his old age was wont to say that he had twenty thousand soldiers upon his roll, and not the poorest among them was so miserable as he. His darling ambition to become Caliph was never realized, and in the year 1002, weary of war and suffering, worn to a shadow by nights of sleeplessness and pain, he died, glad to close his eyes upon a world that he no longer loved, and ambitions that seemed as small and unworthy when they were realized as they had seemed great and beneficent when he was struggling upward toward them. Alas for human greatness.

One of the sons of Alamansor became vizier to Hicham, but he only ruled a short time when he was followed by his brother named Abderaman, who was half Spanish, as his mother, one of the many wives of Alamansor, was the daughter of the king of



Interior of the Alhambra.

Navarre. The people hated Abderaman on account of his "infidel" blood, and hated him too because he was thought to have poisoned his half-brother. Their hatred passed all bounds when he tried to make Hicham, now an old man, declare him his heir. The fury of the people was roused to action by a simple thing. Abderaman, instead of wearing the head-dress of the true Mohammedan, wore that common to Spanish lawyers and students, and that was considered an insult to religion. There was an uprising, Abderaman was killed by horrible torture and the Mohammedan rule in Andalusia fell to the earth. The Berbers and the slaves, who had been brought from the other countries of Europe, and taken from the fields of Spain to recruit the army of the Caliph, rose in revolt and plundered Cordova. The magnificent library was scattered to the four corners of the earth, the fairy palace of Abzarah, after thousands of dollars worth of gold and precious things had been taken from it, was burned to the ground. After a few more turbulent years the last of the Caliphs of Cordova was strangled in his bath, and the kingdom of Cordova after an existence of three hundred years was utterly destroyed. This was a great blow to the Arabs. The city had not only become famous for its arts and sciences, its splendid buildings, lovely gardens and magnificent mosques, but it was considered a holy city, a place blessed of God, and to it, as to Mecca and Medina, the pious Moslems made pilgrimages from every part of Asia. The chiefs of the other cities held by the Arabs reigned as governors of petty republics for the next fifty years, and then Moslem Spain fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The Saracens had filled Spain with splendid trophies of their art, and the Jews had enjoyed comparative peace, but the turn had come of Christianity as victor.

When Roderick was defeated by Tarik, his gallant nephew, Pelayo, fled with the remnant of the Gothic army to the north of Spain, and among the mountains of Asturias lived as a sort of a king, defeating all of the Arabs that were sent to subdue him. As the centuries went on the little kingdom increased, and Leon was afterward captured from the infidels and added to it. When Pelayo died, he left the crown of his kingdom, called the Asturias, to his family, and in the eighth century we find one of his descendants with the title of Alfonso II, established with a regular court at Oviedo, building palaces and churches, and making war upon the Arabs. It is this king of whom the legend of Bernardo del Carpio, so familiar to every school-boy, is related. He was never married, and was so incensed with his lovely sister, because she married Count Saldana and kept the marriage secret for a whole year, that, when he discovered it, he threw her into prison in a strong castle, put out the eyes of her husband and thrust him into a dungeon far away from his wife, took Bernardo, the little son of the unhappy pair, and sent him away to the mountains of the Asturias. There the people treated him as if he were a royal prince, and he grew up believing that he was really the son of the king. He became a renowned fighter, and was so handsome and gallant that his cruel uncle may have been proud of the reputation of being his father, at any rate he never told him his story. When Bernardo was a young man, Alfonso sent to Charlemagne, so runs the legend, and offered to give up his kingdom of the Asturias, if the Frankish king would come into Spain and drive out the Moors. When Charlemagne came, Alfonso repented his zeal in the cause of Christianity, and turned against the Franks. Bernardo and other Spanish knights, aided him at Roncesvalles to defeat the rear-guard of the Frankish army, for the legend claims that it was his mountaineers that caused the death of the brave Roland. After this, Bernardo learned that his father was not the



king, but that he was alive, blind and in prison. The king had given Bernardo a handsome castle, and he now went to him, and offered to give up the castle if the monarch would release his father from prison. Alfonso promised, and Bernardo gave up the castle and rode with the king to meet his old father. When he neared the place where the king promised him he should greet the parent from whom he had been so long separated, he saw a company in the midst of which was the figure of a white-haired man, magnificently dressed, riding toward him. The king told him to go forward to kiss his father's hand. Filled with joy, Bernardo approached, only to find that the white-haired figure was that of a dead man; for the king had cruelly caused the poor count to be slain. We all know Bernardo's touching lament, and that

"His after fate, untold in martial strain,  
His banners led the spears no more,  
Upon the fields of Spain."

As usual I must remind you that the story is but a legend, and the historians say there is no grain of truth in it, yet it served, perhaps, to show the character of Alfonso as well as though it were true.



The Alhambra

Alfonso IV. of Asturias was the first king of Leon, and henceforth Leon, and Castile grew gradually in power, until we find the Castilians plundering Cordova, after the fall of the Caliph. Alfonso, VI., king of Leon, captured one stronghold after another from the Mohammedans, and drove them from the Atlantic seaboard of Spain. The Saracens of Cordova were frightened at his successes, and sent a message to the fierce Berber chieftain, Yussef ben Taxfin, to come over with an army to their aid. Taxfin had dispossessed a chieftain of a tribe, and had made himself powerful in Africa, building the city of Morocco, and plundering the whole surrounding country. Such an opportunity was eagerly siezed, but the Spanish Arabs were soon sorry enough that they had demanded such help. Taxfin's descendants reigned tyrannically over a constantly decreasing kingdom in the east and southeast of Spain, for about sixty years, when the Andalusians shook off their yoke. Then a

new horde of Berbers crossed over, and conquering the Spanish Arabs of Granada, the only state left to the Moslems in Spain, they withstood for nearly three centuries the encroachments of the Christians.

The palace of the Moorish kings of Granada is celebrated in the tales of travellers, under the name of the Alhambra. It was a magnificent structure surrounded by a strong wall more than a mile around and studded with towers. It required a hundred years time, and the skill of the most artistic Moorish builders to construct the Alhambra, and its remains furnish the most perfect specimen of Saracenic art and architecture. The walls and pavements of this palace were covered with the most beautiful colored mosaics, imitating the tapestry with which the Arabs from time immemorial were accustomed to decorate their tents, and there were graceful pillars of colored marble, splendid courts and fountains, gardens and the like. One of the courts, called The Court of The Lions, commemorates, in a stain upon the basin of its marble fountain, the death of the Abencerrages, though the prosaic historians, who are always rudely shattering our illusions, declare that it is no stain at all, but a vein or splotch in the marble itself. The legend runs thus:

The Abencerrages were descendants of a famous king of Arabia, who were mighty in battle, and mild and generous in victory. They boasted that their race had never been disgraced by a false friend, an unfaithful lover, or a coward. The Abencerrages had rivals in the Zegrís, descendants of a King of Fez. They were as brave in battle as were the descendants of the Arabian kings, and again and again had carried desolation to the Christian hosts of Leon and Castile, decorating their mosques with bells torn from Christian churches, and banners wrested from Christian foes. The Zegrís were, however, as cruel as the Abencerrages were merciful, and prided themselves on taking no captives in war, but upon killing every unhappy foe, Christian or Moslem, who fell into their hands. The jealousy between the Abencerrages and the Zegrís grew year by year and century by century, until the Caliph had a hard time in keeping peace between the rival factions. The principal families in Granada sided with them. The king favored the Abencerrages, but to satisfy and quiet the Zegrís, he married a princess of that family. She soon disgusted him by her hardness of heart and her cruel tendencies, and falling in love with a Spanish captive, he married her also. The Zegrís were made extremely angry on this account, but the Abencerrages took the part of the Spanish bride of the king.

The legend relates that the fair captive had been beloved by a youth of the Abencerrages, and she was very unwilling to marry the king. This youth gained admission to the palace gardens, and had a brief interview with his lost sweetheart. Four Zegrís happened to witness the meeting between the king's bride and her former lover, and carried the news to the monarch, who flew into a terrible rage, and planned with the Zegrís the destruction of the whole tribe of the Abencerrages. The king sent a message to the lover, and to all the Abencerrages to come to him at once. Thirty-six of them, among whom was the unhappy lover, came at his bidding, and in the Court of the Lions, upon the edge of the basin of the fountain, they were slain, and their blood flowed into the water. One child escaped and carried the news of the massacre to the rest of the Abencerrages, who were approaching at the command of the king. Full of indignation they went forward to the Alhambra, and a fierce conflict ensued, in which they were routed by the Zegrís. They thereupon left Granada and never returned.

I do not think that you would remember the numerous Alfonsos, Ferdinands,



Sanchos, Juans and Pedros, who reigned in Christian Spain, in the days when the Moslems were ruling in the South. Catalonia, Aragon, Navarre, Asturias, with Leon



The Cal and Donna Ximena.

and Castile, and later on the western kingdom of Portugal took their rise under them, and gradually grew, as the territory over which the Moors held sway dimin-

ished. One of the Alfonsos, he who was called the Buckler of Faith for his gallant fight against the Moors, married a daughter of William the Conqueror. A half a century before the death of this king the legendary hero of Spain, the Cid or chieftain, a gallant bandit whose feats of arms and love are as famous in Spanish story as those of King Arthur are in English poesy, died. The daughter of Sancho the Wise of Navarre, married Richard the Lion-hearted, and the daughter of Alfonso of Leon, and a princess of Castile, became that Queen Blanche of France who was the mother of Saint Louis. James I., of Aragon, who died in 1276, was one of the most famous kings of old Spain. He was a warrior, poet, and politician. He gained thirty battles over the Moors, and founded two thousand churches. During a part of his reign Alfonso the Learned reigned over Castile. This was the king whom the Germans called "Alfonso the Wise," but he was not wise, he was merely learned, for if he had been wise he would never have claimed the German crown. He was something like James I. of England, a pedantic fool, who thought that in himself was the sum of human knowledge. His father had begun the work of driving out the Moors, but Alfonso X. threw himself into their arms, gave free range to all private quarrels and civil broils, and caused his own brother to be strangled, because he had helped a queen, whom the king had wronged, to escape with her grandsons to Aragon.

I suppose it was Alfonso himself who tacked "The Wise" to his name, for he seems never to have had a suspicion that he was not the greatest monarch that ever lived. His mother was a German princess, and Alfonso thought Germany might as well belong to him as to Richard of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., who had ambitions of the same nature. He wasted much money upon the project, and the Pope excommunicated his followers. He did not give it up, however, until the Germans elected another emperor, then he made up his mind, like the fox in the fable of "sour grapes," that he did not want Germany anyway, and busied himself with the reading of Arabic books, of which he was very fond, and in writing laws. The son of Alfonso the Wise, who would have inherited the crown upon his father's death, died before him, and there was much trouble in the kingdom as to the selection of a person who should succeed him. The Cortes paid no attention to the laws that Alfonso had written on that and other subjects, when they met to decide the question, and selected Sancho, a younger son of the king, to be his heir.

The wife of the dead crown-prince was a French princess, and the king of France thought that one of her sons should have had the crown. Alfonso the Wise was not wise enough to know that he could not please all parties, no matter what he did, and foolishly proposed to divide the kingdom between his son Sancho, and his two little grandsons, the children of the French princess and the dead crown-prince, or "Infant," as he was called. Sancho wanted the whole or none, and to gain what he considered his rights, raised an army to fight his father. Alfonso was not a prime favorite among his people and had not their hearty support against his rebellious son, neither could he gain the help of any of his neighbors except the Moorish king of Granada. Alfonso called his few faithful nobles together and not only solemnly declared that henceforth he should regard Sancho as a stranger, but cursed him in a very unfatherly manner.

Of course the Pope must have a hand in the quarrel, and he sent a messenger to Sancho and his army, telling them that if they did not at once lay down their arms he would curse them too. Sancho fell sick soon after, and Alfonso was so convinced that it was his curse that had laid his son on a bed of suffering, that he grieved



himself ill and died, the will he had made that his two grandsons should rule after him remaining as he had caused it to be written. The will of his father did not trouble Sancho a great deal. He had never paid much attention to it during his father's lifetime, and did not see why he should regard it when he was no longer living. He was therefore proclaimed king, and his son and grandson reigned after him, but after a time the crown of Aragon did come into the possession of the grandsons to whom Alfonso had willed it.

Alfonso the Wise, like many others who think highly of their own wisdom, was never very happy and did little good in the world, notwithstanding that he more than once declared that had he been consulted concerning the creation, there were several matters that he thought he might have improved, yet we see that he could not care for the small portion of the earth that fate had placed under his rule, and could not even govern his own household wisely and peaceably.

Aragon was ruled by great princes in the thirteenth century, and Alfonso XI. was greater than was his father, and was the last of the Alfonsos until the one who died in our own times, and whose name is now borne by a young child, who is as yet a king only in name. Pedro the Cruel, of whom I have told you in the story of France and England, who allied himself with the Black Prince to regain his kingdom, and when he had accomplished his object made the English prince foot all the bills, sat on the throne of Castile only a short time, and was killed by the half brother Henry, who had once before dethroned him. As these are the only important links that bind the story of Spain with the rest of Europe in those days, I will not tell you the romantic and interesting tales of the other Spanish kingdoms, which were gradually united, until the Spaniards truly became a nation. The kingdom of Portugal was established in 1179 and from that time had its own monarchs and its own laws. It had its wars, too, with the Spanish kingdoms, but they were not of any lasting importance.

We have seen how the Goths brought into Spain the Teutonic love of liberty that was peculiar to the northern nations, and how the Saracens in the eighth century fostered a love of knowledge.

The seven hundred years of struggle with the Moors brought out the strong points of the Spanish character. Spain in those years glowed with the poetry of chivalry, and upon the imagination of the Celt-Iberian, tempered by the Gothic dignity, was grafted an oriental love of color, music and beauty, that is still a characteristic of the Spanish people. Castile received its name from the number of its castles, and in them the nobles lived a turbulent, adventurous life. They limited the power of the king by forming themselves into an assembly called the Cortes, which ruled jointly with the king, a power at the time vested in no other European Parliament in the same degree. Aragon in the thirteenth century comprised Catalonia and Valencia, and it, too, had a Cortes.

Castile was the scene of long civil wars, but they seemed likely to be happily settled when Henry III. came to the throne, and married Catherine of Lancaster. Henry died soon after, and left his kingdom to his baby son John. Castile was well governed while John was growing up, but when he became king, a bad man named Luna gained such influence that the nobles, headed by the king's own son, rebelled, and there was again civil war for a long time. After many miserable years, the king's first wife died and he married a Portuguese princess. The wicked Luna was still in power, and there was still civil war, but Luna offended the new queen, and she caused his downfall and death. John died soon after, leaving three children, Henry, Alfonso



and Isabella. Henry was a scapegrace, who put away his wife, Blanche of Aragon, and married a dissolute Portuguese princess. He conducted himself so scandalously that he was dethroned, and his crown offered to his sister Isabella.

It is in Isabella that Americans have more interest than in any other Spanish sovereign, and she was a noble-minded, pure-hearted woman. Alfonso was placed upon the throne some time before the crown was offered to the prince, but he died before the Cortes could proclaim him king, and as Isabella declared that she would never rule Castile as long as her brother Henry, its rightful sovereign, lived, the Castilians were thus compelled to restore him to the throne. He had no children that the Cortes would consider as heirs, and Isabella was understood to be the heir-ess of Castile.

No sooner was it known that Isabella was likely to succeed to the crown of the kingdom than several European princes suddenly discovered that they wanted to

marry her and came wooing in great state. A brother of Edward IV., that English king who came to the throne in the midst of the Civil War of the Roses, sued for the Spanish Isabella. Edward IV. was a great match-maker, as you will doubtless recall when you think of how he married the Woodville youths and maidens to rich consorts, and Isabella had no love for him nor his relatives, so she promptly refused. Then Louis XI., the King of France, made suit for her on account of his second brother, the Duke of Guienne, who had a shadowy chance of some day sitting on the French throne; but Isabella had another plan. She had seen Ferdinand of Aragon, and greatly admired his slender well-built person, his fair face with its sparkling blue eyes and sprightly expression, and more than all she cared for him because he was of Spanish birth, and her marriage with him would not be likely to bring a crowd of foreigners into Castile to rouse the antagonism of the people.

Ferdinand was the son of a king who had married a second wife, and had perse-



cuted and abused the children of his first marriage because his new wife had ambitious designs for Ferdinand, her own son. Carlos, the rightful prince, had been imprisoned for no fault but that the people loved him, and his sister Blanche, the wife of the worthless King, Henry of Castile, who had been deposed, had been put away by that heartless wretch, through the enmity of Ferdinand's mother, and sent to her sister, the heiress of the crown of Navarre. She, too, was imprisoned and died miserably, but the hard-hearted sister only reigned three weeks as Queen of Navarre. Then she died, and the ambitious step-mother saw her darling son, the heir not only to the crown of Aragon, but of Navarre, also. His marriage with the Princess of Castile would unite Christian Spain under one scepter, and was therefore eagerly desired by the King of Aragon.

As soon as Ferdinand knew that Isabella favored his suit, he was eager to marry her. Certain written articles of agreement were presented to him which he signed and swore to, and then set forth to Valladolid where she was staying. Isabella's brother, for reasons of his own, was determined that Isabella should not marry Ferdinand, and set spies upon her movements to watch everything that she did. Some of these spies would have seized Isabella and carried her away to a dungeon if they had thought it would have been safe and that Castile could withstand the wrath of Ferdinand and an army of Aragonese. Isabella was steadfast, and secretly sent word to Ferdinand to bid him hasten. He did not dare to come as his rank would have entitled him to do in the state and splendor of a prince, and indeed he was too poor to do so, had there been no objection. As it was, he was compelled to disguise himself as a servant traveling with some of his friends, who pretended to be merchants. for he knew there were plenty of people in Castile who would gladly have stabbed or poisoned him. He attended to all the duties of a servant when he was upon this journey for a bride, waited upon the pretended merchants at table, cared for their mules and ran errands. What money he had, he forgot and left in a purse under his pillow at a wayside inn, and arrived at Valladolid penniless. So he traveled for two days, and then a party of Isabella's friends met him and giving him a well-armed escort he was conducted to the city where he met his bride. He was then only seventeen, and Isabella was a year older, but a youthful couple to take up the cares of married life. They were married, after they had borrowed themselves enough means to make the necessary preparations, for both were without ready money.

The pictures of Isabella made at that time show her to have been a very beautiful young woman, rather taller than the medium, with bright brown hair, blue eyes whose mild, sweet expression was remarkable, and a fair oval face, rosy with good health. She was well educated, pious, refined and sensible, and had Ferdinand looked the world over, he probably would have been unable to find a woman so well suited to be the wife of a king.

There was one peculiar thing connected with this marriage that I must tell you, for it caused Isabella many unhappy hours afterward. Ferdinand was her near relative, her own cousin, and it was against the laws of the Catholic church for cousins to marry without the consent of the Pope. The old King of Aragon had forged a consent and pretended that the Pope had agreed when he had not been consulted at all. Isabella was so strict a Catholic that she is often called Isabella the Catholic, and when she found out several years afterward what a deception had been practiced upon



her, she was grieved to the heart, though a real consent was got from the Pope after the cousins were fast married.

Henry, the worthless brother of Isabella, lived for some time after the marriage. In spite of the fact that Isabella might have had his crown for the taking, Henry was not generous enough to allow that she should succeed him peacefully. He had a daughter nine years old, who was not the child of his lawful wife and he encouraged some of his nobles to declare her the heir. There were plots of all kinds, wars between the factions of Isabella and those of her brother that were made the excuse for all sorts of crime. There was famine and distress among the poor peasants of Castile and Aragon on account of the ceaseless wars of their lords and the destruction of their crops, and there were woes of every kind in the two kingdoms as long as Henry lived. He had never made much pretense at government and acted as though he thought his people were his natural prey, to be killed, plundered and oppressed according to his whim.

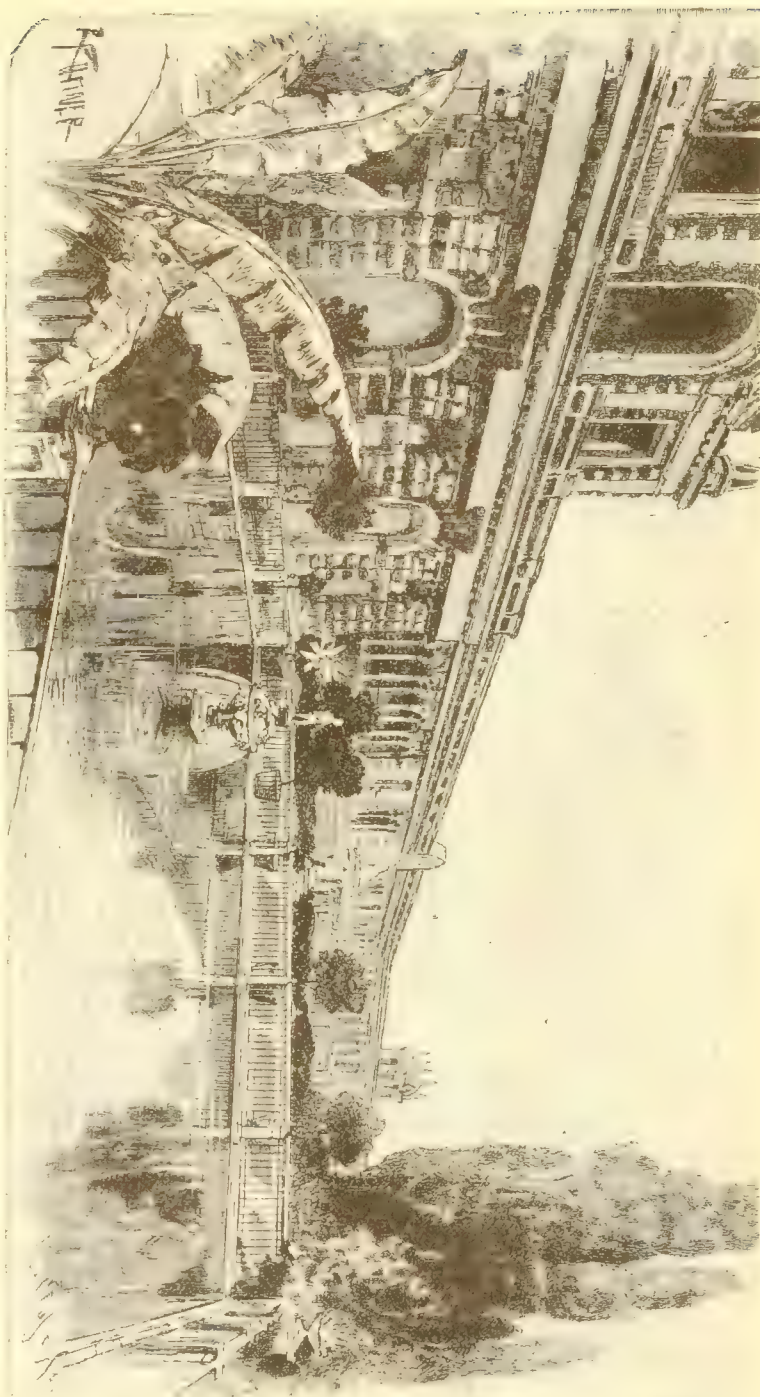
In the year 1474, Henry fell ill and luckily for his people, all the skill of his physicians could not save him. He died, leaving a people unspeakably wretched on account of his misdeeds, a treasury entirely empty, and a nobility so corrupted by his evil example that they could not be depended upon for anything, but to be treacherous and faithless, and this was the country over which Isabella came to rule and to raise to the proudest place among the nations of the earth, through the works of the gallant Genoese, Christopher Columbus, the hero of two worlds and the discoverer of one.

Thus were the crowns of Aragon and Castile again united after a separation of more than four centuries, for the old king John only lived to hear the joyful news of the birth of his grandson John, about a year after the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. The new queen of Castile soon restored the country to order, and under the joint sovereigns, Christian Spain gradually became powerful. Isabella was a very devout Catholic, as was also her husband, and they determined to drive the Moors from Spain. The excuse for the war was furnished by the Moors themselves, for their king refused in 1476, to pay tribute which they were bound under a former treaty to render to the Christians, and, dreaming of restoring the lost grandeur of the Moorish dynasty in Spain, the Moorish king attacked and captured the Christian fortress of Zahara, carried off all the inhabitants as slaves and killed the defenders in cold blood after they had surrendered. An old Arab of Granada went out with the rest of the nobles, to meet the Moorish king on the return from this expedition, and sadly prophesied that the ruins of Zahara would fall upon the Moorish kingdom, meaning that the Christians would take such a deadly revenge for this wanton breaking of the truce, that the Moors would be driven from Spain.

The Christians throughout Spain were roused to fury by the fall of Zahara. They gathered an army and with great haste and secrecy marched to Alhama, a town in the vicinity of Granada, surprised it, entered the place and in a desperate fight in its streets, lasting two days, slew every man, woman and child. The Moorish king with his army rushed to the rescue, but could accomplish nothing and returned to Granada foaming with rage and disappointment. His first act was to kill the old



Arab who had prophesied disaster, but that did not mend matters in the least. A conspiracy against him in the city resulted in the loss of his crown to his son, Abu Abdalla, or Boabdil, as he is usually called. Granada was then a scene of civil war and bloodshed, and in the midst of the confusion, Ferdinand, with a Spanish army, advanced and besieged a Moorish town in the vicinity of Alhama. The deposed Moorish king placed himself at the head of a valiant army and marched out of the city. The Arab chieftain commanding in the besieged town defeated the Castilians and obliged them to retreat, and the Moorish army from Granada attempted to retake Alhama. Malaga was still faithful to the deposed king, though in Granada his son ruled in the palace of the Alhambra. To Malaga, therefore, the old king hastened, and was at once followed by a portion of the Spanish army. They advanced to the very walls of the city, but the exasperated Moslems sallied forth, and in an encounter of great fierceness, drove them into the mountains, killing one-third of the Christian force, and capturing all of the rest except one hundred. The people in Granada were so delighted over this victory, that they threatened to depose Boabdil, and place on the throne the General who had led the Moorish army in the successful onslaught. To save his credit, Boabdil was constrained to go out with a force from Granada, and attempt to drive Ferdinand's army from Moorish territory. He failed and was made prisoner, whereupon the Moors were about to summon back their deposed king. This did not suit Ferdinand at all, so he released Boabdil on the payment of a large ransom, and the promise of more, and agreed to aid him against his father. Ferdinand knew that if he could keep up the strife concerning the crown between the Moorish king and his son, he could more easily conquer them both in the end.



GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR.

Soon after this truce, for a truce was made, a new quarrel arose in Granada, and another prince aspired to the crown. He seized several towns, and under the pretense of capturing them for his young ally Boabdil, Ferdinand again led his army into Moorish territory, captured Malaga and many other smaller places. The contending Moorish princes had each a following and the civil war waxed fiercer. While they were quarreling among themselves, the Christians took one town after another, until in the year 1489 the Moors were subjected in every city in Spain excepting only Granada. Boabdil's brother fled to Africa, and Boabdil determined to make a valiant struggle to restore his lost power over the conquered Moorish territory. It was too late, for the Christians were now before the walls of Granada. A council was held, and it was decided to defend the city to the last. A party of Moors sallied from the city, and captured a little town near by. Encouraged by this success, many of the cities that had been subjected by Ferdinand revolted, but the revolts were quickly subdued.

Granada is built on two hills, between which the river Darro flows. To the West is a great plain called the Vega, and to the East is a lofty snow-capped range of mountains. In the days of the Moors, the city was surrounded with a thick double wall, fortified, it is said, with thirty-thousand towers. To the West, where there was no mountain barrier against a foe, the walls and towers were unusually thick and there were batteries and other strong defenses. On each of the two hills was a strong fortress, the Alhambra on one, and the Albaycin on the other. The country about the city was the most fruitful in Spain. There were vast fields of wheat, orchards of mulberry (for the Moors were great silk weavers, and the silkworms, you know feed on the leaves of mulberry). There were vineyards, olive groves, and acres upon acres of flowers from which the Arabs distilled the perfumes for which they were famous.

Ferdinand knew well that it would be impossible to take Granada by assault, and he therefore laid his plans to starve its people into submission. He destroyed the orchards and vineyards, and the people were in despair. Musa, the brother of the king undertook the defense of the gates, and for the first three month of the siege, the barriers were never closed night or day, so confident was the king in the faithfulness of the soldiers. The Zegris defended the walls, and vigilant and gallant, the Moors repulsed every attempt of the Spaniards to capture their city. From their towers they saw more than a hundred of their villages burned by the troops of the Castilian king, and their orchards and vineyards, the slow growth of years of careful culture, ruthlessly destroyed. They longed for winter, thinking that the besiegers would then retire, and before they could again assemble, some plan of deliverance might be made. Ferdinand had, however, no such intention. He set his men to work, building huts for their winter quarters, and when the Moors saw what the Christians intended, they determined to make a last attempt to drive them off. Musa sallied out with cavalry and infantry, and fiercely attacked the Spaniards. The cavalry behaved nobly, but the foot-soldiers were seized with panic, and fled to the shelter of the walls, pursued to the very gates by the enemy. Musa was filled with rage at the disgraceful conduct of his countrymen, and swore that he would never again lead the foot-soldiers to battle. He was obliged to close the gates, fearing that the troops would treacherously permit the Spaniards to enter. A council of war was held by the besieged, and the old chiefs all advised surrender. Musa declared it would be cowardly to yield as long as there was a morsel of food in the city, but



a vizier was sent to the Christian camp, who agreed that if no aid came within sixty days, the Moors should surrender Granada, should give up all their captives, swear allegiance to Ferdinand, and give five hundred of their noblest youths as hostages. Ferdinand promised them freedom of worship, and that those who desired to return to Africa might be allowed to do so. When the vizier came back with these terms, Musa made a most passionate appeal to his countrymen to reject them. He implored them to die for their country and their freedom, rather than place their necks under the heel of the Christians. The council listened to him in silence, and seeing in their faces that they were determined to accept the conditions of surrender, Musa gave one sorrowful glance about him, then strode from the palace, mounted his horse, and riding out of the city was never again seen.

In sixty days Boabdil surrendered the city of his fathers to Ferdinand. It is said that he rode out with fifty knights to salute the victor. When he came near to Ferdinand he kissed the Spanish King's right arm and said: "Now, oh King, we are thine. God grant thou mayest use thy victory mercifully." Then he gave the keys of the city to the king, and sadly rode toward the mountains where his family awaited him. When he came to the last point where the city was visible, he gazed long at the minarets and towers, at the Alhambra and the Albaycin. He stretched out his arms in a passion of grief, as if he would embrace the familiar scene, from which henceforth he was forever to be a stranger, and lifting up his voice he wept for the departed glory of Islam. When the first transport of sorrow was passed he cried, "Allah Akbar. There is no god but God. I submit to his will," and rode away into the gloom of the mountains, away into the gathering shadows of his fallen race, and died soon after in battle under the banners of the King of Fez, in Africa. Thus fell the Saracen Kingdom in Spain, but it left an impress upon the people that was above the work of the conqueror. It tempered the Gothic blood with the gloomy fatalism of the Berber and the wild impetuous bravery of the Arab, and his hatred of tyranny.

The year 1492 was a memorable one in Spain. All Europe rang with the story of the conquest of the Moors, and the victory of Christendom after so long a struggle against the hosts of Islam. No fear now that the Pyrenees should not be a check to the Saracens, for a strong kingdom lay on the borders of Southwestern Europe, which the waning powers of the Saracens could never again hope to subdue. To the unhappy Jews the conquest of the Spanish Arabs meant the death-knell of their prosperity. Ever since the days of the first Caliph, they had lived unmolested by persecution. Their habits of industry and economy were so great that they had gathered large treasure. They were patriotic, too, and loved Spain, and had aided the Spanish kings more than once in sore straits. Some eighteen years before the fall of Granada, the grand tribunal of Sicily, which was within the dominion of Ferdinand, proposed that all heretics that could not, or would not, be converted to the Catholic faith, should be brought before them for trial. If they were found guilty of differing from the Pope in anything, they should pay for their opinions with the loss of all their worldly goods. Perhaps this unjust law would not have received the sanction of Ferdinand but for one circumstance. He was poor and needed money for carrying on the war against the Moors, not only so, but he loved money for its



Seaman of the time of Columbus

own sake, and the law provided that one-third of all the property taken from heretics should be the share of the king.

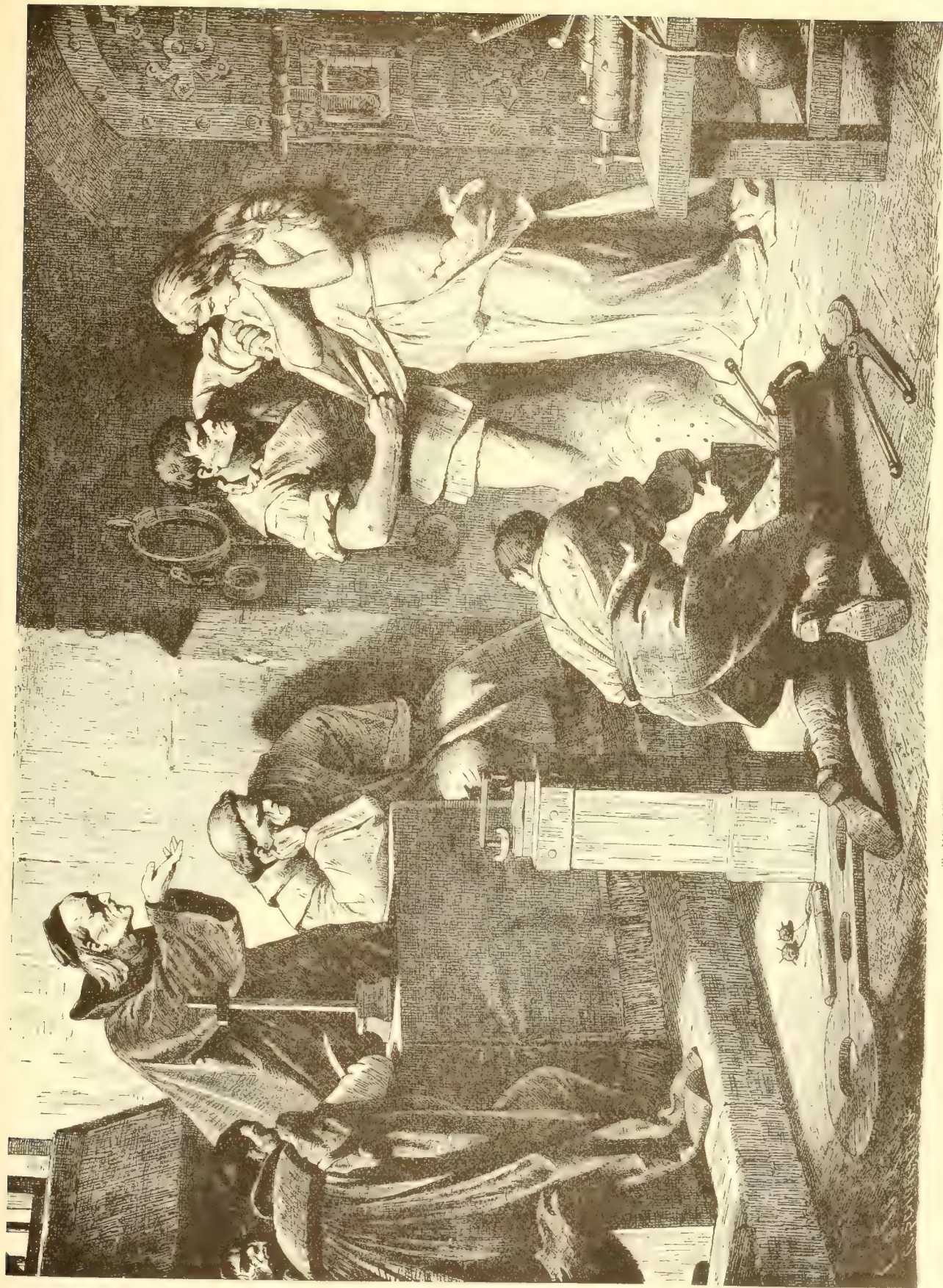
There was a gloomy, fierce, intolerant old monk name Torquemeda, who was the confessor of Queen Isabella and had much influence over her. About the time that the conquest of Granada was determined upon, some of the patriotic Jews of Spain, who in spite of the protection, or rather freedom from persecution that they enjoyed under the Saracens, did not believe that the extension of the Arab kingdom in Spain was the best thing for the country, came to Ferdinand and Isabella, and offered them thirty thousand pieces of gold to aid in the war. The gift came at a time when Ferdinand was sorely pressed for money. It is not at all unlikely that the Jews had a double motive in tendering the gold. They may have realized that the determined, soldierly Ferdinand was destined to conquer the Saracens very soon, and that it would be to their interest to gain his favor, for he had been cruel to the Jews of Aragon and Sicily.

He was about to take the money when Torquemeda rushed into the room, and after making an angry speech in which he reminded the Spanish sovereigns that the Saviour was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver, threw down a cross and told them to sell their faith to the Jews for thirty thousand pieces of gold. The queen had always obeyed Torquemeda, and she was so frightened and troubled by his tirade that she not only refused the money but signed an order commanding the Jews to either be converted or leave the kingdom in four months. All Christians were forbidden to have anything to do with them under pain of punishment, and it was made impossible for the Jews to sell their houses or land. They were forbidden to take any gold or silver with them, for the Spanish sovereigns cared very little whether they lived or died. This happened in 1492, and it may have been that the same pen, with which Isabella signed the documents authorizing Columbus to fit out an expedition to the New World, commanded the expulsion of the innocent Jews.

The Jews in Castile and Aragon had for some years been objects of hatred to the Catholics, who had caused certain laws to be passed against them that were to their disadvantage. To escape these laws many of the Jews had professed to be converted to the Catholic faith, but their condition was not in the least bettered. The Dominican monks held great power in Spain, and they circulated slanders against the converted Jews. They said that they were not really converted, which might have been the case, and that they practiced the rites of their own faith in secret. They further declared that they caught little Christian children and crucified them on Good Friday in contempt of the death of Christ, and poisoned Christians who died by diseases that were not then well understood. They accused them of witchcraft and other impossible things, and to make them confess to all these crimes, Ferdinand allowed the priests of Aragon to torture the Jews in his dominions. As the tribunals always pretended that their victims confessed, Ferdinand gained large sums of money as his share of the plunder. More and more of the Jews were baptised and fell under the cruelty and greed of Ferdinand. The Cortes of Aragon did not approve of torture for it was against their laws and they talked very plainly to Ferdinand concerning it, but he was a crafty fellow and knew how to gain his own way. The Pope was willing to declare that torture was one of the means approved of heaven, and he pretended to great friendship for Ferdinand and bestowed upon him the title of "The Catholic" as being the most pious king in the whole world.

When Torquemeda succeeded in causing Isabella to declare against the Jews, he





TOURQUEMADE PRESIDING AT THE HOLY INQUISITION.





The Escorial

toward innocent and unoffending people, and that a high-minded woman like Isabella should have allowed such things, is a dark blot upon her fame that even the glories of her reign can not wipe out, and it is hard to understand how any woman could have permitted those whom God had placed in her power to be so dreadfully oppressed. Delicate women, who had been reared in luxury, were forced to go out from their homes carrying their wailing babes, and having but scant clothing to cover them, and no money to buy bread. They were forced to travel on foot if they had no horses or mules, for no Christian would permit them to hire a conveyance of him, and the few household goods that the men could carry on their backs was all that they were allowed to take. Thus thousands on foot passed over the dusty high-ways of Spain into other parts of Southern Europe, there to be persecuted and "moved on" by the unrelenting hostility of the Catholics. Eight hundred thousand Jews left Spain at the end of the time set for their expulsion and those who went by sea found refuge, some in England, others in the Lowlands, some in Turkey and the Far East, while a large number crossed over to Africa, where thousands were robbed and murdered by the Berbers. In Spain the torture fires were kept burning, and the year that witnessed the founding of the great Spanish kingdom on the ruins of the Saracen conquest, witnessed also the burning to death of two thousand Christianized Jews and the imprisonment of as many more for life by the Most Catholic Sovereigns of the new realm.

The story of the sailing of Columbus to the New World is one of the most interesting in the history of the world, and though I have not the space to relate all of the romantic incidents in the voyage or of the life of the great navigator, it is well to

established torture also in Castile, and after Granada fell into the hands of the two sovereigns, the Christianized Jews all over Spain had a very sad time of it. When the Jews began to leave Spain the hatred of the Catholics toward them was redoubled. If they suspected that a Jew was carrying money with him, they did not waste any time in asking the aid of the laws, they simply stripped him and searched for the gold, often flogging him to death because they were disappointed of plunder, or killing him when they did not find any. They even suspected some of the Jews of swallowing precious stones and gold and killed them to secure the treasures thus disposed of.

It makes the blood run cold to read of the many horrible cruelties that were being practiced

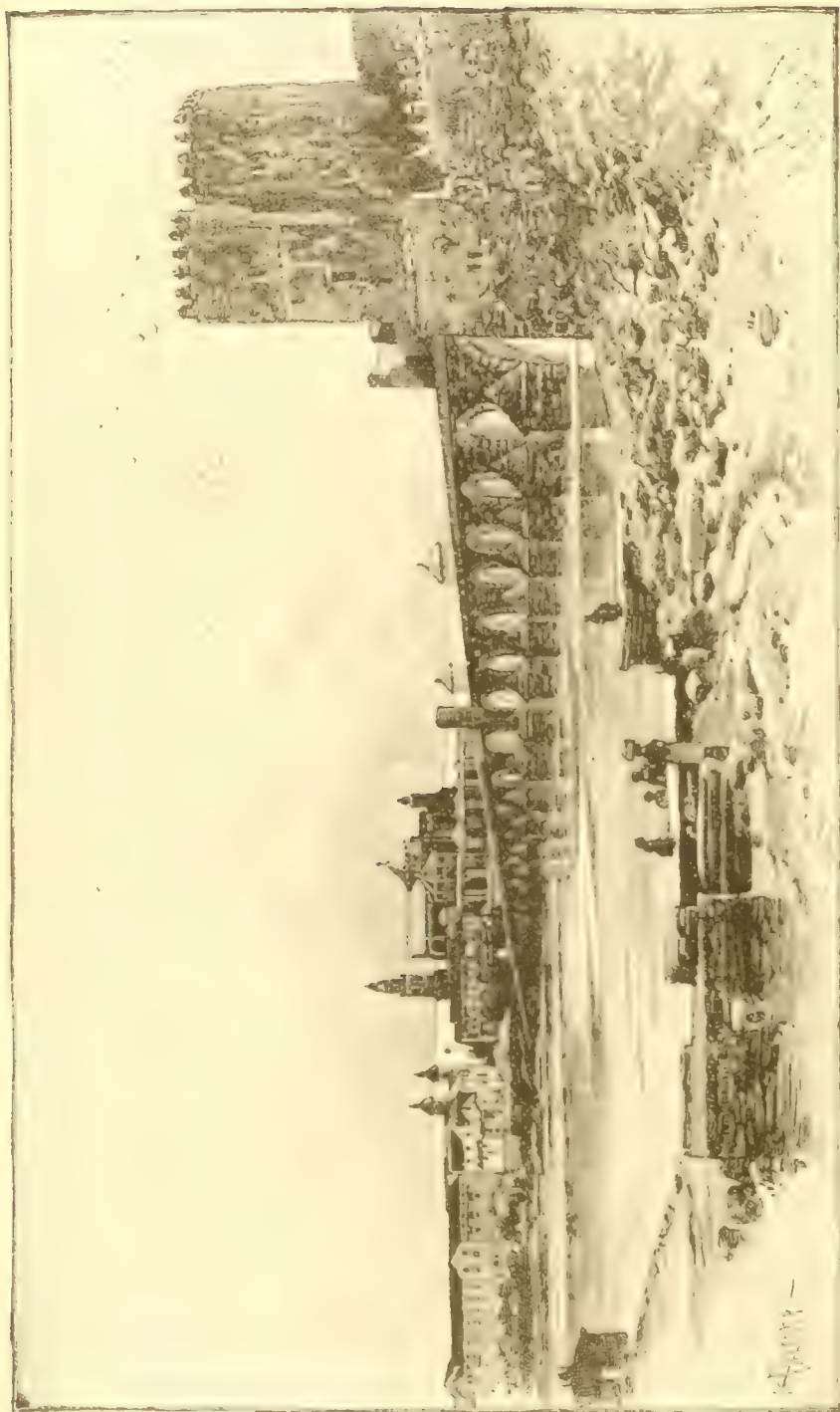


recall some of the facts that led to such mighty results. It was a long and dreary seven years that Columbus waited in Spain for the recognition of his plans, but it came at last though Ferdinand never turned a willing ear to him. The Spanish people were engaged heart and soul in the Moorish war, and had neither time nor inclination for anything else, but at last Columbus interested Isabella, in his idea of finding a passage to India by sailing westward. He was granted three small ships and ninety men, for an expedition to test his theory. The cost of the whole equipment was but twenty thousand dollars, and we cannot believe that Spain's exchequer was so low at the time, in spite of the ten years war with the Moors that it would have been necessary for Isabella to pawn her jewels, as she is said to have declared herself willing to do. The people of Palos furnished two of the vessels, for they had incurred the queen's displeasure, and were made to give Columbus the ships in punishment, and the necessary funds were advanced by the receiver of the church taxes. Ferdinand would take no part in the expenses of the venture. We have heard so many times about that remarkable voyage, how the needle of the compass failed to point to the north, how the sailors saw strange signs in the heavens, or thought they did, and the like that I shall not repeat them. I want you particularly to remember, however, that Columbus left Palos on Friday August 3, 1492 and that on Friday the 13th of the same month he reached the Canary Islands and refitted his ships. On Friday, October 12, he landed on San Salvador. If any one should ever tell you that "Friday is an unlucky day" remember these facts.

In January, 1493, Columbus having gathered some of the productions of the new country which he had found and thoroughly explored, took a number of the natives and re-embarked for Spain. He arrived in Spain March 15, and never had a man more joyful welcome, for his voyage had added to the kingdom untold wealth, and the possessions to which that voyage was the pathway, raised her to the proudest position among the nations of Europe. The sovereigns could not sufficiently honor the daring navigator. They gave him a splendid audience, and made him sit in their presence, as though he were himself a king. They listened with breathless interest to what he had to relate, and heaped honors upon him. They granted him certain rights in the new possessions to be hereditary in his family, and equipped an expedition to colonize the new lands.

The Spaniards who adventured into the western world to share the profit of the discovery soon began to slander Columbus, and to hinder in every way his projects. Ferdinand, too, was jealous of him, and turned a willing ear to his enemies. Isabella, herself, was not above listening to those who were vile enough to abuse an absent man, and a prejudiced person was sent to the New World to examine into the charges against him. Of course he found them true, for he would only listen to the enemies of Columbus, and to his lasting shame, be it said, sent Columbus back to Spain in chains. Isabella sent orders at once to have Columbus released, when he arrived in chains, but she did no more. The man who had given a new world to the Castilian crown was not restored to his dignities, and though he made another voyage in which he suffered from shipwreck, desertion and the malice of his jealous enemies, his spirit was crushed and he died of a broken heart in 1506. The chains in which he had been so wickedly and cruelly bound, he caused to be placed in his coffin, a mute witness, to all the ages, of the ingratitude of kings.

All of these years the man who administered the affairs of Spain was Cardinal Mendoza, a prelate much like Woolsey, of England, who lived so sumptuously, gave



OLD ROMAN BRIDGE AT CORDOVA, SPAIN

such magnificent banquets every day, and had so much power that he was called "The Third King of Spain." He died in 1495, and a Franciscan monk named Ximenes, a man of low birth, was commanded by the Pope to accept the position of Premier of Spain. Ximenes was Isabella's priest, a monk of the most rigid kind, who seemed to hate all who differed from him in faith as bitterly as he hated Satan. He had some virtues that Mendoza greatly admired, and when he was dying he recommended Isabella to appoint him. Ximenes was sixty years of age, and at first refused the place, but the Pope insisted, and he was obliged to yield.

The priests who had followed the example of Mendoza in magnificent living, were quickly taught to live frugally and humbly by this strict Ximenes, and when he had the time he turned his attention to the Moors. We have already read that when Boabdil surrendered to Ferdinand, the king promised that the Moors should enjoy the privilege of worshiping in their own manner, but in those days it was considered that a promise made to persons who were heretics was not bind-

ing, and the Cardinal Ximenes absolved Ferdinand from his oath, and began a persecution of the Moors of Granada. The magnificent library gathered by Hacam had been greatly reduced, but there were still several thousand precious Arabic books. Many of these books were illustrated in the highest style then known to art, and all were of great value to the world, for they contained the treasures of Arabic science, poetry and history.



Ximenes collected these into a great pile in the square of the city, after he had saved out three hundred volumes dealing with the science of medicine. Then he burned them in a huge bonfire, while the Moors looked sullenly on. He taxed and harried the Moors in every possible manner, all the time sending priests to preach to them and try and convert them. Many of the Moors professed Catholicism to rid themselves of the persecutions of the priests, but others would not do so, but persisted in praying to God in the Moslem way, with their faces turned toward the Holy City, and in bathing themselves daily in the manner the Koran prescribed. This so exasperated Ximenes, that to add to the weight of the gospel of Love and Mercy that his priests taught, he had hundreds of the Moors thrust into prison and burned at the stake because they would not turn Catholics. At last the patience of the Moors was exhausted, and they had been marvelously patient under their trials. They besieged Ximenes in his palace, and he fled for his life to Isabella and Ferdinand, while Talavera, a bishop of Granada whom the Moors loved for his justice and generosity, persuaded the outraged Mohammedans to retire to their homes and submit to the sovereigns.

Ximenes commanded Isabella and Ferdinand to revenge the outrage the Moors had offered him, and to punish them because they would not be converted. It seemed to the Spanish sovereigns another good opportunity to prove to the Pope and the rest of the world, that they deserved the name of "Most Catholic," and they seized upon it. They sent commissioners to "investigate" the disturbance, at Granada and the Moors were frightened. Every previous "investigation" inspired by Ximenes had resulted in bonfires, where among the fagots, human beings were roasted to death, and they determined to accept a suggestion to be converted. Fifty thousand of them submitted to being baptized, and, of course, shared the fate of the Christianized Jews from that time forth. It became the custom of good Catholics who owed a Moor money that they did not wish to pay, to denounce him as a heretic. If a Moor, or "Moriscoe," as they were called after their baptism, offended a Catholic in any way, he knew a terrible revenge would follow. They supplied fuel for the horrid bonfires for a hundred years, for it was thought that a roasted heretic was a converted heretic, and beside the king encouraged in burning them, for he received a third of all their worldly goods. The bishop of Granada pretended to think that Ximenes had done a mighty deed in converting the Moors, and wrote to one of his friends that "Ximenes had achieved greater triumphs than had Ferdinand and Isabella, for while they had conquered only the soil of the kingdom of Granada, Ximenes had gained the souls of Granada."

The Moslems, who dwelt in the wild mountainous regions of the country, were maddened at the dishonesty with which Ferdinand had dealt with their race, and with the conversion of their countrymen in Granada. They could have hardly hoped to restore the Moorish rule, but they could and did take revenge on those Christians who were nearest to them. They rose in revolt, and defeated one of the bravest of the Spanish generals at Ronda. The whole strength of Christian Spain was arrayed against the Moors, and seeing that they could not succeed in freeing even a small portion of the country, where they might live in peace, they sent ambassadors to the king and queen, beseeching terms. The answer that the king sent them was that they must either be converted at once, or leave the country. The sad story of the banishment of the Hebrews from Spain was repeated. The Moors were forbidden, under pain of death, to carry any gold or silver out of the country, and, penniless, they

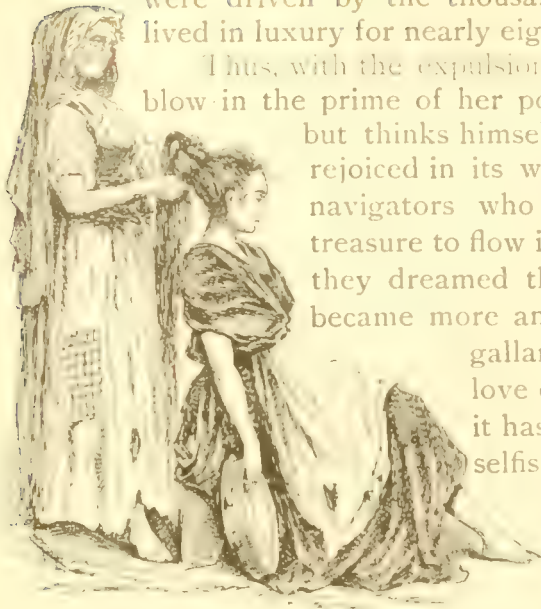
were driven by the thousands from the soil upon which their ancestors had lived in luxury for nearly eight hundred years.

Thus, with the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews, Spain received a death blow in the prime of her power, and like a man who has some mortal disease, but thinks himself lusty and full of life, it boasted of its strength and rejoiced in its wealth. The voyages of Columbus, and the bold navigators who followed him, caused streams of gold and treasure to flow into the strong-boxes of the Spanish sovereigns, and they dreamed that their power would endure for ages. Ferdinand became more and more in love with wealth, and lost the brave and gallant character and the frankness which won him the love of Isabella. Prosperity had the effect upon him that it has upon many natures; it hardened him and made him selfish and cruel. He became cold, crafty and calculating, and not even Louis XI. of France was less to be depended upon, when the performance of a promise stood in the way of his own interest. He had shown a tendency toward deceit in the days when Charles VIII. of France was involved in a quarrel

with him, and Cordova, his Great Captian, brought him safely out of his Italian difficulties, and these traits developed rapidly until his death. He had always been jealous of the fame of Columbus, and perhaps influenced Isabella's treatment of the great Discoverer. He was never known to be grateful to anybody, and hated as heartily the man who did him a service and gained any glory as he did the enemy he could not conquer.

Isabella and Ferdinand had five children; one son and four daughters, and Isabella was a most loving and tender mother. In spite of the cares of her kingdom, she found time to devote herself to the education of her son and daughters, and brought them up strict Catholics. The oldest child, John, married Margaret, the daughter of gallant Maximilian, of Germany, and upon this marriage the parents of both the young people based great hopes, as well as upon the marriage of Philip, the son of Maximilian and Jane, the second daughter of the Spanish sovereigns. Catherine of Aragon, the unhappy wife of Henry VIII., of England, and the mother of Bloody Mary, was the fourth daughter of Isabella and Ferdinand, and the second, Isabella, the oldest, married the noble and enlightened Emanuel of Portugal.

These great marriages were looked forward to by the Spanish people as the means of making their country one of the greatest in Europe, but the hopes of man are often doomed to disappointment. The husband of Princess Isabella died in 1498, leaving her the heir to his kingdom. Prince John, the husband of Margaret, had died the year before, leaving no children, and Isabella was the heir to Spain as well as to Portugal through her husband. She only lived a few months, when she, too, died, leaving a baby son, Miguel, the heir to Castile, Aragon and Portugal. Little Miguel pined for his mother's care during his babyhood and was always puny. When he was two years old he gave up the struggle to live, and Jane, the wife of Philip of Flanders, became the heiress of the Spanish possessions. Jane was always weak-minded, and the conduct of her husband drove her quite mad. He hated her because she was plain of face. He himself was very handsome, and had a manner that won







BOABDIL SURRENDERS THE CASTLE OF GRANADA TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



him, friends everywhere, while the ugly, awkward Spanish princess was shy and never knew what was the right thing to do or say. He left her long periods together, and was so cold and insulting toward her that she brooded until she became mad. Her madness, however, was not generally known, if indeed she was really insane, until after the death of her handsome husband, when their little son Charles was six years old.

Isabella was so distressed by the death of her eldest son, and that of her daughter and Miguel, that her health gave way. The birth of little Charles was some comfort to her, but she did not live long afterward. The little heir to Germany, Spain and the Netherlands, was born in the year 1500, and four years afterward Isabella died at the age of fifty-four years, having reigned wisely and well over Spain for thirty years. In her will she made provision for the gentle treatment of the Indians of the New World, but they were never carried out, and she named Jane as the heir of Castile, and the regent during the minority of little Charles, her husband Philip to have equal power with her.

Ferdinand gave up the crown of Castile, but as Jane was so nearly insane that she was not fit to rule, the Cortes of the country rendered their homage to Ferdinand in the name of Jane and requested him to continue to govern the country. Ferdinand consented, but Philip of Flanders, the husband of the new queen-proprietor, wrote to Ferdinand and told him to leave Castile and go to his own kingdom of Aragon, and asserted that he would govern in his wife's name. This was to have been expected, but it troubled Ferdinand and strengthened the opposition which those Castilian nobles long before had made to the marriage of Isabella with Ferdinand. These nobles had always been secretly unfriendly to Ferdinand, and were made all the more so by a foolish marriage which he made in 1495. His queen Isabella had been a faithful and loyal wife, a good mother and a great sovereign, and many of the Castilian nobles thought that Ferdinand might have shown more respect for her memory than to be so eager to marry Germaine, the niece of Louis XII. of France. Indeed he was so eager that, before he married the French princess, he made an agreement to give up Aragon to her heirs if his new queen should bear him a son, and if she did not he was to divide his splendid Italian possessions with the King of France. This disgusted the Castilians and the people of Aragon. Philip made an agreement with Ferdinand which allowed him to rule Castile in Jane's absence, but it was only to allow him to gather an army, which he soon did, and came into Spain in 1506. He gained the hearts of the Castilian nobles and Ferdinand gave up the governorship of the country. Philip soon lost the affection of the people by the reckless way in which he spent money on his Flemish courtiers, and haughty treatment of the Spaniards. Nobody but crazy Jane sorrowed much when he died the same year that he came into Spain. Jane went stark mad with grief, and would not allow the body of her husband to be buried, but kept it until it was taken from her by force. She refused to be washed or neatly dressed, and was kept a close prisoner in her palace, not being able to sign state papers, nor to comprehend anything of what was going on in her kingdom. Forty-seven years she lived thus, a squalid disgusting maniac, while Ferdinand and after him Charles I. of Spain and V. of Germany ruled the kingdom.

Ferdinand ruled Castile ten years after the death of Philip. Young Charles though, not exceedingly clever, early showed military genius and was brighter than some of the other grandsons of Ferdinand, and had been more carefully educated. When, therefore, Ferdinand died in 1516, he left Aragon and Naples to Charles V.,



who had the power to maintain the supremacy of Spain in the Western World, and the ability to protect her from European enemies, which none of the royal grandchildren, except he, possessed.

Cardinal Ximenes had remained in favor with Ferdinand during his long reign. He had made an expedition into Africa at the head of an army and captured the city of Oran, though both the king and the nobles had not espoused the idea. He built a great university, and translated the Bible into every known European tongue through the labors of nine of the most renowned scholars of the time, whom he employed for the purpose, and kept busy at it for fifteen years. He kept the priests of Spain up to a rigid standard, and interested himself greatly in the spiritual welfare of the people, persecuting Jews and Moriscoes relentlessly, and lighting torture fires in every part of the kingdom, for those whom he called "accursed heretics."

When Ferdinand died, one of the grandsons of the king, who had often been promised the throne of Aragon, was making preparations to take it, thinking that his cousin Charles surely had enough with Castile, Germany and the Netherlands. Ximenes paid no attention to this prince, but boldly declared Charles, king of Spain, and took charge of the kingdom in his name, ruling with his customary strictness, not to say cruelty, until the Prince came over to the country. Charles V was an exceedingly busy person, as I have told you elsewhere, and as Ximenes seemed to manage affairs reasonably well in Spain, he might have shown some gratitude. You may have observed that gratitude is not, nor ever has been, a very prominent trait in the character of princes, and Charles was no exception to the rule. He had given Ximenes his authority to govern until he came, and as soon as he entered the country, instead of thanking the cardinal for his services and for preserving the country from a civil war, and protecting his interests at every point possible, which he certainly did at the risk of great toil and danger, he did not even go to see him where he lay sick. Instead, he sent him a curt letter, telling him, after making him a few hollow compliments, that he might retire to the diocese from which Isabella and Ferdinand had called him to be prime minister of Spain; that he had no use for him. This broke the heart of the aged cardinal, and he died in the year 1517. He was estimated one of the greatest men of his time, and all his errors were committed under the name and for the sake of the religion which he did so much to fasten on Spain, with such firmness that all the shocks of four centuries have not in the least shaken it.

As soon as Charles was able to do so, he caused himself to be crowned King of Spain, though his mother was still living, and he had no right to claim his inheritance during her lifetime. The Castilian nobles were bitterly offended with the way in which he surrounded himself with Flemish and German noblemen, and because he did not take enough interest in his Spanish subjects to learn their language. They revenged themselves by making a man whom he disliked Primate of Spain, and Charles went into Aragon, where he called the Cortes together and demanded that it make him King of Aragon according to the will of his grandfather, Ferdinand. There was much violent opposition by the Aragonese, but they did at last give Charles the crown in conjunction with his mother.

When Charles had thus made himself the king of Spain, he demanded that the Aragonese and the Castilians give him a certain sum of money. Very foolishly they yielded to his demands, and thereafter, as long as he was king, he continued to harass them for money, and never came into the kingdom for any other purpose but to beg money of them. He needed it, to be sure, for he was constantly at war with some-

body, and had much trouble with his own Protestant subjects in Spain and the Netherlands, but the Spaniards did not like it. Spain was ruled from afar, and the great power that it enjoyed under Ferdinand and Isabella began to grow less and less as time went on. Streams of wealth were still pouring into the country, but it was used for no good purpose, and the poverty of the people steadily increased. There was little commerce for the only people of Spain who had ever understood business, or carried it on to any extent, were the Jews, and they were forbidden to enter the kingdom. Education had no encouragement, for the king had no time to devote to the founding of schools and colleges, and the overseeing of those that existed. All Europe was more or less distracted by wars, and there was not much prosperity anywhere, and to add to the miseries of Spain, the people were so dissatisfied with the continued absence of the king and his waste of Spanish money in foreign wars, that they rebelled and there was civil war in Castile, while the whole kingdom was in more or less confusion.

You have learned in the story of Germany how Charles finally came to the conclusion that his life had been in vain. He had done splendid deeds in his time. He had driven the Mediterranean pirates from the seas and compelled the Moors to give up all of their Christian prisoners. He had encouraged adventure and discovery in the New World, and had protected his provinces in that quarter of the globe very effectually, but his success in Spain was not brilliant as a ruler, though in the rest of Europe he gained fame as one of the most able generals of his time. He abandoned his kingdom to his son, Philip II, and retired to a monastery to pass the remainder of his life in petty pursuits, and in eating and drinking far more than was good for him. He made a great pretense of piety, and certainly he employed enough priests to pray for his soul, while he was enjoying himself in the monastery. You know how he came to his death, and he was buried in a splendid tomb.

During his reign, while he was still a young man, you will recall that Charles V became involved in various difficulties with Francis I, of France. While these difficulties were at their height, Francis, to insult Charles, sent some Frenchmen into Spain to attack the Spanish city of Pampeluna. The Castilians were in revolt at that time, and Francis thought he would gain an easy victory, for Charles, as usual, was absent from Spain. As soon as the Spaniards heard of the invasion they stopped quarreling among themselves, and hastened to drive the French out; which they did most effectively. Among the Spaniards taken prisoner by the French and carried back to their country, was a gallant Spanish grandee, with a very long name ending in Loyola. He had been sorely wounded or perhaps the French would not have been able to capture him, but as it was, that wound of the Spanish grandee had more effect upon the history of religion, than the wound of any other Spaniard who ever went into battle, as perhaps you will see when you learn what came of it.

In those days the physicians and surgeons were not as skillful as they are now, and Loyola was ill a long time in France from the effect of his wound, and in the long tedious hours he read the lives of some of the saints and martyrs of the Catholic church, that had been furnished him by some humble priest who comforted him in his captivity and illness. His mind was led by these books to think much on the briefness of human life and the reward of the future, and when he was well again he decided that instead of being a soldier under a worldly king, he would enlist in the great army of Christ, and become a monk and missionary. He remained a year in France, at a monastery, after he was well, and then he went on foot to Jerusalem as a



penance for the sins of his past life. While in the monastery he formed the idea of a great Society of Jesus, that should be like the organization of the Knights Templar and Hospitallers in its military spirit, but should be unlike them in that all of its members should vow to obey the Pope without question, no matter what he asked of them; that they should own no property, and that their lives should be devoted not to the conquest of earthly dominion, like the orders of the olden times, but to converting and influencing persons of rank and intelligence and the education of the young in the tenets of the Catholic Church.

This remarkable Order of Jesuits, as the members were called, soon exercised authority greater than that of monarchs or princes, for at the order of the Pope they pervaded every rank of society, became secret agents of the Vatican everywhere, and spies upon the movements of kings and potentates. They had a hand in every plot and revolution, and were back of every great movement of the times.

This, however, was not all they did, for a more devoted body of men never lived, nor a more obedient army of soldiers under a general, ever went to conquest or defeat. They went boldly to the new world, far from civilization and the refinement of life, to carry the cross to the Indians and establish there the power of Rome, and cheerfully gave up their lives for the cause in which they labored.

When we read of the great achievements of the Jesuit missionaries, we are moved to admiration of their wonderful zeal, which was after all something more than slavish submission to the Pope of Rome. Their hearts were in the work, and the life and death of Christ was ever present to their minds. They unquestionably wrought much evil in Europe and elsewhere during the great days of their power, but we must not forget that they also did much good, and that the evil rests not upon them, but upon their master, the Pope, whose instruments they were. Their power is not yet broken, and they are to-day one of the religious forces in the world, and the power behind the policy of many European monarchs, a hidden but strong element in the world's thought and action, as they were four hundred years ago.

Philip II. had some reputation as a soldier when he was made ruler of the Lowlands and of Spain. His father had employed him in his long war against the Protestants of Holland and Belgium, and if Charles had a horror of "heretics" Philip had even a greater distrust of them and a hatred of their doctrines. He had been married in very early life to his own cousin, the Princess of Portugal, but she only lived two years and died leaving a son to her husband, who was, no doubt, even then tainted with the family insanity of Crazy Jane, his own grandmother, for it is almost certain that Charles died insane. This little son Carlos, grew up to be a strange, moody young man, with the taint of insanity from his birth.

Philip was a rich monarch, for the possessions in the New world had increased in power and importance under his father, and as Bloody Mary of England was newly come to the throne at the time, he determined to marry her. It made no difference to him that Mary was an ugly, brown, weazened old maid with a violent temper and a gloomy disposition, nor that his father had intended marrying her himself. The marriage was one of policy, and as soon as it was determined upon he sent a portrait of himself to England and begged the honor of the hand of the English queen. Mary fell in love with the pictured face, and she must certainly have had strange taste to have done so, for Philip II. was anything but handsome. At all events there was a splendid wedding in England, and Philip was given the title of King of England, though the English Parliament was wise enough to take care that he should have no

hand in the government of the country, for the English had heard something of his savage and cruel character, and were already inclined toward the reformation, which was established so firmly in the country during the reign of Elizabeth. Philip cared nothing for Mary, and even made fun of her manners and her homeliness, and he seldom visited England. When Mary died and Elizabeth came to the throne, Philip II. had the audacity to propose for her, though he knew she favored the reformation with all her heart, and he was cruelly persecuting the people of the Netherlands for their Protestantism. Elizabeth declined with thanks, and he turned his attention elsewhere. Carlos was by this time a young man, and was engaged to be married to the fair young daughter of Henry II., King of France.

Notwithstanding his son's claim to the princess, Philip proposed for her hand for himself about four months after the death of Mary, and three months after his rejection by Elizabeth, and brought her home to Spain. The wedding-feast was a sad one for the poor young girl but sixteen years old, had seen Carlos and was deeply in love with him, and could not love the gloomy Philip. It was made all the sadder by a dreadful accident. There was, as was the custom in those days at the marriage feasts of great personages, a brilliant tournament in which the bride's father, Henry II., King of France, took part. A spear-point pierced his helmet, entered his eye and brain, and laid him dead in the lists before the eyes of his horrified daughter.

Carlos had never loved his father overmuch, and Philip had never loved him. It may be that Carlos was disgusted with his father's cruelty to the Protestants in the Netherlands, and that on this account Philip hated him, but certainly when he came back to Spain with the bride that he had robbed Carlos of, he shut him up in a gloomy castle and would not permit any of his friends to see him. There poor young Carlos languished for a long time, and the king treated him with great harshness. The young queen had some spirit, and she stood up bravely for the persecuted prince, but this only made his lot all the harder.

Finally Carlos fell ill, and it was said that Philip had caused a slow poison to be mixed with his food daily, which had undermined the constitution of the lad. In his illness he called piteously for the queen, once his promised bride, and begged his cruel jailer to let him look just once upon the fair face of the woman he so fondly loved, and for whose sake he was giving up his life. He pleaded with his father, too, to allow him to see the queen even though it were at a distance, and he would not speak a word to her, but Philip refused, and Carlos wasted away in dreadful anguish of mind and body, and at last died.

There was much sympathy for the untimely death of the poor, wronged, young prince, but the people were afraid to express it, for Philip was so cruel that even then, there were those who thought him a far more dangerous lunatic than crazy Jane, who had been shut up in prison forty-seven years. We who read his history have no doubt that he was, and besides being insane, he was a gloomy, selfish bigot, and thus doubly dangerous. The Cortes, both of Castile and Aragon, had long ago lost its power and had become but a name. The Castilians, in the early days of the reign of Philip's father, Charles, had the reputation of knowing more of the true principles of liberty than any other people of Europe, and when the king began to act tyrannically in the matter of taxing them and making laws without their consent, they had rebelled; but unfortunately their rebellion failed, and they were so crushed by the fact, that they never again showed any independence or regained a shadow of their ancient rights.



Carlos had languished in prison eight long years, and though the king himself tried to make the people believe that his young wife had a passion for Carlos that was not honorable for her, as a queen or a woman, there were few people that believed that she had done any wrong, and secretly, the people liked her all the better for her championship of the young prince. Whether grief for the fate of Carlos hastened her death or not, I cannot tell you, but I think Philip was none too good to assist her to her death, if he could have done so undiscovered. At any rate, she only lived a few weeks after Carlos died, and the fate of Isabella, the princess of France, and her unhappy lover, has been the theme of many a song and story.

Philip was not given to grieving over the death of his wives, and began to look about him for another. He had a niece, Anne of Austria, the daughter of that brother to whom his father left Germany, and monstrous as we think such marriages, he proposed for her hand, received the permission of the Pope to the wedding, and married her. He built a splendid and costly palace near Madrid, called the Escorial, and there lived with his new wife.

I have told you elsewhere of the struggle of Philip II. with the gallant Netherlanders, and how he caused hundreds of thousands of innocent persons to be cruelly murdered under the guise of religion. He was a crafty wretch without conscience or remorse. After Queen Elizabeth refused him it is almost certain that he made an attempt to have her poisoned through one of his wicked tools, and he was engaged in the plot for the overthrow of Elizabeth and the Reformation that caused the execution of Mary Stuart. He tried to have brave Henry of Navarre, of whom I have also told you, taken off by poison, and accomplished the death of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the noble Protestant leader of the Netherlanders.

The Moriscoes, who had been more or less tormented by the Catholic inquisitors since the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, had all this time used the Arabic language, had danced the native dances of the Saracens and engaged in their native sports. They were the farmers of Spain, and cultivated the mulberry upon which the silk-worm fed, and supplied the cocoons from which the silks were woven. They also raised fruits, flowers and vegetables, and enjoyed some share of prosperity.

Philip II. had strong prejudices against these people, and was determined that they should forever abandon the use of their native speech and such small share of liberty as they enjoyed. They still lived in Granada, and loved the city with passionate attachment for it had witnessed the days of the splendor of their people in Spain.

When Philip published a law compelling them to change all of their Arabic for Spanish names, and substitute the Spanish costume for the Moorish, prohibiting the women from wearing veils over their faces, and allowing neither sex to wear the smallest article made of silk under pain of imprisonment, it caused great excitement among the Moors. This same law forbade the Moors to take warm baths, a necessity to that people, habituated from infancy to frequent bathing, which was made a law of the Koran, perhaps on that account. Any Moriscoe convicted of taking a warm bath was to be punished by losing all of his wealth, sentenced to hard labor in the galleys (as rowers of the Spanish ships) and given a hundred lashes upon the bare back.

This tyrannical law of the king roused all of the fierce passion of the patient Moriscoes. They vowed they would never yield such slavish obedience to the

Spanish king, and that they would die in defense of their personal liberty. A leader was found and they formed an army, but it was crushed with great cruelty and Philip delighted for some time after in the torture and murder of the Moriscoes. When he had glutted his fury, he caused them to be removed from Granada and settled in a distant province far from the scenes that they loved, and from the sight of the palaces that stood to them as monuments of the dead grandeur of the Saracen rule in Spain. They were made to speak the Spanish language, dance the Spanish dances when they cared to dance at all, and sing the Spanish songs when they could forget their sorrows sufficiently to sing, but it was centuries before they forgot their injuries or ceased to cherish hatred to Philip for the wrongs and indignities that he had heaped upon them. Their revenge came swiftly in the ruin of those industries that had been the source of much of Spain's wealth, for they cultivated the silk-worm no more and their vineyards and gardens became deserts.

The decline that had commenced with the reign of Charles continued steadily during the reign of Philip II. and after the defeat of The Invincible Armada, of which I have told you in the story of England, the navy of Spain lost its prestige upon the seas and from that time the decline was rapid indeed.

Philip died at last after a life filled with the worst vices, practiced under the cloak of religion. For several of the latter years of his life he suffered excruciating torture from the gout, which like his insanity was inherited, and his body was covered with disgusting ulcers like those that tormented the last days of Henry VIII. For forty-three years he had been the curse of Spain, for from his very birth we may reckon the disasters of his country, and for about thirteen years he had been the Caligula of Spanish history. His last wife, his niece, of whose unnatural marriage to her father's brother I have already spoken, died four years before her husband, leaving a number of half-idiotic children, one of whom now came to the throne under the name of Philip III.

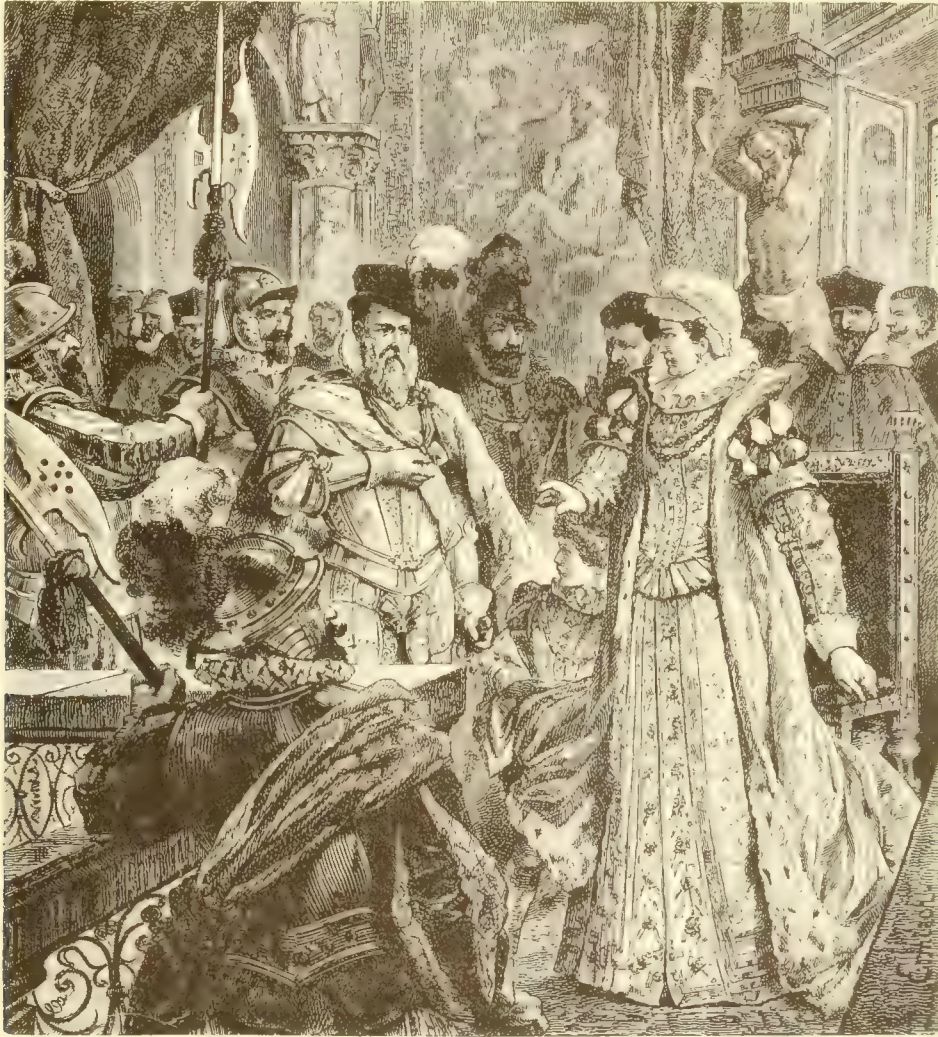
The father of the new king had always been so tyrannical in his own family that the weak-minded prince had grown more and more imbecile, under the abject dependence he exacted, and he had no notion of state affairs. His Prime Minister governed Spain for him and as it had long been the worst governed country in all Europe, it submitted to being badly governed from habit.

The Duke of Lerma became the real ruler of Spain, and as he was cruel and grasping, he gave the death-blow to the lingering commerce of the country by imposing heavy taxes and otherwise discouraging the people. Philip III. had none of the cruelty of his father, but he was intensely afraid of Lerma and his powerful wife, and when his Prime Minister suggested that the Moriscoes, who had been banished from Granada during the last reign, should be driven entirely from the land of their birth and compelled to take refuge in Africa he was afraid to oppose him. After some years the weak-minded king began to grow a little bolder and to contemplate dismissing Lerma. To hold his power over the devout monarch, Lerma induced the Pope to make him a cardinal, but while this awed Philip for awhile, he was finally brave enough to depose him from his power. After this was done he began to find out in what sad straits the country was, how it was becoming bankrupt and ruined, and with all his faults Philip III. loved Spain. He was not clever enough to find a remedy for the existing state of things, and brooded over it until his health failed and he died in 1621, the year after the first Puritan, landed at Plymouth.

Spain was now in sad straits. The Arabs had been the tillers of the soil, had



planted orchards and gardens, and been frugal and industrious. The Arabs, too, had been persecuted and driven from the country, and their pursuits were condemned by the haughty hildagos as unworthy of gentlemen. The Jews were traders, as the Arabs were farmers and manufacturers, therefore the taint of heresy, of the Jew and Arab, lay upon every industrial pursuit, and it came to be thought a disgrace to work. Thousands of acres of ground were untilled, the commerce of Spain dwindled until there were only thirteen galleys in its navy, and seven of those were hired from Genoa. Its arsenals stood empty, its fortresses fell into decay. Though a stream of wealth was kept constantly flowing into the country from the colonies across the



The Duke of Alba deposes the Duchess of Parma.

Atlantic, it did not at all enrich the country; everything was paid out as soon as it came in, and France, Germany and the Netherlands were the real gainers. For it was they who were the sources of supply for the Spanish people, who wove no cloth, raised no grain, and spent their time in various pleasures, when they could afford it, and were notorious as bandits. The church thrived on the general decay, and Spain had more monks and nuns than would have been amply sufficient for all Europe. In spite of the fact that there were churches and convents by the thousand, there was

little religion, although the ignorance and superstition that passed for piety was dense enough.

Philip IV. and Charles II. were ceaselessly engaged in war, and when the latter monarch died, the House of Austria that had brought Spain to this unhappy pass, became extinct, and the grandson of Louis XIV. became king, under the name of Philip V. Philip did not enjoy being king of such a poor and turbulent country as he found Spain. At first he gave promise of being an energetic and able sovereign, but he was indolent by nature, and Spain was so hopelessly in debt, so priest and monk-ridden, that he shrunk from the task. He married a fair lady, Louisa of Savoy, and Louis XIV., in order that matters might go at the Spanish court to suit his own ambitious plans, appointed a certain lady of France, who was the widow of an Italian nobleman, to watch the young queen, and through her rule the king according to his liking. Madame Orsioni, the lady in question, followed the directions of Louis, with one exception, she ruled the queen to suit herself, and not to suit her employer. You have learned about the war of the Spanish succession, whose battles were most of them, not fought in Spain, but involved nearly all the rest of Europe.

Philip hated being king, and after all the blood shed to secure him the succession, abdicated in favor of his son. The lad died soon after, and Philip resumed the crown, which he wore until his death in 1746. His son, Ferdinand VI., succeeded him, and for thirteen years ruled Spain well. Philip had, through his ministers, begun to combat the idleness of the people, and to try to reduce the number of lazy priests throughout the country, who were a blight upon it, and a dead weight which the people could not carry and be prosperous. Ferdinand carried on the good work cautiously and slowly, and Charles III., his brother, did more for Spain than any sovereign had done since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. He abolished most of the powers of the inquisition, and caused the Pope to expel the Jesuits from Spain, and destroy their order. He encouraged education, trade and manufacture, and had he followed his natural inclination, he would have entirely separated Church and State. He reigned wisely and well over Spain for fifty-seven years, and restored a shadow of prosperity to the country, though nothing could root out the idea from the minds of the nobility, that it was a disgrace to work. He was followed on the throne by his son, Charles IV.

This monarch was a weak, foolish personage, who allowed Spain to sink back into its old state of feebleness. His wife, Maria Louisa of Parma, had great influence with him, and she in turn was ruled by a handsome guardsman, named Godoy, who under the name of The Prince of Peace, has come down to history with an unenviable record. He married a French princess, after he had been advanced to the dignity of Prime Minister of Spain, before he was twenty-five years old, and it was through him that Spain fell into the hands of Napoleon. It seems that Ferdinand, the young son of the weak Charles, was thoroughly disgusted with the influence of Godoy over his father, and opened a correspondence with Napoleon. The queen had long been noted for her loose morals, and the country was on the verge of ruin, yet the Spanish people were intensely loyal to the Bourbons. When the king of France lost his life at the hands of the French revolutionists, the people of Spain were deeply moved. From every province execrations went up, and the people demanded to be led across the Pyrenees, to avenge the murder of the French king. Charles IV., Godoy and the King, pretended a mighty indignation, and talked much about what they intended doing, but in the end they did nothing. Napoleon betrayed the



son to the father, and when he had them both in prison in France, seated his brother, Joseph, on the throne of Spain. Godoy was a party to the whole transaction, and gave Spain into the hands of the French. The Spanish fleet was placed in Napoleon's charge, and Spanish troops were sent to hold his fortresses in the north of Europe.

Joseph was a gentleman, and loathed the idea of forcing himself upon an unwilling people, for the Asturians were already in arms against Napoleon, but he allowed his brother to over-persuade him. He hoped to win the people by good government, and was quite certain, that in spite of the fact that he had not had kings and queens for ancestors, he could rule Spain far better than it had been ruled under Charles IV. and Godoy. Saragossa revolted, and was besieged by French troops. It resisted the besiegers with the greatest heroism and was fired by the patriotism of another Joan of Arc, a girl of two and twenty, who aided in its defense. The Spaniards sent to England for help against Napoleon. They wrested Cadiz from the French, and took and burned all of the French vessels in its harbor. They captured all of the French seaports of Biscay, and so alarmed King Joseph by their determined opposition to his troops, that he fled to the frontier. These successes received a check in the fall of the same year. Napoleon's troops defeated the patriots at every point, and Napoleon, himself, fixed his head quarters in Madrid. In January 1810 Sir John Moore, who had been sent to the Peninsula in charge of an English force, met the French at Corunna, and was defeated and lost his life. You have no doubt read the poem "The burial of Sir John Moore," but you must not take it for history, for it does not describe the actual burial of Moore, who of course was buried, but not in the manner related.

I have told you of the successes of Wellesly, afterward the Duke of Wellington. He beat the French at Talavera, and though he lost the day at Buasco the Spaniards recognized the fact that he was a great general. All over the country the patriots were carrying on guerilla warfare, that is fighting from ambush in small parties. At Barossa in 1811 the English won a great victory over a French force twice as large as their own, and though the French captured Valencia in 1821, two months later Wellington won two hard-fought battles which gave him a great advantage over the enemy. In 1812, too, the national Cortes assembled at Cadiz, appointed three regents and adopted a liberal constitution, which abolished the monstrous Inquisition, that had so long existed in Spain and reduced the number of priests and convents very materially. This constitution did not operate. After the battle of Victoria, which was won by Wellington in 1813, the French were driven from the Peninsula with a loss, during the six years in which the Emperor Napoleon had attempted the conquest of Spain, of nearly four hundred thousand men. When Napoleon returned to Paris, after the disastrous Russian campaign, he deposed his brother Joseph as King of Spain. The gentle Joseph was glad enough to be relieved of his troublesome kingdom which had given him nothing but ceaseless worry, danger and discomfort, and left Spain with a lighter heart than he had carried since the day of his splendid coronation. Ferdinand, the son of Charles IV. was proclaimed king in 1814. The Spanish people loved this worthless prince, more because he had been persecuted by the wicked queen and her impudent favorite, Godoy, than for any good qualities he had shown. They had fought the French with passion and loyalty, solely that he might be restored. While they were sacrificing everything for him, he was enjoying himself in a manner prompted by his vicious nature, in his retirement in France, and was

fawning upon Napoleon. The people believed that Ferdinand would rule them under the Constitution of 1812. He swore solemnly to do so, and the very next day set himself to work to overthrow the very constitution that he had vowed to protect. He recalled the inquisition, and gave it new powers.

The people had borne much, but this new Philip II. was too much to be endured patiently. They gave him his way for six years, and seeing that he went constantly from bad to worse, from tyranny to tyranny, they rebelled. Poor Spain was in an unhappy plight to be sure. Her industries were paralyzed by the enormous taxes and her liberties stifled by the inquisition. The monarch was a vile wretch, who could not be depended upon except that it was tolerably certain that he would not under any circumstances tell the truth, or keep a promise. In 1820 the people had become so openly determined to end the misery of the country, that Ferdinand was compelled, much against his will, to call the Cortes, and make some very important changes. The inquisition was forever abolished, the press was declared free, and the militia restored. Of course Ferdinand did not keep his word, and in 1822 the people broke out into a new revolt, and carried Ferdinand a prisoner to Cadiz. France came to his rescue. It sent a hundred thousand men, under the Duke de Angouleme into Spain to crush the insurgents and to restore Ferdinand to the throne. Impoverished Spain, could not resist France, the vile king was replaced on his throne, and for ten years exhibited a spectacle of savage brutality, that would have shamed the Dark Ages. Everything he had abolished he set up again, and torture, proscription, imprisonment and death were wreaked unsparingly upon his enemies. The public credit was destroyed, and there was beggary, famine and misery of every kind throughout Spain.

Ferdinand had no children, though he had been three times married, and anxious concerning the succession, he married his own niece in 1829. The same year the colonies of Spanish America, which, one by one, had freed themselves from Spain, beginning in 1808, were separated from the mother country by the revolution in Mexico which ended in the establishment of a Republic in that country.

In the year 1713 Philip V., influenced by his wife, had made a decree which set aside the Salic law, and made it possible for women to succeed to the crown, not only as direct heirs of the king, but as indirect heirs. It has always been doubted that Philip had the power to do this, even though his Cortes was compelled to make the decree a law. The Cortes of 1799 abolished the Salic law forever, and the constitution of 1812 did the same. In spite of these many confirmations of the act of Philip V., the law was not formally promulgated until 1830, for Ferdinand thought his new queen might give birth to a daughter, and he wanted the child to succeed to the throne. Ferdinand had a brother, who was born a year before the "Pragmatic Sanction" as it was called, was ratified by the Cortes of 1789, and he therefore had a right to the crown, for such a law of course could not affect the claims of existing male heirs under the old law. In 1830 a little princess was born to Maria Christina, the queen, whose husband, was now in the last stages of loathsome disease, and expecting death daily. The friends of the king's brother formed a conspiracy, and compelled the half-unconscious Ferdinand to revoke "The Pragmatic Sanction" so that his brother, Don Carlos, could succeed to the crown. Ferdinand grew somewhat better after this, and the queen and her friends, among whom was the king's sister, induced him to restore the law he had just destroyed. The young queen was made regent for her infant daughter, and soon after Ferdinand died. He was the



vilest monarch who ever sat on any throne, and his reign was one long crime. He left the nation crushed by debt, and on the verge of a civil war that broke out almost before the breath was out of his body.

Maria Christina, at first, had the love of the people, for she passed some liberal laws, but at the very outset she was beset by the partisans of Don Carlos, who involved Spain in a civil war. The Basques, the freest and most prosperous people of Spain, and who, because they were really almost independent of the general government, had not shared in the disasters that for centuries had crowded thick on the nation, took up the cause of Don Carlos, and the most bitter civil war was waged.

While this war was in progress there was an outbreak of cholera in Spain, and as there was a foolish rumor that the disease was caused by the monks poisoning the wells, a horrible massacre of the monks all over the kingdom occurred. The Queen Regent, too, had turned out badly. Even Ferdinand could not have been more wicked in his private life than was this woman, and she cared nothing for the welfare of her people. Ruin, desolation, civil war, disease, ran riot everywhere, and the queen and her vile favorites feasted and wantoned in their palaces, as though the wealth of the Indies was at their command.

For seven years the Carlist war devastated Spain, and then Carlos abandoned the struggle for the time, and passed over into France. The minister appointed by the Queen Regent to conduct the government did as well as could have been expected under the circumstances, but he was at last compelled to resign, and another was placed in charge. He could do nothing to arrest the general decay. The people were intensely patriotic, but the politicians looked upon the country as their natural prey. Everybody was anxious to get into office, not because he wanted to benefit the government, but that he was eager to rob it.

The conduct of the Queen Regent had become such a scandal to all Europe, that in 1840 she was compelled to give up the regency and leave Spain. Her daughter Isabella was crowned queen at the age of thirteen, in 1843, and three years later she married her own cousin, a Bourbon prince. Isabella was no better than her mother, in fact she was worse, for she inherited the bad passions of her father, as well. She appointed a wise minister, however, and he did so much for the country that the people endured the folly and vice in the palace and court of the sovereign. The power of the clergy all this time in Spain had been remarkable. They held the ignorant in thrall. There were patriots in Spain who could not bear the scandals that attached to the priest-ridden court, and at last attacked both church and court openly.

This revolution accomplished wonders for Spain. When it was over, Isabella took for her counsellor one of the most progressive men of the times. He gained a victory over the Moors in the Morocco war of 1859, and when he had convinced the Mohammedans across the Strait, that they could no longer interfere with Spain's commerce in the Mediterranean, he turned his attention to building bridges and roads and repairing Spain's finances. He encouraged culture, and foreigners began to come to Spain and invest in various enterprises. This continued until 1860, and might have lasted longer, had not the evil-minded queen constantly meddled with the policy of her minister. The clergy hated him because he would not allow them to wreck the prosperity of the nation as they had persistently wrecked it for centuries, and they no doubt influenced the queen to interfere in his plans, and attempt to bring them to naught.

At last Isabella openly opposed her minister, and caused his downfall. For the next six years there was sad confusion, and finally in 1868, the Spanish people, so long-suffering and patient, could bear no more. They saw their country sinking back into the depths of misery in which Ferdinand, Isabella's father, had left it. Their constitution was being violated, their rights trampled under foot, and vice and dishonesty were in every branch of the public service. They rose in revolt and drove Isabella from Spain.

A provisional government was established, and the next year a commission was formed to provide for a permanent government. There was a large party that desired a Republic, and others that clung to the monarchy, under a constitution. You will remember that it was a dispute over who should wear the crown of Spain—for the monarchists were triumphant, and the nation again decided to try another king—which was the excuse that Napoleon III. made to insult the German Emperor, and which was the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war.

In 1870 Amadeo, son of Victor Emanuel, and Duke of Aosta, was offered the Spanish crown. He accepted it in 1871, but only held it two years, then resigned. He found that the people did not like the idea of a foreigner ruling them, and that it would be a thankless task at the best. He went back to Italy, and the Spaniards called to the throne the young son of the banished Isabella. This prince was crowned king of Spain as Alfonso XII. in 1875, after the people had tried for two years a Republican form of government. The new king had been reared and educated in England and Germany, far from the evil example of his mother, and was a noble and intelligent young man, in whom the nation placed great hopes for the future of the country. He was married soon after his accession to his sweet young cousin Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, a French prince, but she only lived a few months. He was then married to Christina, the arch-duchess of Austria, and in the year 1885, at the early age of twenty-eight, fell a victim to a disease inherited from a long line of weak-bodied ancestors. He left a little daughter, Mercedes, as heiress to his crown, but some weeks after his death Christina gave birth to a son who was named Alfonso, and who became the crown-prince of the kingdom. He is now a well-grown lad with a will of his own and is being very carefully educated for the king-ship that awaits him.

The Spain of to-day is but a melancholy wreck of its past. The noble forests that once clothed the mountains and plains, have been cleared away, for the Spaniards thought that trees made the air unhealthful, and attracted the birds that destroyed their crops. It is well known, that with the destruction of the forests, a country suffers from lack of rainfall, and in the parts of Spain, once abundantly watered, and blooming with gardens, there is now almost absolute desolation, and the poor peasants there, can hardly wring a living from the soil. There has been no increase in the population of the country, for nearly a quarter of a century, and misery and idleness have paralyzed the nation, and, latterly, anarchists have created much trouble and blood-shed in the heart of the kingdom. The taxes of the people, for the support of the army, have been large, and in no other country in the world are there so many officers, compared to the size of the army, and so many greedy government officials, who fill their own pockets, at the expense of the people, and plunder without mercy.

There are only four cities in Spain, that are as large as the towns of Pittsburg and Alleghany, in Pennsylvania, and not one as large as our Capital city, Washington,



which is not considered one of the great cities of the United States. Only half of the soil is under cultivation, and the exports of the whole country are less than those from one of our small seaboard cities. From the possession in all the islands of the West Indies, and the countries of South America, Central America and Mexico, to say nothing of the vast territory, once owned by Spain, in North America, which comprised an area nearly half as large as the United States, and a great territory in Africa, Spain now owns only Cuba and Porto Rico in our continent. There was a time when Spain was mistress of the eastern seas; but a few little islands in the Indian ocean, that nobody else cares about, are all that she has been able to hold. Her rich possessions in Africa, have dwindled to two little provinces, containing altogether, less than five hundred square miles; and this is the empire which Ferdinand and Isabella left the greatest on earth, and whose prospects were equaled by no other country of ancient or modern times, for its heir was, besides, the heir to half of Northern Europe.

The disasters that have befallen Spain, have not been the fault of the people, but have resulted from the recklessness and crimes of their rulers. Brave, gifted and impassioned, the Spaniards only need strong and wise government, to raise them to a high place among the nations of the earth. That government, they have not had since the days of Ferdinand. Education, among them, has long been in the hands of the Jesuits, and the Catholicism of the Middle Ages has lingered in the Spanish Peninsula, with all its superstitions and ignorant beliefs. This Catholicism has made the Spaniards, as a rule, loyal to the princes, whom it was their misfortune to have over them as hereditary ruler of the country, although they have been oppressed and robbed by those whose duty was to protect them. The influence of the Revolution, which gave so many of the States of Europe such large liberty, has been slower in working in Spain than elsewhere, but that its destiny is manifestly that of a free republic, no one can doubt who has watched its political course in recent years.



MODERN

EUROPEAN.

KINGDOMS.

**T**HE NETHERLANDS, situated opposite the southeastern coast of England, bordering on the North Sea, and extending from the frontiers of France to those of the German State of Hanover, is a vast plain, watered by the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt rivers. This plain rises gradually to the east and south, but for the most part is low and moist, thus giving to the countries which it includes, the name which it has borne in history for centuries, "The Low Countries," or Netherlands. The northeastern portion, of this vast plain, was inhabited in the days of Cæsar, by tribes of German origin, while the southwestern part was the home of the Belgæ. These savage Celts roamed about in the forests, and fought the Romans with great valor, but were at last subdued, and their country brought under the Roman yoke with the name of Belgic Gaul. The inhabitants of the coast, however, clung to their independence. Their country was poor and barren enough. The sea invaded it often, and made the soil sterile. They were obliged to build their houses on the top of lofty stakes set in the sand-hills, and as the waters of the rivers and springs were rendered salt and brackish by constant influence of the tides and seepage of the porous soil, they were compelled to drink rain-water. So little ground was capable of tillage, that the sea became the source from which the people of the Netherlands, bordering it, received their food, for they ate the fishes which the receding waters left in their nets, and the seaweed which was stranded on their sand-hills.

The difficulties surrounding the people of the coast made them patient, hardy, and self-reliant, and in time they began to war with the Ocean itself, and finally conquered it. The rivers, as well as the sea, had no limits, and would spread abroad, carrying their waters over the land, so between the rivers and the ocean, the people of the Lowlands had the prospect of being in time entirely submerged. They, therefore, began to make high banks of earth along the river-beds, and the seashore. These dykes, as they are called, were no doubt often washed away by sudden floods or wild gales, driving the waters of the sea landward, but the patient people rebuilt



them stronger and wider, and at last they were rejoiced to find that the seas and rivers were not able to break down the barriers, and that now they might venture to cultivate the soil.

The people of the Lowlands, uniting in a common warfare against the elements, were not constantly quarreling with one another, as were the Franks in their early days, but there was good-will, justice and friendship among them, and they thus rapidly advanced in civilization. The Frankish kings were, in name, monarchs of the country after the fall of the Roman Empire, but the people enjoyed a higher degree of liberty than was common in those days, and perhaps that had more to do with their rapid advance in civilization than anything else,

It is said that Charlemagne, himself, sprang from a family whose ancestors were Belgic Gauls, and under this great monarch began the spread of Christianity among the Northern Teutons, whom the Friesons, the people of Holland, were the fiercest. It seems that the Friesons were brave fighters in their time, and had a passion for liberty. They declared they would never submit to the rule of a foreigner as long as the wind blew from the clouds or the sunlight fell upon their land, but the grand-father of Charlemagne, nevertheless, made some progress in bringing them into subjection and Charlemagne completed their conquest though they never suspected themselves other than free, for he was clever enough to leave them their own laws and customs, and only asked that their chiefs should act as his agents, and when he was engaged in war the chieftains should furnish him with men whom they themselves should command when fighting in his cause. They Friesons thus furnished the German monarchs with fighting men for nearly a hundred years, but after that time, the Franks, who had in the meantime been divided into a separate kingdom gained power over them. Indeed, I cannot tell you anything very definite of the story of Netherlands during this hundred years, further than that their country was a part of that strip known as Lorraine, and that it became the property of the princes considered as Germans, and that it remained in their keeping until a man arose who was stronghanded enough to seize it for himself.

It is remarkable how many strong-handed men there were in those times, and what a singular idea they had of the rights of other people, if indeed they had any idea at all of the claims of the weak upon their strength. I am afraid that the Christianity of Northern Europe in those days was only skin-deep, and that the ten commandments was not the law of the conduct of most of the people. The kings ruled by violent methods, and the great lords considered themselves as kings in their own territory, and imitated on a small scale the tyrannies of the monarch, and thought themselves valiant fellows, no doubt. Charles the Bald had a daughter named Judith, who, being a royal princess, was of course called beautiful, the most beautiful woman of her times, and she may have been for all that I can tell you, though the fact that all of the "most beautiful women" were princesses, or ladies of high degree, incline me to think that those who described them were influenced somewhat by the rank of the fair ladies, and anxious to gain the good-will of royal personages by making them out prodigies of beauty and intelligence. At all events, this fair princess Judith married Ethelwulf, the English king, and when he died, she came back to the kingdom of the Franks a widow, still young and lovely.

There was a bold baron, living on the borders of the Frankish kingdom, who saw the fair Judith and fell in love with her. With or without her consent, I can not say which, though I am inclined to believe that Judith was willing, he carried her off



from father her's dominions, and married her. This chieftain was a Belgic Gaul, and so valiant in war that Charles the Bald was afraid of him, but though he hated him most heartily, he dared not attempt to compel him to return his daughter, and reluctantly consented that he should keep his stolen bride, which the gallant Baldwin intended doing. Having secured his bride, Baldwin next compelled his father-in-law to grant him some lands, and to keep peace with his turbulent son-in-law, Charles granted him all the country between the Scheldt and the Somme rivers. This district was long known as Flanders, though it is now called Belgium, and Count Baldwin ruled it with a strong hand. He came into the possession of the lands of his French bride, about the year 864, and you will remember that soon afterward, the bold Northmen, of Denmark and Norway, began to find the lands to the southward, rich in plunder, and to sail away from their Viks every spring, and pillage till

winter closed their harbors with ice. The territory of Flanders was temptingly near them, and, of course, it was not spared; but they soon found that Count Baldwin was not a man with whom it was safe to meddle, and after some severe lessons at his hands, they concluded to leave him in peace.

In the course of time, Count Baldwin died, and as no other chief of his boldness arose in Flanders, to take his place, the Northmen swarmed upon the coast, and inflicted much suffering upon the unhappy Flemings, and for nearly a century the Netherlands was harried and pillaged by the Danes and Norsemen.

The people of the Netherlands had in reality no king at all, though they pretended to pay allegiance to the German or French princes. They were in reality subjected to numerous petty chieftains or lords, and there were constant quarrels and troubles that were not diminished by the influence of the priests, which increased as time went on. The priests constantly demanded lands, money and privileges which the Netherlands were not over-willing to grant them. The lords wanted service and taxes, and those, too, they were not willing to grant. Between the church and the lords there grew up a power that neither could successfully fight against, and this was the power of the commercial cities, that received charters from the emperors, and had the right to conduct their affairs in their own way.

The cities had unions of their different tradesmen and workmen, and no one could become a member of those unions without serving an apprenticeship of seven years. The reason of this was that since the towns were so much more free in most matters than the country districts under the rule of the lords or bishops, naturally enough the vassals of those dignitaries all had an inclination to run away and place themselves under the protection of the towns. Indeed, if they succeeded in living a year and a day as free-men in any of the chartered cities, their lords could never again claim service for them, and you may be sure the lords kept a close watch that they did not abandon their homes and seek the larger liberties of the cities.

Several great cities grew up in the Netherlands that had commerce with Britain and other countries, and enjoyed some prosperity. The power of the great churchmen in some of these cities was as marked as it was elsewhere in Europe, and they were



usually engaged in a quarrel or war with the princes of the German Empire, who held all of the Netherlands comprised in the territory of Lorraine, except only that portion that had been granted to Count Baldwin of Flanders.

These quarrels and struggles were so endless that nobody now has any interest in them, or patience to read their petty details, so I will not tell you of them. All of the European princes and churchmen in those days were constantly in a muddle upon some question of lands, or privileges, or taxes, and violence on the one side was met with violence on the other; treachery was paid back with treachery, and I am afraid that altogether the princes and bishops, the commoners and lords, were a violent and quarrelsome lot, always seeking their own interests.

One of these quarrels between a bishop and count, was important, and I will tell you of it. There was a city in Southern Holland named Dordrecht, which upon some maps of Holland is called Dort. The country about Dordrecht is now covered with water, and the city is surrounded by dreary salt marshes, but about eight hundred years ago the land about Dordrecht was protected from the water by dykes, and was a beautiful heavily-wooded island, called Holtland, or Holland, on account of its forests.

By the old laws of the Netherlands, made by the Friesans so long before the days of Charlemagne that they were considered especially sacred, the people, who reclaimed land from the rivers and the sea, held them in common, and in common enjoyed all of the benefits arising from its culture. The people, therefore claimed the island of Holtland, but there were several bishops who had estates along the Meuse and the Rhine, who coveted the island. They cared nothing for the ancient laws, and told the people so in plain words. Furthermore, they armed a force of their vassals, and took the land away from the people who had built the dykes that reclaimed it from the water.

At this time, a certain Count Thierry was the ruler of the western part of the mainland of North Holland, but the people who were of the ancient Friean and Saxon stock, would not have a Frank to rule over them, and drove him from the country. He had watched the progress of the bishops in their conquest of the island of Holtland, and concluded that he had certainly as good a right to it as they, and he therefore took refuge upon the island, built a strongly defended town, and settled down upon his new estates, as comfortably as though they were his own. The prince-bishops were filled with anger and astonishment, when they heard what Thierry had done. No doubt, they menaced him with the wrath of the church, but Thierry was not to be frightened. Finding this to be true, the bishops, who were usually better warriors than they were priests, united their forces and marched against Thierry, determined to destroy his town and to make him prisoner. By some means, Thierry learned of their intentions, and was so well prepared, that he not only defeated the forces of the bishops, but took the bishops, themselves, prisoners. In those days, when a prisoner of high degree was taken, he had the privilege of paying a certain sum of money for his freedom; but Thierry was a generous enemy, and instead of holding the bishops for this ransom, he treated them with the most polite hospitality, entertained them to the best of his ability, for several days, and then sent them back to their homes, escorted safely by his own men-at-arms.

The emperor of Germany, whose vassals these priests were, pretended to be greatly struck with the generosity of the Frankish count. The fact was, that the emperor of Germany was exceedingly jealous of his great church vassals, and was

secretly rejoiced that they had been defeated, but he did not think it exactly prudent to express his delight. Instead, he praised Thierry for his knightly courtesy, and to further humiliate the prince-bishops, though seeming to sympathize with them, he gave Thierry the island he had seized upon, to have and to hold forever, and to leave to his heirs. This gift did not make the bishops any more friendly in their feelings toward Thierry, and as for Thierry and his descendants, they were always the bitter foes of church tyranny, and were more than once successful in waging warfare against it.

The crusades were, as I have stated more than once, a blessing to all of Europe, in that new ideas were brought back from the far East that in after times bore rich fruit for civilization. They were a blessing to the Netherlands, in that they took to the far East, many of the turbulent lords and counts, who were always interfering in the affairs of the country. These lords, many of them died in Asia, and others remained there. The crusades took out of the country many of the men before employed in manufacture, for the Netherlanders had early won great fame as manufactureres of woolen stuffs and linens, and those who remained at home were blessed with as much work as they could perform, for which they received high wages, and thus wealth steadily grew and the manufactures increased amazingly. For a time also, the wars in Europe ceased and the people of the Netherlands took advantage of the temporary peace to found their commerce on a firm footing. England was to them the place where they received all of their supplies of wool, and as long as England was at peace with France they could receive their cargoes unmolested and return woven goods. The Lords of the Netherlands began to understand that their true interests were with the people who were building up the business of the country, and instead of plundering and taxing the unions of artisans and skilled laborers, and cities, they found themselves in a position that made it necessary to gain the friendship of both, or leave the country. The people of Holland had little patience with those of their lords who claimed a share in the manufactures of the country, and who insisted in interfering, in a way that hindered the commercial prosperity of the cities. They gave them fair warning to keep their hands off the industries, which they were striving to build up, and where this warning was unheeded, they attempted to drive both nobles and bishops out of the country. In many cases they were successful, and thus, they began the long struggle for their freedom which they waged with such bravery for many centuries, and which excites the sympathy and admiration of all liberty-loving persons, who read their story.

Finding that the cities were determined to rule by free charters, and that it was impossible to govern the free-spirited people of Holland with the lash of tyranny, which was mercilessly applied in those days, to all who showed the least disposition to timidity, the counts concluded that they would make the best of matters, and granted free charters to the cities. Once free to conduct their affairs in their own way, Holland became the chief commercial nation of northern Europe. The ships of Holland sailed to the far East, and the Islands of the Indian ocean, bringing back spices and other things, and wealth flowed into the coffers of the burghers of the city and into the strong-boxes of the corporations.

The cities soon became like little republics, and all the Netherland chartered towns soon began to take counsel together, regarding the matters that were to their mutual interest, though they were often quarreling with one another, and the guilds of the cities were often riotous enough, and quarreled and fought with other guilds





Flemish Costumes

in a ruinous manner. All this time, though, the Netherlanders did not trust the churchmen, and would not permit them to govern them, as they governed many other European communities, they paid much attention to religion. They built splendid churches, and performed all of their pious duties. Among their other great and absorbing interests, they did not forget to encourage the fine arts and education, and at the time that Italy was becoming famed for its painters, Holland had a school of fine arts where famous pictures were created.

I have told you something, in the story of France, of the story of Burgundy, and how its dukes were mixed up with different affairs in France, more or less to their credit, and how one of the dukes of Burgundy was murdered by the crown-prince of France, in the year 1419. When this duke was killed, the heir to his estates, was a young man, who, in some manner, gained the name of Philip the Good, though Philip of Burgundy, was anything but good, according to the modern standard of righteousness. This Burgundian duke was very rich. He not only inherited from his father the duchy of Burgundy, but Flanders, in the Netherlands, had descended to him through the alliance of his house with that of Baldwin, of Flanders, and Artois had also come to him through inheritance. Seeing how important, a hold on the great commercial provinces of the Netherlands, would be to him and his descendants, and how it would increase his wealth and power, Philip the Good purchased the county of Namur, in the Netherlands, from its feudal owner, and finding that there was a chance of winning Brabant, he boldly declared himself its feudal lord, and usurped the privileges that went with that dignity. He had a young cousin, named Jacqueline, who was the heiress of Holland, Zealand, and Hainault Friesland, and several other counties in the Netherlands. Philip succeeded in having himself made guardian of the lady, with the consent of the sovereign, and when he had possession of her person, he robbed her of all her lands, and was thus, the real monarch of a territory, stretching from the Alps to the German ocean, and the over-lord of seventeen of the richest provinces of the Netherlands.

Having thus won power through fraud, Philip had no tenderness for the people over whom he had gained authority, and no mercy upon them or their institutions. The cities had reached the height of their prosperity, and their chartered liberties were dear to them. True, they were not quite independent. The sovereign had his place in their counsels, as did their over-lord, but the authorities of the cities held them in check, and always made the interest of the burghers, their chief consideration, by representing to the king, how any blow aimed at their industries, was aimed at their own, and his interests, as well. The cities of Holland would never have given Philip the Good their allegiance, had he not solemnly promised to maintain the liberties of the cities. When he had the force at his command to compel the allegiance of the burghers, whether they would or no, Philip told them that they might consider his oaths, as so much idle wind, unless he saw fit to solemnly renew them, which it is needless to say that he did not.

The English and the Dukes of Burgundy made common cause, and after the battle of Agincourt, they were firm friends. The English Duke of Bedford married

Philip's sister, and the alliance of Burgundy and England against France seemed a good thing for the Flemish burghers. England was the source of the supply of wool, and the commerce of the country depended largely upon the friendship of the English merchants.

Philip was exceedingly wroth when the Duke of Bedford, after the death of his Burgundian wife, sought the hand of a Flemish heiress, for it was not upon the programme that the English should come into possession of any part of Flanders, and when Bedford was successful, and Gloucester, his brother, sought the hand of another Flemish heiress, it began to seem to Philip that it would be wise for him to make an alliance with the king of France against the English, and he accordingly did so. Long before this time the English had gained Calais, as you will remember in reading the story of France, and in the year 1436 Philip determined to lay siege to Calais, for from that place the English could enter both France and Flanders. He ordered the fleet of Holland to close the port of Brabant and took fourteen thousand Flemish troops and surrounded Calais on the land side. The Holland fleet did not act promptly. The English strengthened their force in Calais, and finally made a sally and drove the Flemings away. Philip was heartily disgusted and raised the siege.

The Flemings were enraged at the conduct of Philip, who had lost them the friendship of the English, to no purpose. They revolted against him and he was compelled to blockade Bruges, which was the center of the revolution. After a siege in which twenty thousand of the burghers of Bruges starved to death, and the commerce of the city was for the time ruined, Philip subdued them. He had some trouble with Ghent afterwards, when he attempted to impose some unreasonable taxes upon the city, and did not succeed in bringing the burghers to terms until after four years of war.

Thus the liberties of the Netherlands commenced to be imperiled, and Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, whose story I have told you, pillaged the Netherlands for the means of fighting Louis XI., and because the cities were jealous of one another, succeeded in making himself the virtual master of all the cities of the Netherlands. He taxed them most unmercifully, and the lords to whom he gave the control of the various committees, acting under his orders and in his interest, nearly destroyed their commerce. I have told you elsewhere how this brave, head-strong, passionate duke quarreled with the Swiss and determined to enslave them, as he had already enslaved the Netherland cities, and how the Swiss were victorious in the contest with him, and he lost his life.

Louis XI. was eager to claim the Netherlands, but the people had no confidence in him. They allowed Mary the Fair to marry gallant Maximilian, and he was able to defend her rights in the Netherlands. They made a few conditions binding upon Mary, and one of these was, that henceforth only natives of the Netherlands should hold office. They declared that their commerce was being ruined by the interference of foreigners in the affairs of their cities, for these foreigners did not govern in the interest of the natives, but in the interest of the foreign lords or sovereigns as opposed to theirs.

Mary granted them a charter called the "Great Privilege," which was really a constitution giving the Netherlanders that liberty which they loved. This constitution was just and wise. It provided, for the establishment of a Great National Council and a Supreme Court in Holland, for the rights of the cities to hold diets or assemblies whenever they saw fit, that no new taxes should be placed upon the



country without the consent of the estates, that no war should be undertaken in which the Netherlands should be compelled to fight without the consent of the representatives from the different provinces that the language of the people, instead of the language of France and Germany, should be used in state business, that the State should regulate the currency, and that when the sovereign desired money, instead of robbing the people as heretofore, he should come before the Council and state his needs, and that no citizen should be punished without a fair trial.

This constitution caused Holland much blood and treasure to maintain, but after a war of fifty years with the successors of Mary of Burgundy, it was at last established.

When Maximilian's Burgundian wife died, five years after their marriage, Max wanted very much to rule the Netherlands in the name of his young son Philip. I am sorry to tell you that Max did not deal fairly with the Flemish burghers. He attacked the cities, one by one, and subdued them and he involved the country in constant war until Philip of Flanders, as he is called in history, came to the age of seventeen and demanded to be made sovereign of the Netherlands. Philip would not sanction the Great Privilege, but the states did not feel themselves in a position to fight for their rights and made him their ruler, all except Friesland, who would not yield. The Frieslanders chose the Duke of Saxony for their ruler, and after a time this Duke sold Friesland to the Emperor of Germany, and it came under the cruel rule of the House of Hapsburg.

In the story of Spain, we have seen how Philip the handsome of Flanders married the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, that unhappy princess Jane, whom he never loved and treated with coldness that drove her weak mind to madness. We have seen, too, how after the death of Isabella, of Spain he was made joint proprietor of the splendid possessions of Isabella, and how when his son Charles came to the throne of Spain he inherited the greatest empire upon the earth. The Reformation had begun to spread over Europe during the reign of Charles and he had done all in his power to check it. He had fought the Saxon Lutherans and was continually demanding money of the Netherlands to carry on wars in which they had no sympathy whatever. Dutch and Flemish commerce, at this time, was very great and the cities were rich and prosperous, but they hated to see the money that they had amassed in trade poured out in useless wars and were little disposed to grant what Charles desired. They were the leading manufactures, traders, and farmers of the world, and though they had been compelled to give up the "Great Privilege," they still had more liberty than was common at that day, and ruled by their own parliament or States Council, giving their hereditary allegiance to the crown of Spain. The Netherlands hated the Spaniards heartily. They considered them a lazy shiftless lot, while the Spaniards returned the hatred because they had the idea that it was exceedingly vulgar to work for a living, or engage in commerce and the Netherlands had no interest in anything else. Moreover the Netherlands had examined the doctrines of Luther, and had accepted the Reformation and this could not be tolerated by Charles. He introduced the inquisition into the Lowlands, but the more he opposed the Reformation there, the wider it spread.

When Philip II. came to the throne of Spain, Germany and the Netherlands, the people knew that they could expect no mercy. Charles had been more lenient with them than they could expect his son to be, for Charles was born in Flanders,

and understood the Netherland character somewhat, but Philip II. was a haughty Spaniard with a contempt for his Netherland subjects and their pursuits, and with a cruel disposition and a tyrannical spirit. Charles had trampled on their rights and practiced great cruelties, but Philip was ten fold more heartless than his father, and the Netherlanders knew it. Nevertheless, he swore to maintain all the rights of the cities and there was nothing for them to do but grant him the sovereignty.

The princes of Nassau had been greatly trusted by all of the members of the house of Burgundy, and Charles V. had educated William of Nassau, also called William of Orange, and he had passed his entire youth in his household. This William, also known in history as The Prince of Orange, was a man with a steadfast, loyal soul, who, when he thought that a certain course was right, would pursue it at all hazards. He was a Catholic, but he did not believe in persecuting the Protestants. He loved the Netherlands, and was loyal to his king. After the abdication of Charles, Philip II. made his half-sister, Margaret of Parma, his regent in the Netherlands. Margaret was a strong-minded woman, but not a very good tempered one, as she was troubled with the gout. Margaret made William of Orange one of her advisers. It was William who helped arrange a treaty with France, and while he was in that country as a hostage, while the treaty was under consideration, he learned from the king, how he and Philip II., had determined to massacre all the Protestants in France and the Netherlands, not so much on account of their religion, but because the Protestants were the determined foes of tyranny, and had ideas of liberty that he and Philip had decided to crush out. William was horrified at this contemplated cruelty, but he had the good sense to completely hide his feelings, and say nothing, and thus gained the name of William the Silent.

When William returned to the Netherlands, he made up his mind that all Spanish troops must be sent out of the country, for he knew that Philip would rely on these soldiers to trample upon the liberties of the Netherlands. There were four thousand of these Spanish troops, and relying upon them to put down all opposition, Philip appointed fourteen new bishops, as the first step in crushing the Protestants. Both bishops and soldiers were a great and needless expense to the cities, and as the charters of most of the cities provided that the ruler could not increase the number of the clergy without their consent, and other charters declared that foreign troops could not be maintained among them, without theirs, they applied to Philip, headed by William and others, and requested him to observe the laws of the land.

Many of the Flemish nobles signed a solemn agreement to resist the inquisition, but William did not. He did not wish that Philip should suspect him, but he set spies to watch the Spanish king, and soon possessed all his secrets.

The nobles appealed to Margaret of Parma, and she promised all that they asked without the smallest intention of performing it, but to gain time. One of her counsellors called the nobles "beggars," and when his remark was repeated to them they declared that they would henceforth call themselves beggars, and Margaret and Philip should learn to respect the name.

More than two thousand persons were members of the league that had petitioned Margaret to give them liberty, and many of them were princes, devout Catholics, but who thought it horrible to burn people at the stake, boil them in oil, torture them on the rack, or kill them in any of the thousand brutal ways devised by the inquisition, because they dared to differ from the Pope. Some of the unhappy Netherlanders had lost their lives, because they were suspected of reading the Bible in their own



houses, or owning copies of Calvin's books or Luther's doctrines, but the Netherlanders were liberal, even those who were Catholics, and hated tyranny most heartily.

Philip gained the time that he wanted and sent into the Netherlands a man who was so bloodthirsty that he has been called a "human tiger," but I doubt whether any tiger, no matter how ferocious, would destroy as many men and women as did this bloody-minded duke. His name was Alva, and he was accounted

one of the most famous soldiers in Europe. He had orders from Philip to destroy every Netherlander who resisted him, or made any criticism of Philip's policy, and as his soldiers numbered ten thousand, and were almost as cruel as their commander, it may be imagined with what terror they were soon regarded in the Netherlands. William of Orange, Prince of Nassau, was declared a traitor by this duke, for Philip had discovered that he was in sympathy with the Netherlanders, but William kept out of the way of the Spanish army, and its general could not arrest him and kill him, as he did two other patriots who were famous in their country for their love of liberty.

William succeeded in getting a little army together, and with the small forces that he had did not fear to risk battle with Alva. He was defeated, and for two years was a fugitive and a wanderer. He had married a Protestant wife, and had boldly acknowledged that he was a champion of the Reformation, and this further incensed Philip. The Spanish king actually condemned the whole Protestant population of the Netherlands to death, and Alva established a sort of court where innocent persons were daily dragged for trial, and condemned to the most horrible form of torture. In vain William tried to make peace between the Netherlands and Spain; then he retired into Germany, where he had some good friends, and awaited an opportunity to aid his distressed countrymen.

In Flanders, Alva crushed out the Reformation, but he fell into difficulties himself, for Elizabeth of England had been concerned over the plight of the Protestants in the Netherlands, and had sent some of her bold seamen out to take the Spanish treasure-ships, upon which Alva depended for the payment of his soldiers.

When the treasure-ships did arrive, Alva saw that he must pay his troops or they would refuse to obey him, so he called upon the cities to grant him money and levied ruinous taxes upon them. At the same time he made a plot with Philip to have Elizabeth killed, for Philip II. was an assassin by nature, and stopped at no crime that would ensure the outworkings of his plans.

These affairs of Alva made him unpopular, while the friends of William daily gathered strength, and at the time when Alva's fortunes seemed well nigh desperate, the "Beggars of the Sea," as the patriots who had formed a navy called themselves, captured a city on the coast that was very important on account of its position, and



SWISS PERSAITS

fortified themselves strongly there. The Hollanders were famous sailors, and they were too free-spirited ever to think, for a moment, of yielding to the cruel Alva. They threw off the Spanish yoke, as did the cities of Zealand, and made William their governor, though in the name of Philip of Spain, for they still thought that the cruelties, that were being practiced upon their countrymen, were from Alva, and did not, or would not, believe that their ruler had commanded him to perform such deeds.

Maximilian II., of Germany, remonstrated with Philip upon the course he was taking in the Netherlands, and tried to show him how he was ruining the only people that were of value to Spain. Philip had found that he was now sadly in lack of money, although we wonder what he did with the thousands upon thousands of gold that he wrung from the unhappy Indians of the New World, who were compelled to labor in the mines of Mexico and South America. There are those who declare that he spent millions in bribing certain persons, in the Courts of France and England to do evil work for him, and that he had not sense or judgment enough to choose his tools rightly, and after they had drained his purse, they ended by betraying him. He kept armies on land and navies on the sea, and they cost him immensely, and Spain was so impoverished, because none of the people would engage in trade or agriculture, that all the wealth, that was brought into the country, was paid out again at once, and the merchants of France, England, and even of the hated Netherlands, profited by Spain's wealth, more than Spain did. It is even said that the thrifty Hollanders sold Philip the very supplies that were used against themselves, and drove quite hard bargains, and kept the war going as long as possible, though I can hardly vouch for the truth of that.

William of Orange, was finally declared by Philip II. a man who had committed the unpardonable sin of disagreeing with his sovereign, and sympathizing with his oppressed countrymen. He replied in a letter, which he sent to all of the princes of Europe, in which he related all of the cruelties and tyrannies inflicted upon the Netherlands by Alva. Then he gathered a new army, which he divided into three parts, and for seven years, by land and sea, the brave Beggars of Holland fought the Spaniards. Elizabeth of England, wanted very much to help the Netherlands, but she thought it rather a dangerous thing to give support to people who were in revolution against their rulers. After much hesitation she did send Leicester and Sydney with some troops into Holland, but I am afraid they did not accomplish much, for Leicester was what was then called a "carpet knight," and was much more at home in the palace of Elizabeth, amusing her with his witty sayings, and wooing, for he was in love with her, than in fighting against the Spaniards. The women of Holland, in this long struggle, often went into battle by their husband's sides, and fought side by side with them. They learned to bear the fatigues of camp and marches, like the heroines that they were, and I am inclined to think, that many and many a time, when the hope of liberty seemed to be forever lost, these noble women encouraged the men to renew their efforts, and cheered them with their counsel.

The Spaniards were often victorious, for their forces were larger than those of the Beggars. In the course of the war, Philip had tried to bribe William to desert the cause of liberty, but he could not do it, and finding that he was loyal, determined to murder him. It was then that he declared him an outlaw, and tried to have him assassinated. In the meantime, Alva had been re-called, for he was so hard upon the Netherland provinces that had submitted to Spain,



and renounced the Reformation, that they were being impoverished. Alva had caused the death of nearly nineteen thousand Protestants, all of whom had been condemned by his Council, and he went back to Spain laden with riches. He was laden too, with the curses of the oppressed Netherlands, but that troubled him little. He died in his bed a hoary sinner of four and seventy, and Don John of Austria, the half-brother of the cruel Philip II. was sent to the Netherlands. Don John gained many victories in the Netherlands, and as he died suddenly, at the height of his fame, it was darkly hinted, at the time, and is almost certain now, that Philip caused him to be poisoned out of jealousy over his successes. Then the son of Margaret, of Parma, Alexander Farnese, one of the most clever generals of his time, a man who had no desire but to obey his king and subdue Spain's enemies, came to the Netherlands, and the patriots suffered much from him, but they were destined to be victorious, though true-hearted William of Orange was not to live to see it. He accepted the rule of Holland in his own name, in 1581, and two years later, after five attempts had been made upon his life, one of which had nearly proven fatal, he was shot and killed by a man hired to do the deed by the Spanish king. The murderer was cruelly tortured to death, but Philip II. gave his friends the money and the titles he had promised to any one that would relieve him of William of Orange.

It would be useless for me to try and relate to you even a portion of the story of this long war, but I must tell you how, upon one occasion, the city of Leyden had been long besieged, and had for three months suffered all the pangs of famine, the Prince of Orange, who was the leader of the patriot forces, determined to cut the dykes, and with his fleet, sail to the city gates, and carry food to the brave burghers surrounded by the Spanish army. The grain was standing abundant but unripened in the fields, and with much sorrow the people of Leyden saw the waters of the sea engulf their fertile farms. The Spaniards were compelled to retreat before the waters, and when the fleet of the Prince of Orange was known to be on the way with food, the people were reconciled to the destruction of their property.

An east wind sprang up, which stranded the fleet for the time, and the half-starved, desperate citizens gathered around the Burgomaster, or Mayor, clamoring that he should either feed them, or surrender to the Spaniards. The brave man answered that he had taken an oath never to surrender his beloved city to the cruel Spaniards, and, offering his sword to the murmurers, bade them slay him, and devour his body to satisfy their hunger. Put to shame by the courage of the Burgomaster, the people waited in patience. A northwest gale began to blow, and over the submerged fields and meadows, two hundred ships sailed, carrying relief to Leyden. At midnight, October 2, 1574, the Dutch fleet neared Leyden, but the Spanish fleet had sailed after them to intercept them, and near the tottering walls of the town, among the branches of orchard trees, was fought a naval battle, on land, that has few equals in the annals of war. The Spaniards were defeated. The very next day, a northeast gale swept the inundating waters back to the ocean, and the dykes were repaired. A yearly fair was instituted to commemorate the deliverance of Leyden, and its famous university was founded to mark the gratitude of the people. Soon after this, Calvinism was made the State religion of the seven provinces that had freed themselves from Spain and formed the Republic of the Netherlands.

William was murdered while Parma was still in the Netherlands, and it now seemed to the people of Europe, that Philip would certainly succeed in subduing the rebellious Netherlands. He had already, as I have told you, succeeded in Belgium.

The duke of Parma, Alexander Farnese, made himself the master of most of the cities of the Netherlands in a short time. Antwerp alone resisted, and there was no harbor in all the Netherland like that of Antwerp, and the Spaniards must make themselves the masters of Antwerp, before they could conquer Holland. Antwerp was a river port, and was protected from the sea by a great dyke. If Farnese should succeed in building a bridge across the Scheldt river, he could take the city, for while the Beggars were the superiors of the Spaniards upon the seas, they were no match for them upon the land.

The man who was in charge of the patriots of Antwerp, determined to cut the dyke, and let the sea submerge the neighboring land, so that the Beggars could defend the town, but there was great opposition from many of the burghers. They declared that Farnese could never build the bridge, and it was said to be wicked folly to spoil the meadows by letting the sea in upon them. Parma gathered his forces and began his bridge. Those who were at first anxious to prevent the cutting of the dyke, were then eager to have it done, but it was impossible, for the Spanish soldiers guarded it night and day, and the people of Antwerp were compelled to witness daily, the progress of the bridge, knowing that when the city fell, the Spaniards would pay themselves for all their labor.

There was a certain Italian in the city of Antwerp, who was a bitter enemy of Philip, because Philip had insulted him, and when the bridge was nearly done, he asked for some ships to make an attack upon it. They gave him two, and in the hulls of these vessels, he loaded about a thousand pounds of gunpowder. One of these mines was to be set off with a slow-match and the other by clockwork. The Spaniards saw the ships coming down upon them. The one that was to be set off with the match was lighted, but the match burned out. Thinking that the other was the same sort of a vessel, and that there was no danger, the Spaniards boarded it. When they were near the bridge, the clockwork set off the gunpowder, and a thousand Spaniards were killed. Antwerp fell, after a time, but its trade was ruined. Its capital and energy were removed to Amsterdam, and I only tell you the story of the fire-ships, to remind you of what a panic the ships of Philip's Armada were in, when they saw the fire-ships of Admiral Drake floating down upon them, and how they cried out "The Antwerp fire-ships; the Antwerp fire-ships;" and loosening their moorings, hastened to make escape, and were entangled and captured by the English.

Prince Maurice, the son of William of Orange, had all of the genius of his father and his grandfather, for that Saxon Maurice, who gave Charles V. so much trouble, was his mother's father. After Elizabeth died, James I., who was a Protestant, but a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and therefore considered the Dutch as rebels, could not be induced to aid them. Holland had no objection to continuing the war indefinitely, for now the Dutch were gaining vastly more than they were losing by the hostility of Spain. The enterprising and wealthy artisans and capitalists of Antwerp, Ghent and other Belgian cities, emigrated by the thousands to Amsterdam and the Hague, as well as to England and other countries, carrying their arts with them. Holland profited by this immigration more than did any other country, for her trade was already established. The merchants of Amsterdam had traded at Spanish ports, more or less, during the whole war, but now they established, with the consent of their government, the Dutch East India company, and sailing to the Islands of the East, they defeated the Spaniards at every point, and took their trade from them.



There was a man in Holland by the name of Linschoten, who did so much for the commerce of the country, and for education in the science of Geography, that I must tell you about him. It was he who made it possible for the Dutch to sail to the far East, for he made the first maps and charts of those waters and lands, that they possessed. The Spaniards and Portuguese kept their routes and discoveries, in the Indian Ocean, as nearly secret as possible, but Linschoten determined to learn those secrets. He went to Lisbon, and succeeded in having himself appointed to go to a Portuguese city in India, in the train of a Catholic Archbishop. He spent thirteen years in Bombay and while he was there, he learned all that he could about the country, its harbors, islands, trade-winds and other matters of importance to sailors and made maps and charts. His book was published in 1598 and made a great sensation in Holland. It had long been the belief in Europe that there was a North-east passage to China, and there was a legend dating back to the times of Herodotus which related that if the navigators of the northern waters could once pierce the barriers of ice and snow that lay in their way, in sailing to the North-east, they would come to a land where there was no winter, and the sea would be calm, and the waters blue and warm. The Hollanders were so stimulated by Linschoten's books, that they were eager to have him try to find this North-eastern passage to China. Linschoten believed there was such a passage, and he received the aid of some of the most influential statesmen of Holland, and in 1594, set out with two vessels from Amsterdam, to sail North-east, and thus reach the Pacific ocean. He visited the islands of Nova Zembla and made maps of them, but after sailing nearly two hundred miles farther, was overtaken by dreadful storms, and was compelled to return. When the adventurous mariners reached Amsterdam, they had some wonderful tales to relate of Polar bears, seals and walruses, and the appetite of the Dutch for discovery was rather whetted than dulled by the poor success of the expedition.

The very next year, Linschoten and others in command of seven ships, started out again to find the Northeast passage to China. This time they carried large cargoes of Dutch goods to exchange with the Chinese, so certain were they that they would reach China in safety. Of course they failed, and this discouraged the States General, as the government of Holland was now called, and it did not fit out any more expeditions, though it did offer prizes for any mariner who should make a worthy attempt, though he failed. At the same time they did not feel confident. In 1596 Barendz, who went with Linschoten on his first Arctic expedition, discovered Spitzbergen, and he and his companions passed ten months in the Arctic regions making observations which they afterwards published. They were surrounded by all sorts of hardships and many of them died from exposure. Their ship was frozen fast in the ice, and when the ice broke up they were unable to go again to sea in their vessel, which had been badly damaged, and in open boats started on the long and dangerous voyage back to Holland. Barendz died upon the way, and thus was begun, that long and tragic history of Arctic exploration which is still being written in the suffering of many daring navigators and scientist. At the same time, the Dutch attempted to reach the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, and the Indies by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, so you see they were almost as enterprising in the sixteenth century, as the Spaniards and Portuguese were in the days of Columbus.

Phillip II. was an old man, and poor, in spite of all his great possessions. He began to earnestly desire that the war with Holland should cease, so after some delay, a truce for twelve years was arranged with the States General, and by this

truth, Holland secured nearly everything for which it had so long contended. Spain still had a formal claim over Holland, and did not give it up until the end of the Thirty Years War of Religion; then it was obliged to declare Holland an independent Republic. The Netherlands of Belgium, were as intensely Roman Catholic as Spain itself, but the priests and bishops were not wealth-producers, and the artisans had been driven from the country in such great numbers, that it was long before it was again prosperous. Belgium, under the name of "The Spanish Netherlands," shared the falling fortunes of Spain, until the days of Napoleon; then it was made a kingdom dependent upon France.

The Dutch came out of the war for their independence, strong and prosperous. Their ships had sailed to the East Indies, and had beaten the Spanish and Portuguese out of the forts and towns they had erected on the various Spice Islands of the East, and Amsterdam had become the chief seaport of Europe. They sailed also to the west, in the later days of their struggle, and a Dutch West India Company had been as successful, in establishing a trade in the products of the west, as the Dutch East India Company had been in the east. The tillers of the soil had brought agriculture to a high state of perfection. They had taught Europe that scurvy, and kindred diseases, to which the people of nearly all the European countries, of the north, were subjected, by the lack of vegetable food in winter, might be avoided by the cultivation of the potato, turnip, and other winter roots. They had experimented with grains, until they knew exactly how they should be treated to ensure the largest crops, and had also learned that clover, and other grasses, might be converted into hay that kept the cattle in good condition, during the months when green herbage was not obtainable. They raised the best vegetables in their market gardens, and taught their neighbors all the arts of horticulture, and floriculture, which have been brought to such perfection in our own time.

The persecutions, in France and Belgium, had driven to Holland the best artisans of the times, and the manufactures of Amsterdam and other Dutch cities were enormous. In the arts and sciences Holland was no less progressive. In the seventeenth century more books were printed in Holland than in all the rest of the world together, and the University of Leyden was more celebrated than either that of Oxford or Paris. Holland taught Europe what laws should govern nations in their dealings with each other, and instructed them in that science of handling money to the best advantage, which we call financiering.

Holland made the best mathematical instruments, and the lapidaries, or jewel cutters and polishers of Amsterdam led the world, as indeed they do to-day. Amsterdam had a great bank which was famous all over Europe, and the Dutch were altogether, the most thriving and progressive people of the seventeenth century. They had their quarrels, among themselves, about religious creeds, and various sects persecuted each other shamefully, yet not so shamefully, nor for so long a time, as most of the other countries which had adopted the reformed religion.

Prince Maurice, of Orange, had an ambition to become king of Holland, and as a certain patriot, named Barneveldt, would have stood in the way of this enterprise, he managed to have him convicted of treason by the States General, and executed. In spite of his efforts the Dutch did not make him king, though they gave him the title borne by his illustrious father, "Stadtholder." He was succeeded by his brother Frederick Henry, in 1625, and he ruled so wisely that the States, in a fit of injudicious gratitude, made the office of Stadtholder hereditary in the House of Orange.



Frederick was an enlightened man, and under him Holland became the most tolerant nation of Europe. Even the Jews, so long persecuted, and who had, centuries before, found a refuge in Holland, from which they had been driven by the bigoted policy of Charles V. and Philip II., came back and found quiet homes in the cities of Holland, and their wealth and industry added much to the commercial prosperity of the country.

When the son of the Stadtholder, Frederick, who had been made the hereditary ruler of Holland under the constitution, was twenty-six years old, he was married to a daughter of Charles I., of England, and the first step was taken in the downfall of the Dutch republic, for England had long been jealous of her trade.

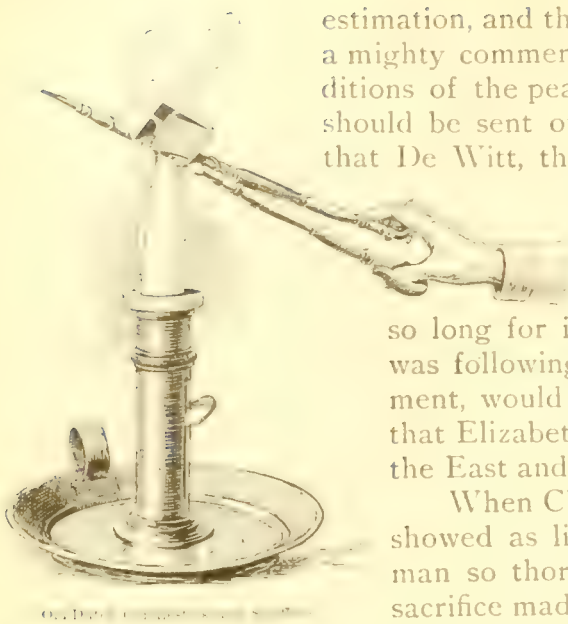
William II., Prince of Orange, was ambitious, and he desired, as Maurice had done, to make himself absolute ruler in Holland. There were still patriots in that country, and they resisted his pretensions with all their might, for there had been no intention of creating kings in Holland, when they made the office of Stadtholder hereditary in the House of Nassua. William II. dealt harshly with all who opposed him. His wife, the daughter of a king who lost his crown and his life for his tyranny, should have known better than to urge her husband on, but she, nevertheless, gave him bad advice, for she wanted to be queen. He tried to make himself the master of the military supplies at Amsterdam, and the burghers, roused at last, and seeing danger to their interests, warned him to be careful what he did, or they would cut the dykes, and lay the country under water. The Stadtholder was therefore obliged to give up his scheme of kingship, for the time, but he cherished it in secret. He died before affairs were in such a shape that he could renew his attempts upon the liberty of the people of Holland, and his little son, who was born after his death, was that Dutch Prince who became king of England, and enjoyed the throne. I daresay, as little as any king who ever sat upon it.

The States General, though they were Republican, had little sympathy with the attempts of the English to found a republic. The interest of the Stadtholder of Holland was, of course, with the House of Stuart, and the Dutch and the English hated each other right heartily, though both pretended, at the time, to love liberty. It seems that Charles Stuart was not only well entertained in Holland, but was supplied with most of the things that made life merry for him, and this alone was enough to make Parliament and the States General enemies, but this was not all. The States had protested against the execution of Charles I., for he was the father of their ruler's wife, but they had not interfered with force to prevent it. After this, a certain Dutch professor of the University of Cambridge, was sent to Holland by Cromwell upon State business. He was set upon in the streets of The Hague, the Dutch capital, and murdered by some of the Stuart sympathizers, and it was charged that the States General assisted the murderers to escape.

At all events, Cromwell thought he had sufficient cause for war, and there was much for England to gain by it, so war there was, and in the two years that it lasted, the Dutch suffered more, in the loss of trade and injury to their commerce, than they had suffered in all the years they were fighting Spain, and the worst was that they never regained what they lost. The English took from them the monopoly of the rich trade of the East, which they had so long enjoyed, and humbled them in their own



Hessian soldier.



estimation, and that of the rest of Europe, though Holland was still a mighty commercial nation when the war closed. One of the conditions of the peace that Cromwell made was that Charles Stuart should be sent out of Holland, and the other most galling all was that De Witt, the guardian of the young Stadtholder of Holland, was forced to pledge himself to prevent the young William from becoming hereditary Stadtholder of Holland.

It seems strange that a Republic which fought so long for its own liberty should be so jealous of another that was following in its footsteps, but Holland, for all its enlightenment, would have seen England wrecked, in spite of the fact that Elizabeth had aided them, rather than lose their trade with the East and West Indies.

When Charles Stuart came to the throne of England, he showed as little gratitude as might have been expected from a man so thoroughly bad and selfish. He had accepted every sacrifice made for him in his banishment, as a matter of course, and as a part, perhaps, of his "divine right." To the Dutch, who had been his firm friends, he turned a cold shoulder, and irritated them in every possible way.

He sold Dunkirk, which, as you know, is a port in the Netherlands, to the King of France, their enemy, and would have joined Spain against them, if he had dared. When his sister died, she left the interests of her son in his hands, and willed that he should take charge of his education, but Charles refused, and for that the Dutch have something to thank him. Perhaps, had he been able to look into the future, he would have done otherwise, but there was nothing then to indicate that the little Prince of Orange was one day to hurl the House of Stuart from its height, and seat himself upon their throne.

Charles after awhile actually contemplated war against the Dutch, and his Parliament granted him the money to do so, but he spent it in having the merry times for which he is celebrated in history, and the Dutch revenged themselves by ravaging the English coast.

The Dutch had made war against Portugal in the Indies, and Charles, as you will remember, married the daughter of the Portuguese king for her money, and commanded the Dutch to give back all they had taken from the Portuguese under pain of his displeasure. Meanwhile the young Prince of Orange was growing up under the guardianship of DeWitt, and I am afraid that in spite of his great qualities, he was somewhat cold, and did not esteem either of the DeWitts, for there were two brothers, and both were loyal patriots. The DeWitts were able and intelligent men, and they distrusted the House of Orange, and all the more, on account of the Stuart blood that was now mixed with it. There was nothing in the character of William that warned them that he had his father's ambition, but was more patient and crafty.

For twenty-two years John DeWitt governed the affairs of Holland wisely, but when he was on the point of defeat, in his struggle against Louis XIV., he was murdered, as was also his virtuous and patriotic brother Cornelius, and William III. was made hereditary Stadtholder. This prince had watched the course of events, and though young and inexperienced, he had the genius of his ancestor, William the



Silent, and the good of Holland was his chief desire. He withstood Louis XIV. most gallantly, and by his skill in that art called statecraft, made the other princes and potentates of Europe understand in what danger their power was placed by the unbridled ambition of the French king.

He could not restore what Holland had lost, and bent all of his energies to preserving what remained. He married the daughter of the Duke of York, for the "Merry Monarch" had no legal children, and when his wife's father became King of England, as James II., he saw his way to ensure to Holland peace with that country by becoming its king.

We have already learned of the events leading up to the Revolution in England, and the establishment on the English throne of the Protestant monarchs, who still reign over that country, and it is needless to repeat them here.

From that time, as long as William III. lived, he was obliged to fight the ambitious plans of the French king, as regarded both Holland and England. After the death of William, came that War of the Spanish Succession, of which I have told you. Out of this disastrous war Holland came crippled, and in decline. It was heavily in debt, and its commerce was gradually being supplanted by that of England. The Dutch were ill-used by Anne and the Georges, and were drawn into all sorts of disastrous political quarrels. The Stadtholderate was still vested in the Princes of the House of Orange, but they had little power, and some of them even had little inclination to protect their country.

When England gained the mastery of the seas, she was just as unreasonable and haughty toward the Dutch as toward any other nation, and the piracies and seizures of Dutch vessels at last drove the people to join the Armed Neutrality of 1780, which Catherine of Russia formed, and which was joined by all of the principal nations of Europe. The English were greatly incensed that the Dutch should dare believe, after two hundred years of oppression, that they had any rights whatever, and declared war upon Holland. For three years the war was carried on, the Stadtholder being in open sympathy with England, and then peace was made which was anything but advantageous to Holland.

The States General were humiliated, and set to work to limit the power of their Stadtholder. This brought about a civil war in 1787 which resulted in another defeat for Holland for the Stadtholder was victorious over the States General. The patriots gladly welcomed the French in 1794, drove their hated Stadtholder out of the country, and Napoleon made Holland a kingdom with Belgium added to it, and by the treaty, nearly all of her dependencies were recovered. Yet the glory of the Dutch was gone. Their commerce was but a shadow of what it had been, their famous bank of Amsterdam had been wrecked by speculation, in the ventures of the Dutch East India Company, their resources squandered in vain struggles. Louis Napoleon was made their king, but after three year of effort to restore the prosperity of the country, efforts thwarted by the tyranny of Napoleon, he gave up the crown rather than longer be the instrument of despotism, and Napoleon annexed the Netherlands to France.

Napoleon's policy filled the Netherlands with misery, and in 1813 when there were fully ten thousand French soldiers in the fortresses that might be hurled upon them, less than a thousand Dutchmen boldly proclaimed the Prince of Orange and the freedom their country. This little force formed the nucleus of an army, poorly armed and equipped it is true, but filled with patriotism. They expected help from

England, and when a single Englishman, dressed in military uniform, landed in the Hague and showed himself every where, such extravagant stories reached the French about the English, who were coming against them, that they retreated from the Hague. The Hollanders invited back their exiled Stadtholder to become their king. He accepted, and was made the ruler of the Netherlands with an army to support his authority in 1814. The army of the Netherlands played a valiant part in the overthrow of Napoleon, and when the treaty of Paris was made, the independence of the United Kingdom of Holland and Belgium was fully ratified.

Holland is still the home of industry, manufactures and the arts. Under the long peace she has enjoyed since the downfall of Napoleon, her commerce has considerably revived, and in the arts of horticulture, floriculture, and many manufactures requiring the nicest skill, the people of the Netherlands lead the world. Belgium has recently made a long stride toward free government, and it is not unlikely that in our own times, the Republic of the Netherlands may be restored, for even a constitutional monarchy is opposed to the free spirit of this brave and remarkable nation.

## ✧AUSTRIA.✧

**I**N THE story of Germany, I told you the most important events in the history of Austria, from the time Arnulph, of Carinthia, (and you will see by a reference to the map, that Carinthia is a province of Austria) became the emperor of Germany, until Napoleon overthrew the great empire that had stood for more than a thousand years. Austria was weakened by its many struggles with him, but it still retained a remnant of power. You know that Charlemagne was the real founder of the Austrian empire, and the Austrians, amid the bitterness of their sorrow over their defeat, could yet pride themselves on the fact, that only a man with the genius of the founder of the empire had been able to destroy it.

I do not think that you would be interested in reading the story of how Austria, in the years that it had been under the rule of the Emperor of the House of Hapsburg, conquered, one by one, the nations on the eastern side of the Danube, and those on its western side, who were not under its rule when the empire was founded. One of these nations, the Huns, we have heard much of. During the days of Henry, The Fowler, they harrassed the German empire dreadfully, and as you will doubtless remember the account of how Henry succeeded in ridding himself of them, I will not repeat it. As time went on, these Huns, by contact with the people about them, through the influence of their surroundings, and especially by the adoption of Christianity, with all of its civilizing powers, became so different from Attila, the Scourge of God, that we hardly recognize them as having any relationship to him, as they used to claim. Indeed, there are many historians who declare that the Hungarians or Magyars, as they are now usually called, were not descended from those Hunnish tribes that filled all Europe with alarm in the days of Charles Martel, but that they are of the same blood as the ancient inhabitants of Ireland and Finland, and the early people of Sweden and Norway.

These Hungarians conquered much of the country lying east of the Danube, on the borders of Russia, and are those of whom you have read, as Pannonians. They had their own kings, who were hated and feared by those of the Franks and Italians,



as well as of the Germans, and exercised a strong power upon other nations. These kings kept the Turks in check, and Hungary was long a barrier between Christian and Moslem Europe, for you know that the Mohammedan Turks under Zenghis Khan, conquered Russia, and threatened western Europe for centuries. At length Hungary, like Bohemia, Transylvania, and other provinces that now make up Austria, was incorporated into the empire, and many of the wars of Germany, in the old days, were upon the account of the struggles of these people to free themselves. When Catherine of Russia succeeded in her designs upon Poland, a part of that country, too, became a province of the empire, and Austria, after the success of Napoleon, was exceedingly weak, because, instead of ruling over a single nation, all of the same blood, manners, customs, religion and language, the emperors of Austria had a country much like that doubtful product of modern art-needle work, which is known as a "crazy quilt." Every little piece of the fabric differed in size, shape, and everything else, from all the rest, and the chance, or rather the conquests, that made them one, was very unfortunate, for neither the empire nor themselves were any happier for it, though the taxes wrung from the people was so dear to the Austrian emperors, that they would not relinquish these countries and allow them their own independent kings. The Bohemians, and Hungarians were the principal sufferers, and beside hating the empire, they hated one another quite heartily. In the southern part of the empire there are many provinces that are of Slavonic origin, and over all these people, after the separation of the German confederation from the empire, the Emperor, Francis I., aided by Prince Metteanich, ruled with great severity. He was not as much of a tyrant as the Czar of Russia, for he loved his country dearly, and he had the idea that since France had been through so much trouble on account of the desire of its people for freedom, he would crush out any such notion that might appear among his own subjects. Austria still held some show of authority in Italy, beside its rule over these people whom I have mentioned, and in Italy there was a general desire that the glimpse of liberty which Napoleon had opened up by the establishment of those brief-lived Republics across the Alps, in their midst, should grow into a national life, and that they too, should have their own kings. Venice showed some symptoms of this spirit, and was promptly punished, and in 1848 the hope of freedom from Austria seemed dim in Italy.

The revolution in Paris in that year shook all Europe. Francis I. had been dead thirteen years, and his son, Ferdinand, sat upon the throne of Austria at the time, but he inherited the severe spirit of his father, without his generosity, had no belief in a Constitution, and thought highly of the divine right of kings. In Austria, as in Germany, there were many of the students of the universities that had discussed the affairs of the country for a long time, but they had always ended by drinking a great deal of beer, and smoking a prodigious amount of tobacco from their huge pipes, and though firm in the conviction that things were going all wrong, they had not the boldness to attempt to suggest, to the emperor, some of their own ideas of government.

When these students learned of the success of several of the German states, and of France, in 1848, to gain a constitution, they determined to ask that Austria should be allowed popular government too. It was about the middle of March, that year, when the assembly that attended to the affairs of Lower Austria, came together at Vienna to transact their accustomed business, which related largely to taxes, and the affairs of the emperor in those states. When they had been in session about half an



hour, there was a great uproar heard in the streets, and before they could collect their scattered wits and ask one another what was the matter, the doors of the chamber were thrown open and a vast mob of students and citizens came in. Certain members of the procession had been given the duty of stating what the people wanted, and they told the assembly in a very few words what was expected of them. These words were well chosen, and so great was their influence on the law-makers, that they agreed to march at the head of the procession of students and citizens, and lay their claims for reform in the government, before the Emperor.

At the noon hour the procession took its way to the palace, and there was great excitement throughout all Vienna, and most of the people were out in the streets talking with their neighbors, and wondering how matters would end. The hours passed on and the procession did not return. All sorts of wild stories

were whispered, and when at four o'clock, those who had been admitted into the palace had not re-appeared, the people began to grow angry, and to hoot and yell, and even to throw stones at the soldiers who were called out to keep the peace. These soldiers were commanded by a royal prince, arch-duke Albert, and he was not disposed to be patient. He ordered them to fire into the crowd. They did so, and several innocent persons were killed.

This unprovoked murder made the Viennese very angry, and the soldiers declared that they would not fire again upon the citizens, who were their own friends and relatives. Some of them opened the arsenals, where the arms and ammunition of the emperor were kept, and invited the people to help themselves, and they were not slow in obeying. Prince Metternich, who was the adviser of the emperor, as he had been of his father, is said to have cautioned him to stand firm, but Ferdinand felt that he could not do so. He promised all that the people wished, granted them a constitution, and declared that he would reform everything that needed reforming. This constitution lasted but twenty days, and then there was another street riot, and a demand for some other reforms, which was granted, and a new constitution was given.

In the month that followed, there was a revolt in Bohemia, and a demand there for a new constitution from the people, who, though under the dominion of Austria, and a province of the empire, had their own law-makers. The emperor, who had fled with his family to the Tyrol, the day the second constitution was granted, sent one of the princes to promise to the Bohemians all that they asked. In Hungary, the revolution had occurred almost at the same time that it had taken place in Vienna, and the Hungarians had made a wise constitution that the emperor sanctioned. All seemed plain sailing, but there were sad storms ahead. The students of Vienna could talk boldly enough, but when it came to ruling the affairs of the country, and settling matters so that they should be orderly and quiet, they showed that they were not fit for the task.



Vienna was in an uproar, and it was partly upon that account that the emperor had gone to the Tyrol. The uproar became greater and greater, as time went on, and the business of the city began to suffer seriously. The people had no grievance against the emperor, and were not ready for a republic. They pleaded with him to come back. He at first refused, but finally he did so. Louis Kossuth, and several other brave Hungarians, came to the emperor now, for the purpose of having him give their constitution his formal sanction, for they had only his word that he approved it. The emperor pretended to be very willing to oblige them, but at the same time, he was secretly at work, stirring up all of the Slavonian people of the south against Hungary by telling them that the Hungarians, who had included them in their constitution, had been unfair to them, and soon he had all the southern provinces by the ears, and all angry and jealous of Hungary. It was then that the emperor sent a large Austrian army to the south, to aid the little states against Hungary.

The people of Bohemia took advantage of a time when there was a great gathering of the Slavic races at Prague, to ask the emperor to ratify their constitution, which his agent had approved, but the emperor felt that he was now strong enough to oppose constitutional government for Bohemia, for the Austrians of German birth were ready to crush the Bohemians, if the emperor desired it. Instead of granting the demands of the Bohemians, the emperor sternly refused. Of course the Bohemians revolted, but the emperor sent an overwhelming army against them, and crushed out the revolt with great cruelty.

The Hungarians had, as yet, raised no army, but when the forces of the Emperor, under a cruel general began to ravage the southern provinces, burning and slaying, they bestirred themselves. This general allowed his soldiers to do such horrid deeds that the Turks, who have always been considered the most brutal fighters in Europe, were disgusted. The Austrian soldiers cut off the fingers and ears of women, and exposed them, with the jewels for which they had done the deeds, in the market-places for sale. They burned villages, killed peasants, slew women and children, and committed all sorts of outrages. The Hungarians sent ambassadors to the emperor, but they were contemptuously dismissed, and he refused to listen to any protest that they made regarding the depredations of the Austrians upon the unhappy people. The Hungarians then took a bold step. They appointed Kossuth as President of a Committee of Safety, which was to provide for resistance to the Austrians and the protection of the constitution. A proclamation of the emperor came soon afterwards, appointing an Austrian commander of the Hungarian forces, and as this general, who was actually sent to Pesth was murdered by the indignant Hungarians, he dissolved their assembly, against the laws of the new constitution, and made no pretense of keeping his sworn word with the Hungarians. The cruel Austrian general came on from the south and took a Hungarian city.

Kossuth was busy while this army was on the march toward Hungary, in getting together material for the defense of his beloved country. He was made governor, with power to do as he thought best, and traveled about from city to city; set foundries to work casting cannon; busied people in making powder; caused great factories to work night and day weaving the cloth for the uniforms of his soldiers; planned to pay all these people, and accomplished the labor of a dozen men, and seemed never wearied nor discouraged.

In a short time Kossuth had an army of two hundred thousand men, and he



THE BATTLE OF WARSAW.

needed them all, for Austria had an idea of combining with Russia, and was threatening the unhappy country on every side. There were patriotic officers in Hungary, who had fought in its wars, and who were as skillful as those enemies who confronted them. To be sure, the men who were their soldiers were splendidly drilled and equipped like the Austrians. Many of them had handled the axe and spade all of their lives, and knew more about sowing and gathering their crops than they did about military manœuvres, but when the Hungarian forces were hurled against the combined Austrian forces, all of Europe was astounded at the ease with which the undisciplined peasants, inspired with the hope of liberty, overcame the proud hosts of one of the greatest military powers of Southern Europe.

Austria was humbled to the dust, and she now called in the aid of Russia, who had been eagerly watching the struggle from the beginning, and offering help. The Russians knew that Austria, their natural enemy, with whom their country had been at war for ages, at intervals, had an eye on the territory of the

Czar, for she made some conquests of Slavic tribes, as I told you. Russia was eager to weaken the influence of Austria among the Western Slavs, and to this end was anxious to help gain the victory. Perhaps you have noticed that when a nation is engaged in war, it loses the effect of the victory, exactly in the proportion that it has gained conquest by foreign aid.

After this the gallant Hungarians fought against great odds, but never gave up heart. One of their generals, a man named Georgy, refused to have anything further to do with the war, after the Austrians and Russians had inflicted several defeats upon the army, unless he could be given sole command, with power to do as



he would. He had shown himself an able and brave man, and Kossuth thought him loyal. He, himself, loved his country above everything, and rather than lose anything for Hungary by remaining in power, he resigned it to Georgy, though he recommended some wise measures. Georgy disregarded these, and the very day he received the dictatorship, instead of preparing to fight to the last, as Kossuth and the brave people would have done, he wrote to the Czar's general, and offered to lay down his arms.

He first obtained a promise from his officers to agree to anything that he might see fit, and they all thought he was going to make some arrangement with the Russians for the withdrawal of their support from Austria. The private soldiers and the cavalry were delighted when they heard that there was such a prospect, and twenty-four thousand of them went with him, in high spirits, on the thirteenth day of August, 1849, to Villagos, where they were to meet the Russians. At last, Georgy rode out before his army and approached the brilliantly arrayed Russians. When the two armies were front to front, Georgy commanded the Hungarians to march forward and pile their arms in a certain spot before the Russian lines. Oh, what a sight was that, when the Hungarians, who had fought so fiercely, who had suffered every hardship and disaster for their country, saw themselves betrayed.

A gray old captain, who had fought side by side with Kossuth and the other heroes of Hungarian independence, sprang forth, and in a voice made eloquent by the pain of his heart, begged Georgy to give them the word, and they would rush upon the Russians, cut their way through their ranks, or fall, with their weapons in their hands, like soldiers and men. The cold-hearted traitor sternly ordered him back to his place, and the army of Hungary raised a groan that would have melted any heart less cruel than that of Georgy. Men who had shared every danger of battle and camp, and faced death in a thousand forms, could not bear the shame of this surrender. They grasped one another's hands, wept on one another's shoulders, and cursed the man whom they had followed with such unquestioned obedience. Troopers hugged their horses about the neck, and drawing their pistols, shot them dead, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Russians. Brave officers, who would have fought until their armies were laid dead at their feet, and then alone and fugitive, have harrassed the Russian from any ambush that offered, until cut down by sabre or bullet, broke their swords, cast the pieces at Georgy's feet and cursed him; and some even drew their pistols and killed themselves on the spot, rather than take part in this most disgraceful surrender.

Georgy had only twentyfour thousand of the Hungarian forces, and before it became known to the rest of the army, in different parts of the country, that Kossuth had given up his command of the war to him, and he had surrendered to the Russians, the Hungarians under their Generals had beaten the Austrians again and again in some of the most bitterly contested battles of the war. These victories were, of course, without fruit, and by the first day of October the war was over and Hungary forever enslaved. Kossuth found a refuge in Turkey, and there lived many years never ceasing to sorrow for his people, an honored patriot, dear to all who love liberty. Georgy lived, two, in shameful retirement, hated and execrated. Alas for the poor soldiers given up by Georgy to the Russians. They were turned over to the Austrians, who proceeded to try them by court martial, and hundreds of them were brutally shot without being allowed to see their friends or relatives or to hear a familiar voice bid them farewell. Others were condemned to a living

death as prisoners in the Austrian fortresses. One of the Hungarian Generals, Louis Batthyani, of heroic memory, had been, from the first, a devoted soldier and statesman, and had aided Kossuth in forming and training the army, and had commanded in some of its greatest campaigns. He was delivered up to the Austrians and condemned to death. Before he had taken arms he had tried, in every possible way, to reconcile the emperor and the Hungarians, but finding this impossible, had fought as a brave man should for his country.

He attempted suicide, that his friends might not be compelled to witness his death as a traitor, for that was the sentence that had been passed upon him. He failed, but mutilated himself with a pen-knife and lost much blood. When the surgeon declared that he would certainly die from his self-inflicted wounds, and pleaded that the execution of the dying patriot might be delayed a little, the emperor would not grant the request. Calmly Batthyani was led forth, for the emperor declared that instead of being hanged, drawn and quartered, as he had originally decreed, the patriot should die a soldier's death, and be shot. His last words were "God bless Hungary," and then he fell riddled by bullets. His wife and children were robbed of all that they owned by the order of the emperor.

Fourteen officers, who had surrendered to the Austrians after defending their different commands most heroically, and having been promised that neither they nor their men should suffer any personal harm, were murdered the same day upon which Batthyani lost his life. They had been promised, most solemnly, that if they would yield, they should be dismissed to their homes in safety and honor, but this made no difference with the Austrians, who could not forgive them, because they had again and again been victorious over the emperor's forces. One of these men, a gray-haired officer, held the fortress of Arad to the very last, and defied the whole Russian and Austrian force to take it. He had surrendered, thinking to secure good terms to his men, and these terms had been freely granted. He had been wounded and was unable to stand upon his feet, but was carried to the place of execution.

For four hours he sat watching the death agonies of his thirteen brother officers, and though his face was set and stern, he never once flinched or betrayed to his watchful enemies a sign of weakness. When it came his turn to die, he painfully and slowly, but unaided, arose and dragged himself to the post where the others had stood to receive the fatal bullets. One of these officers had turned to the Austrians and shouted a defiance as he stood up before them. He said: "To-day it is my turn, to-morrow it will be yours." The old veteran of many battles looked slowly around him, and smiled. "It is strange," he remarked in a quiet voice, "that I, who of all those who have suffered death to-day was the first in the attack, should be the last here." Then the sign was given and Hungary wept over another gallant son.

It would take volumes to tell you of the atrocities that the Austrians committed, and how they killed, plundered, persecuted and oppressed the Hungarians whose only crime was their love of liberty, and their hatred of tyranny. More than seventy thousand Hungarians were torn from their homes and compelled to serve in the Austrian army, and Hungary was wiped from the map of nations. Since the fatal days of the Austrian victory, her story has been suppressed, as far as possible, and her rights trampled under foot, but the time will no doubt come when the God of Liberty will avenge the enslavement of that free people, and will visit his wrath upon those who used their conquest as the tool of the most bitter oppression and violence that this century has witnessed.



Ferdinand became tired of the affairs of State during the Hungarian struggle, and resigned his crown to his son Francis Joseph, the present emperor. It was he who was responsible for some of the worst deeds of the conquest, and in his own lifetime, he has seen the government that he sinned to make supreme, so weakened, that when he dies it may be torn into fragments. His heir died by his own hand and another son was lost at sea, and he has no direct descendants, in whom he has pride, to occupy his tottering throne. However, I must tell you a few more events of his reign, that you may have some idea of the causes that made Austria one of the weakest of South European countries.

Francis Joseph was so much elated by his conquest of Hungary, that two years afterwards, in 1851, he revoked the constitution of Austria, and the next year prohibited trial by jury. Step by step he went forward, cutting off liberty of the press, of the pulpit and of religion, until in 1861 Austria was almost as absolute a despotism as Russia or China. In that year there were rumblings of coming trouble. The Hungarians were still determined on liberty, and the Emperor was obliged to keep a close watch upon them. In 1865, Francis Joseph determined to make some reforms, and none too soon. He became more liberal in his administration, and Austria would no doubt have recovered her strength, had not a quarrel arisen, just then, with Prussia, which resulted in the Seven weeks war. At the same time that Austria was obliged to face Prussia in the field, her provinces in Northern Italy rebelled, and under Garibaldi were struggling for their liberty.

The Seven Weeks war was a bitter, but useful lesson to Francis Joseph. At its close he saw that Austria was on the verge of ruin, and that if he did not at once apply himself to liberal and just government, he would soon have no empire to govern at all. He called to his aid some of the best statesmen of the times and acted under their advice. He constructed a parliament of the Austrian and Hungarian people, which meets alternately at Vienna and Pesth, allowed freedom of worship, and tried in every way to build up the shattered industries of the Empire.

Russia struck the first blow at Austria through the Hungarian war while pretending to be friendly, but the pretense of friendship has long been abandoned. Bulgaria and Servia, on the South, are intensely Slavonic, and they are the only barrier between Russia and Constantinople; a frail barrier, which only the armed force of the triple alliance has succeeded in maintaining. Whenever it becomes the interest of Germany and Russia that Austria shall cease to exist, that moment will the triple alliance cease to be. Austria has more to fear from the friendship of Russia and Germany than from the hatred of Germany and France, and more to fear from the professed friendship of Russia than from her expressed hatred. The free Mediterranean must be opened to Russia, either by force or through diplomacy, and when it is, Germany will find it more to her interest to make friends with the Czar than with Austria, and the Old German Empire may yet be restored by the Hohenzollerns, but who can tell what the close of this century will witness?

## →TURKEY.←



**I**HAVE had occasion, in telling you the Story of Europe, often to mention the Turks, and as they rule over the country where once flourished some of the most important empires of history, and hold the land once ruled by the gallant Saladin and his successors, it may perhaps be of interest to learn, who and what are the Turks, and how they gained their power, as they were unknown for many centuries, and have only appeared on the stage of history, under their present name, in comparatively recent times.

In the thirteenth century, western Europe was passing through great changes, and in Asia too, there were changes; important to the empires that had been in existence there, though they were not so important to the rest of the world, as those which were preparing in the west. The Tartar bands that had mastered Russia, and most of southern Europe, and built up a mighty empire, were threatening Germany, and had those people been city builders, instead of wanderers and plunderers, who cared for little but roaming about, seeking new prey, I might have a very different story to tell you. As it was, the cities they built soon fell into the power of other nations, or disappeared.

The Turks are first heard of in the sixth century, when they roved, with other Mongolian hordes, from their original homes, and founded an empire on the borders of China. Their power was destroyed by the Arabs in much of this portion of the world, but they still remained in possession of the wild plains of Asia, just east of the Volga, and for a long time they supplied troops for their conquerors. These men and their descendants, finally conquered their masters, and founded an empire under a leader named Seljuk. They were at first only all-powerful in Bokhara, but they soon robbed the caliphs of Badgad, of some of their possessions, and for two centuries, gradually spread over the country held by the Saracens. It is said that the Turks were first introduced into the dominion of the caliphs, as slaves, where their beauty of person, their bravery, and their intelligence, made them great favorites, and the caliph formed some of them into his body-guard. They embraced the Mohammedan faith, in course of time gained Persia, and in the thirteenth century, threatened to make themselves masters of the whole Mohammedan world. It happened, that about the time that they were making ready for the conquest of western Asia, the Mongols, under Zenghis Khan, came down upon the civilization of western Asia and nearly wiped it out. They destroyed the empire of the Seljuks, in Persia, and the Turks fled southward before them. Some of these Turks settled among the Syrians and Arabs on the borders of Egypt, others crossed into Egypt and came into conflict with the sultans of that kingdom, and others turned into Asia Minor and joined their kindred of the Seljuk race.

Among the Seljuk tribes that had been driven from their homes, was one under the command of a chieftain named Ertoghrul, and one day when the Turkish Sultan of Iconium, was hard beset near Angora, by a large Mongol army, this Seljuk chieftain and his band, who were traveling in search of a home, came up, and seeing that the Sultan was about to be conquered, they rushed into the fray and turned the tide of battle in his favor. It is not at all likely that they discussed whether the Sultan



was, or was not, in the right, or whether they should in the end, gain or lose by the part they took. They dearly loved a fight, and being gallant fellows, could not stand by and see a small force overwhelmed by a large one. This accident, for of course we must regard it as one of these strange accidents with which history abounds, was a lucky one for the followers of Ertoghrul. When the Sultan of Iconium learned the name and lineage of the men who had aided him, he granted them a home in his dominions. This home was in the mountains of Etmeni, just south of the Roman province of Bithynia, in which, at the time, were two great cities, Nicæa and Brusa, that were the property of the Eastern Emperors. They made their summer camp in the mountains, and in winter came to the city of Sugut, which the Sultan had given them for their capital. It was in the passes of the Ermini mountains that the followers of Ertoghrul again showed what valiant fighters they were, and aided the Sultan so well in driving back a great horde of Mongols and Greeks, that he gave some more land to them, and made them the real keepers of the frontiers of his dominions. Here, they thrived wonderfully, and little by little, subdued neighboring Turkish chieftains, and gained wealth. In the year 1258, Osman, the founder of the empire, which has ever since been known as "The Ottoman Empire," was born, and became the ancestor of a line of princes, thirty-five in number, who have ruled in an unbroken line, from father to son, up to this very hour. This, as you may realize, when you remember how often the thrones of England, France, Germany and the other European kingdoms passed from one branch of the royal house to another. And how it passed at times to entirely different lines from that of the founder, is a very remarkable thing.

It is said by the Turkish writers of history, that a beautiful girl, whose father was a learned lawyer, and was highly respected among the Seljuks, was loved by Osman, and returned his affection. This lady was called "Moon-bright," because she was so lovely, and though she had many suitors, she did not make any effort to choose between them.

Osman was not in very high favor with the father of his lady-love, for he was, in a certain sense, a foreigner, and had not the wealth of many of her other lovers. One night Osman dreamed a dream, or pretended he did, and as all orientals are profound believers in dreams, signs and omens, they did not attribute this dream of Osman's to his having eaten more than was good for him at supper, but thought that he had received a revelation from God. The dream, like that which is told by the Persians concerning Cyrus, seemed to predict that the "Moon-bright" lady was to be the mother of children that should rule great kingdoms.

Osman, in telling this dream to the father of his lady-love, said that when he had fallen asleep, he dreamed that from the heart of the "Moon-bright" maiden a full moon had come forth and sought him where he lay asleep and sunk to rest upon his bosom. As soon as the moon was quiet upon his breast, from his body there began to spring a tree, that grew taller and taller, until its branches overspread the earth and the sea, and even towered higher than the mountains, which in his dream he saw were the Caucasus and Atlas.

He saw the Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris covered with sails, and there were fair fields by their banks where the grain ripened in the sunshine, and where birds sang beneath the branches of laden fruit trees. There were cities also with palaces,



Turkish Costume.

mosques and minarets, and as he looked upon them, a wind came from the East, and dashed the banners of the crescent against the cross, which was the banner of Christendom, and against the crown of Constantine.

He dreamed that Constantinople was a huge diamond, between two seas that were great sapphires, and these were set in a ring which he was about to put on his finger, when he awoke. This dream, which sounds like the musings of a romantic poet, who is brooding over great deeds of war and conquest, so influenced the father of the "Moonbright" lady, that he consented that Osman should marry her. The marriage gained much power for Osman, and he achieved more when his father died soon after, and he became the chief of his tribe. The sultan thought highly of him, and added lands and wealth to that which he already owned. He subdued chieftain after chieftain, and finally invaded Greek territory and wrested it from the Emperors of the East.



CONSTANTINOPLE

Time went on, the Seljuk sultan died, and his power was divided among the tribes. There was now no head to the nation of Turks, and Osman's opportunity had come. He knew better, however, than to attack his own countrymen and weaken them so that the Greeks could conquer them, and directed all his force and ambition against the Greeks. After a siege of ten years he took Brusa, and ravaging the country from the Bosphorous to the Black Sea, became the terror of western Europe. He put vessels upon the ocean to act as pirates, and destroy the Greek commerce. These ships were the terrible "corsairs," which were as destructive upon the sea as the Turks upon the land.

Osman died at the age of seventy, and was buried in Brusa, which was made the new capital of the Ottoman Turks. One by one, the cities of the Greek emperor fell into the hands of Orkhan, the son of Osman, and this sultan organized a great army, and ruled over the whole body of Turks in Asia Minor. He compelled the conquered Christians to furnish him every year with a thousand boys, who were



educated most carefully in the Mohammedan faith, and in all military matters. These lads, as they grew up, knew nothing of home ties and of family life. They did not even know who their parents were, and had no affections other than those formed among their comrades. They became the finest body of soldiers in the world, and were known as Janissaries. After a time the children of these janissaries were made soldiers of the sultan, as their fathers had been, and formed his body-guard. They were not slaves, but were generously paid, and if they were intelligent, a Janissary might rise in the favor of the sultan, and become grand vizier. They were allowed, too, to indulge all of their passions that did not conflict with the interests of the sultan, and thus you may imagine how these men, with boundless ambitions, great influence, and who were selfish, cruel and brutal, became the terror of civilized armies.

The sultan was clever enough not to oppress his new subjects, and under his rule they were not taxed so heavily as they were under that of the Emperors of Constantinople. Their trade, manufacture, and domestic life were much more free, and they were not liable to attacks of enemies, for their old enemies were now their fellow-subjects of the sultan.

The Turkish Sultan, who reigned after Orkhan gained the friendship of the Emperors of Constantinople, strange as it may seem, when we recall how determined the enmity of the Turks, had always been to the Christians. Because these Emperors, for there were two at the time, wanted the aid of the Turks against the Venetians, with whom they were generally at war, for the Venetians were getting the bulk of their sea trade away from them, they made friends with the Turks. Theodora, their sister, was given to the Turkish Sultan, who already had a number of wives. These emperors bribed the Turks to friendship, also, by allowing them to come into their territory, and carry away as many Christian slaves as they wanted, and showed themselves so weak and shameless that they deserve all the contempt that is felt for them. The Turks succeeded in crossing into Europe and taking a certain citadel that belonged to the Emperors of Constantinople, who were busy at the time fighting one of their relatives and paid no attention to the robbery. Indeed they sent to the Sultan and asked him to send an army into Europe to beat the Venetians for them. It was easy enough to call the Turks into Europe, but it was another thing to send them back into Asia, as the Emperors of the East discovered to their sorrow. Soon after they came into the country an Earthquake threw down the walls of a strong city and the Turks, taking advantage of the confusion and terror of the people, took possession of it and entrenched their troops within it. The Emperors sent for their allies and begged them to give back the town, but the Turks calmly declared that Providence had thrown down the walls purposely, so that they should not have the trouble of besieging the city, and from their stronghold they fortified the shores of the Hellespont, and began that slow advance upon Constantinople which ended in the capture of the city and the establishment of a Turkish kingdom in Europe.

They were bravely resisted by the Slavic people along the Lower Danube, but at last the rulers of Bulgaria and Servia were compelled to yield. The Emperor of Constantinople implored the Pope to help him. The Pope made the excuse that the Greek Emperor was a heretic, because he was an Arian and the emperor promptly abandoned his creed and declared that he was a Roman Catholic. This did not move the Pope, and finding that there was no hope of help from Western Europe, the Greek Emperor humbly declared himself a vassal of the Ottoman Sultan, and made

## TURKEY.

peace with him. About the same time the Ottoman became the ruler of all the Turkish tribes in Asia.

This Sultan, who was named Murad, was assassinated by a brave Servian, who thought that he might thus free his country from Turkish tyranny. He pretended

that he had important messages for the Sultan, and was shown to his tent. When he found himself in the presence of the tyrant he drew a dagger from his belt and killed the Sultan. From that day to this, it has been a rule with the Ottoman Sultans, that no stranger shall ever be allowed to enter their presence except when he is led in by two of the monarch's most faithful and trusty courtiers, who hold him tightly, one by each arm, so that he could not draw a weapon if he had any such intention.

The successor of this Ottoman Sultan, his son Bajazet, began his reign by killing his brother for fear that he might conspire against him, and that is another custom which all the Ottoman Sultans imitated, and which though severe enough, nevertheless prevented any of those quarrels



OMAR THE GREAT ENTERS JERUSALEM.



about the succession to the throne, of which we read in the story of many other nations, for when there were no heirs but the sons of the reigning Sultan, there could be no dispute.

It was against Bajazet, that Sigismund, of Hungary, the King of France, and many of the great lords of Germany, leagued in a Holy War, and in a fearful battle were defeated and routed in 1394. He besieged Constantinople for six years, and the city was upon the point of surrendering to him, when Tamurlane appeared upon the scene and began to carry death and destruction into the dominion of the Sultan. Many of the new States in Asia at once went over to the conqueror, and Tamurlane meeting Bajazet in battle, worsted him on the very field, where a hundred and fifty years before, the father of Osman aided the Sultan of the Seljuks to gain a victory over Mongols of the same origin as those who now shattered it and threatened its life. Bajazet died a broken-hearted captive, and Tamurlane, after making himself the master of the Turkish Empire in Asia, lived but two years to enjoy the victory.

After the death of Tamurlane, his empire, in Asia, fell to pieces. Bajazet had left several sons, and these now claimed the Turkish Empire. Mohammed, the youngest, was successful in gaining the western remnant of it, and although he did not succeed in gathering all the provinces, that had belonged to his father, under his rule, he was so wise, patient, and such a clever statesman, that he laid again the foundations of the Turkish kingdom, and was so free from the brutality of the earlier Sultans, that he is sometimes called Mohammed the Gentleman.

His son Murad was as clever as his father had been, and though but eighteen when he came to the throne, did not hesitate to attempt the siege of Constantinople, when the Emperor, who was under great obligations to the Turkish Sultan, his father, because he had aided him against his enemies, made trouble for him. Soon after this the young Sultan was engaged in a war with the Hungarians, and for many years had so little peace, that he tired of his power as Sultan, and gave it up at last to his son. He was a famous warrior, and the Christians were much in fear of him, and were greatly rejoiced when they heard that he had retired to private life.

They had sworn an oath to harass him no more in his dominions, and had made a solemn treaty with him, but the Pope allowed them to break their word, and they began to invade the Ottoman dominions. French, Hungarians, and subjects of the Eastern Emperor, banded together and crossed into the dominions of the Sultan a month after they had signed the treaty that bound them to peace, and before the Turks knew their intentions, they arrived at Varna. They took the place and killed the Turkish soldiers without mercy, and cast their bodies over the precipice.

The old Sultan heard of this deed, and that the Christians were coming forty thousand strong to cross the Bosphorus. He placed himself at the head of his army, and went to meet them. There was a fierce battle in which the treaty-breaking Christians were defeated with fearful slaughter, and the Turks fastened their power upon the Southern Danube provinces more firmly than ever. The old Sultan then retired from the world again, but his son was too young to hold the empire together, and again he was obliged to take the scepter, and this time he kept it until he died in 1451.

Gallant John Hunyadi, who had been made ruler of Hungary by the grateful people, had fought many battles against the Sultan Murad, and lived to fight a great battle against Murad's son Mohammed II. The Turks laid siege to Belgrade, that



Turkish Soldier.

city that, from its position, is called the Gate to Hungary. The garrison, in the city, was not large, but Hunyadi inspired them with his own courage and they held out until sixty thousand Crusaders, under a warrior monk named John Capistran, came to his aid. The Turks pressed the siege with their accustomed fierceness and at last gained an entrance into the city. Hunyadi, and the brave priests, though almost hopeless of victory, still would not yield, and fell upon the Turks in the very streets of Belgrade, and in a hand to hand fight, drove them out of the city and routed them so thoroughly that they fled, leaving all their camp supplies. This was in the year 1456 and Hunyadi lived less than a month after saving Belgrade, though his memory will last as long as history tells her tales of heroism.

The Sultan Mohammed ruled thirty years. His father and grandfather had been noted for their bravery, their truthfulness and their patience. They were free from violent passions and were wise rulers, but the second Mohammed was a crafty, bloody-minded tyrant. He accomplished that for which the Sultans had long striven; he took Constantinople after a siege, in which great courage was displayed on both sides. The city that had for ages withstood the assaults of Russians, Tartars, Goths and Turks, fell into the hands of Mohammed II. in May 1453, three years before the attack on Belgrade. The rest of the reign of Mohammed II. was filled with conquests; he took the Crimea from the Tartars and overran the Greek communities. He besieged Rhodes and captured Otranto. Death found him when he was in the midst of preparations for a great expedition, and had he lived longer, there is little doubt that he would have attempted the conquest of Italy.

Bajazet II. reigned forty-one years, but he had enough to do to keep what he had, and made no attempt to gain any more. He was rather a lazy fellow, fond of good living, and not over fond of the camp or the field. Zim-Zim of whom I have told you something, was his brother, and he was the prince that Alexander Borgia, Pope of Rome, offered to kill if Bajazet would give him a certain sum of money. Zim-Zim wanted to rule as his father's successor, though Bajazet, of course, was opposed to the project, and Zim-Zim came into the hands of the Pope by accident. The Pope would have murdered Zim-Zim, no doubt, had not Charles VIII. of France, about that time invaded Italy, and among other unpleasant things that the Pope was compelled to do, to gain peace, the French king compelled him to yield up Zim-Zim. For some reason, perhaps because he had received the money for the deed, though that is not clear, Alexander poisoned the brave young prince of the Turks, and added one more to his long list of horrid crimes.

Bajazet II. dawdled so long upon the throne, that his eldest son, Selim, began to think that he would live longer than he, and resolved not to wait for him to die, but to make him yield up the power that he had never known how to wield. He therefore took the throne, and to make sure that he should have no trouble with his brothers, he killed them both, and looked on with pleasure while his slaves strangled their innocent little ones. Selim I. had no delight except in blood and suffering, and in the nine years that he sat upon the throne, he was constantly at war. He conquered all of Arabia and Egypt, and doubled the Turkish power and territory.

Suleyman the Magnificent, came to the throne upon the death of his father, Selim, and under him the Turkish rule reached the height of its glory. He was twenty-six years old when he inherited the throne, and his people already loved him,



not only because he was mild and generous in his disposition, but because he had all the virtues that his father lacked, and was, moreover, a ruler who could be compared with the most brilliant of the European sovereigns, at that time, and lost nothing of dignity by the comparison. In 1521, he took his way to Hungary, followed by a large army and captured Belgrade, which had defied every attempt of Mohammed II., and Buda, Pesth, and many other Hungarian towns yielded to him. He captured Rhodes, also, but treated the people with great gentleness, and never broke his promise that they should keep their own religion, and that those who had so heroically defended themselves, should be allowed to depart from the island, in safety and honor.

At length he marched with his victorious army to Vienna, and all Europe trembled, for with the Turks in Vienna, what was to prevent them from gaining Paris. The people of Vienna defended themselves with the utmost bravery, and every attempt of the Turks was repulsed. After a long siege they were compelled to abandon the place. Three years later, Suleyman again marched toward Vienna, but Charles V., was then on the throne and he succeeded in making peace with the Turks. This peace did not last long, and when Ferdinand became Emperor of Germany, he was obliged to pay tribute to the Turks, and make a truce for five years. At the end of the truce, Suleyman again began the war, but he died before much was accomplished. He left to his son, a dominion extending from the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates, to the borders of Morocco, and from the Danube to the Indian Ocean.

More than forty thousand square miles, embracing the site of nearly all the early empires of history, belonged to the descendants of Osman, but the conquests of the Turks were now at an end. They had gained their power by the bravery of their soldiers, and the genius of their sultans, and though their soldiers were as brave as ever, their sultans, after Suleyman, were very different from those great successors of Suleyman, who threatened to carry the Crescent into western Europe, and complete the conquest which the Saracens had abandoned so long before.

As you have noticed, what is gained by brute strength, can only be kept in the same way, and the sultans after Suleyman, had not the intelligence to cope with the great military geniuses, who came upon the stage of history, in western Europe, in the early days of the sixteenth century, and played such an important part in war and peace from that time forth. True, it was the policy of Louis XIV., to menace the German empire with the Turks, that he might pillage it on the west, but I have told you how in 1682, when they appeared before Vienna, and committed such ravages in all the country round, Sobieski came, almost at the last hour of the siege, when the Turks were already rejoicing over their victory, for they had leveled a portion of the walls, and how, after a furious battle, the Turks were routed. They were never again to ravage the fair fields of southern Germany, or to lay the cities waste with fire and sword.

Buda was retaken by the Hungarians soon after, and freed from the Turks, after a vassalage of a hundred and forty-five years. Belgrade was also recaptured, after being fifty years in the hands of the Turks, though the Turks soon took it again, but they were menaced on every side, and were obliged in 1718, to make a peace which bounded the kingdom much as it exists to-day, with the exception that the Danube provinces and Greece were still left under the rule of the sultan, though the people had a certain independence that kept them free from the worst of his tyranny.

The Sultan of Turkey, to-day, as three centuries ago, is absolute master of his



people, and the head of the religion of his subjects, as well as the head of the State, though the interference of the Christian nations, has made him a little more careful how he cuts off heads and robs of property, than he used to be. He rules by a cabinet or council of ministers, and they are responsible to the government.

Greece still remained to Turkey, and when the Greeks decided to free themselves the Turks were in a peculiar situation. Ever since the days of Osman's son, the Janissaries had been important to the Turks. From being brave soldiers, they had become brutal masters of the sultan, and he had, more than once, in Turkish history, been obliged to make war on purpose to keep them busy.

The Sultan who sat upon the throne in 1826, was a brave, intelligent and cruel man, who desired, above everything, to have a well disciplined army, so that he could hold his own among his war-like neighbors, for Russia had risen to great power and he feared her armies. The Janissaries mutinied and refused to do as the Sultan desired, thinking that he would yield to them as former Sultans had done, but he blew them and their quarters up with gunpowder. Before he could get another army together, the Greeks rose against him, and with the help of several gallant men, among whom was the English poet Byron, began to make a struggle for their liberty. The French landed a force in Morea after the naval battle of Navarino in which the Turks were

beaten, and in 1828 Russia declared war against Turkey. The Sultan had no army fit for service, and Greece was made free in 1832, and has been free ever since. About this time, too, a fierce chieftain in Egypt by the name of Mohammed Ali, who had given much trouble to the Sultan, and taken Egypt away from him, began to threaten Syria. The sultan was obliged to yield to the European powers and make peace recognizing Mohammed Ali as the ruler of Egypt though his vassal.

Left to herself, Russia would soon have wiped out enfeebled Turkey, but it was not in the programme of France and England that Russia should grow too powerful and the first opportunity that offered, they joined with the Turks to drive the Russians back and take the strong forts that she had built in the Crimea. This led to the Crimean war, which ended, as you know, in March 1856, and which took the Danube provinces away from Russia, opened the Black Sea to ships of all nations and closed the Bosphorus and the Straits of Dardanelles to all foreign vessels. The Czar refused, in 1876, to longer observe certain terms of the treaty that were damaging to Russian commerce and the Black Sea again became a Russian lake subject to the Czar. In 1877 Russia again declared war against Turkey, because the Turks had been exceedingly cruel in repressing a revolution of the Christians in Bulgaria, and more than all, because the Czar was determined to take Constantinople, that his ship might reach the Mediterranean through the Turkish straits. There was some dreadful fighting, and Turkey showed some of her old bravery in the defense of Plevna, for it took the sacrifice of the lives of fifty thousand Russians before the Turks under Osman Pasha, who were besieged there, were brought to surrender. The treaty that ended this war was so damaging to Turkey and gave Russia so much power in the South, that England interferred and while



Turkey lost a part of Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Roumania, it still kept a shadow of power in Egypt, and remained in possession of the Dardanelles.

This division was made in a solemn Congress of the Great Powers at Berlin, in 1878, and Russia was, for the time, stayed in her progress toward the sea. The Turkish Government grows weaker and weaker as time passes on, and the Sultan dares do nothing without the consent of England, for under the pretense of "protecting" Egypt, England has protected what she considers her own interests in Southern Europe, and filled Egypt with soldiers. The Turks are out of sympathy with modern ideas, and since they will not advance they can not remain at a standstill, and are constantly losing ground and falling behind other nations. When the time comes that they shall disappear from history as a nation, it can truly be said of them, that "as they sowed so have they reaped."

## → ITALY. ←



WHILE the story of Rome was for many ages that of Italy, there came a time when Italy had a story of its own, far different from that of any other country of the world. I have somewhere told you that all the lines of ancient history led to Rome, and that all the lines of modern history led away from Rome, and we will now give a brief glance over the land where Roman greatness grew, flourished and withered. You will doubtless remember that in the later days of the empire, there was the greatest distress among the common classes of people in Italy, and that those who worked the land to supply the needs of the idle and vicious senators of Rome, had no property in the soil, and were, for the most part, in the condition of miserable slaves. After a time, when the Gauls from the North had become familiar to the Romans, and were enrolled in their armies, the native population of Italy grew smaller and smaller in the country, and either flocked to the cities and starved there, or were sold as slaves in other Roman provinces. Barbarians became the tillers of the soil, and in turn sunk into the misery of the peasants they displaced, and at the time that the Romans were building their splendid public buildings, and the senatorial families were growing richer and richer, Italy, herself, weakened by the oppression of its nobles, was ripening for the hand of the Gauls.

The Gauls had long held important posts in the armies of Rome, and had the actual power of naming emperors, for they had the power to enforce their demands, and the last emperor was hurled from the throne by Odoacer, a Gaul, in the year 476. This Gaulish chieftain ruled Italy for seventeen years, but he could not hold with the strong hand, what he had taken by the strong hand.

Italy, with its balmy air, its blue sky, and its changing beauty of mountain and valley, seems to have had a weakening influence, even upon the strong nature of the Gauls, and Odoacer, amid the splendors of the Old Roman Empire, became less fierce and active than when he was simple chief of the barbarian army.

To the east lay Constantinople, the new Rome upon the Bosphorus, a jealous rival of the glory of the Eternal City on the Tiber, and encouraged by the emperor of Constantinople, the Goths poured down upon Eastern Italy, and in four years were masters of its fairest provinces, and they reigned right royally for sixty-four years. Again the climate and loveliness of Italy conquered her conquerors, and the Emperors of the East wrested from the Goths the land they had taken.



THE LOMBARDS.

The Northland was full of restless, adventurous people, who turned their faces Southward when the long winter was over, and the spring came, when their kings and chieftains delighted to go forth to battle. There was in Germany, a tribe of these Teutonic people, who were noted for their exceedingly long beards, and on this account, received the name of Lombards. They were the fiercest fighters, the most cruel and treacherous of all the Germans. They were so inde-

pendent that they would not all of them serve under the same chieftain, of their own nation, but each separate tribe acknowledged only the authority of its individual chief. These savage Lombards descended upon the rich cities of Northern Italy and made themselves masters of them. Pavia was the capital of their kingdom, and Benventum, in the south, became their property by conquest. When Attila threatened the civilization of the Western world with destruction, the people of that portion of Northern Italy, which the Romans called Venetia, were sadly frightened. They knew that when Attila said that "grass never grew where the hoofs of his war-horse had trodden," he made no idle boast, and that their cities of Vicenza, Verona, and Treviso, would be the first to lay a smoking heap of ruins, plundered and ravaged by the terrible Huns. There was one means by which they might escape.

The Huns had no boats, and the Venetians, therefore, fled from them, carrying with them their dearest possessions that could be removed, and built their homes upon a number of small islands, at the extremity of the Adriatic Sea, that were surrounded upon all sides by slimy salt marshes, which though shallow, were still deep enough to prevent the Huns from following them. This new home was very different from the old, but the Venetians were compelled to make the best of their surroundings, and they did so with a hearty good will.

Several large rivers flowed into the sea near their islands, and the boats which they used, to sail out into the blue Adriatic, to fish for the support of their families, traversed these highway for trade with the interior, but they availed themselves little of them in the very early days, for the few articles that they were able to manufacture were in more demand in Constantinople than in Italian cities, and the salt which they



learned to make from the water of their marshes, was highly esteemed for its purity all through the East.

After a time, these Venetians built vessels and sailed to the Mediterranean countries, bringing home articles of necessity and luxury, and upon the islands where, at first, there were but straggling villages, poorly built, and wanting all the necessities of civilized living, rich communities of prosperous and busy people grew up. Each of the little islands had at first its own governor and officers, elected by the people, and independent of all others.

Of course each of the islands vied with all the others in its attempts to secure all of the commerce, and there was much quarreling and fighting among the people in regard to their rights in these matters. About them lay hostile neighbors everywhere, ready to seize upon them and destroy their prosperity if they persisted in quarreling, and the Venetia soon came to the conclusion that their best plan was to agree peacefully among themselves.

The citizens of all the islands, therefore, met at Heraclea, in the year 697, and elected one chief who was to preside over all. More than once the islanders had enjoyed the protection of Constantinople, and as they were of the same religious faith as the Eastern Emperor, they put themselves under his protection, formally, and even called their chieftain Doge, which means duke or lieutenant, of the Eastern empire. Still the Venetians were too widely scattered in their little islands, to make any effectual resistance against their foes to the Northward. You will remember that the Lombards, in their great and wealthy town, in the North, excited the envy of the fierce Franks, and when the Pope, who was usually found quarreling with the Lombard kings, about his rights and theirs, submitted his quarrel to the Franks, in the early part of the eighth century, they were only too glad of a pretext of entering Italy, and for many hundred years after they did so, mixing in its quarrels and aiding in its destruction.

Charlemagne conquered Italy, and caused himself to be crowned as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, but he did not quite destroy the power of the Lombards. Neither did Charlemagne conquer the Venetians, but Pepin attempted to do so. It would seem that Pepin had enough land, without grudging to the Venetians the little that they needed for the building of their houses; yet not the land, but the tax upon their commerce was what Pepin longed for. The Venetians gathered all their ships near the island of Rialto, which was the least exposed of all the islands, and again set themselves to building homes, so surrounded by the waters, that the Franks, who were no sailors, would be unable to reach them. They removed their wealth to this place and began to build the city of Venice. They laid their foundations deep and strong, down under the ground, and erected most solid and durable walls for their palaces and houses. The soil was a slimy sort of mud, and to support the walls of their buildings, the Venetians were obliged to drive piles, and upon these they erected the most magnificent structures. However, there had long been a settlement upon the Rialto, before the days of the war with Pepin, but it had not enjoyed any privileges that were not common to the others.

It is said that the French built vessels to invade the islands of the Venetians, but they knew little of the nature of the seas that encompassed the communities. Venice is separated from the main waters of the Adriatic, by a long sand bank, and between that bank and the mainland, half a dozen miles away, is a lagoon of shallow water, deep enough for light vessels, but at low tide, not deep enough for heavy ones.



Early Italian Costume.

When the Venetians were sure that Pepin would come against them, they sent to the Emperor of Constantinople for help, and he gave them a fleet for the purpose. Pepin attacked some of the islands, but the islanders had removed all their wealth to the Rialto, and made no struggle against him. Thinking that the larger islands would submit, Pepin ventured against one of them in his ships of war, but the tide went out, before he reached the island, and he was stranded in the shallow water and sticky mud, and could neither return to the main-land, nor advance against the Venetians. This was the opportunity for which the islanders had waited. In their light vessels, they surrounded the Franks, massacred them without mercy, and thus Pepin failed to conquer Venice.

After this for some years, the building of the city went on. There were several Islands near the Rialto, and these were connected with the main portion of Venice by wooden bridges. In the year 820, or thereabout, the Venetians determined to choose for themselves a patron Saint, whose duty it should be to guard their city, while in return they would address prayers to him and offer rich gifts at his shrine. St. Mark was the saint they selected, and they sent to Alexandria where he was buried, solemnly removed his bones to Venice and built a splendid church above them. They reared huge pillars upon which they caused splendid lions to be carved, for the lion was supposed to be sacred to Saint Mark, and their war-cry, upon land and sea, was the name of their saint.

The Venetians had shown much cleverness in allying themselves to Constantinople, for they could expect much more for their commerce when protected by the Emperor of the East, than if they had placed themselves under that of Charlemagne and his successors. The rich traffic of the Levant was theirs and they were the carriers of goods even from India and China. The Slavonian tribes, on the eastern boundary of their possessions, contested with them for supremacy in the Adriatic, and they were subjected to the jealousy of every maritime nation of the South of Europe, but still they thrived and their commerce increased with the passing centuries, until Venice was the richest commercial community of Southern Europe.

In the course of time, a few little Greek cities on the Adriatic coast realized that it would be better for their commerce were they allied to the Venetians, than should they stand alone, and be their rivals. They were therefore joined to Venice and shared her fortunes and misfortunes. Still later, Venice gained the mastery of several of the Lombard cities that were threatened by the Franks, and so grew in power and influence on every side.

In the year 1085 Venice received, from the Emperors of the East, the provinces of Dalmatia and Croatia, and the taxes upon its commerce that had been collected by them from the early times was now declared abolished and thus Venice received another great impulse toward wealth and honor. When the First Crusade was preached throughout all Europe it found a response in the heart of the Venetians, who had become more and more Catholic as time went on. They had no army to send by land, but they had a fleet and they sent it out, less perhaps to aid the crusaders than to increase their own commercial fame. They were successful and secured the bones of another saint to bury in their city. Soon after the first crusade a dreadful fire raged upon the islands of Venice. It burned all of the wooden



buildings and reduced the poorer part of the population to great distress. There is no public misfortune but that has within it the seed of good, and this fire though a sad thing at the time, was the best thing that could have happened to Venice. The wooden buildings were replaced by beautiful and durable marble and stone, and Venice henceforth bore the name of Queen of the Adriatic.

Baldwin I., who followed Godfrey, of Bouillon upon the throne of Jerusalem, determined early in his reign to take from the Saracens all of the ports in Palestine that they still held. The Venetians were interested in this undertaking, and their Doge sent a hundred galleys to aid the crusader king. The Christians were successful, and in return, as his share of the booty of the East, the Doge of Venice asked to be allowed to have in each of the possessions of the Christians in Palestine, a mill, a bakery, church, street bath and an officer of the law who should represent the interest of Venice. This was not considered such an extravagant demand, and as the Doge insisted on none of the immediate gains of the crusade, Baldwin readily granted him what he asked. You may understand how important these concessions were to a people who made their living by trade, and soon the Venetians had enlarged their commerce until it reached to every part of the Holy Land. They brought home, for their rich merchants, the most beautiful and costly things for the adornment of their palaces. Having no land upon which to spend their gains, naturally enough, the Venetians either placed it all in their commercial enterprises, or enriched their dwellings with it, and thus in the course of time they were surrounded by more beauty and luxury, more of the works of art and of the products of the East, than any other city of Europe.

Early in the twelfth century, the Turks began to play a part in the history of Western Asia, and when the Mohammedans in Palestine gained certain power, and harrassed the Christians, the Doge sent out another fleet and captured ten great Turkish vessels and destroyed the Saracen fleet. They then aided the Christians to reduce by siege the old city of Tyre. These great victories of the Venetians aroused the jealousy of the Emperors of the East. Little by little, Venice had grown until now she overshadowed Constantinople. That city was in decline, while Venice was in the noon-day of her glory. To allow her the commercial priveleges that she had so long enjoyed, was a thing not to be thought of. She had beaten fleet after fleet, and it was not at all unlikely that she was only waiting an opportunity to vanquish Constantinople. At last the Eastern emperor determined to cripple her commerce as much as he could, and he therefore commanded all Venetian merchants to leave every city of the empire, where they were engaged in trade, forbade Venetian vessels to touch at the Greek ports, and declared, that henceforth, he would have no relations with Venice. The Venetians waited a few months, before they gave any sign of the displeasure that they felt, and then they took a dreadful revenge. They set forth with several well-manned fleets, captured and sacked Rhodes, Samos, Andros and the other sea-port cities of Greece and the Ionian Islands, and, thereafter, made no pretense of sympathizing with Constantinople, in policy, religion, or anything else.

It was in the year 1177, that Venice was solemnly wedded to the sea, for the first time, though we think it was a strange idea to call a city, the "Bride of the Sea," and to bestow every year, a wedding ring upon the Adriatic, and conduct all the ceremonies of a marriage. It came about in this way. I have told you something of the dreadful strife between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, that devastated Italy and Ger-



Knight and Squire during the first Crusade.

she should be formally wedded to the Adriatic. There was a magnificent procession of priests, chanting hymns, and of artisans with banners; there was feasting and rejoicing, and when the ring was cast into the sea, the Doge cried out, "We betroth thee, oh sea, as our lawful and perpetual dominion." Perpetual, means forever, and that is a long time. Forever, is not yet accomplished, and Venice has been for ages, a melancholy relic of past greatness, for out from the west of Europe came the influence that laid her low, and destroyed her glory.

Soon after this first wedding ceremony, the grim, old, red-bearded king, made his peace, for the time being, with the Pope. The Venetians had gone on the crusades, and had always gained much by so doing, and it is not surprising to find them willing to engage in any crusade that was preached. In the year 1202, a brave blind Doge of Venice, by the name of Dandolo, led the Venetians in a crusade, but there were attractions by the way to Palestine that turned their thoughts rather to conquest than to the cross, and they contented themselves with plundering the Empire of Constantinople, and even captured the city, causing a fourth part of it to be set aside for the residence of Venetian merchants. All the laws passed by the emperors that was unfriendly to the Venetian commerce, were at once done away with, and Venice grew greater than ever. Some years later the Venetians made a sort of peace with Constantinople, but it was not sincere on either side, and when the Turks began to ravage Europe, it was because they had been called from Asia to help the Eastern emperors against Venice. To be sure, the Turks took some of the Venetian conquests, but as they kept them, instead of restoring them to the emperor, he was soon sorry enough that he had asked their help, and his successors were more sorry still, but I have told you about that in the story of Turkey.

Although Venice was a republic, it had its noble families who were exceedingly proud of their descent and who felt that they were far above common people whose parents had been honest tradesmen and nothing more. Those nobles were so haughty that the haughtiness of the nobles of France, England and even Spain was as nothing when compared to theirs. As the city became greater and its possessions

many for so long, and you will doubtless remember, that when Frederick Barbarossa fell into difficulty with Pope Alexander III., the Pope asked the republics of Italy to help him against the emperor. Lombardy united its cities into a league, and as the Venetians owned several Lombard cities, Venice was, of course, made a member of the league. Genoa was a bitter enemy of Venice at this time, and the Genoese and the people of Ancona, furnished Otho, the emperor's son, who commanded the naval forces with twenty-five ships, large and small, to invade the territory of Venice, and punish the Venetians. The Venetians brought thirty-four of their famous galleys against the Genoese, and beat them so soundly, that they were glad to hurry back home with what was left of their squadron.

The Pope was so pleased at the result of the battle, that he sent the Doge a magnificent ring, and told him that as Venice was undoubted mistress of the waters,





THE SARACEN FLEET DESTROYED BY THE DOGF OF VENICE.



in reward, these nobles were made the rulers of the various cities and islands that belonged to the republic, with the title of duke or count. While in the rest of Europe, the counts had large tracts of land upon which their tenants lived, and for which they paid in gold or produce, and were also obliged to serve their lord a certain term each year in the field should he be engaged in war, the Venetian nobles were situated differently. They had no landed estates, no Vasals and no slaves, except those that they bought from among conquered peoples. All the lords of Northern Europe, while they had many faithful friends among the common people, also had many enemies, who regarded them as cruel masters, and the laws by which they were bound to them as most unjust. Every power that they gained was at the expense of the king, who joined with the people of the free cities in attempting to curb the great lords. The Venetian nobles, however proud they were of their blue blood, were compelled to engage in trade and commerce, like the rest of the community, and the laws that were good for the body of the people, were therefore the laws that served their individual interests best.

The people revered their long descent sufficiently to allow them to rule over them, but they elected the Doges themselves from among the great families, and at first, they did not feel themselves as subject to them on account of their ancestry. After Venice became a great city, it was the practice for the great families to meet together and consult regarding the best laws for the city. Some of these great families had, at first, not been noble, but they had so much wealth and influence that they readily succeeded in having themselves considered so, and as there were about five hundred of these families they formed, with their friends and supporters, a party so large that those, who had no desire to be governed by them could not help themselves. These heads of great families selected, from among themselves, some man who possessed the qualities they wanted in a ruler, and he was named as Doge, and by their votes was elected to the office. The Doge was not obliged to ask the opinion of any parliament or assembly of the populace concerning his laws, but only consulted the members of the council of the great families, from whom also he selected all the officers to administer the affairs of the Republic. It became the practice to divide up those officers among the great families, and from father to son, to continue the same office in the same family.

All this time the people had a show of voting, and it was long before they learned that their republic, of which they were so proud, and of which they had so long boasted, was not a republic at all, and that a powerful aristocracy had grown up in their midst, that threatened all of their liberties. In the year 1289, they determined to elect the Doge themselves, without the help of the council of the great families, and they did so. They had high hopes that he would restore to them their liberties and make them truly free, but the aristocrats were too strong for him. They gathered in force, drove the new Doge from the city and placed in power a daring man of their own party who could hold the government.

This man was a bold far-seeing statesman, and he persuaded the council that, as the same persons were always elected to office each year, or their sons, should they die, it would be better to do away entirely with a form of election by the people, and select ten councillors from among the nobles, who were to have a power above all the laws, and whose duty it was to watch the nobles and see that they did not intringe any of the rights of the republic. These ten judges were not accountable to anybody and they could order any citizen to death, and there was no appeal from what



they said. They met in secret, and in secret they did many a dark deed. Thus, the aristocracy of Venice was recognized by law and became in the course of time the most cruel and powerful in the world. Yet in spite of their cruelty, they could not exercise it except against their personal enemies, and where their own personal affairs were not concerned they could be just, economical and wise. The subject, for whom they had no cause for hatred, could apply to them against any outrage that had been committed by his enemies, and be sure that the council would aid him, and on account of the fact that all of the malice of the rulers was exercised against the nobles, the common people thought highly of the council of ten and for a long time it was supreme in Venice. The rulers of the republic knew how to increase the wealth of the city, encourage its commerce, and add to its prosperity, and so long as they did what they were appointed to do, all parties were satisfied, though the nobles trembled when they thought the attention of the council of ten was directed toward them, and were careful not to do anything that would bring them within its power.



Doge and Dogressa

The time came when the council of ten was a council of tyrants with its secret spies everywhere, its dungeons, its tortures and its hired murderers. The people began to hate it with all their hearts, and longed for the liberty that earlier had been theirs. It was not enough for them that their city was the Queen of the Adriatic, the chief commercial and manufacturing community of the world, and famous for its learning, arts and beautiful architecture. All of those things were matters of pride to them, but they longed for liberty, and the tyranny of the nobles galled them dreadfully. However, the people themselves had lost the bravery that characterized them in the early days, and thought they vastly preferred to hire substitutes, and remain quietly at home in their counting houses. Thus when the Turks were called into Europe by the Emperor of the East, Venice, with all her wealth, could make no effectual stand against them, though in the long wars that she waged against their gradual encroachments, her treasure was wasted, and her commerce ruined.

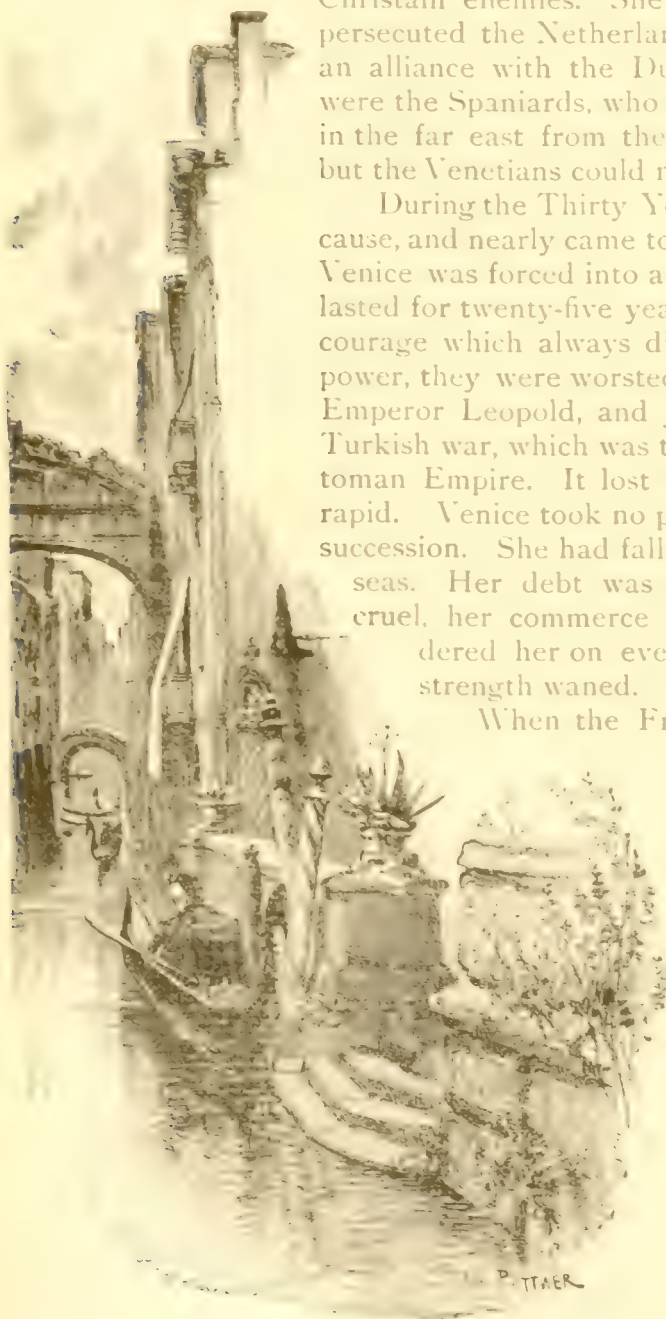
Still, Venice might have recovered her former strength as a commercial city, when the Turks had been beaten back by the Hungarians and Austrians, and their conquests limited by the great powers, had not a force, against which she was powerless, arisen. In the year 1486, Vasco de Gama, a bold Portuguese navigator, had sailed down the coast of Africa, and discovering the Cape of Good Hope, entered the Indian Ocean by that route. Venice had always been the distributing point for Europe, and the Mediterranean, the highway to Western Asia, whence trade was carried on across the deserts lying between the West and the far East, by means of caravans. Now, these long and dangerous journeys could be avoided, and cargoes from England, France, Germany and other European countries, carried directly by sea to the ports for which they were destined. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was followed by that greater discovery, that of a land beyond the Atlantic, and suddenly, the whole of Western Europe began to build ships and sail here and there, where heretofore, only the Venetians had ventured. They carried cargoes to the

East and West, and Venice lost the carrying trade that had made her famous.

Notwithstanding that Venice had lost the kingdom of the ocean, and had never possessed as large a territory as many other southern European powers, she was still a force in politics. In the sixteenth century, she tried to grasp more territory, but the other Italian republics would not permit it, and formed a league hostile to Venice. A hundred years more of war with the Turks, drained the treasury of Venice to the dregs, yet still she battled, as bravely as her resources would permit, against her Christain enemies. She hated Spain intensely, and when Philip I. persecuted the Netherlanders, Venice, from motives of policy, made an alliance with the Dutch. The Venetians were Catholic; but so were the Spaniards, who were sailing the seas, and taking their trade in the far east from them. A little later, the Dutch did the same, but the Venetians could not see into the future.

During the Thirty Years War, Venice supported the Protestant cause, and nearly came to blows with Spain on that account. In 1645, Venice was forced into another disastrous war with the Turks, that lasted for twenty-five years, and though the citizens fought with the courage which always distinguished them in a war for commercial power, they were worsted. Later in the century, Venice joined with Emperor Leopold, and John Sobieski, king of Poland, in another Turkish war, which was the last of its long struggles against the Ottoman Empire. It lost Morea, and from that time, its decline was rapid. Venice took no part in the wars of the Spanish and Austrian succession. She had fallen from her proud estate, as mistress of the seas. Her debt was enormous, her government tyrannical and cruel, her commerce and manufactures in decay. Robbers plundered her on every hand, and her enemies increased as her strength waned.

When the French Revolution set Europe in a blaze of excitement, the senate of Venice, though it feared and hated the republican principles of the French, would enter into no coalition against them. It hesitated and dallied, when Napoleon marched into Lombardy in 1796, but in 1797, deceived by the Austrians, who declared the French had been worsted at Tagliamento; they declared against Napoleon, and massacred the French throughout Venetian territory; not even sparing four hundred sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Napoleon at once declared war upon Venice. Austria made peace with France, and refused to aid the Venetians, and unaided by the allies upon which they had counted, the citizens could not maintain themselves against the French. Venice fell, and





through the treachery of Austria, was in 1805, made a part of the kingdom of Italy.

The ancient cities of Italy, all had walls in the early days, for it was necessary to thus defend the communities. When the barbarians from the North, swept over Italy, they threw down the walls and made themselves masters. The people lost the spirit of their ancestors, and made no attempt to rebuild their walls, until the ninth century, when the Northmen began to swarm southward. The emperors had not armies to grant the cities for their defense and were obliged to permit them to build walls. The smaller towns imitated the larger, and walls became the shelter of the people on the least alarm. Here was a means of defending wealth, and preserving it from the grasp of robbers; but to the strong walls were added well-trained soldiers, and the cities felt perfectly secure from their foes. To be sure, there were lords, noblemen and priests, who regarded those cities as their property, but when the cities were in a position to defy them, they did so. The spirit of freedom was nourished by the self-dependence of the people, and the security given to life and property. Thus upon the ruins of Roman and barbarian rule, grew up republics, which were to instruct all of Europe in the art of self-government, and to show them how excellent a thing was liberty. These republics, too, preserved the arts and cultures of Rome, when otherwise, they might have perished from the earth, and to them we owe so much in law, poetry, art, science and religion, that it should be a pleasure to learn of them.

There is one of these republics of Italy, in whose story Americans take a peculiar interest, for there was born Christopher Columbus; though what he did for mankind was so mighty, that the whole world claims him as its citizen. Genoa, unlike many of the other cities of Italy, had never lost its walls. Through all the troublesome years of the Lombard rule, it had preserved its independence. To be sure, the Emperor of Constantinople claimed a shadowy sort of right over Genoa, but he contented himself by telling the citizens, in so many words, that they must hold their own; that he had neither the will nor the way to help the city against its foes.

Genoa was a very old town when the Normans gained a foothold in Italy, and was amply able to defend itself and its possessions from those conquerors. It is situated at the foot of the Ligurian Alps, open on one side to the sea, and early disputed with Venice for the carrying trade of the Mediterranean. Its people were compelled to protect, by their swords, the commerce they carried on, from one end of the Mediterranean sea to the other, and they often came into conflict with the Saracen pirates. These Saracens had conquered the Balearic Islands, Sardinia and Corsica, and harassed Italian commerce dreadfully, for a long time. In the latter part of the ninth century, they actually entered Genoa, and burning and pillaging, carried everything before them, until they were beaten off. Pisa, too, another seaport town, a little farther south, was troubled by them, and finally Genoa and Pisa united to drive the Saracens from Sardinia. After a long struggle, they succeeded in their undertaking, and also conquered the Balearic Isles, and the land was divided among the most illustrious families of the two cities, and held as fiefs to them.

When the first crusade was preached in Europe, Genoa was one of the famous cities of the Mediterranean, and the three republics, Venice, Genoa and Pisa, had more vessels upon the Mediterranean, than had all the rest of Europe together. Like Venice, Genoa aided the Christians in Palestine with a fleet, and stores of provisions and supplies for war, and was rewarded by commercial privileges in Palestine. The division that had been made of the lands of Sardinia and the Balearic

Islands, between the Pisans and Genoese, was the subject of many quarrels between the two cities, and more than once there had been war on account of it. Pisa was a great and beautiful city, with a leaning tower, that was considered one of the wonders of the world, and with public buildings of such magnificence, that they were admired even by the critical Venetians. In the year 1282, the Pisans and the Genoese fell to quarrelling again. Both covered the sea with numerous fleets, and finally both assembled the whole fighting strength of their respective cities for a decisive conflict upon the seas. Fortune favored the Genoese, and nearly at the same place where the Pisans had defeated them in a battle forty years before, the forces of the two cities met, and fought a fierce battle. The glory of Pisa on the ocean was lost from that day. Five thousand of the citizens fell in the fight, and ten thousand were



THE CITY OF GENOA.

taken captive. The prisoners refused to allow their countrymen to ransom them by giving up the Pisan possessions in Sardinia, and passed their life in captivity. The fishermen along the coast enrolled themselves under the banner of Genoa, and Pisa could no longer boast that she was the equal of Venice and of her victorious rival.

Genoa, after the conquest of the Pisans, had only one rival, and that was Venice. The fleet of the Genoese, and that of the Venetians, came to blows over a trifling matter in the year 1293, in the sea near Cyprus, and this affair led to a bloody naval war that lasted seven years. Wherever a Genoese ship and a Venetian galley crossed each other's path in the waters, they at once fell to fighting and continued until one or the other was conquered. Finally, after the war had lasted some five years, Lamba Doria, one of the famous nobles of Genoa, met the fleet of Dandolo, of Venice, at



the extremity of the Adriatic Gulf, burnt sixty-six of his galleys, took eighteen of them, with seven thousand prisoners on board, and returned in triumph to Genoa. The Venetians were so ashamed of this defeat, and so fearful that the Genoese would gain further glory by the war, that they asked, humbly enough, for peace, which the Genoese, who were no less tired of a war which interfered with their favorite occupation, commerce, granted them after awhile.

The glory of Genoa was greatly increased by the conquest of these two great Italian cities, and her people were called "the bravest and most fortunate of the Italians," but like many other nations and private individuals, who are the envy of the world on account of the favors which fortune has bestowed upon them, they had their own troubles, and these were hard to bear.

The nobles of Genoa had, in the early days of the republic, built their castles in strong places on the Ligurian mountains, and there, as in Northern Europe, were peasants, who tilled the soil for them and engaged themselves to perform certain military services. There were four great families, in particular, who had many followers and great wealth, the Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi and Fieschi. These families hated one another heartily, for all of them were greedy of place and power, and all of them were wealthy. This hatred was of long-standing, and gathered force with every passing century.

At first, the heads of these families had held office in the State, but there was so much quarreling among them, and so many brawls in the streets, that resulted in bloody frays, where life and property were sacrificed to no good purpose, that for the sake of peace, the Genoese declared they would stand it no longer. They dared not take it upon themselves to decide the merits of the quarrels, and as the simplest method of ridding themselves of the constant disturbances, refused to allow any member of the rival families to hold office. Instead of thus quenching the hatred, it grew as fast as before, and when the Guelph and Ghibbelines took sides for or against the reigning Emperor of Germany, who was really the over-lord of the Italian republics, the Dorias and the Spinolas took sides with the Ghibelines, while the Fieschis and the Grimaldis became Guelphs. Their peasants and retainers armed themselves in the cause of their masters, and for a long time Genoa was torn by dissensions.

Although these lords could none of them hold office in the State, in time of difficulty or danger, when the Genoese wanted an admiral for their fleet, or a general for their land forces, they always took them from the four great families. The people had become accustomed to obeying them, and many of them were drawn into their quarrels.

Genoa was governed by a council called a "Podesta," and when the Podesta found that they could not make the Guelphs and Ghibelines obey the laws, they appealed to the emperor, Henry VII., of Germany, who was then in Italy, and asked him to reduce the unruly nobles to order. They gave the emperor complete power over the republic for twenty years, by a solemn agreement, but they were soon sorry, for he was not a man who could be trusted where his own interests were at stake, and though he promised to preserve the liberties of the people, he had that convenient faculty of forgetting his word, that has often been noticed in kings and princes. One of his first acts, after he had subdued the nobles, was to do away with the Podesta, and then with the office of "defender of the people," which was also a peculiar institution in Genoa.

The Genoese loved their liberty, but like most commercial people they loved money too. Not content with taking the one, Henry next demanded an immense sum as a gift. The Genoese now realized that they had enacted the fable of the stork and the frogs, and they raised such an uproar that Henry was glad enough to get away secretly and silently with his life.

Venice and Genoa were at war, with intervals of peace, for nearly a century, and those battles upon the sea are so full of romantic interest that I should like to tell of them. The Dandolas of Venice and the Dorias of Genoa gained great fame by these wars, but both republics lost millions of treasure and thousands of brave men, when it would have been much better for them to have come to an agreement and divide the trade, of which each wanted the whole. When the Venetians conquered Constantinople, and established themselves as masters of a quarter of the city, the



THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

Genoese garrisoned a place in the suburbs, and there menaced their commerce. It was not long before they came to blows, and another war and endless quarrels were the result of their conflict for the supremacy of the seas. At last Venice won the mastery, but Genoa never ceased the struggle.

In one of these wars, a fleet of the Genoese was totally destroyed, and a man named Visconti, of whom I shall tell you something when I relate the story of Milan, gave them the money for the rebuilding of their ships. This was not charity on the part of Visconti, for he demanded that the Genoese make him ruler of their republic, promising, of course, that their interests were the dearest object of his heart, and that he loved them and their liberty too well to do anything but what was good for them. The Genoese had evidently forgotten the incident of Henry's brief rule and



that the promises of tyrants, and especially of priestly tyrants, such as Visconti, were not greatly to be trusted. He was made ruler, and the rebuilding of their fleet cost them their liberty, for he kept none of his promises, and had strength enough to maintain his authority in Genoa, against the wishes and best interests of the people.

In the year 1499, the French who had invaded Italy took Genoa, and for nearly thirty years the republic was subject to France, and French rulers governed it in the interests of their master. The people never forgot the days when they were victors of the sea and famous upon land; when all Europe rang with their martial deeds and even their enemies granted them admiration. The Dorias, especially, hated the French rule, and in the year 1528, gallant Andrea Doria drove the French out of the republic and declared that he would found a free government again. Italy was sadly oppressed at this time, for since the days when Charles VII. of France, entered Italy, Germans, French and Spanish soldiers had made raids into its fair provinces and attacking its rich cities, had carried away their treasure. Freedom, so dearly loved by the Italians, was then only a name, and the refounding of the government of Genoa sent a thrill of hope through the other free-hearted patriots of the peninsula. Doria had not the idea of freedom held in these days. He was a noble, and at heart thought that while the common people were excellent in their way, they should obey the nobles that Providence had set above them. The old rivalry between the four great houses was not dead, and no sooner was Andrea firmly established in office than a Fieschi began plotting to overthrow him. The plot might have succeeded, had not Fieschi died just at the point when his courage and wisdom were the most needed by the plotters, and knowing that among themselves there was no man, who could cope with Doria and his party, they gave over the attempt.

The Genoese had always been proud of the deeds of the Doria family. In the old days, some of their greatest victories over their enemies had been won under the leadership of the house of Doria, and they were willing enough, that under the high-sounding name of "the Father of his Country," Andrea Doria, and his nephew, who had aided him in driving out the French, should hold all the real power. To be sure, the Fieschi objected. The Fieschi were Guelphs, and the Guelphs, throughout their history, had always loved freedom. Doria dealt harshly with all the Genoese who had favored Fieschi's plot, but it was more because the plan had originated with the hated house, than because it was unpatriotic. The Fieschi and their friends hated the house of Austria, which was then the ruling house of Spain, and declared that the emperor was a tyrant, to whom the spirit of liberty was a stranger. Doria had attached Genoa to the house of Austria, and not only did the plot contemplate the unseating of Doria, but also the detachment of the city from the emperor. It was a sad thing for Genoa that it did not succeed.

The foreigners, who had, from time to time, ruled over the republic, had done all in their power to enrich themselves, and their masters, at the expense of the Genoese. and the Austrians were not different from the rest, but they had not the opportunity to exercise much tyranny, for the Genoese were determined to keep up the name of the republic, though it was dependent upon the empire. What little independence was left to them, they cherished most jealously, and though the emperor, more than once, tried to over-awe them into submitting entirely to his will, they persevered in their intention to remain a republic, at least in name.

There was a great book in Genoa which was called "the Golden Book," and in

this all the names of the nobles of Genoa, who had a right to sit in the council, were recorded. Among these, there were none except the ancient nobility, of which there were only about a hundred and seventy, while more than four hundred of the nobles,



GALILEO BEFORE THE COUNCIL AT GENOA.

whose titles were not so old, but who owned castles lands and wealth, were not allowed to sit in the council, or have any share in the government. Among these new nobles was a man by the name of Julius Cæsar Vachero, who had great wealth, and who kept in his palace, a number of ruffians, whom he hired to kill any one that displeased him. The judges of Genoa were afraid of Vachero, for they knew that should one of them give a decision that angered him, the dagger of a hidden murderer was sure to find him and lay him low. Vachero was not the only noble of Genoa who kept a large train of hired ruffians. Many of the new nobility had them at their command, and they joined Vachero in a plot to kill all the old nobility, make a new constitution for Genoa, and place the republic under the protection of the Duke of Savoy, who was in league with the conspirators. In some way the council learned of the plan, and arrested the ring-leaders. They were executed, and affairs in Genoa went on smoothly enough, though the city had begun to decline long before.

Louis XIV, who, though he was called "The Grand Monarch," often showed himself extremely petty, demanded that the Genoese should establish a depot at Savona, one of their ports, to supply one of the French fortresses with salt and munitions of war. The Genoese,



very properly, refused a demand whose performance would have involved them in trouble with other countries, and imperiled their independence. Louis XIV. thereupon sent a fleet to bombard the city, and for three days, shot and shell were poured upon Genoa, until the city was nearly ruined. Had not the Doge and four senators humbly apologized to the French commander, and hurried off to Paris to make their peace with the king, there would probably not have been left one stone upon another in the city.

Genoa went from bad to worse, for fifty years after the bombardment of which I have told you. Its Doges were tyrants of the worst sort, its manufactures and commerce decayed, and its subjects frequently revolted. When the war of the Austrian Succession broke out, Genoa opened its gates to the Austrians, but the excesses that were committed by the foreigners enraged the Genoese to that pitch, that they rose against them and drove them out of the city. The peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, gave independence to Genoa, under the protection of France, and so it remained until 1797, when Napoleon re-organized it under the new name of the Ligurian Republic. In 1805, it was united to France.

Lying at the base of the Appenine mountains, which like a spinal column, runs the length of the Peninsula of Italy, and near the northern part of the western portion, is the old city of Florence. The Arno, fresh from the snows of the mountains, flows through the town, and spanned by numerous bridges, divides it into two unequal portions. From these bridges, the snowy crests of the Appenines may be seen in winter, and their verdant slopes, in summer, are like a green wall, or screen behind the beautiful city. On one side of the Arno, are ruins of a solidly built wall, so huge and strong, that one has only to look at it, to recall that it was erected in the far, far past, and by those strange people, whom the Romans called Etruscans, for Florence is but the extension of the old Etruscan town of Fiesole, which before the days of the Cæsars, was a trading town of Etruria.

The Etruscans, or Tuscans, as they are now called, for some reason loved to perch their villages upon the crests of hills, but the traders who brought their wares there, to exchange them for some of the many marvelous things, that the Etruscans were famed for manufacturing, objected to carrying their burdens to the top of the height, and arranged that the Fiesolians should meet them at the bottom of the hill, upon market days. In the course of time, houses sprang up at the foot of the slope, and increased and multiplied, until Florence was a considerable town. When Sulla held the reins of government in Rome, he sent out a Roman colony to Florence, and as the country about the town was exceedingly lovely, as well as healthy, it soon became a favorite place of residence for many rich Roman citizens.

I am particular in thus telling you about Florence, because to this old Italian city the world owes a debt that it will never be able to repay. What Athens was to Greece, Florence was to Italy. It was the Alexandria of Europe, the wonderful center of art and architecture, of learning, patriotism, freedom, and all of those grand influences that we have inherited from the past. It gave to us Galileo, and the tower is still standing, from which he used to view the heavens at night, and watching the motions of the stars and planets, came to the conclusion that the earth did move. His idea of the motion of the earth, was suggested by the oscillation of a pedulum in the tower of Pisa. You know how he was arrested by Pope Urban, and after weary months in jail, was compelled to renounce his doctrine of the motion of the earth, in a solemn oath taken upon his knees, and how he whispered to himself as he arose, "and still it moves."



I say that Florence gave to the world Galileo, because, though the philosopher was born at Pisa, his father and mother were Florentines; but Galileo belongs to the later history of Florence, and I only mention him here that you may be enough interested in the story of the republic, to read the narrative carefully. Giotto, who built a famous and beautiful tower, Dante, the great poet, Savonarola, the pure-hearted priest and patriot, Leonarda di Vinci, and many other noble and great men were Florentines, and though their bones have been dust for centuries, what they thought and did, remains a precious gift to all the ages, a heritage that neither war nor time can destroy.

Florence shared the fate of the rest of the Roman empire, and though flourishing and noted for its manufactures of jewelry and various kind of ornaments, in the days of Charlemagne, it had no world-wide fame, such as it afterward

gained. There was a certain noble family that held a sort of claim over Florence, in the eleventh century, and when the last of that family died, she willed it to the Pope. Before that time, Florence had long been ruled by a duke, aided by certain citizens, but now it took the constitution of a free city, and its progress was remarkable. Its merchants had branch houses in France, England and the East, and the manufactures of Florence were thought highly of by all nations. The spirit of freedom that had always been noted in the Florentines, was nourished by their institutions, and though the people of most of the Italian republics loved their native cities, the Florentines were the most patriotic and devoted of all.

While all the rest of Italy was torn with the quarrels of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the Florentines succeeded in keeping free from outside strife for a long time. They had demonstrated to the German emperors, that they would not tamely suffer any interference with their affairs, as early as the year 1113, when they had defeated the army he had sent against them. They were finally drawn into the quarrel of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, through strife in their midst. Although the republic itself had not taken sides in the struggle, many of its people had done so. There was a certain lord named Buondelmonti, who was engaged to marry a lovely girl, whose father was of the noble family of Amidei. Both were rich and prominent in the city, and the engagement had been widely published. For some reason, the Buondelmonti concluded that he would not marry his betrothed, and instead, went to a Guelph lord, whom he knew well, and asked the hand of his daughter. It was granted to him, and he married her. This deadly insult, to the family of Amidei, could not be passed lightly. It is not likely that any of them cared much about the poor, jilted lady, but they all thought themselves personally insulted that she had been cast off for a Guelph, and they armed themselves to take revenge upon the false lover. All of the Ghibelines, of Florence, took the part of the Amidei, while the Guelphs sided with Buondelmonti, and the scorned maiden was no doubt a happy



wife, mother, and even grandmother, before the quarrel was settled; for though Buondelmonti himself, was stabbed as he was crossing one of the many bridges of the Arno, the Guelphs and the Ghibelines fought in the city for thirty-three years, and made the republic miserable by their blood-shed. At first, the feeling was extremely bitter, but it became blunted as time went on, and the Florentines in spite of their political differences, had the good sense to be united in an effort to improve the administration of affairs in their city.

Venice, Pisa, Genoa and some of the other Italian cities that were originally republics, in the course of time showed a tendency to entrust their affairs to a single person, or set of persons, but the Florentines had a truer idea of liberty, and did not make that mistake. Under the Roman form of government, they had consuls, but they did away with them, and instead, divided the city into six portions; each portion being entitled to two officers or magistrates, who were elected every year for the making and carrying out of the laws. One of these magistrates in every district had charge of all the peaceful affairs, such as seeing that the laws were enforced and bringing about the punishment of those who broke them; the other was the captain of the people, and had charge of the company of young men in his district who were enrolled for the defense of the republic. There were twenty such companies of soldiers in the city itself, and ninety-six in the country.

The Florentines had seen enough of the dissensions of great families to make them wise, and that no family in the city should gain too much power, they made a law, which provided that beside these twelve magistrates there should be elected two others, who were born in some other place than Florence, and who were the supreme authority, exercising a certain control over the twelve.

This system worked well for some years, but an unfortunate civil war abolished it for the time. Manfred attacked the Guelphs, defeated them in battle, and became the possessor of Florence. He established a council of aristocrats, and would even have destroyed the city, because he hated the spirit of liberty among its people, had not the Florentine Ghibelines themselves indignantly refused to allow it.

I have told you, elsewhere, how Manfred was killed in battle, and how after that Florence restored the government of the people. Her troubles were not yet ended, however. The nobles had grown so bold and quarrelsome in the years they had been in power, that the Florentines were disgusted, and all the more, as now when they were out of power, they were more turbulent than ever, and they would not keep the peace. You must know that very early in the history of the Italian cities, indeed almost as soon as the emperors had allowed them to rebuild their walls, the citizens were permitted to assemble at the ringing of the great bell of their town for the purpose of going out to battle, or of transacting any public business.

The fighting men of every city were divided into separate bodies, each following their own standard-bearer. They fought on foot, assembled around a sort of car drawn by oxen, which supported the flags of their city, and in the midst of those flags, upon a tall pole, was the standard of the Republic, and a figure of Christ with outstretched arms. This car was considered sacred by the free cities, and the soldiers would suffer anything rather than lose it. They would sacrifice their lives to protect it, and when it was captured were inconsolable until they recovered it. The Florentines thought so much of their standard that they elected their standard-bearer as the highest officer in the State, and he was chosen anew every two months from among the representatives of the arts, commerce, and the trades. One of the nobles,



Dante.

a very patriotic man, proposed to the gonfalonier, or standard-bearer, that the quarrelsome nobles should be brought to terms. He was a noble himself, but that made no difference.

The Guelph nobles had so long been at the head of affairs in Florence that they had grown to consider themselves as above the law, and for that reason it was suggested that their very nobility should be just cause why they never again should have a part in the government. Thirty-seven of these families were forever barred, by law, from any share in the government, and it was decreed that hereafter when they murdered any of their enemies, or committed any offense against the peace, they should be arrested and punished without trial. This seems unjust, but magistrates in those days, as in all others, were not above the influence of money, and their trials of the

noble Guelphs usually ended in the acquittal of the accused, even though his guilt was well established. Worse than all, it was decreed that if any common citizen persisted in breaking the peace and disturbing his neighbors, was not obedient to the laws, and did not behave himself well, that he should be declared a noble by the State, and then he, too, could be punished without trial, his house destroyed, and himself banished from the city.

The city thought itself fortunate to be able to banish its nobles, but these nobles, once outside the town, built strong castles in the mountains, surrounded themselves with armed retainers and continued their quarreling. There were two in particular who were accounted the richest, not only in the republic but in all Italy, in a day when private persons held enormous wealth. One of these families was divided into two branches, the Bianchi and the Neri, which in English means the Black and White. These two branches fell to quarreling in their castles and mountain retreats and wherever a Black met a White, he straightway fell upon him tooth and nail. Their dreadful deeds alarmed the smaller towns and one of these were they had much property and where they were continually meeting by chance, fighting in season and out of season, banished them. Florence thought it was now time for her to interfere and try to pacify this family. To do so, she invited them to return to the city, thinking that their own quarrels would prevent them taking up any grievance of the Guelphs, for both the Blacks and the Whites were Guelphs. This was a mistake. The Neri united with the Guelphs and the Bianchi with the Ghibelines, and their dissensions spread until every city and town in that part of Italy was in turmoil. The Pope thought that he could make peace, but he was a high tempered old man who had no patience with anybody who would not agree with him, and being bitterly offended by the blacks, he joined the whites and to restore peace in Florence called Charles of Calois with eight hundred cavalry into the place. Before the Florentines would open a single one of the eight gates in the six miles of wall that encircled their city, they made the French prince promise to obey their laws and limited his authority. Once within the town, Charles threw his promises to the winds. He joined the Neri and allowed them to do as they would with their enemies. Those whom they hated most they were permitted to kill. They were allowed to banish others, and to carry off rich heiresses against their will and marry



them to their sons. Those were not the days of divorce, and indeed Catholics do not believe in divorce, and once married by the ordinances of the church the unwilling brides were compelled to remain married. The Guelphs who were the friends of the Neri took revenge for all the slights, and what they considered the outrages, the people of Florence had heaped upon them, and banished all those who had stood for the liberties of the people under the law, or who had incurred their displeasure. Dante, the great poet, was one of these banished patriots, as was also the father of Petrarch one of the sweetest of the Italian writers.

When Charles accumulated all the gold he could carry away with him, he left Florence, and his name was hated ever after by the people. One would think that this would have been a severe lesson enough, but the Florentines repeated it afterward. The Guelphs formed a sort of league against the Ghibelines in Italy, and there were several great cities joined to Florence in this league. One by one, the Florentines lost their allies, and were defeated at all points. The Pope, who had taken their part died, and every effort of their magistrates, to raise them a place where they would be safe from their enemies, failed. They had received, for many years, the aid of the king of Naples, and when in the year 1326, this old king suggested that since they thought their misfortunes were due to the incapacity of their magistrates, it might be a good thing to elect his nephew, the Duke of Athens, governor for a time, they assented.

The duke had helped them on one occasion, when they were at war with Lucca, and had shown such bravery and good temper, that they were greatly fascinated by him, and they thought that when he took up the reins of government, victory would follow upon victory, and they would be peaceful and prosperous. The duke was a crafty fellow, who though brave and clever, had not a spark of honor or generosity in his nature. When he had been in Florence only a few days, he understood clearly, all the jealousies and rivalries of the prominent citizens, and set himself to work to ferment them. He caused his soldiers to circulate freely among the lowest people of the place, and tell them that if they would make the duke ruler for life, they would all become rich and prosperous. He managed so, that though it was against every principle of the Florentines, they actually declared him ruler for life. He surrounded himself with a strong guard, and proceeded to attempt to crush out the spirit of freedom.

He murdered people without form of trial, robbed right and left, and committed so many outrages that there were three great plots formed at the same time, though none of those engaged in one, knew anything of the others. These plots were for the deliverance of the city, and included nearly every man in Florence. The duke suspected that something was brewing, but could not learn just what it was. He arrested a certain man, that he knew was suspected of complicity in the plot, and it happened, that without actual knowledge of events, he had secured the head of one of the conspiracies. There was such a tumult in the city, that he dared not have his prisoner killed, though he was certain, from the effect of his arrest, that he was an important capture. Pretending that he wished to consult with the citizens, he ordered three hundred of the most prominent and patriotic men of Florence to assemble. He meant to kill them every one, to make way for his tyranny, and they knew it. The people, therefore, one by one, silently and secretly gathered in the various strong palaces of the city, overlooking the street along which the duke and



FLORENCE, ITALY.

his cavalry would be obliged to pass on the way to the meeting. They filled the gloomy buildings with arms and missiles, and waited.

When the soldiers came proudly riding down the street, and were near the middle of it, where there was no chance for retreat, the concealed patriots came boldly out upon the balconies, or stood at the upper windows. Those who had cross-bows, shot arrows down upon the duke's men, those who had none,

hurled lances and stones, tiles and billets of wood upon them, and they were driven out of the city. The duke escaped in the tumult, and Florence was again free.

The nobles thought this a good time to gain admission to the government but the Florentines would have none of them, and told them so in plain words and this was the last time they ever attempted to gain the power. Two great families from among the common people furnished Florence with the most capable, intelligent and progressive rulers for the next fifty-three years, and after that time the fortunes of the city were closely bound up with the house Medici. For centuries, the virtues of the Florentines were celebrated all over Italy. The majority of the people were always found upon the side of right and justice and were honorable and upright in their dealings at home and abroad. For a time after the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, the lower class took advantage of the popular opinion that all had equal rights in the government; a doctrine then held no where else in Europe, but which we know now is the right idea, but they thought that it meant they should not be brought under the laws. They soon realized their mistake, and Florence never allowed the error to be repeated. The fifty-three years when the democratic faction ruled were among the grandest in the story of Florence. The wonderful arts which even now make Florence beloved of the world, grew and flourished, poets philosophers, artists and literary men made the city the center of the life of Europe, and the progress was one long and unbroken period, which shines forth gloriously in the darkness of the times.

There was a man in Italy in the early part of the fourteenth century who excited some jealousy among the Florentine magistrates. He was the son of a money lender whose ancestors were defenders of the rights of the lower orders of people, and a great favorite in Florence for his immense wealth, generosity, and liberal ideas. This man's name was Cosmo de Medici, and he had at one time been a magistrate of the City. His palace was one of the finest in Italy, and there learned men, artists, poets, musicians, sculptors and philosophers, loved to meet and while enjoying the luxurious hospitality for which Cosmo was famous, talk together upon



the subjects that interested them. The poor never went away from the doors of the rich Medici empty handed, and his purse was always open to merit. He could afford to be generous, for he was at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in the world, that had branches in England, France, the Far East and every large city of Europe.

Cosmo declared often that Florence had wasted its energies in useless wars, made some remarks which displeased the magistrates and was arrested and thrown into the great tower of the city. The citizens were then assembled by the ringing of the bell, as was the custom, to choose officers and to pass upon Cosmo's guilt. The men who had charge of the choosing of the magistrates were suspected of being secretly favorable to Cosmo and anxious to prevent his death or banishment, for they inserted among the names, some of the names of friends to the prisoner, who they were elected and he was set at liberty. At the next election his friends in power succeeded in getting others favorable to him chosen, and soon he was elected chief magistrate, with a friend of his named Neri Capponi as his associate in office. When Cosmo thus gained the power he succeeded in keeping it. He built churches, schools and hospitals and so won the love of the people that they continued him in the government. Neri was the greatest statesman of his time, and by his wise policy in keeping Florence at peace and prosperous he, too, was continued in office. For many years Cosmo held all the real power of Florence and when he died those who had watched his course and saw how certainly it tended to the enslavement of their city were rejoiced. For a time there was some show of the old popular government, but Cosmo's son Peter, though so afflicted with the gout that he could neither ride nor walk but had to be carried about wherever he went, inherited along with the Medici wealth the family ambition. He joined with a man named Pitti (who built that splendid Pitti palace that still stands in Florence and bankrupted himself in doing it) and the two managed affairs between them, in ways known even now to politicians, that kept the power in their hands. Medici spent millions of money in bribing his creatures, and when he died, his son Lorenzo ruled as the chief of the Medici party. Lorenzo is known in history as "Lorenzo the Magnificent," because of his splendid entertainments and his generosity. It seemed that whatever the Medici's undertook prospered, and though they gave away so much, their wealth kept on accumulating in an astonishing manner.

Although in his day, Lorenzo was flattered and caressed and deserved some credit for the encouragement he gave to art and letters, he was neither a good man nor a good citizen. He encouraged the Florentines in all sorts of luxury and extravagances, and had none of the virtues of his great ancestors. He had no love for liberty, and when he saw the spirit of independence was not quite dead in some of the Italian cities, he allied himself with priests and rulers, who he knew would aid him to crush it should it, appear in Florence. He had made vice the fashion, and vice grew so alarmingly that the learning which the Florentines had loved, sank into insignificance before it, and vice ran riot in the high places in Florence, and was faithfully copied among the lower classes.

Among the Florentines there were some in whom the love of liberty and virtue was not dead, and who looked with horror upon Florence and what she had become. Among them was a monk by the name of Savonarola, who declared boldly and publicly that Florence would be visited with the wrath of God if it did not abandon its evil ways, and turn to the old pure practices of the earlier days.



Lorenzo heard of the words of the bold monk who was celebrated throughout the whole city for his eloquence, learning and piety, and when he was very ill of a low fever, and in fear of death, sent for Savonarola. For some years Lorenzo had been an absolute master of Florence, as though he were a crowned king, but Savonarola had refused to render him any mark of respect, to visit him, or speak to him. He could not refuse to visit him, however, when he learned that he was very ill and desired to see him, and prayed beside his bed, and pointed the way to heaven for him. Lorenzo desired Savonarola to give him the absolution, which priests of the Catholic church grant to the dying who have made their peace with God and man. Savonarola told Lorenzo that he would absolve him if he would undo, as far as lay within his power, the evil of his life, recall the patriots he had banished, and give back to Florence her independence, so that his descendants could claim no power of government, but Lorenzo could not bring himself to do so.

Savonarola was firm, and his courage won for him the admiration of all those who loved liberty, and hated the rule of the Medici. Lorenzo died without relinquishing his power, and the Medici became the bane of Florence. Even in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the women of the House of Medici began to be celebrated for their beauty and wickedness, and the first Catherine de Medici was born during his lifetime.

Savonarola was a wonderful man, and the people of Florence thought that he was a prophet, like those of old who fore-told to the Jews the events that were to come. He had been brought up in a convent, and it is said that his first attempt at preaching was a failure, because his voice was so harsh and his manner so timid and forbidding that nobody cared to listen to him. In spite of these defects, however, (and perhaps he overcame them) Savonarola soon became one of the most remarkable preachers of his time, for he was deeply in earnest, and was much concerned over the wickedness of his countrymen.

He started first to reform the Society of Monks, of which he was a member, and his efforts enlisted the sympathy of the Pope, and he was made the head of the order in Florence. Next, he told the Florentines that God hated their wickedness, and frowned upon their unrighteous mode of living. So many people believed that some dreadful thing would happen if they did not repent, that they brought their books which contained light and wicked poetry and songs, their jewels, fine clothes and rich furniture, and piled them in a great heap before the cathedral door, and burned them, as a sort of a sin offering.

Soon Savonarola began to tell them, that the true way to reform Florence was to change the form of government, and he found many followers. When Lorenzo, the Magnificent, died, his preaching became bolder. It is said that he predicted the coming of Charles VIII. into Italy, and when this prediction was fulfilled, he made more converts than ever. He declared that Florence was set apart by God, to show the world how his law could be made to operate in human affairs, and so much influence did he have over his countrymen, that they drove the Medici family from the city, and Savonarola directed the government, though he took no title, and no office. He caused the strictest laws to be made against all sorts of vice, and even prohibited the people from wearing fine clothing, feasting and reveling. He denounced the



splendor in which the Pope lived, and boldly declared that he was setting an evil example to the Christian world, and sinning against heaven. He even intimated that the Pope would have no part in future bliss, if he did not change his ways, and when these sayings came to the ears of the Pope, he took back his edict which made Savonarola the head of the Dominican order of Florence, and told him to come straight to Rome, and be tried as a heretic. Savonarola defied the Pope, and in 1497, was cursed, and declared no longer a member of the Church. The



THE EXECUTION OF SAVONAROLA

Pope forbade good Catholics to listen to his doctrines, or give him any aid or comfort; but still Savonarola was not daunted. He went on preaching as before, even when the Medici's, who had been driven out, were returned to power by a vote of the fickle people.

There was a monk of a different order, who hated Savonarola, and who preached against him with great bitterness. To decide which was in the right, the Florentines proposed to try the two priests by fire; that is, compel them to walk through the flames, and the one that came out unscorched, was to be declared in the right. It is not just clear now, why the friends of Savonarola declined this absurd test, for it was common in those days to test people in this way, but they did so, and his enemies said that it was because Savonarola was afraid. The high heart of Savonarola did not know the meaning of fear, and his spirit shrunk from no suffering, in the cause of truth and the right. He loved Florence with all the power of his great soul, and he hated sin equally, and though the people fell away from him, and he had few friends and hardly any followers, he still persisted in preaching.

The council was now governed by the Medici's, who, naturally enough, hated Savonarola, and at their suggestion, he was brought to trial for misleading the people with false prophecies. His enemies published a statement that he confessed to having done so, but it is now believed that the statement was entirely false, and that Savonarola maintained to the last, that he had a mission to perform, and would fulfill

it in spite of all the obstacles that were put in his way, and that his prophecies, if they might be considered as such, were warnings which God, through him, was making known to sinners. At all events, the council found him guilty, and declared that he should be burned to death, publicly. There were many people in Florence, who thought this sentence unjust, and tried to persuade the council to make it milder, but the Pope, of Rome, said it was perfectly right, and it was done.

Savonarola was led out with two of his friends, and under the fair sky, in sight of the lovely mountains, and in the presence of the people of the city, so ungrateful, but so beautiful and dear to them, they were burned to death, and no hand was raised to save them. With their last breath, the three devoted men, declared themselves true sons of the church, and met their fate with the heroism, that in all ages, has marked the martyrs of truth. The place is still shown in Florence, where Savonarola was executed, the house where he was born, the churches where he preached, and the squares and market places where he exhorted the people to forsake their evil ways, and return to the purity of the faith of the disciples of Christ.

The Medici were now noted for their wickedness. They scrupled at no crime, and in attempting to govern Florence with the utmost tyranny, after the death of Savonarola, they made themselves so much hated that the people finally compelled them again to leave the city. This did not happen, however, for nearly fifty years after their first banishment, and in the meantime a Medici had twice sat in the chair of the Pope of Rome, and in the capacity of head of the church and member of the ruling house of the city, had practiced such extortion, oppression and vice that the Florentines were well nigh desperate. For eighteen years they ruled their republic in the ancient manner, and with great credit, but their glory was gone forever.

I have told you that the Florentines were great manufacturers and traders, and that they loved wealth and ease. This love of luxury had grown with them, and instead of enrolling in their army their own young men, and training them to the art of war, they had long been in the habit of training troops to fight for them. They were surrounded on every side by jealous enemies, and the Pope, a member of the House of Medici, determined to compel them to give up their constitution, and restore the Medici's to power.

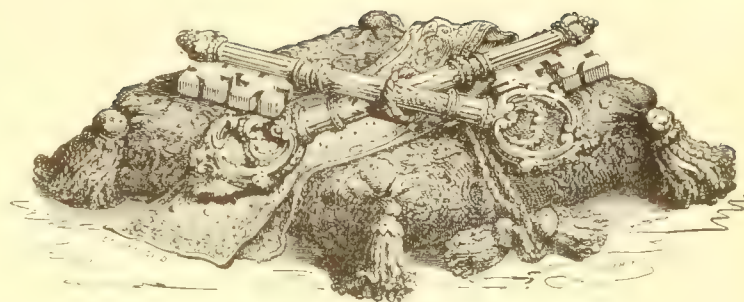
France had once been their friends, but since the days of Charles VIII., France had left them to their fate. Too late they realized the danger that beset them, but they were true-hearted, and resolved to do the best that they could. First, they decided to repair their walls, and called Michael Angelo, the famous artist, sculptor painter and architect, to help them. Angelo loved Florence. The Tower of Giotto had served him as a model for his great dome of St. Peter's Church at Rome, and he loved liberty too well not to respond to any call made in her name. He came, and managed the building of the fortifications.

A celebrated writer upon political topics, by the name of Macchiavelli, a man who influenced the world so much that his political teachings became the governing influence in the lives of kings and princes, though we can not admire them much in these days, had warned the Florentines that they must create an army from among themselves, and they now tried to do so. Hardly had they manned their new defenses, when the joint army of the Pope and Emperor sat down before their walls to blockade them and starve them into submission.

The Florentines were anxious to fight, but the enemy would not attack them. They used to sally forth from the city at night, under the cover of darkness, wearing



white shirts over their uniforms so that they could distinguish one another in the dim light, and silently approaching the sleeping enemy in small bodies, would kill them and destroy their supplies. They dared not attempt to assault the besiegers in the open field, but they wanted to provoke them to storm the walls. The enemy numbered among their



The Papal Keys.

rank some of the most brutal soldiers of Europe, and they had committed so many outrages upon other Italian communities, and even in Rome and upon the cities of the very Pope who was now their friend and ally, that the Florentines hated them.

Outside the city was the bravest of the Florentine Generals, with a gallant band of soldiers, who were veterans in the field, for they had been engaged in the long wars that then devastated the South of Europe. The Florentines hoped that this man would bring up his army against the besiegers and compel them to fight, and then they would sally from the town, and attacking the enemy in the rear, put them to flight.

This general had done them good service in supplying them with provisions and in keeping several of the roads open when the troops of the emperor and Pope were approaching, and when Florence had been blockaded for some time he advanced to its relief. He was surprised by the enemy and a dreadful battle was fought in which his troops were cut to pieces and he himself was mortally wounded. As he lay dying one of the brutal soldiers of the army of the Pope stabbed him, and others following his example struck the fallen general again and again. He made no resistance but looking at them calmly said with a contempt that made them blush. "So you kill dead men, do you?" The death of this gallant General was the death, too, of the old republic of Florence. When the people in the town heard that he had been defeated and killed, they were so disheartened that they made no attempt to defend the walls, but each and every one hurried away as fast as he could to hide jewelry, money and other valuables to prevent them falling into the hands of the soldiers, for they knew that sooner or later the city would fall, and decided by their actions that it should be given up at once. The council sent out and asked terms for surrender, and to their great surprise they were only made to pay a large sum of money instead of giving their city over to the pillage of the soldiers, and were to receive the Medici back as their rulers. The Pope bound himself to take no revenge upon the citizens but he had not the smallest intention of keeping his word. He caused a council to be gotten together who would do exactly as he wished, and in the first month after the surrender banished nearly two hundred families and before the first year nearly a thousand.

The Pope had too much on his hands to govern Florence himself, so he sent his cousin Alexander with a new constitution for Florence that left the people very little liberty, and made the Medici's hereditary rulers of the republic. This Alexander was a monster in human form, as were so many of the Medici's and after poisoning his cousin who possessed some spark of patriotism and protested against his tyrannical and wicked government of the city, he was in turn poisoned by another cousin, a man who had associated with him in the most revolting forms of vice.



THE BATTLE OF MARATHA.

first deeds was to kill his councillors and every one who opposed him was removed from his path by poison, the dagger or some other means. Seven Dukes of the Medici family ruled over Florence after Cosmo the cruel, but the story of their reign is one horrid list of crimes and oppressions. Their reign ended in 1737, and Florence was merely the capital of the Duchy of Tuscany during that long period. Florence shared the failing fortunes of Italy until Napoleon entered the country and gave an impulse to liberty by giving back to the old republics some of their freedom. His work perished, but Florence, as a city of the New Italy of our own day, is prosperous and beautiful though she can not renew her age and again be vigorous. She held aloft the torch of liberty in some of the darkest hours of the world's history, and to Florence we citizens of the great new republic of equal rights, owe the deathless gratitude which is her reward for the heritage she, in common with all those who struggled for freedom, bestowed upon us and the rest of the world.

In the Story of Germany, I have told you something of the trials of the city of Milan, and how it fought for liberty against the German emperors. Milan was one of the old towns of the Gauls, and afterward of the Lombards, and is to-day one of the most flourishing and progressive cities of Italy; but its history was sadly checkered with misfortunes in its early days. The contest with the German Emperor, Frederick, which resulted in the destruction of the city, so that "not one stone was left standing on another," did not end, as you will remember, then. As soon as the Milanese felt themselves, for the time, safe from the armies of Germany, they joined a league of the Lombard cities against the emperor, rebuilt their city, and for thirty years, struggled against tyranny with a spirit that excites the admiration of all those who read the narrative of the trials of brave Italy. This struggle had a mighty effect

There was a certain Cosmo de Medici whom the Florentines chose for their Duke after the death of Alexander, for since they were compelled to take a Medici they made up their minds to select one who would be likely to yield to their wishes, and a Cosmo was only nineteen they thought that they could influence him. They were mistaken. He was cold, cruel and without truth or honor. All the vices of the detested Medici had early reached in him their full growth. One of his



upon the fortunes of the country, for when it ended, by the real defeat of the emperor, and left him only a shadowy claim over all Italy, all the free cities of Italy gained the privilege of having their own laws, and obeying their own magistrates.

I have already told you the principal events in the history of Milan, up to the beginning of the thirteenth century. The strife of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines was naturally very fierce in Milan, and as the Guelphs gained the power, they banished the Ghibelines who opposed their government. Early in the twelfth century, a Ghibeline archbishop by the name of Visconti, made himself so disliked by the Guelphs of Milan, that they banished him. He went to Como, and there assembled many of the banished Ghibeline nobles. The Milanese learned of the intention of these nobles to march against Milan, and sent out one of their generals against them. The general did not have a high opinion of the fighting qualities of the archbishop and his friends, and kept such a careless watch over his march, when he went out to meet them, that he allowed himself to be surprised and captured. He paid for his folly, by a long imprisonment in an iron cage, when the archbishop entered the city, mastered it, and made himself the ruler of the place.

When the archbishop grew too old to rule the city himself, he gave the power into the hands of his nephew. This Visconti married his daughters, nieces, nephews and cousins to the most powerful families in Lombardy, and through these marriages became the ruler of several Lombard towns. He was a haughty fellow, who did not attempt to hide from the people, that he thought very highly of himself and very little of them. He also showed them that he cared little for their liberty, and so insulted the other Lombard lords, that they hated him almost as much as did the common people.

At length there was a plot formed against him, that was successful, and he was driven out of Milan. Henry VII. took a hand in Visconti's affairs and by threats induced the Milanese to take him back. The Ghibelines, thus encouraged by the sympathy of the emperor, raised a party in the city, and drove out the Guelphs, and the latter took arms against the emperor; so you will notice, the game of see-saw that was played in the other parts of Italy, went merrily on at Milan, and when the Ghibelines were up, the Guelphs were down; when the Guelphs and the Pope were up, the Ghibelines and the emperor were down.

This second Visconti made war against the Guelphs and the Pope for twenty years to maintain his authority, but when he grew old and felt death near, his power seemed worth very little to him, and he was sorry he had done anything that would deprive him of heaven. He feared above all things that the Pope would not allow him, on his death-bed, the last offices of the church, and to prevent that calamity he resigned Milan to his son.

The game of see-saw was played again; the Guelphs took heart on account of the inexperience of the new Visconti, and drove him out, but soon the Ghibelines went up and they went down. Visconti was recalled and ruled Milan. He was in power when Louis of Bavaria, that German emperor who captured his rival, Frederick of Austria, and treated him with such generosity, arrived in Italy to begin the never-ending task of subduing the country.

This third Visconti treated the emperor with great courtesy, and Louis of Austria, who was about as false-hearted and untrustworthy a man as ever lived, in spite of his goodness to Frederick, returned the favors of Visconti by arresting him and his sons, throwing them into a dungeon, robbing them of their wealth and threatening them



*Don. G. G. G. G.*

with death by torture if they did not give up the keys of the fortresses of Milan. When he had kept the Visconti in jail for eight months, he offered to sell them Milan, but he asked so high a price that they could not then pay it. He released them because one of his favorites pleaded with him to do so, and they did scrape enough money together in the course of time to buy the government of the city from Louis.

This third Visconti, whose long Italian name I am sure you could not remember, died soon after this, and his son, who bore the singular name of Azzo Visconti, was the ruler of Milan until John of Bohemia, son of Henry VII., came into Italy with an army. This prince was so handsome, generous and liberal that the Milanese welcomed him with open arms, and Azzo gave up Milan to him, and received it back from the prince, to rule in his name.

The Viscontis continued in power for a long time, and the more we see of them the less we like them. They had a fashion of commencing war for conquest of their neighbors without making any previous declaration, and by this means became the master of nearly all of the old Lombard kingdom. They were not to be trusted even in their own families, and they did not scruple to have any one removed who stood in their way.

Their career of victorious tyranny began to wane about the time that John Visconti, the most dreaded and ambitious of them all, became master of Genoa, through loaning the Genoese money to build their fleet when they were at war with Venice, and after them the Sforzas, vile and wicked men, ruled Milan.

One of these monsters killed his own mother by poison, and delighted in inventing cruel and unusual punishments for those who would not obey his wishes. He buried some of his victims alive, tortured others by tearing their flesh with red-hot pincers, and no woman or man of Milan was safe from him. The people were so goaded by his cruelty, that led by one of the descendants of Visconti, and two other brave young men, they revolted, but when their leaders were seized, like cowards, the people deserted them and allowed them to be put to death by the most dreadful torture, by the friends of Sforza, whom they had succeeded in killing. This was in the year 1476, and you see that the wickedness of their rulers had its influence on the character of the Milanese, and they were no longer like the brave people, who, for liberty, would brave any suffering and danger.

Three years after the death of the three gallant patriots of Milan, Louis XII. of France sent an army into Italy which conquered Milan, and for the next thirteen years the French held it. They lost it again through the courage of the Swiss who at the call of Milan came to her aid and placed on the throne a Sforza, a man very unlike some of his wicked ancestors. The French and Germans fought for Milan and the Germans, with some Spaniards, supported the Sforza on the throne, but they treated him and the Milanese with such insult, that Sforza thought of rebelling and with the help of the King of England, Henry VIII. driving all foreigners out of his



city. He wanted to arm Italy against them. The Germans learned of his intention and sent a Spaniard named Leyva to keep the Milanese in order, for at the time, Spain and Germany were under the rule of the same sovereign. There were the most dreadful deeds committed by this bloodthirsty Spaniard, by the order of Charles V., and after being besieged for many months in the fortress of the town, the French, the old enemies of the Milanese, hearkened to their appeal to come and deliver them, but they were defeated. The war ended soon after, leaving the Sforza, now an old man, broken in health and hope, upon the throne of Milan, and the people plundered of their wealth and mourning fathers, sons and brothers, who had died for the liberty of Italy. A few years later Sforza died without heirs and by the terms of the peace, Milan became the property of the Emperor of Germany. I have not space to follow the story of Milan, but in its great Cathedral in the year 1805 the new Cæsar who came out of Gaul, instead of going into it, as did the first great Cæsar, was crowned King of Italy. Napoleon did not long hold the crown, neither did Milan, which he made the capital of the new Cisalpine Republic, long remain the bearer of that proud title. In just ten years after the crowning of Napoleon, Milan was restored to the Kingdom of Italy. Napoleon was not the curse to Italy that he was to Northern Europe, and his ideas were great and noble regarding the formation of republics there that should preserve the old liberties of Italy, but his best work perished along with his worst. The best and worst alike bore fruit to liberty, and thus we see in even the shedder of so much blood and the worker of so much misery, the instrument appointed by God to accomplish great deeds.

Before ending the story of these Italian republics, and I wish I could tell you the romance as well as the facts connected with them all, I must speak of Rome, the Eternal City, from which, in the early days, went out the first note of liberty, and even in its decline was great and imposing. Naples, Sicily and many of the other small Southern kingdoms have an interesting and romantic history, but the chain that holds it to that of the rest of Europe is slight, and though in their day they had an influence on Southern Europe, that influence soon passed away and is forgotten by all except learned historians. Pisa, Ancona, Mantua, Padua Pavia and many other cities too, have a fascinating history, but we can only notice those cities whose influence was above the effect of time, and this done we must pass on, though perhaps you will think highly enough of the fair old towns of vine-clad Italy, to read of them in the many excellent histories of them that have been written.

I have told you the main facts in the history of Rome, under its Popes, up to about the time when they were driven from Rome, and forced to make their residence in Avignon. That story is of quarrels, plots and dark doings, and as it is neither pleasant nor profitable reading, I shall say nothing more of the Popes of those days. I have told you, too, of the different entries and conquests of Papal Rome, by the kings and emperors who quarreled with the Popes, and only pause long enough to outline to you the story of Cola di Rienzi, who was called the "Last of the Tribunes."

The Romans wrote his name differently, because his father was Lorenzo, the tavern keeper, and the son was Rienzo. His mother was a washerwoman, and until Rienzi was a grown man, he passed his life among the lower classes of people, outside of Rome, tending sheep among the hills, or lying in the shade, watching the wonderful cloud effects in the sky or the waters. He thought much, even when he was a child, and his thought was singularly pure and elevated. When he went back to



Rome to live, his imagination was fired by the monuments of past greatness that he saw all about him.

The Roman people had sunk deeply into misery and poverty, and had no pride in their great history. The Popes lived at Avignon and exercised little real authority in the city, which was vexed by the quarrels of three great noble families. The Colonna, Orsini and Savelli nobles; each had their strongholds in Rome, and these were filled with bands of hired ruffians, who fought one another, murdered, pillaged, and robbed, and kept Rome in turmoil. Whenever one of these nobles appeared in public, he thought himself insulted, if the populace did not toss up their caps "and lift the servile shout, at sight of that "great ruffian" Rienzi read history, learned the Greek and Latin languages, and soon became honored for his learning and eloquence. As he went about the city, examining inscriptions upon ruins, or looking upon the broken arches that had been erected to commemorate some great triumph in the past, a crowd always followed, to hear him explain, in his fascinating and interesting way, the meaning of those remains, and he spoke with such enthusiasm that for the time they forgot the wretchedness of

their present state, in glorying over their past. He never failed to exhort them to rouse their souls, to attain liberty, to make themselves respected by the world, and to renew the ancient splendors of their lost empire.

It happened that Rienzi gained much popular favor, and the people called him, "the consul of widows, orphans and the poor." The fights and brawls of the three great families, at length became so unbearable, that the Guelph party determined to send Rienzi to Avignon, to plead with the Pope for his return to Rome, and the reduction to order of the turbulent spirits. They could not find, in all the city, a man who loved Rome better, who was more familiar with her past, and more enthusiastic for her future. To Avignon, Rienzi accordingly went, and there he met Petrarch, the great Florentine poet and scholar, to whom he confided his dream of renewing the Roman Empire for the Romans, and driving out its tyrants. Petrarch was fully as visionary as Rienzi, and though both had an intense love of liberty, one was a born orator, the other a born poet, and neither had the least idea of the duties of a statesman.

About this time a brother of Rienzi was killed by one of the Roman nobles, and after trying in vain to secure justice upon the slayer, Rienzi seems to have decided on rousing the people to action. The nobles knew him well, and knew of his hatred to them, but they said that he was a harmless madman, and were more amused than angered at his talk concerning Roman liberty and their own misdeeds. Three years had passed since his visit to Avignon, and all that time he had denounced the nobles whenever he had a chance.

In May, 1347, the Colonnas quitted Rome for the time, with the most ruffianly of their retainers, and Rienzi, who had tried some time before, to interest the magistrates in his ideas, but failed, now assembled the people and appeared among them with the papal officer, whom he had won to his cause, and one hundred armed men. He made a stirring speech, perhaps not very different from that which is known to every school-boy as "Rienzi's address to the Romans," in which he told the people all that



Rome had suffered from the tyranny of the lords, and what they might expect from them in future.

Then he recalled to their minds the Rome of the old days, and the proud position it had occupied among the governments of the earth, and contrasted it with the ruin and decay of the times in which they lived, and all this ruin brought about by tyranny and greed of the nobles. He proposed a system of laws for them that would remedy all these abuses, and carried conviction to the people.

The Romans drove out the aristocratic senators, and made Rienzi dictator, with the papal legate as his associate in office. The Pope confirmed him in the office, and the fact that Rome was again free sent a thrill of admiration through Europe. There were kings and princes who feared this new, free Rome, when they remembered the course of the old republic upon the seven hills, and how from small beginnings it had grown to great achievement, but in a little time their fear was turned to amusement.

At first Rienzi had dreamed the sweet dream of all Italian patriots, from the early days, and which, in our own times, has taken a long stride toward fulfillment. He dreamed of a united Italy, and he sent messengers to all the Italian republics to arrange a meeting of representatives to accomplish it. They joyfully consented, and they met in solemn council and actually summoned two kings, who were wrangling about the possession of Italy, to appear before them, and answer to them why they should make any such claims over free people, and all this before they had an army or any resources at their command.

The nobles at this time were not idle. They gathered in force and attacked Rome, defeating Rienzo, who was not brave in battle, and knew nothing of war. Rienzi had by this time, less than seven months from the day he was declared Tribune, assumed much pomp and splendor, and grown vain of success. The Pope was angered about the calling of the council for uniting Italy, for a united Italy meant then what it meant in 1870, the loss of temporal power to the Popes of Rome, and he did not favor it.

He sent a legate to Rome in the person of a French noble, who was, of course, favorable to the Roman nobles, who had by this time gained a portion of the city. Rienzi sounded in vain the great bell that was to call the people of Rome to the defense of their liberties, and when he found himself deserted, he fled from the city and went to Bohemia, where he made an extraordinary prophecy to the king.

The king, Charles IV., instead of treating Rienzi as a prophet, clapped him into prison and kept him there until it was convenient to send him to the Pope. He was solemnly tried and condemned to death, but Petrarch pleaded with the Pope, and his life was spared, though he was kept in prison some time.

In Rome the nobles were more violent and quarrelsome than before, and finally the Pope sent a legate to them, who took Rienzi with him, in order that he might make himself popular with the people. A residence was given the "Last of the Tribunes," and he again attempted to seize the power. His misfortunes may have turned his brain and made him insane, for he was certainly no longer the pure-hearted patriot of old.

He was suspicious, capricious, and even dishonest. He borrowed money that he had no means of repaying, armed a small body of soldiers, and in 1354 seized the power. The nobles refused to acknowledge his authority, the people were irritated by his pride, his cruelty and his severe taxation to meet his expenses, and when he



Victor Emmanuel

dream of the Italian patriots seemed to have taken shape and become something more than a dream. War-wasted, crushed by tyranny, covered with the blood of brave men, and the ruins of fair towns, the heart of Italy still beat, and freedom was still the hope of the people. France and Austria had designs upon the independence of the country, the same they had cherished since the days of Charles VIII., but Italy had learned something, and in 1861 came the hour and the man.

Garibaldi gathered his heroic soldiers in that year, and after many bloody battles, hardships and discouragements, the Austrians and Neapolitans, who were leagued for again crushing Italy, were defeated, and all the Italian States except Venice and the little republic of San Marino, were joined, and Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, was called to take the crown of the new kingdom.

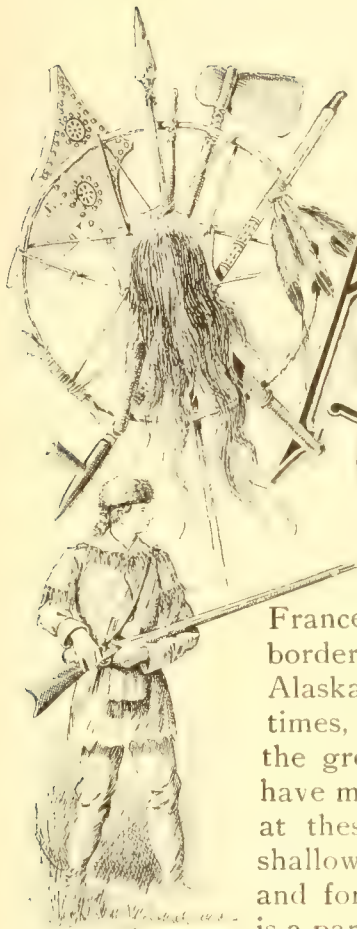
In the year 1870 the Papal States were annexed to the kingdom, and since that time United Italy has been peaceful. The present King Humbert lacks the spirit of his father, and is not the pure patriot that should be at the head of Italian affairs. The republican feeling has grown with such amazing rapidity of late years, that it is thought by many people who have paid close attention to the affairs of Italy, that it will not be long before the Italians will refuse to submit to their present expensive and unsatisfactory government, and will establish in its stead a new republic. Thus again may we see the circle of time completed, and a Roman republic flourishing on the site of the first republic of Europe.

had ruled like a tyrant for two months, the Romans revolted and joined the nobles against him. They burned down his palace and captured him as he was about escaping from the city in disguise. They dragged Rienzi to the foot of the stairs of the Capitol, and stabbed him to death on the 8th day of October, 1354, and thus died the "Last of the Tribunes."

From what I have told you of Italy, you can readily see that it is very different from other countries in its history. It was so long made up of republics, duchies and free cities, nearly independent of one another, that it is impossible to tell the story without separating it into parts, and these parts do not match very well, nor can we make them one evenly continued narrative as is the story of Germany, France and England.

After the fall of Napoleon and the destruction of the forms of government that he had established in various parts of Europe, the old





# AMERICA.



WHEN the British Isles were joined to the mainland of Europe, and all the little islands of the Mediterranean Sea were also part of the continent, it is more than probable that a ridge of land extended from France to Greenland, and another high, dry pathway, bordered on either side by the ocean, extended from Alaska to Siberia. This is not guess-work, for in our own times, clever and learned men have mapped the floors of the great oceans, with nearly as much exactness as geographers have mapped the different countries and continents, and looking at these maps, we see that the seas over those ridges are very shallow, and in some cases, the ridge appears above the waters and forms islands, that are inhabited by busy peoples. Iceland is a part of this elevation, as are also England, Ireland and Scotland. I tell you this about the floor of the ocean, that you may understand that little upheaving caused the ridge to rise higher, and a little sinking, on account of the elevations of the surface in other parts of the ocean, caused them to sink under the waters of the ocean, and in order that you may have some idea how man came to inhabit North America, which from the dawn of history, has been so widely separated from the other countries of the world, that man could not by any possibility have reached the continent by land. History is one of the new studies of man, and long before the first history of any people was in existence, the first people of America, no doubt, walked dry-shod either from Asia or Europe, into the New World.

Some great convulsion of nature, caused the ocean floors to sink in those parts where the ridge of land had formerly been, and the men who had wandered into the Western hemisphere, were permanently separated from those in the Eastern, and in the course of ages, their descendants forgot all about the first home of their ancestors. All this is not certainly known, but those who have given the subject the most study, are inclined to believe that it actually occurred, and that the fact, that the people of America, like those of the rest of the world, were cradled in Central Asia, accounts for many of their habits and peculiarities that would otherwise be very mysterious.

For the unnumbered centuries, while the savage races of Asia and Europe were slowly developing and being prepared for civilization; through the long ages when the old Empires of the East, rose, flourished and passed away, to live again in the new Empires of Greece and Rome; in the wilds of America, by the streams and borders of the lakes; there dwelt the red men, who were so far from all the influences that made Asia and Europe civilized, that they had forgotten most of the arts of their ancestors, and were wandering savages. If you should ask me when it was that the people of America so far progressed that they could make weapons of flint and stone, and learned the use of fire, I should be unable to tell you, and even the learned men who have devoted all their lives to the study of this question, are undecided about the length of time that the Indians, as we call them, made their home in America. You must know that there was a time when all of the region of our country, north of the Ohio river, and much of it as far south as North Carolina, was covered deep under fields of ice and snow, and that these fields of ice disappeared, from time to time, and in their place were verdant meadows, and hills green with herbage. Then again, some change in the conditions surrounding our earth, would cause the glaciers to reform and sweep over mountains and valleys, grinding rocks into fragments, and destroying everything in their pathway, as they crept farther and farther towards the warm portions of the land. It is certain that men lived in America before this time, for deep down in the ruins of glacier-torn rocks, there have been found implements of stone and flint, showing that even then, the Indians, as we called them, lived by the chase, much as they did when Europeans discovered the country.

There was a time, strange as it may now seem to us, when the people of Europe were as savage as the people of North America were four hundred years ago. They may at first have lived in burrows in the ground, or sheltered themselves by bending down the branches of trees and piling clods of earth upon them. It was not long before they learned that they could improve upon this rude shelter by tying the tops of small trees together, and winding grass and reeds about the stems in such a way as to form rude walls. When they had lived in this sort of a hut until the game about them was exhausted, and desired to remove, they succeeded in cutting or pulling up by the roots several saplings suitable for the framework of their dwellings, and finding that the skins of beasts would keep out the cold and rain much better than the woven mixture of grass and reeds they fastened these to the poles. From this, by slow degrees, the people of Europe and Asia progressed until they had learned to build structures of wood and stone, and so long before the time history was written had they forgotten about their early rude dwellings, that we have no idea how many centuries passed away while they were learning the use of tools and the art of building with stone. The poems of Homer were written before the days of King David, and even at that time there were people in Western Asia, who had beautiful weapons and shields of metal, drove horses to their war-chariots, and had houses and walled cities. They also had a perfect language, and though the houses and walled cities have fallen to decay and men have long since forgotten where Troy was, the language still stands as a monument to the achievements of those ancient people.

The pyramid builders of Egypt must have had thousands and thousands of years of progress behind them before they built the first of those wonderful structures, but even the pyramid-builders lived long before the days of written history. Yet when the continent of North America was discovered, the people, who



lived here were ages behind the pyramid-builders in their knowledge of tools, and knew far less than did the people of Troy about the building of houses and walled cities.

It would not be fair to conclude, though, that because the people of America knew less about civilization than did the people of the Old World, that they had not minds as capable of education and development as they. The fact is that they had not the advantages for learning that the people of the Eastern Continent had. You know that in the early days of history, and even up to our own times it was possible to go from Asia to Europe and from Europe to Africa by land, the streams and mountains in the way not being impassable. Thus the several races mixed and learned from one another. The people of Asia from the earliest times had flocks and herds, for the first home of man was also the first home of the horse, the ox and many other of the useful animals that have been tamed and furnish man to day with much of his food and clothing. Where people have cattle, they are not obliged to depend upon the wild animals of the forest for their meat and clothing. They can spin and weave the wool of the sheep into cloth and use the milk of the herds for butter and cheese. They can also lay up a store of food and clothing for future use and are not so much inclined to wander as they would otherwise be. They naturally seek a part of the country where their flocks can receive pasturage and build substantial houses. They may also learn how to save the seed of those grasses and plants that the cattle like best and plant them so that they will not be obliged to move frequently. Thus, they learn little by little to till the soil. Again Asia was the home of many of the grains upon which men from the earliest times have made their bread, and as the races wandered from their first home they carried with them the seeds of the wheat, barley, oats and rye, for their use. To sow these grains in the ground a certain preparation of the soil, was necessary, and this work stimulated the people to produce better tools for their agriculture, as time went on. When the grain was sown and had grown and ripened, it must be garnered and threshed, and here again a certain degree of skill was necessary. By the exercise of his faculties in caring for the grain man become more and more capable as time passed, for as I have told you before, the mind of man is so wonderful that every new idea he has, every new tool he makes, gives him power to improve and progress, to have better ideas and to make more clever implements. The humble domestic animals, the little flax plant, the wheat, oats, rye and other food plants thus played a large part in the civilization of the world and were something more than means of supplying the needs of the body, they were forces in God's plans for the progress of men.

In the course of the progress of the nations of the Old World, what one nation learned in agriculture, art, manufacture, or anything else, was soon learned by another nation. To be sure, all people did not practice these things in the same way, but they adapted them to their needs, inventing and adding here, and there, dropping old clumsy methods, for newer and better. In America the conditions were very different. When the continent of America was cut off from all other continents, it is likely that none of the people of the world were more than the merest savages,



Ind. in Teepee

roaming about, naked and bestial, their only thought the need of the moment. Thus the people of America had only the rudest idea of building, and of implements of the chase.

There was no wheat, rye, barley or flax in the country, though indeed there was cotton, and in the course of time, the Americans learned to use it, and entirely separated, as they were, from the people of the Old World, who had learned to spin and weave, they wove the finest and most beautiful cotton cloth the world has ever seen. The hair of certain animals, too, served them for wool, but cotton and these hair-bearing animals were found only in certain parts of the continent, yet where they were found they became a force in the civilization of the people.

There was a grain found in America, it is true, but this grain was exceedingly easy to cultivate. No plowing was necessary, and the Americans, therefore, did not use the plow. They simply stuck a sharp-pointed stick into the ground, and bored a little hole, into which they dropped the seeds of the corn, and covered it over lightly; then left it to its fate. It grew and flourished without any further cultivation and when it was ripe, needed no reaping or threshing. The ears could be left hanging to the stalk, until such time as they were needed. This corn could be eaten green, as well as ripened, and needed in that state, no grinding, kneading or baking. It was simply boiled. When it was ripe, it could be parched in the fire, boiled into hominy, pounded into flour, and eaten with very little preparation.

There was enough land for all, and it was not necessary to clear the ground of the dried stalks, and new fields could be used every year, if the agriculturist so desired. So easy was this sort of tilling of the soil, that in North America it was thought work entirely unfitted for men, and that they disgraced themselves by engaging in it. To women, the producing of the bread of the family was relegated, and farming was never a popular pursuit. It was entirely different in South America, where the potato was cultivated, where agriculture was so honorable that the great braves undertook it, and where communities vied with one another in the production of crops.

Though the people of Central and South America, were far in advance of those of North America, in culture, the people of the Western continent, from the very confines of Arctic Alaska, and the shores of the Northern Ocean, to the extremity of Patagonia, were all of the same race, and their surroundings, the influence of soil, climate, and natural productions, were accountable for the difference in their degrees of civilization. These Indians were such remarkable people that I think I will tell you something about their manners and customs.

They have nearly perished from the earth, and another century will probably not find any of the North American tribes in existence. For a long time, historians spoke of them as though they were little better than wild beasts, and made no study of them, but in our own day there has been much intelligent investigation of their manners and customs, their arts, and their religions, and the more we learn of them, the more we are compelled to admire what they achieved, shut off, as they were, from the rest of the world, and surrounded by influences, in a measure, hostile to civilization.

In the Northern part of the Continent were a great number of tribes whose remnants are now known as Esquimaux. To the South of them were other tribes much like them in appearance, and in the North of the Eastern portion of the Continent were the Athabascans, and South of them the Algonquins, the Iroquois and many



other tribes all more or less sunk in savagery, and with singular ideas about religion and dress.

Strange as it may seem to us, the dress of the Indians of Central North America had a meaning very different from that usually expressed in the covering of the body with ornaments, and I will tell you something of the strange ornaments of the warlike savages who once inhabited the country where now our cities and towns stand, and where the Indian has become a seldom related tradition.

In South America the Indians wore garments usually of cotton cloth or the fibres of tropical plants, grass or leaves, and their ornaments were worn to suit their own tastes. In Central America and the Southern part of the United States, it

was not at all uncommon for the people to stick feathers to their skin with a sort of gum, or to make skirts and mantles of beautiful, bright feathers, bordered with quills or shells, and costing years of labor.

The dress of the Indians of the central portion of America, about the great lakes and rivers, was simple, indeed. In winter they wore garments of skins and furs, went



Eskimo of the Arctic Regions

about on a queer sort of snow-shoe when the snow was deep, and in summer went nearly naked, the young children quite so. They painted and tatooed their bodies, and wore feathers for head-dresses. These feather head-dresses, like most of their ornaments, were full of meaning. The women did not wear them, but when a brave had killed an enemy, in hand-to-hand fight, he stuck a feather upright in his head-dress, and all men knew of the deed he had done, as well as we know of any great public event, by reading of it in the newspapers. When he killed an enemy in the sight of the friends of his victim, the Indian brave was allowed to wear a feather for every such deed, and these feathers stuck out horizontally from the rim of his head-dress.

The manner of the arrangement of the feathers, whether slanting or straight up, whether at one side or the other of his head, showed what was the rank of the victims he had killed, and when he had performed a deed of especial bravery in war, the brave was allowed to wear a wolf's tail upon his moccasin.

The tattooing or printing on the skin, in little holes pricked with a sharp instrument, all had some meaning, but I have not space to explain all of these queer marks that you have, no doubt, often noticed in pictures on the bodies of Indians. When an Indian lad was about fifteen years old, he was obliged to wander away from his friends into some secret place in the forest, and fast for several days. He was very watchful of his dreams while he was fasting, and should any animal appear to him in his dream, that was the animal which the Indian lad supposed contained the spirit of a dead ancestor, and he took its name or shape as his "coat of arms," and often caused it to be tattooed upon his person. Sometimes the Indian boy's "dream of life" was of a plant, and he supposed the plant contained the soul of his guardian spirit, and was careful not to crush or destroy it. Sometimes the moon, sun, or stars were the subject of the dream, and these were always the objects of the greatest reverence to the dreamer.

The Indians, in spite of their isolation from the rest of the world, and the fact that they had never heard of the great religions of Asia and Europe, believed that the soul lived after death, the good happily, and the evil in misery. They thought that some of the miserable spirits were always hovering around ready to work mischief, and performed some strange ceremonies to drive them away. Sickness, famine or death, bad luck in war or hunting and many other disasters were supposed to be the work of the bad spirits and the good spirits were supposed to be at war with them. In spite of this belief in spirits, the Indians, unlike most savage people, were not generally idolaters.

It is true that some of the tribes of Central and South America made hideous idols out of mud and clay, and worshipped them with bloody ceremonies, but the God of most of the Indians of the North American Continent, especially of those Indians of the interior and eastern coast, along the great lakes and rivers, who are usually said to be the most perfect specimen of the native North Americans, worshipped an unseen spirit, though they built no temples. They had their priests or medicine-men, too, but it was not an easy matter to become a medicine-man.

Sometimes when a warrior felt himself growing old and unable to go forth much longer to war, he would determine to become a medicine-man, and sometimes young men presented themselves to the tribes as such. The Indians, to convince themselves that the priests had power over the spirits made him undergo cruel tortures, and if he survived, then he was allowed to tell fortunes, conjure away sickness by the most





THE EGG OF COLUMBUS.





absurd ceremonies, and to banish evil spirits by beating on drums, yelling, chanting, dancing, and in other silly ways.

Often the medicine-man of a tribe offered sacrifices to the good spirit of dogs, fruit, or even children, to gain victory, when his people went forth to war, and woe to him if his "medicine" did not work. He was often driven from the tribe, or even killed by the enraged people, and the office of "medicine-man" was never a very secure one among the savages.

These medicine-men, however often gained great influence with the various tribes, and they even formed a sort of league that made their authority respected by other tribes than their own. Like the priests in all nations, they often exercised more real power than the chief, though in another way. The chiefs of the Indian tribes were usually chosen for their bravery, and in-

heritance of wealth was from the mother and not from the father. The women among the Indians were the burden-bearers, the workers in the field, and the providers of bread, while to the men was left war, the chase and the settlement of all grave affairs. The wife of a savage always, however, held a certain place in the respect of her husband, and should he treat her badly she could divorce herself and return to her father. I have not space to tell you of the many singular customs of the Indians and their strange dances and ceremonies but will pass to the discovery of the islands and the continent of America, having already told you something of the early voyages of the Norsemen to the Western World, and the influence they had in the later discovery by Columbus.

I have told you the main incidents, in the life of Columbus, before he became the Discoverer of the New World. You have no doubt heard the legend of Columbus and the egg, and how when he proposed sailing around the world to India—he was ridiculed by the council of priests and noblemen, who believed the world flat. To convince them that one man might succeed where another fails, he took an egg and asked them to make it stand on end. None could do it then he himself took it and slightly crushing the shell at one end, formed a sort of base upon which the egg stood upright. There are many other interesting stories related of Columbus, but we will pass to his discovery of the New World.

When Columbus and his crew landed upon the island of San Domingo, in the year 1492, after that tedious and dangerous voyage, whose incidents are well known to every reader of American history, he was so much struck with the resemblance of the country to the most favored portion of Spain, that he called it Hispaniola, and this was the name it bore for many centuries. The people in the beautiful island were very different from the fierce Caribs of the west, and the Spaniards were charmed with their gentleness, the sweetness of their language, and the beauty of their women. You must remember that the Indians, varied in temperament and



appearance as do the other nations of the earth, and were influenced by their surroundings. The climate and the productions of San Domingo were of a character calculated to make life easy and subdue violent inclinations, and the first deed of the natives to the new-comers, was a merciful one. They thought that the new-comers were heavenly visitants, and when the Santa Maria was wrecked on the coast, as it was cautiously feeling its way about the island in search of a good harbor and safe anchorage, the chief of the tribe on that part of the island, sent out natives in canoes to rescue the Spaniards. The wreck of the Santa Maria formed the materials with which the Spaniards built their first fort in the new world, and the fort, La Navidad, was the center of the first sorrows of the gentle Indians of Hispaniola.

The Spaniards were greedy of gold and robbed the natives right and left. They shamefully abused the women and soon convinced the Indians that if they were from another world it was not the heavenly one, and that they were to be hated and shunned. I am afraid that Columbus himself was not sufficiently stern toward his men, while he remained with them on the island, and when he sailed away it was only a short time until the poor natives were driven to desperation by the cruelty of the white strangers, and began to return outrage for outrage. The sad story of Hispaniola soon spread through the nearer of the islands, and everywhere the Indians made the most gallant resistance to the Spaniards, but what could they do against steel arms, armor, and above all the terrible war-horses of the Spaniards, which they regarded as monsters of destruction.

When Columbus left Palos on his second voyage, in the year 1493, he carried with him a crew of selfish, turbulent, Spanish adventurers, who expected to find gold enough in the New World, to keep them in idleness and splendor the rest of their lives. They were not even willing to perform the necessary duties on shipboard, and were so vicious and quarrelsome that he could do little with them. The expedition was not a success, and, of course, Columbus received all the blame. On the third voyage that Columbus made, he discovered the mainland of South America, though he never knew that he had discovered a new continent. This voyage was made in 1498, the year that Vasco de Gama discovered the passage around the Cape of Good Hope.

All Europe had, in the six years since the first Spanish expedition sailed away from Palos, been roused to excitement and adventure, by the experience of the navigators in the Western seas. England sent out John Cabot, also a Genoese, to follow in the footsteps of Columbus. The money-loving Henry VII., could not sufficiently reproach himself, that he had not been the one to listen to Columbus, and thus gain the rich empire to the West, but he thought that he might still claim a part of it. John Cabot, and his son Sebastian, were living in the town of Bristol, England, at the time of the discovery by Columbus, and as they had been bred to the sea, and like most of the Genoese, liked nothing better than sailing about, they applied to Henry VII. to equip an expedition for them. Like the Spaniards, they thought they might be able to reach Asia, by sailing directly westward.

They rightly conjectured, that since Columbus had proven beyond a doubt, that the world was round, the portion of Asia from which Europe received jewels, gold, spices, and many other valuable things, must be directly westward, but they did not know what a great body of land intervened. Neither did they know anything of the Atlantic currents. The Cabots sighted land, after a long voyage, but instead of the luxury of Asia, with its mild climate and rich productions, this land was covered



Columbus on the road to Valladolid.

### Continent of North America.

The companions of Columbus, on his various voyages, succeeded in securing, in many cases, the means of making independent discoveries, and in the century that followed the discovery of America, they made the Spanish name feared and hated, wherever it was known in the New World. They carried in their ships, iron fetters for the unhappy natives, whom they stole away to sell as slaves, and they thought nothing of torturing to death, even the chiefs who were the most kind to them, if they thought they could make them disclose the where-about of the gold, for which they were all so greedy. They pretended that they thought it no sin to kill heathen, and that they were their natural prey.

Columbus, during his third voyage, coasted along the shores of South America, and discovered the Pearl Coast, which he imagined was the region of Oriental pearls, for he still believed that the land he had discovered, was the coast of Asia. This third voyage ruined his health, and he stopped at Hispaniola to allow it to be restored by rest and freedom from the great toils of the last few years. It was then that the envy and jealousy of his enemies began to work him disaster. A man was sent out to investigate charges against him, and Columbus was thrown into chains, and carried back to Spain. Isabella caused him to be restored to his rights, but his star had begun to wane. In the four years that passed before he was able to make another voyage, private adventurers, following in his track, had visited the New World and reaped the profits of his discoveries. Finally, he did prevail upon the king of Spain, to give him a small fleet, and with it he sailed to the New World, in the year 1502, returning two years afterwards, to die in poverty and neglect, in the

with snow, was heavily wooded, with trees much like those of the forests of northern Europe, and there were abundant signs that it was inhabited only by savages, who gained their living by hunting and fishing. Henry VII. was discouraged, but John Cabot was not. He came to America again, the next year after his first voyage, and that time he had on board, his son, Sebastian.

In after years, Sebastian Cabot made many voyages to the New World and after Henry VII. died, and his son sat on the English throne, Ferdinand of Spain, invited him to his country, and honored him by making him a pilot-major of the Spanish navy. Sebastian Cabot was anxious to be thought a bolder and more adventurous man than he was, and in the works upon Geography that he wrote, he always spoke of his voyages, as if he had made them alone, and never gave his father credit for what he did. I think that was very dishonest of Sebastian, for he was not, as he claimed, the discoverer of the



ungrateful country for which he had done so much.

There was, at the court of the king of Spain, at the time Columbus made his third voyage, a young cavalier by the name of Alonzo de Ojeda. He was the son of a poor nobleman, who had placed him, in his boyhood, in the household of a celebrated Spanish duke, to be trained in the arts of war, about the only profession thought dignified in those days. He was a dashing fellow, brave, unscrupulous, and fond of adventure. He had an uncle who was a bishop, and who had access to the correspondence that Columbus carried on with the Spanish Court.

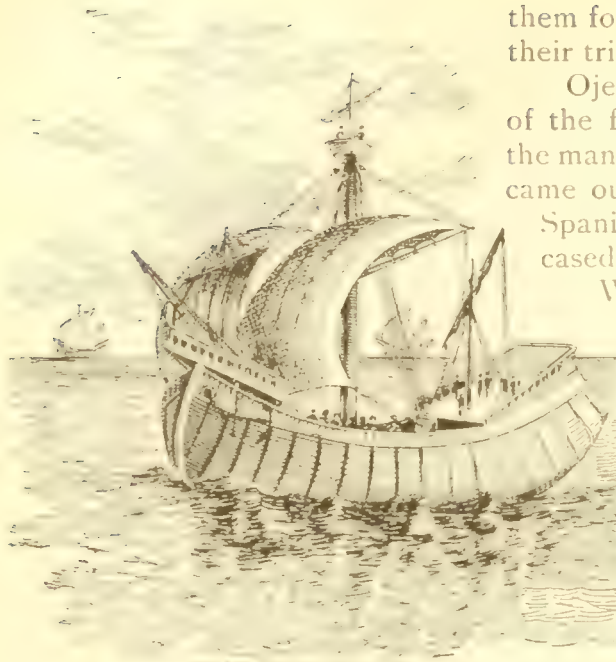
In this manner he learned all of the particulars of the third voyage of Columbus, and the discovery of the Pearl Coast. He was not over-scrupulous about the rights of Columbus, and he proposed to one of the high church dignitaries of Spain that it would be a good thing for some young and daring man, presumably himself, to take a fleet, and sailing to the New World, extend the discoveries and conquests of the Spaniards.

Isabella would not, perhaps, have given her consent to the scheme, but she was not consulted. Ojeda had no money, but there were many rich merchants in Seville who had faith in him, and who were eager, as all the rest of the Spaniards were at the time, for the gold of the New World. They were obliged by the terms of the contract with the church official, (who, by the way, was a bitter enemy of Columbus, and was anxious to injure him,) to turn over a large percentage of the treasure they should find to the king of Spain, but they thought that they would still have enough left to pay them handsomely for the venture.

Accordingly, Ojeda equipped four vessels in Port St. Mary, opposite Cadiz, and engaged crews for the venture. There were several seamen who had just returned from the third expedition, and among them was a Biscayan by the name of Juan de la Cosa, who had accompanied Columbus in one voyage, and who had also visited the mainland of South America, with another Spanish discoverer. He was made the first mate, or chief pilot, of Ojeda's expedition. Another associate of Ojeda has come down to history with more honor than he deserves, for America was named for him. You have, no doubt, heard of Americus Vesputi, the bankrupt Florentine merchant, who, hoping to restore his fortunes by the adventure, sailed to the New World in one of the ships of Alonzo de Ojeda.

It was in the year 1499 that Ojeda sailed away from Cadiz, and guided by Juan de la Cosa, took the route followed by Columbus in the third voyage. He, and his squadron reached South America at the end of twenty-four days, and sailed down the coast of the Gulf of Paria, being greatly astonished at the volume of water which the mighty rivers of the Continent discharged into the ocean. They saw none of the natives until they reached the Island of Trinidad, but there they saw strange bell-shaped huts, thatched with broad leaves, and some of them so large that they could accommodate six hundred persons. They sailed leisurely along the coast until they found a convenient place to stop, and anchoring their little fleet in a natural harbor, they pitched their camp and began to build another small ship.

The natives of this part of the coast were exceedingly friendly to the Spaniards, who seemed to them to be celestial visitors, and they aided them in every way with their work, and bartered the fine pearls which they wore as ornaments, for the glass beads and other such trifles that the Spaniards had brought with them for the purpose. These natives were much in fear of the fierce inhabitants of the islands whom the Spaniards called Caribs, or "eaters of human flesh," and they begged Ojeda to punish



them for an outrage committed sometime before upon their tribe.

Ojeda was always ready for a fight, so with several of the friendly Indians for guides, he set out to find the man-eaters. When he came near their islands they came out in their canoes and shot their arrows at the Spaniards, but as those doughty warriors were encased in mail, they did little harm.

When the savages saw that the Spaniards continued to advance, and that their small canoes were likely to be run down by the great ship of the foe, they sprang into the ocean, brandishing their spears and uttering their war-cry, thinking to frighten the new-comers. The Spaniards thereupon fired their guns at the Indians, who had never before heard the report of fire-arms, and were so alarmed that they fled to the shore for their lives.

The Spaniards went on shore, and with only the loss of one man killed, and twenty slightly wounded, they killed hundreds of the naked Indians who fought hand to hand with the dreadful strangers with the most heroic courage. When Ojeda and his band had either killed or dispersed all of the Indians, they plundered and burned their dwellings, and laden with plunder, sailed away to new fields of operations.

I do not think that the Spaniards should have claimed much credit for their victories over the poorly-armed natives of the New World, but they did so, and did not seem to see the cruelty of thus attacking weak tribes, murdering, plundering and making captives everywhere. Ojeda sailed along the coast of South America, exploring the Gulf of Venezuela, and neighboring arms of the sea, but Columbus, who was still in the western waters, sent out an expedition against him, for the presence of his ships on those coasts was a violation of his rights as expressed in his agreement with Ferdinand and Isabella.

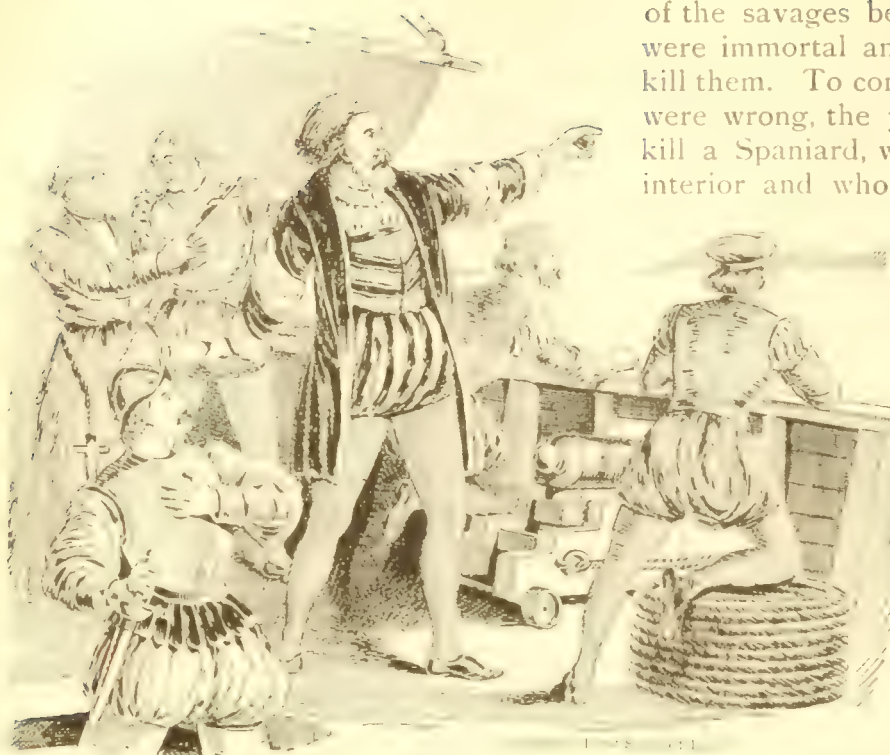
Ojeda thereupon quitted the coast of the mainland, and visited several of the islands, killing and robbing the people, and carrying many captives back to Spain to be sold into slavery. He reached Cadiz in the year 1500, but he had not found many pearls, and the coveted gold was so scarce among the people whom he conquered, that the merchants, who had fitted him out, were bitterly disappointed. Americus Vesputi returned in safety, and wrote an extended account of what he had seen in the course of his voyage. His work roused the most intense interest wherever it was read, and so great was the author's fame that the Continent was named for him, though we know he did not deserve that honor, and his account was highly colored with fiction.

Among the cavaliers of Spain, who sailed to the New World was a veteran of the Spanish wars by the name of Juan Ponce from the province of Leon, and therefore called Ponce de Leon. Near enough to Hispaniola to be reached by a short and pleasant voyage, was another large island, now known as Porto Rico from the Port of Rico that was established there by the Spaniards. In they year 1508, sixteen years after the discovery of Hispaniola, Porto Rico was still unsettled by the



Spaniards. Many of the Spanish ships had touched at the island, from time to time, for fuel or water, for there were magnificent forests clothing the beautiful hills of the islands and clear streams, running into the sea, but none of their crews had ventured inland. They had sighted numerous columns of smoke and evidences that the place was inhabited by a large number of Indians, and they did not care to disturb them. Ponce de Leon had a thirst for adventure, discovery and wealth, and he determined to visit the island and explore the interior. Accordingly, in the year 1508, with a few companions he sailed from Hispaniola, and after an uneventful and pleasant voyage, reached the islands, landed and proceeded into the interior. The chief received him with the greatest kindness and entertained him hospitably. Through an interpreter he had carried with him, Ponce asked the chief to show him his riches, but when the savage conducted him to his fields of Yucca, and his fountains of pure water, the Spaniards asked whether there was no gold in the island. The Indians then led them to a stream where the pebbles were streaked with the yellow ore, and the Spaniards gathered a quantity of these and carried them back to Hispaniola with them. There they had the purity of the ore tested, and though they found that it was of much coarser grade than that gathered at Hispaniola, the quantities in which it was found might possibly recompense them for the poorer quality.

Ponce wanted to be made governor of the island, with power to conquer the natives, but he found upon his return to Hispaniola, that the governor who had given him the permission to explore the island, had been called back to Spain, and that Diego Columbus, the son of the admiral, who was now dead had been sent out to Hispaniola for he inherited his father's rights to the government in the New World. Along with Diego, a governor of the new island had also been sent at the same time though without the consent of Diego, and Ponce was somewhat perplexed as to whose authority was to be obeyed. Diego was justly angry at the appointment of a governor of one of his islands by the king without his consent, and would not allow him to take it. Neither would he have anything to do with Ponce de Leon, but sent two of his own friends over to be the governors of the place. They did not remain long in power for Ponce had a friend at court who caused Ferdinand to declare him the rightful governor of the new island, and told Diego, in so many words, that he should not dare to interfere with him. Ponce thereupon set out with about a hundred men to take charge of his new government. Once there, he quietly placed the two governors, appointed by Diego, into irons and sent them back to Spain. Then he set himself to work to subdue the island. He divided it up into lots, giving certain men large districts, with power over the Indians to compel them to work as slaves without hire and to flog them to death, if necessary, to compel them to subjection. He built forts at different places on the island, and one strong fort, which was to be a refuge in case of a general uprising. The friendly chief, who had met him upon a former visit was dead, and his son was ruler in his stead. The people of Porto Rico were more warlike than those of Hispaniola, for they lived neighbors to the fierce Caribs and had been accustomed to train themselves to defend their homes. They were not disposed to yield tamely to the Spaniards, and even sent word to their old enemies, the Caribs, entreating them to form a league with them to drive the white men out of the islands of the West, relating how the people of Hispaniola had been treated, and how they themselves had been requited for their friendship to the Spaniards. Then they formed a great plot against their Spanish masters, but most



of the savages believed that the white men were immortal and that it was impossible to kill them. To convince the savages that they were wrong, the young chieftain planned to kill a Spaniard, who had a plantation in the interior and who was isolated from all but a few of the other white men. The plan was told to the Spaniard by the sister of the chief who was in love with the handsome stranger, but he only laughed at her.

Then another Spaniard, who happened to be prowling about in the woods, saw a number of Indians dancing about a fire, and suspecting that something important was to take place, for it was not the season for any of their feasts or dances, he

stripped off his clothes, painted himself, like an Indian and went among them. He understood and spoke their language perfectly learned, of the plot and who was to be its first victim. He hastened away to tell the doomed man, but was waylaid by Indians, wounded and left for dead. In the meantime the lover of the chief's sister, started on a journey to the fort where Ponce de Leon made his head-quarters, accompanied by Indian bearers and four of his Spanish friends. They were all murdered in the forest. The wounded man, at length after much suffering, made his way to Ponce de Leon and told him of the plot and soon the Spaniards came hurrying in from different parts of the island, telling tales of comrades murdered, plantations laid waste, and disasters of every kind. Ponce and his little band, about eighty men in all, were besieged by hundreds of Indian warriors but clad in their armor and with their terrible fire-arms they worked much havoc among the Indians. Finally they killed the gallant chieftain, who had led his countrymen to war for their freedom, and the savages lost heart. The Spaniards conquered the poor natives, punished them with remorseless cruelty, and soon after Ponce de Leon was removed from his office by Ferdinand, who had been prevailed upon by his council to acknowledge the right of Diego Columbus to name the Governor of Porto Rico.

Ponce does not seem to have regretted very much the loss of his government. He was of the roving, adventurous disposition that could not be content long in one place, and now that he had found out all about the island, and there was no more excitement to be had there, he was eager to be gone. He was an old man and beginning to feel the weight of years, and he wanted to make a discovery that would overshadow the fame of Columbus, and send his name down the ages in a blaze of glory.

He believed in miracles, for surely it seemed that the discovery of the New World, with all its wealth, was nothing less than a miracle, and there might be others



achieved equally marvelous. He had heard of an island in these Western seas upon which there was a fountain whose waters contained a precious magic. Whoever drank of this water, or bathed in it, no matter how old, feeble or diseased, was at once restored to youth, health and beauty, and remained forever young.

Alas for humanity that Ponce de Leon failed to find that wonderful fountain! Had he done so, no mortal man could compare with him as a discoverer, and no fame would be like his. We know that there is no such fountain, that old age, decay and death are a part of the Creator's plan for the race, and that the soul alone that has bathed in the fountain of virtue, and drunk deep of wisdom, remains forever young strong and vigorous, and at last freed from the prison of the body, dwells in a place far more beautiful than the fabled island for which Ponce de Leon sought.

In the month of March, of the year 1512, Ponce de Leon sailed away from Porto Rico with three ships, steering straight to the Northward. There were many sober and experienced men on the island, who firmly believed that he would find what he sought, others were somewhat doubtful, but none seems to have tried to persuade him that he was attempting the impossible, and if he had done so there is small chance that the old cavalier would have heeded them, for he was an obstinate man, when he had once come to a decision.

In the course of his voyage to the North, Ponce de Leon sighted many small islands. He did not pass many of them by without a careful examination, and, no doubt, drank a quantity of water, good, bad and indifferent, in the hope that he might find the fabled fountain. He examined every island in the archipelago of Hispaniola, but still being unable to find the fountain, sailed on over the blue and quiet seas, until, on the 27th day of March, he came in sight of land, which he thought was another island.

He was eager to land, for this was a strange place that he had never heard of Spaniards having visited, and here he might find the island. To his disgust a storm arose, and the wind blew with such violence that he was obliged to put out to the open sea for fear that his vessels would be wrecked. For two days he drifted about, then the storm abated and he went ashore on the new land. It was a beautiful country, gay with flowers, and bright with the verdure of summer. He landed on Palm Sunday, or as the Spaniards call it, "Pascua de Florida," the feast of flowers, and giving the name Florida to the country, took possession of it in the name of the King Ferdinand and the Lady Jane, sovereigns of Castile and Leon.

The Indians on the mainland may have heard of the cruelty of the Spaniards, for no doubt, now and then, a native of the islands, oppressed, miserable and despairing, committed himself in his frail craft to the seas, daring death by the wind and waters, rather than suffer under the lash of the Spanish slave driver. These refugees had carried their tale of disaster and suffering to the red men on the mainland, and they were determined to resist the landing of the white men.

They attacked Ponce de Leon and his crew with such ferocity that, though they were well-armed, and the savages had only their spears, clubs and bows, and though they fought in mail against naked men, the Spaniards were glad to hurry to their ships and sail away. Provisions and supplies were running low, and Ponce de Leon turned back toward Porto Rico, still cherishing the hope of finding the fountain. He stopped at a group of islands where there were so many turtles that the Spaniards named the group the "Tortugas," or the Turtles, the name they still bear. Another group of islands was also sighted by Ponce de Leon, and making his way thither he

found that the islands contained but a single, ugly, wrinkled, wierd-looking, old Indian woman. Ponce de Leon, whose imagination seems to have been exceedingly lively in spite of his age, conceived the idea that the old woman was a witch who might be able to direct him on his way. With the idea that she knew where the fountain was for which he was in search, he carried her with him. The old woman acted as pilot, and she guided the ships of Ponce de Leon, in and out, among the various groups, through the blue and quiet seas, but had she known of any fountain that would have restored youth, it is reasonable to suppose that she would have partaken of it long before the eager Spaniards ever saw her, for savage, as well as civilized men, fear death and love life.

It is hardly necessary that I should tell you that Ponce de Leon did not discover the fountain, but that with added wrinkles upon his face, and a purse empty of the gold with which he set out, he returned to Porto Rico. You may be sure that he was ridiculed by his countrymen for his "wild goose chase," though, as I have told you, there were many who confidently expected that he would succeed. Although the old cavalier had not found the fountain of youth, he had discovered a peninsula of the mainland of North America, and this was very important to Spain, for it gave her a claim to a vast Continent, filled with unknown riches, and which many people thought was full of gold and gems. The Spanish king realized the importance of the discovery, and when Ponce de Leon returned to his native land he was received with great honor, and was flattered and complimented to his heart's content.

The Spaniards were so cruel to the Indians of the Caribbean Islands, that after a time, the unhappy natives, preferring instant death to the tortures of labor and starvation, rebelled and made relentless war upon their conquerors. They would fall, unawares, upon some unprotected Spanish settlement, massacre the people, burn their dwellings, and then disappear as suddenly as they had come. The war-like Caribs espoused the cause of their countrymen, and held the Spaniards at bay, whenever they attempted to invade their island and subdue them. To Ponce de Leon was entrusted the task of subduing the natives, and he was given a small fleet for this purpose. He was much given to boasting, and no doubt made much of his commission, and told great tales of what he meant to do. He failed, however, and crest-fallen and disheartened, returned to Porto Rico, where he remained a sour, disappointed, old man, for many years.

While in retirement, and almost poverty there, he heard of the brilliant exploits of Hernando Cortez, of whom I shall tell you something later, and determined, that though he was an old man, he was not too old to teach the young cavaliers, that there were some things that they did not know. He was a proud, brave, old soldier, it is true, but seems also to have been one of the men, who could not learn by experience, how foolish it is to stake everything upon an uncertain venture. He took all the means he had in the world, and fitted out an expedition to explore and conquer the main-land of Florida, and set out with high hopes. The voyage was a pleasant one, and as the Spaniards were well-equipped for war, they did not doubt that they should make short work of the savages.

The Indians of the main-land were very different from the gentle natives of Hispaniola and the neighboring islands, and since the first visit of the Spaniards to the coast, had no doubt heard much of them and their doings. At all events, when the expedition attempted to land, it was fiercely attacked by the natives. Many of the Spaniards were killed and others wounded. Ponce de Leon himself, was struck

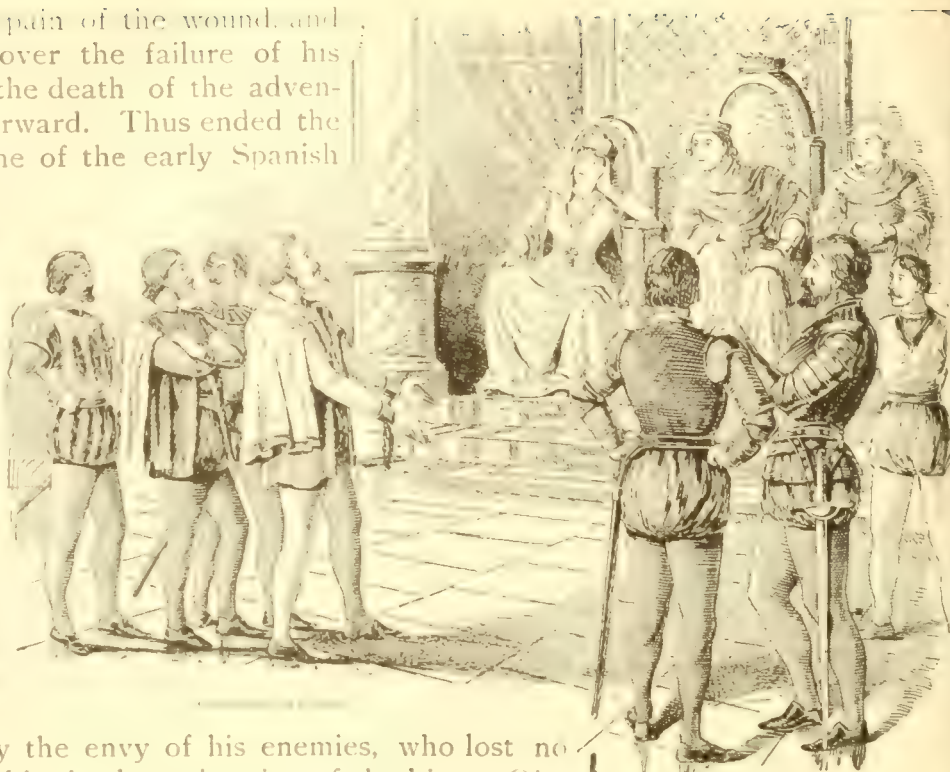




LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

by an arrow, and the pain of the wound, and the disappointment over the failure of his plans, brought about the death of the adventurer, a few days afterward. Thus ended the romantic career of one of the early Spanish explorers and discoverers, and I will now tell you of another, no less romantic.

In telling you the story of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, I must go back a little way, and relate something further of what befell Alonzo de Ojeda, the cavalier who sailed to the New World, when the fame of Columbus was beginning to be



somewhat dimmed by the envy of his enemies, who lost no opportunity to injure him in the estimation of the king. Ojeda made several voyages to the New World, and his friends at court, succeeded in having him made governor of the island of Jamaica. It was the policy of the king to appoint two governors, over many of the Spanish possessions, in the Indies, and thus each was a check upon the other. Ferdinand had appointed, as the associate of Ojeda in office, a man whom he hated, but rather than not have any power at all, Ojeda was willing to share it with the other. Diego Columbus denied that the king of Spain had any right to appoint any one to govern the island of Jamaica, without his consent, and straightway appointed one of his own friends to the place.

Ojeda happened to be at Hispaniola, and he told Diego, that since the king had named him as governor, he would take the position, and, pending the arrival of his associate, would consider himself sole ruler of Jamaica, and would cut off the head of Diego's governor, if he dared to interfere with him. This was bold talk, to be sure, but at that time, Ojeda was not much to be feared, for he had spent all his money, and had not the means to fit out the ships to sail to his new possessions. In the voyage from which he had just returned, he was followed by the bad luck, which nearly always pursued him, and people generally, were beginning to lose faith in his ability to accomplish much in the way of winning wealth. All who were acquainted with him knew that he was brave, and he finally gained the favor of a rich lawyer of Hispaniola, who agreed, for a certain share in the gains of the venture, to fit out two ships. Ojeda was to take one and sail immediately, and the lawyer was to come a little later, with more men, provisions, supplies of all kinds, and re-enforce Ojeda.

Ojeda was followed by his usual bad luck. Hardly had he lost sight of the shores of Hispaniola; when contrary winds began to blow. He was overtaken by tempests and wrecked on a strange coast. He might have fared better, had he been blessed with more prudence, but he angered the Indians among whom he was



wrecked, by the means he took of wringing gold from them, and the outrages he encouraged his crew to make on them. I have not space to tell you all that befell Ojeda and his men. There were long marches, sufferings from sickness and hunger, drifting about on wild seas, and wandering from hostile savages. In the meantime, the lawyer had started with his re-enforcements, and they too, were sore beset by dangers and difficulties, and the other governor, after shipwreck and disaster, arrived at the place where Ojeda's half-starved men happened to be. The vessel of the lawyer was long overdue, and Ojeda determined to make his way back to Hispaniola and learn what was the matter. He bravely set forth, and after many adventures, reached the island, where he was soon afterward killed by an enemy; so, unlucky to the last, Ojeda drops out of history.

While the lawyer was preparing to sail, he found that there was no difficulty in enlisting men for the new enterprise. There were soldiers of fortune, who were deeply in debt and had no prospect of ever being able to pay what they owed, except by going to work, and of course a Spanish gentleman thought himself sinking low indeed, when fate compelled him to work. All these were eager to get away from Hispaniola, and so many of them enlisted, that those, to whom they owed money, seeing small prospect of ever getting their due, carried their grievance to Diego Columbus, and he forbade the lawyer to enroll any more debtors. In San Domingo at this time was a handsome cavalier about thirty-five years old, by the name of Vasco Nunex de Balboa. It was the custom, in those days in Spain, for those persons of noble blood, who had small fortunes, and there were many whose estates had been ruined by the long wars with the Moors, to place their sons with rich noblemen, who educated them and, in return, was followed to the wars or attended in peace by these young men. Vasco Nunez, had been brought up in the household of a powerful nobleman, and had all those false ideas about labor that were common to the Spaniards, who hated it because they hated so heartily the Jews and the Moors, the only real laborers of Spain for many centuries. He had followed the tide of adventure to the New World, expecting to reap a rich harvest in its mines and pearl fisheries. He found it as hard to live in the New World, without work, as in the Old, and speedily fell into debt. This fact probably did not worry Vasco Nunex a great deal, for he had been in debt ever since he had been in the world at all, but his creditors were not restrained from prosecuting him in San Domingo, as they would have been in Spain, and the small community soon became a decidedly uncomfortable place of residence. Vasco was determined to leave the island, but Diego Columbus was so determined also that no more debtors should be allowed to go aboard the ship of the lawyer, that he set a watch upon it. Vasco was a man of ideas, and he caused some of his trusty slaves to put him in a large barrel, into which they had previously bored several small air holes for him to breathe through, and to fasten him up securely therein with a little bread and water to sustain life until such a time as he should choose to come forth again into the world. The lawyer supposed that the barrel contained provisions, and was intensely surprised when, after the vessel was safely out to sea, Vasco came out of his barrel, made his best bow, and begged him to excuse the stratagem he had employed. The lawyer was not disposed to forgive the daring Vasco, but on the contrary swore that he would put him ashore upon the first deserted island that he came to.

Nothing daunted, Vasco accepted his fate cheerfully, but turned to with a hearty good will, helped the sailors at their tasks, made himself so useful and was altogether

such a winning, strong, good natured and brave fellow, that the lawyer decided that after all he had better not set him ashore, for there might come a time when his courage, experience and intelligence would be valuable. He did not treat the adventurer with any special favor, but allowed him his liberty on board the vessel, and it was not long before he was a prime favorite with everybody on board. The place, where Ojeda had left his colonists was on the coast of Darien. The poor fellows had waited for reinforcements so long that they had despaired of ever receiving them. More than half the number had died of exposure and starvation, and the others were so harassed by the Indians, that they abandoned the idea of settling upon the unfriendly coast and attempted to make their way back to civilization. Thus when the lawyer, after many sad trials and disastrous adventures reached the place which he fondly imagined would be a flourishing settlement by the time he arrived, with a goodly store of gold and pearls to be poured into his strong boxes, he found only a melancholy ruin, surrounded by hostile Indians, who constantly hovered about the Spaniards annoying them ceaselessly.

The unhappy lawyer did not know what course to pursue, where he should go, or what he should do. It happened that Vasco Nunez had been in this part of the world before, and while there, had learned that there was a portion of the coast abounding in food, and rich in gold. He had told to some of his friends on board the caravel, something of his adventures, and said that he knew the country so well that he could act in the capacity of guide, if it was the wish of the lawyer. When his words were repeated to the commander of the expedition, that worthy eagerly accepted his offer to act as guide, and at his suggestion, the Spaniards set sail and soon came in sight of an Indian town, which Vasco Nunez assured them was the storing place of vast treasure.

When the savages saw the strangers approach, they made preparations to defend themselves and their homes. They sent away the women and children, and the men, to the number of five hundred, assembled on a height above the village, where they were in good position to meet the new-comers. The lawyer was a man of war as well as of peace, and when he had commended the pious undertaking, of robbing and murdering the defenseless savages, to the especial care of the Virgin, and promised to lay certain rich offerings upon the altar, if he succeeded, he boldly landed his men and charged the Indians. The poor natives fought with the utmost courage, but they were naked, while the strangers were cased in steel of proof, and carried fire-arms whose noise and smoke frightened the savages until they were utterly unable to stand before them.

They fled in fright and confusion at the end of a few hours of fearful slaughter. Those who were spared, fled to the shelter of the forests, when they were convinced of the folly of further resistance, and the lawyer took possession of the village and of all the surrounding towns, for the natives fled before his men, and gathered ornaments of gold worth more than fifty thousand dollars, a great sum in those days. So well pleased was the lawyer with the success of the raid, that he decided to establish his government in the conquered town, to which in honor of the Virgin, he gave the name of Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien, a long name, which means City in Darien of Our Lady Mary of Antigua.

Of course, the lawyer had no right as governor over that place, for Ojeda had **had** been appointed ruler by the king, and Ojeda was absent. Perhaps he would have succeeded in holding the power, because he was the partner of the absent gov-



error, had he behaved with wisdom; but he did not realize that the men with whom he had to deal, were very different from those he had been accustomed to transact business with, and that they had little respect for any right that interfered with their own gain. The king of Spain had long before declared it unlawful for private individuals to traffic with the natives of the New World for gold, for he reserved to himself the power and privilege of robbing them. The lawyer, therefore, forbade his men, on pain of death, from trading with the Indians, and when they talked it over among themselves, there were many who declared that the lawyer was less anxious to obey the king's injunction, than to have the opportunity to gather into his own strong-boxes, all the gold that was to be found in Darien. Vasco Nunez had, by this time, gained great favor among the followers of the lawyer. He was generous, cheerful and brave, and he had guided them to the place where they were hopeful of gaining great wealth. It seems that the lawyer, in spite of all the good qualities of the young cavalier, and all that he had done in advancing his fortunes, hated him, and lost no opportunity of showing it.

When the king appointed two governors, he had laid down a sort of boundary between their respective possessions, and Vasco Nunez now declared that the village where they were located, was not in Ojeda's province at all. The lawyer, therefore, had no shadow of authority over the government of the place. The Spaniards, when they were assured that this was the fact, deposed the lawyer, and placed Vasco Nunez at the head of affairs, with two others of their number, as associates in office, until such time as the rightful governor should appear. It soon became plain that this arrangement would not answer, and all were anxious to again have one person in charge, but they could not agree who that person should be. While they were quarreling and wrangling over the matter, they heard the sound of a cannon fired as a salute, and hurried to the shore, to find there a countryman who had sailed in search of Ojeda's associate.

He distributed presents of arms and provisions among the colonists and so won their hearts that they were willing that he should be the governor until the rightful one should come. They sent one of their most influential men with this person, who soon sailed away in search of the governor, carrying instructions to him concerning all that had happened, and begging him to come to them. The governor had been ship-wrecked, and he and his followers were almost dead with hunger and disease, when they were finally found, and you may imagine the joy with which they heard of the good fortune of the colonists in Darien. The governor, however, declared that he should compel the Spaniards to deliver all the gold, that they had collected in his absence, into his keeping, and was so unwise in his declarations of the severe policy that he meant to enforce when he arrived at Darien, that the ambassadors the colonists had sent, took alarm. They were careful not to allow the governor to suspect that they did not approve of his policy, but departed some days ahead of him, and when they reached Darien, informed Vasco Nunez and the others, what they might expect.

The colonists were much disturbed, but they took Vasco's advice, which was to prevent the new governor from coming ashore when he arrived. Therefore, as soon as the vessel in which he was known to be, arrived in the harbor of Darien, a man who had been given the title of public attorney, waded out into the water, and in the hearing of the whole community gathered on the beach, warned the governor to at once depart whence he came. The governor pleaded and reasoned with the people,

but in vain, and at nightfall again put out to sea. The next day he came back hoping that there had been a change. The colonists had held a council in the meantime, and to get him into their power, decided to invite him on shore. No sooner had he set foot on shore than the rabble rushed forward to seize him.

The governor was noted for his swiftness of foot, and he sped away followed by the entire population. He distanced them all, and took refuge in the woods. Vasco Nunez now repented his advice to the people, and was filled with grief to see the governor, a man of noble birth, brave, honest and high-minded, so persecuted, and tried to reason with his two associates in office, who, fearful that they were about to lose their power, headed the mob against the governor. Vasco was eloquent, and pleaded the governor's cause with all his might, representing that the king might account their action against him treason, and punish them accordingly.

There was one brawling fellow, encouraged by the head men in office in the place, who kept interrupting Vasco in his speech by crying in a loud tone, "No, no, no," to everything he said. Vasco bore this patiently at first, then warned the fellow to be silent. He continued his interruption, and Vasco paused long enough to lay upon the shoulders of the rogue a hundred lashes, which he, in his capacity of mayor, had the power to inflict. The men obstinately refused to receive the governor, and Vasco persuaded him to go on board the vessel and refuse to come ashore unless he assured him of his safety.

The governor was induced to land a short time afterward, by a man who was the enemy of Vasco, though his associate in office, and was forced to go on board a crazy old ship with seventeen of his faithful friends, and set sail for Spain. In vain the unfortunate governor pleaded against their cruelty, and begged to remain among them a prisoner in irons, rather than dare certain death on the seas. They refused his prayer, and he sailed away. The seasons came and went, and vessels sailed hither and thither over the western seas, but the craft of the unlucky governor was never sighted, no fragment even of its wreck ever drifted on shore, and to this day his fate and that of his companions remains a mystery.

When the governor was thus disposed of, the colonists renewed their quarrel concerning who should hold the power. The lawyer still maintained that he was the rightful person to be obeyed, but there was a large number of the colonists who insisted that Vasco Nunez and his associates could conduct the affairs of the colonies. To settle the question, it was proposed to send the lawyer to Spain. Clever Vasco Nunez knew that the lawyer would be able to plead his cause better with Ferdinand than he had done with the people of Darien, and that the colonists might be represented at court, suggested that one of the associate governors be sent along with the lawyer for that purpose. Knowing how far money might influence the Spanish king in his favor, he sent the other associate to Hispaniola to bribe a certain high official there, who had great credit with the king, to undertake their case. Thus, Vasco was well rid, not only of the lawyer, but of the other two associates in office, and as there was now no one to oppose him, was in sole command of the colony.

This matter settled, Vasco sent after the remainder of the people belonging to the expedition of the unhappy governor, who were encamped on a distant part of the coast. On the way he picked up two Spaniards who had been fugitives from the governor's camp, and had learned much of the Indians of the country, among whom they had lived for more than a year. The savages had been kind to the white strangers, and had treated them like brothers, but this did not prevent them from advising





ALEXANDRE de BAK

F. PIERDON

NATURAL FOREST, HISPANIOLA

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Vasco and his men to raid the very villages where they had received shelter.

Vasco was anxious to do something to distinguish himself and win gold for Ferdinand, knowing that was the argument above all others most likely to succeed at court. He therefore armed a body of a hundred and thirty of his men, and with them set out to invade the villages of the Indians. The chief received the Spaniards as honored guests, set forth the best that his villages afforded and in every way treated them with kindness. He also showed them all his treasures, but when the Spaniards asked him to give them a large supply of food for the colony, he declared that he did not have it because his people had been at war with a neighboring tribe and had been unable to plant large crops.

The two Spaniards who had lived in the Indian town, told Vasco, that while this was true, the chief had a secret store of provisions. They said that it would be a good plan to part in a friendly manner from the chief, then return by night, make him prisoner, and take the provisions. Vasco thought this excellent advice, and, leaving the chief with many professions of friendship, pretended to depart from that part of the country. In the dead of night, the Spaniards came back, surprised the Indians, took the chief and his family prisoners, and loaded two vessels with the provisions. Then they set out for Darien, carrying their captives. The chief promised to be a friend of the white men, if they would restore him to liberty, and as a pledge of good faith, gave to Vasco, for his wife, his lovely daughter. Vasco grew to love this Indian girl most tenderly, and he kept her father at Darien but a short time, showing him the wonders of his ships, cannon, and other things marvelous to the savages, then sent him back to his own country, loaded with presents.

It was from this Indian chief, that Vasco Nunez learned that a neighboring tribe had much gold, and in due time, marched against them, captured the village, and with it, vast quantities of the precious metal. Vasco had a wonderful faculty of winning the affections of the red men. He treated them kindly after he had conquered them, and in this way succeeded in trading with them, and securing much gold that would otherwise have been secreted.

It is said that when the Spaniards were about to return from this raid into the Indian country, several of them fell to quarreling about the division of the gold. A tall young Indian looked on in disdain, while the white men wrangled, and while the dispute was at its height, suddenly dashed his fist among the yellow nuggets, scattering them in every direction, and scornfully asked the white men why they so angrily disputed about the ownership of the yellow dirt, when beyond the mountains was a mighty sea into which streams of gold poured. The chiefs of that country made their utensils out of gold, and thought no more of it than the Spaniards thought of iron. If they thought so highly of gold, why not go and get all they wanted, instead of quarreling, like children, over the little they found in his village?

Vasco Nunez was greatly rejoiced when he heard this, and taking the young Indian aside, gained all the information he possessed in regard to the golden land to the westward. The Indian told him that the journey was long, and that there were many fierce chieftains to be overcome, and deep and wide rivers to be crossed. He said that it would be impossible to conquer the savage tribes, dwelling in the interior, with fewer than a thousand well-armed white men; but from that moment, Vasco determined to find that ocean to the westward, and hastened back at once to Darien to perfect his arrangements for the expedition.

Scarcely had he returned, when the Indians of the neighborhood made a plot to



get rid of all the white men in the country, and had it not been for the love one of Vasco's slaves bore her master, the plan would, no doubt, have succeeded. As it was, the Spaniards killed and captured many of the Indians, and, as was their wont when they had nothing else to do, fell to quarreling among themselves. They were dissatisfied with the division of the gold that Vasco had made, and threatened to depose him from power, if he did not at once share with them, all the gold still undivided. Vasco wisely made up his mind to leave them to themselves for a few days, and disappeared by night from the colony, and took shelter among some of his Indian friends.

The colonists then appointed two of the enemies of Vasco as their rulers, and the new officers at once divided the gold. Immediately the dissatisfaction rose to a great height. All were displeased with their share, and swore that had Vasco Nunez made the division, he would have treated them more fairly. They regretted that he had left them, and sent an Indian to find him and bring him back. They humbly apologized for past misdeeds, and when, a few days later, a ship arrived bearing a commission from the high official at Hispaniola, of whom I have told you, making Vasco Nunez the lawful governor, matters seemed in a fair way to prosper, though the ship did indeed bring back the associate governor, who had been sent out with money to bribe the king's officer.

Very little provisions were brought to the colonists, and Vasco prevailed upon the associate governor, who seems to have been exceedingly obliging, to return to Hispaniola for a cargo of food. Hardly had he sailed, when a ship from Spain reached Darien, and it bore a letter to Vasco from a friend, telling him that the lawyer had pleaded his cause so well with Ferdinand, that a ship was about to sail for Darien, ordering his arrest for treason. Vasco kept the news secret, and hurried all his preparations. Should he succeed in making a great discovery, all his faults would be forgotten by Ferdinand, should he perish, it would be better than a voyage in chains to Spain.

Vasco assembled his men and told them all he had learned from the Indians about the golden island beyond the mountains, and the great undiscovered ocean. He represented to them what glory and honor it would be to discover this rich realm and asked them if they were willing to follow him. This was in the year 1513, and you must remember that date, for next to 1492, it was one of the most important years in the history of Spanish discovery in the New World. The colonists were enthusiastically in favor of the new venture and they had faith in Vasco. They told him that they would follow where he led them. Accordingly he took a ship and nine large canoes, and sailed to the country, where he had captured the Indian maiden. He carried her with him, and was received by her father with great kindness. He left her with about half of his men to guard the vessels and their stores and after a service of solemn prayer to God to bless his expedition, set out upon his journey to the unknown ocean, on the 6th day of September. The march was slow and difficult for the climate was intensely hot then, as it is now upon the isthmus, and there were no roads. Climbing precipices and penetrating rank thickets the Spaniards travelled for two days, then they arrived at an abandoned Indian village, where they stopped to rest. Vasco knew that the natives of this village had fled and hidden themselves upon his approach, and sent out Indians from among those, who had accompanied the Spaniards from the coast, to find the chief and bring him in. When the chief was brought, Vasco won his confidence to that extent, that he

gave him guides to show him the way across the mountains. All of the Indians told the same story about the sea beyond the mountains and the rich lands of gold that its rivers drained, and Vasco knew that he was on the track of a great discovery. Late in September the Spaniards again set forth and the way was now so difficult, that try as they would, they could not travel more than five or six miles in a day. When they had been four days upon this toilsome march they were attacked by the Indians, through whose country they were passing, and a great battle was fought. The Spaniards had with them a number of fierce blood-hounds, and with these and their fire-arms they worked such deadly harm to the naked enemy, that when the battle was over six hundred dead Indians were left on the field. They killed all of their prisoners, took large quantities of gold and jewels from the Indian villages, and pressed on.

So many of the Spaniards had been disabled by wounds and by the heat of the climate, that only sixty-seven were strong enough, when they reached the foot of the mountains, to climb the height with their comrades, and the others were unwillingly prevailed upon to remain in a deserted Indian village, while their friends went forward.

It was just at dawn of a clear September morning, that Vasco Nunez, and the gallant sixty-seven, set out from the Indian town to make the last effort. Gaunt, ragged, and worn with their march over mountains, deserts, and through deep streams, they were still undaunted and eager. For several hours they toiled upwards, through tangles of underbrush, over fallen tree-trunks and huge boulders, until at last they reached the bare summit. Here they paused at the command of their leader, for their guide had told them that from the summit of a little knoll beyond could be seen the blue waters of the Southern Ocean. To Vasco Nunez was due all the honor of the expedition, and at the goal of so much suffering and endeavor he did not forget that he should be the first to gaze upon the scene and what it held. Alone he went forward, and as he saw spread out far below him the calm waters of a great sea, and between it and the place, where he stood miles of forests and mountains, his soul was filled with a solemn joy. This, then, was the ocean written of so long ago by Marco Polo, the ocean upon whose bosom lay the rich isles of spices and gems, and whose billows washed a coast where rivers poured out their tribute of gold, and where deep down in quiet bays lay the pearls so prized for their rare beauty. If this was not the Southern Sea, it was a vast ocean washing, unknown lands, and not even Columbus had made a discovery greater than the one before him. His prayer had been answered, and full of thanksgiving, he knelt there upon that far height, bowed before God, and humbly acknowledged his goodness. This done, he called his people to him, and pointed out the ocean. The priests chanted a hymn of praise, and then a tall tree was cut down and fashioned into a cross which he caused to be firmly set at the very spot from which he first beheld the ocean. There was a notary with the party, and to be sure that nothing was lacking that would ensure the rights of Spain in his discovery, Vasco caused him to declare that they took possession of the land before them, its seas and its islands, in the name of the sovereigns of Spain.

Although the glorious ocean was in view, it was still far away. With much enthusiasm, the Spaniards descended the slope, and after more toil through trackless wildernesses, more dangers from strange reptiles and wild beasts, more fighting with hostile natives, and more suffering from hunger and thirst, they penetrated the forests to the west of the mountains, and on the last day of September of the year 1513, waded into the sea, tasted of the waters, found them to be indeed salt like the waters



of the Northern seas, and knew that they had not been mistaken in supposing that they had discovered a great ocean-highway to undiscovered countries. Vasco Nunez de Balboa gathered from the Indians many particulars about the countries and the islands to the south, and then he and his companions toiled back over the mountains the way they had come, rejoined their friends whom they had left in the village at the foot of the eastern slope, who listened with wonder and envy to the tale they told, made their way safely, though with numbers diminished by death, to the coast, and thence in their vessels to Darien.

When Vasco returned to Darien it was to find it in the possession of a new governor sent out by Ferdinand. It seems to have been the fate of this discoverer always to excite the envy and hatred of small-minded men. The fame of his great discovery spread among the colonists, and the jealous governor threw him into prison and treated him outrageously. Still Vasco kept up his courage. In his own estimation now, he was something more than the soldier of fortune, who had escaped done up in a barrel, from his creditors, and was living by his wits. He was the instrument in the hands of God for great things, and he held fast to the purpose of exploring the country he had discovered, and sailing upon the waters of the new-found ocean.

Perhaps in his dreams he saw peaceful homes in the valleys stretching far away to north and south, and saw white sails bearing the world's commerce to the silent shores of the Western Continent, or he may have only had visions of the vast treasures he would carry home to Spain, and of the fame he would receive, and the honor that would be granted him as a second Columbus. The new governor had been sent out soon after Vasco started in search of the Western sea, but as soon as Ferdinand heard of the quest upon which Vasco had gone, and later that he had really discovered the Pacific ocean, he was sorry he had been so hasty, and at once sent a ship over to Darien with a messenger, making him joint governor.

All Europe rang with the name of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, and the glorious discovery he had made. The greatness of Spain was at once seen to be assured, for with this golden country pouring wealth into her coffers, none could compare with her; yet all Europe could not save Balboa from the spite and malice of his enemies. I have not space to tell you here the details of how he penetrated again to the borders of the Pacific, determined to explore its coast and the nearer islands, but he did succeed in making a truce with the governor, and at the head of a few brave men set forth. What written words could describe the long toil which was endured by those Spaniards, what hunger, thirst, weariness and discouragements, as, far from their native land, in the midst of savage foes, and in the depths of the wilderness they struggled forward.

Vasco Nunez was determined to navigate the Pacific, but how could he carry ships across the intervening mountains and thick forests. There was only one way that it could be accomplished, and that way he chose. The timbers, rigging, anchors and iron used in the building of four vessels, he caused to be carried across the mountains upon the backs of men. The Indians were the pack-animals, and unused to the hard toil, they died daily by the score. Those four vessels cost the lives of five hundred Indians, but Vasco Nunez did not regret it, and when they were at last finished, the daring discoverer felt that all his hardship was well repaid, for to him after-ages would give the honor of being the first European to launch a vessel in those waters.

The Spaniards had now traveled the trail across the Isthmus three times, and

there was a sort of communication kept up with Darien. It is now tolerably certain that the jealous governor had believed that Vasco Nunez de Balboa would fail to launch his ships, and would probably lose his life in the wilds, and he was filled with rage when he learned that he had actually succeeded. While Vasco was in prison he had sent out expedition after expedition intending to rob Vasco of the honor of his discoveries, but they had all failed, and Vasco had succeeded again, it was the bitterest gall to the governor.

You will, no doubt, remember that the enemies of Columbus charged him with desiring to throw off the authority of the Spanish king, and this charge the governor of Darien trumped up against Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He declared that the adventurer only wanted to separate himself from the rest of the Spaniards in order to found a new empire, and that he was a traitor to his king and his country. Had



Vasco Nunez indeed desired to do this, he would never have returned to Darien to answer to the charges, and he did so against the advice of his friends.

In times past he had every opportunity to separate himself from his countrymen and found a new empire, and might have done so, for he had a wonderful power over the Indians, and governed them through gentleness, while his countrymen treated them with the utmost cruelty. Long before, when Vasco was in sole charge of affairs at Darien, he sent out a party of six men to make some explorations. Among these was a certain cavalier by the name of Francisco Pizarro. When but a few miles from the settlement the little party was set upon by Indians, and after a brisk fight in which all received wounds, succeeded in escaping from their foes with one exception, for one was taken captive. When the five men returned to Darien and Vasco learned that they had left their comrade in the hands of the enemy, he compelled them all.



weary and covered with wounds, as they were, to go back and rescue their companion.

I am afraid that Pizarro never liked Vasco very well afterwards, at all events, he accepted the commission of the governor to arrest him. He found the discoverer a few miles from Darien, where he had stopped to rest, for he was making his way to answer the charges of the governor against him. He went with Pizarro willingly enough, for he was conscious of his innocence. While, in every court of Europe, the name of Vasco Nunez de Balboa was being spoken with honor, while navigators were praising his brave deeds, and kings and princes were envying Spain the possession of such a hero, in Darien he was being tried for his life. The governor and court of his enemies declared him guilty, and he was beheaded, be it said to the everlasting shame of his ungrateful countrymen.

Seven years after the death of Balboa, Pizarro fitted out an expedition, crossed the isthmus, found the vessels built by such heroic effort, and launched on the Pacific so long before by the brave Vasco. They were rotting in the harbor where he had left them. He repaired one of these, and procured another, and with a crew of eighty men discovered Peru, the land of gold, thus gathering in his unworthy hands the reward of the suffering and death of the greatest of the Spanish heroes of the New World, Vasco Nunez de Balboa. The story of Pizarro belongs in another place, and I will relate it in due time.

Among the companions of Pizarro upon his voyage to Peru, was a man by the name of Ferdinand De Soto. His share of the profits of the expedition made him immensely wealthy, and he returned to Spain with his hoard to spend it. To live in ease the rest of his days, was not his idea of enjoyment. He believed that in the North of America were cities and villages, as rich in gold and precious stones as those found by Cortes and Pizarro in the South. So many wonderful discoveries had been made that the people of Spain were ready to believe almost anything of the riches of the New World, and young and old were eager to venture across the ocean in search of fame and fortune.

De Soto, therefore, had no difficulty in enlisting six hundred men for the purpose of sailing to the southern part of North America and robbing the Indians. The expedition sailed, and after an uneventful voyage, landed on the coast of Florida. They at once started for the interior, carrying with them a load of chains for the Indians they meant to take and carry off as slaves, for they had made great plans for profit in the slave trade. They took along a gang of priests who daily chanted the services of the church, and implored the divine blessing upon the crime and cruelty of the Spaniards. The white men were bravely opposed, as they advanced into the interior, but the savages were usually routed with great slaughter. From the captives they took, the Spaniards learned that there was a region farther toward the westward, abounding in gold. There was, in fact, no such region, but the Indians soon learned that if they denied any knowledge of gold, the Spaniards would torture them to wring the supposed secret from them. Again, the savages were anxious to draw the white men into the wilderness, far from the coast, where they were almost certain to perish of hunger, or fall by the hands of the red men.

The Spaniards were thoroughly deceived, and pressed ever farther and farther westward into the thick woods. When they came upon any signs that showed the presence of human beings in the wilderness, such as cleared fields or the ruins of huts, they were filled with the liveliest hope that at last they were approaching the



rich cities that they imagined were to be found in North America, but they were always disappointed, for the only towns they found were miserable Indian villages, which, indeed, they did take and plunder, though they destroyed the booty as being worthless to them.

Thus De Soto and his men wandered about for two years, enduring many dangers and hardships, fighting with the Indians, and exploring regions never before trodden by the feet of white men. It was in the year 1541 that they came to a broad and deep river, where they halted, for a time, and built vessels. Even then De Soto would not acknowledge that he had been mistaken in supposing that North America contained rich cities like those to the South, and cheered his men, as they toiled at their boat building, with the prospect of finding riches upon the opposite shore, when they had penetrated the forests beyond. After much labor, the Spaniards succeeded in crossing the stream, and wandered forward. One by one the way-worn cavaliers died from wounds or disease, but the spirit and cruelty of those, who remained were as great as ever. The Indians upon the western side of the river, were at first disposed to treat the strangers kindly, but when they found that the Spaniards made prisoners of those, who entertained them with the best that the poor villages afforded and that these poor captives were burned at the stake, tied to trees and left to die of starvation, or were thrown to the blood-hounds of the white men, who amused their leisure in this dreadful manner, the savages became dangerous, and from ambush harrassed them every hour of the day. The Spaniards were encased in armor, against which the Indian arrows were almost powerless, but now and again when a cavalier ventured a little way from the camp without his armor, the swift arrow found him. The heat of the climate, and the unhealthy air of the swamp-land killed the Spaniards by the score, and pestilence and fever raged among them. At length De Soto himself fell ill, and, after a few days of suffering, died. His soldiers were afraid to bury his body on land, knowing that should the Indians find his grave they would wreak their vengeance upon the corpse. They therefore, carried the remains of their dead leader back to the Great River, the Mississippi, felled a tree, scooped out the heart of it as best they could, so that it might serve for a coffin, wrapped the dead body of the explorer in his cloak, placed him in the hollow trunk, sealed it up, and sunk it beneath the waves of the stream he had crossed with such high hope. This done, they held a council in which they sadly recounted all the dangers through which they had passed all the disappointments they had endured, and asked one another what should be done now that the expedition was without a head. They had no difficulty in deciding. There was but one voice and that was that they should leave the fatal country and attempt to reach some of the Southern Islands. They therefore killed their horses, dried and smoked their carcasses for meat, plundered the fields of the Indians to supply themselves with corn, for their bread, hastily built rough boats upon which they loaded their stores and embarking floated down the Mississippi. About three hundred gaunt, famine-wasted wretches, bankrupt in pocket, hope and health, found their way to Cuba. Many of these were so broken in constitution that they died from the fatigue and exposure they had



undergone. The expedition was a total failure, but it nevertheless laid the foundation for Spain's vast claims in North America, and De Soto is rightly regarded as one of Spain's great discoverers.

For many years after the voyages of the Cabots, the English made no attempts at discovery and settlement in North America. They had been disappointed in finding gold, and cared little for a country that was covered with snow a portion of the year and was evidently inhabited only by savages. They considered North America as an obstacle to the approach to Asia by sea, but thought it only a narrow strip of land, and had no idea that it was a vast continent, with resources rivaling those of Europe and mineral wealth, such as in their wildest dreams they had never imagined. When Magellan sailed around Cape Horn, in the service of the king of Spain, in the year 1519, and his ships entered the Pacific by this route, coasted along the shores of North America, entered the Indian Ocean, then sailed around the Southern point of Africa into the Atlantic and returned to Europe, a new impulse was given to exploration and discovery, for it was then, for the first time, certainly known that the land to the westward was a continent. Magellan himself was killed in a battle with the natives of the Philippine Islands, and only one of the five ships that he took away from Spain succeeded in making the circuit of the globe, a voyage never before attempted, but this had proven that the theory that South America extended to the South Pole was false. It was at once conceived by some mariners, when they heard that the globe had been circumnavigated, or sailed around, from the southward, that if South America did not reach to the South Pole, North America did not extend to the North Pole, and there was probably a passage to the Pacific at the north, as well as at the south.

Several French and English navigators attempted to find this Northwest passage, and many noble ships were crushed in the ice-drifts in the northern ocean. Many brave mariners laid down their lives in trying to find northern ocean pathway to the Pacific. Even in our own times expedition after expedition has been sent into the Arctic regions for the same purpose, but the passage has never been found, and if it ever should be, it would doubtless be of little use, for it would be filled with floating ice the greater part of the year, and too dangerous for vessels to attempt. Little was known of the Arctic waters, however, in the fifteenth century, and almost as little of the Northern Atlantic. In the year 1524, a Florentine navigator in the service of the French king, tried to find the Northwest Passage, and in so doing explored the coast of North America from the mouth of the Cape Fear River, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This exploration gave France a claim to that part of the country, and for a long time it was called New France. A Frenchman by the name of Jacques Cartier thought he had certainly found the Northwest passage, when he entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He sailed far up the river, and as he advanced discovered his mistake. He saw that the broad stream all the time grew narrower, the salt character of the water disappeared, tributaries poured into the river from the north, and the farther he went, the denser the forests became, and the more numerous were the Indian villages along the shores of the river. Upon the upper reaches of the stream, especially, the Indian towns were so numerous that the French gave the name "Canada" to the country, taking it from an Indian word, which means "a collection of dwellings." This was in the year 1534 and from that forth until the victorious English took it from them, the French held possession of Canada.



Sir Walter Raleigh, that unfortunate favorite of Queen Elizabeth, of whom I have already told you something in the Story of England, had an intense interest in the colonization of the New World by the English, and thought it a shame that England should make no effort to hold the country to which she was entitled by the discoveries of the Cabots. Raleigh interested the queen in the subject, and she granted him a large tract of land in the New World. Raleigh sent out two brave captains, named Amidas and Barlow, in the year 1584, for the purpose of examining his new territories.\* They came back with the most glowing descriptions of the country, and the next year Raleigh sent out a company of colonists, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, to settle in the country which the queen had given him, and which he had named Virginia in her honor. This colony settled upon Roanoke Island on the coast of North Carolina.

The persons who engaged in the enterprise, had no idea of the hardships which they should meet in the new land. They thought that gold was so plentiful everywhere, that it lay on the surface of the ground, and was taken with nets in the streams. None of these adventurers had any thought of settling in the country, and making it their home. All intended to fill their pockets with gold, then return to England to spend it. They took no women with them, and though they did carry along in their ships, some tools for tilling the soil, and clearing the land, they did not use them. They had no taste for work, but instead of providing for their living when the scanty supply of food they brought with them, should all be eaten, they scorned the idea of planting crops, and at once began to look for gold.

These first English colonists had an idea that America was only a narrow strip of land, across which they might easily travel on foot, and reach the Pacific Ocean, and golden lands upon its borders. The Indians encouraged them in the idea, for they did not want the white men on their hunting grounds. As soon as they learned that the strangers prized gold and pearls above everything else, the Indians told them extraordinary tales about the quantity of gold, that was to be found to the westward, across the mountains, but a few days journey away.

The colonists believed these tales, and fired with the memory of the wonderful adventures of the Spaniards in the South, set forth. They had not traveled far before their provisions gave out, but they killed their dogs, divided the rations between them, and went on. Soon they found that the Indians had deceived them, for whereas they had declared that food was to be found in abundance, a little way inland, the country was a wilderness, full of dangerous animals and uninhabited except by hostile savages. They turned back, half-starved, wholly disgusted, and nearly naked, returned foot-sore and disheartened to their old camp on Roanoke Island. A ship from England visited them, a little while after their return, and the colonists went on board and returned to England.

Raleigh was disappointed at the failure of his scheme, but did not give it up. He at once equipped another expedition, and this time the colonists took their wives and little ones, tools for tilling the soil, and seed for planting. They were put ashore and the ship sailed away. When, after a time, another ship was sent out with supplies for these people, they found only the ruins of dwellings. The colonists had



disappeared. Whether they had been killed by Indians, or captured by them and carried into the interior, or whether they had embarked on some vessel to return to their native land, and were swallowed up by the sea, was never certainly known. The colonists may have been tempted into the wilderness, and there died of starvation; but to this day, the fate of "The Lost Colony of the Roanoke," is one of the many sad mysteries that cluster about the early history of the settlement of the New World.

This second venture crippled Raleigh in fortune. England was busy afterward in warring against Philip of Spain, and Raleigh was here and there defending his country, and fighting for the queen on the high seas and in Ireland. He had no time to equip expeditions, even if he had the money, which is doubtful. When Elizabeth died, and James came to the throne, Raleigh was suspected of engaging in a plot against that monarch, though there is no proof that he actually did so. I have told you how he was imprisoned for twelve long years in the gloomy old Tower of London, and how he finally lost his life.

It was while Raleigh was in prison, and sixteen years after the failure of his second colony, that another company of Englishmen, this time under the leadership of Bartholomew Gosnold, came to the New World, to attempt a settlement in Virginia. The adventurers pitched their camp on a little island, in a fresh water lake, near the New England coast, but the members of the company soon fell to quarreling about the furs they bought from the Indians and the roots they dug, and in the year 1602 they all went back to England.

Gosnold was convinced that America was a vast field for enterprise and industry, and set about the task of forming a company which should get from the king a grant to certain territory. He was successful in the undertaking, and in the latter part of the last month of the year 1606, set sail for America with a party of colonists in three small ships. Beside Gosnold himself, the leading men of the colony were a rich English merchant by the name of Wingfield, a preacher, and an adventurer, who, though he bore the very common name of John Smith, was not, by any means, a common man. He had been a soldier of fortune all his life, and liked nothing better than roaming about the earth, fighting when there was fighting to be had, and in times of peace relating marvelous tales of his achievements. I am afraid John Smith told many stories of his adventures that were not true, for he was fond of making a story end in a way that showed him to be clever, brave and lucky, but he had certainly led a strange life, even in those marvelous old days.

When Smith was quite a young man, he went over to the Netherlands to help the Dutch fight against Philip of Spain, and after many battles and much hardship, he was cast ashore in France, clinging to the wreck of a vessel upon which he had embarked for a voyage. Here he was robbed, and wandered about for some time hungry, ragged and wretched, and at length took ship to sail to the Far East. On board this ship were many Pilgrims to the Holy Land, for though it was long past the days of the crusades, pious Catholics still made pilgrimages to shrines in Europe and the Far East. For some reason, perhaps because he told such marvelous stories of his own misfortunes, the Pilgrims looked upon Smith with suspicion, and when a storm arose they thought that Smith was a Jonah, and cast him out from among them to perish in the waves. Smith found no whale to swallow him and disgorge him upon land, but almost as marvelous to relate, he swam ashore.

The Turks were at this time making those raids into Eastern Europe, of which I

have told you, and any man with a strong arm and reckless courage was not likely to lack long for employment. Smith enlisted in the Christian army, and when he related what he accomplished, his hearers were led to believe that had he not done so, the war might have ended very differently for Christendom. Of course the history of those wars does not mention Smith at all, but according to his own account, he was one of the most valuable and valiant men that ever defended a town or pursued a flying Moslem host.

He declared that he invented a kind of fire-work that was applied by the Christians to the destruction of their foes, and that he made a system of signals that were adopted by the Christian army. I am free to say that I do not believe these statements at all, but I do believe that Smith was a valiant man, who would have done great deeds had the opportunity presented itself. In telling about his adventures, there was one story that Smith was fond of relating. He declared that upon one occasion during the siege of a town by the Christians, a Turk rode out and challenged any Christian in the army to fight him for the amusement of the ladies. Smith accepted the challenge, and killed three Turks in succession, for which feat he was ever afterward allowed to bear three Turks' heads upon his coat-of-arms.

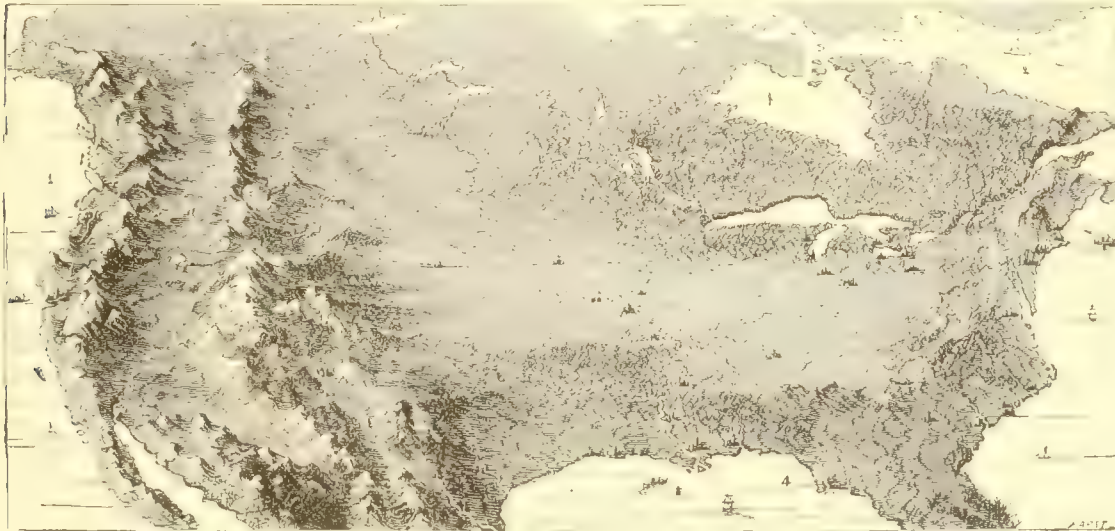
Had this deed been related as happening in the century before his time, I might believe it, and recommend it to you as true, but long before Smith was born the Turks had learned to use bombards, a huge sort of cannon, when they besieged a town. Single combat went out with the lance, the cross-bow and steel armor, and fire-arms were generally used in war in Europe. Yet it might have occurred, nevertheless. Smith said also that he was made prisoner after a time by the Turks, and carried into their own country. He was made a slave, and his master treated him so cruelly, that one day he beat him to death with a flail, dressed himself in his clothes, and mounting a horse, escaped and made his way into Russia. Here he was befriended by a rich and beautiful woman, and finally found his way into his native land, still a young man.

Gosnold's ships were many months in making the voyage to the New World, and when they arrived the winter was over and the country was rich in the beauty of early spring. They had intended landing near where the former colonies had been planted, but were driven by the winds into the Chesapeake Bay. They named two capes, one on each side of the bay, in honor of the sons of their king, Charles and Henry, and ascending the river, called it the James. About fifty miles from the mouth of the river, on a pleasant, low-lying peninsula, which is now an island, they selected the site for their settlement, which they named Jamestown. On the long voyage there had been many disputes as in whom the real authority over the colony rested, for King James, with his usual stupidity, had sent along sealed instructions upon the subject, which were not, on any account, to be opened until the colony was landed. As soon as the people went on shore, these instructions were opened, when it was found that Wingfield had been named by the king for governor. Smith had been named as one of the council, but Smith was so popular among the colonists that Gosnold and the other five appointed as councillors, resolved not to permit him to be one of the council, for they feared that he would make himself governor, because certain rights of election that were common then in England, were permitted to the new colonists.

The first permanent settlement made by Englishmen in North America is so important in the history of our country, that I will tell you more about the people who



made up the colony. There were fifty-four gentlemen, four carpenters and twelve laborers, all told, and none of them had any idea of the hardships before them. The ship had been so long on the way, that it was too late to plant crops, and the first want that the people felt was the want of food. There was in the hold of the vessel, a quantity of moldy grain, that was all but spoiled by the twenty-six weeks in the warm, moist atmosphere, and this was the sole supply of food for all these persons. Each man was allowed about half a pint a day of porridge, made of this grain, and as much of the muddy, foul, river water, as he wanted to drink. The president was so much afraid that his men would mutiny against him, that he would not, at first, allow them to build any fort, except a rude sort of stockade in the shape of a half-moon, which Smith and a few others built. One of the first things that he did, was to send Smith and twenty other men, to discover the head of the river, and while they were gone, the Indians attacked the camp and killed seventeen men and a boy. This attack brought the governor to reason, and when the party returned they built a sort of fort,



Birds Eye View of the United States

Soon the jealousy of the governor against Smith, rose so high that he accused him of defying the authority of the king, and summoned him to trial, for if found guilty, he was to be sent back to England upon one of the returning vessels. To make sure that he would be condemned, the governor bribed several witnesses to swear that Smith had done and said certain things, but when the trial was called, these witnesses told what the governor had attempted with them, and Smith was not only acquitted, but Wingfield, and one of his associates, were made to give up their office, and to pay Smith a thousand dollars damages. Smith gave the money to the colonists and soon afterward the ship sailed away. Gosnold and many others, had died with the fever, and the new governor appointed by the colonists, trusted everything to Smith.

It is well that he did so, for the brave adventurer saved the colony. He sailed up and down the coast of Virginia, exploring and mapping the country, making the acquaintance of the Indians, and trading with them for food for the starving English. Thus the colonists lived till winter; then there was plenty of game in the woods, and wild-fowl in the marshes, and there was no more talk of returning to

England with the very first ship that came over. Upon one of his many expeditions into the interior, Smith was made prisoner, and after being led throughout the whole region and exhibited, he was condemned to death. In telling the story of his escape long years afterward, Smith declared that he was saved by Pocohontas, the daughter of the chief, a child eleven or twelve years old, who threw her arms about the neck of the white man, when his head was laid upon a block of wood, and a savage had already raised his club to dash out the captive's brains. Be it true or not, and historians now say that it is not, Smith returned in safety to the colony, from every one of his expeditions, and so managed affairs that it was in a flourishing condition.

Vessels kept sailing to the New World with more colonists, but those who were sent over, were for the most part, idle, vicious fellows, hard to control, quarrelsome and good for little. In the year 1607, there were five hundred men in the colony, and it was in a flourishing condition. Good log cabins had taken the place of the hovels at first built, and the people, under the leadership and example of Smith, had begun to realize that the only way to succeed in the new country, was by hard labor. In this year, and just as the new governor appointed by the king, had sent out two men to rule the colony, Smith suffered from a peculiar accident.

He was out hunting and lay down one night too near the fire. His powder bag exploded, while he was asleep, and mangled his limbs in a most agonizing manner. Smith sprang up, and plunging into the river to cool the pain of his wounds, was almost drowned before he could be rescued. In a state of great suffering, he traveled one hundred miles to Jamestown, where he had his wounds dressed. The governor, who had granted Smith so much power in the colony, was dishonest and had committed certain crimes. Smith was to be a witness against him, and the wretch hired a man to kill Smith, while he was ill in bed. The heart of the murderer failed at the last moment, and Smith was told of the plot. It was then, that the brave fellow determined to go back to England, where he would be safe from his enemies until his wounds had healed and he was able to defend himself.

What followed in the colony shows what a really great man, captain John Smith was, in spite of his faults. Some of the men stole a ship and turned pirates. Others were killed by the Indians and all refused to work and passed their time in such dissipation as they could find the means to indulge. They cheated and angered the Indians until they refused to sell them food or have anything to do with them, and in six months after Smith left, the five hundred men were reduced to sixty half-starved wretches, who had sustained their lives by eating the corpses of dead Indians, and their own dead comrades, and who would have all perished miserably of starvation had they not been taken on board a chance English vessel that happened to sail up the James River. They were all about to return to England, when they were met at the mouth of the river by Lord Delaware, the governor appointed by the king, who was bringing three ships, loaded with supplies, and having on board a number of settlers. This dreadful time in the colony was long remembered as the Starving Time, and the experience of survivors made them more willing to labor in stead of idling their time away, and though a hard lesson it was a useful one.

I must tell you something more of the story of Pocohontas, who was said to have saved the life of Captain John Smith, when he was a prisoner among the Indians. Some years after Smith returned to England, a certain man, who was making a voyage up the Potomac river for the purpose of trading with the Indians for corn met an old chief who had in charge the young Indian princess. This crafty



old fellow was very anxious to become the owner of a bright new copper kettle the white men had, and offered to trade Pocahontas for it. The captain of the expedition agreed and was delighted with his bargain, for he thought that with the daughter of the great chief in his possession, it would be an easy matter to compel the chief to pay a large quantity of provisions to the colonists as the price of her freedom. He took Pocahontas to Jamestown and sent a message to her father telling him how much corn they would take for their prize. The old chief was very angry, and declared that he would not give the whites anything for the girl, but he would march out his warriors against them and take her back by force. It happened however, that there was a young man by the name of John Rolfe, in the colony, who was much struck with the beauty and modesty of Pocahontas and wanted to marry her. The Indian maiden was willing, and another messenger was sent to the chief telling him that no ransom would be demanded for his daughter, and relating how she had fallen in love with the young man. The lovers were married, and as long as the old chief lived, there was peace between him and the English, though Pocahontas died in the flower of her youth, leaving a little child from whom many people now living trace their descent.

For the first few years the people of Virginia were uncertain what they should raise upon their land. They tried grapes, silk, and several other things, but were not successful, and there was nothing that they raised in the colony that would pay them for the trouble. The Indians, as you probably know, had no idea of money except a sort of shell, which they called wampum, and which was very hard for them to smooth, bore and properly manufacture, for they had few tools. The clever white men, with their iron implements, drills and lathes, could make large quantities of the wampum with the greatest ease, and in trading with the Indians the wampum passed as money, but of course the London merchants cared nothing for it, they would only receive gold and silver or something that had a market value, in exchange for the cloth, arms powder and other things sent to Virginia. When the Spaniards discovered the West Indies Islands, they found that the natives took great pleasure in smoking a pungent sort of weed which they called tobacco. The Spaniards tried this and found the practice so agreeable, that they fell into the habit of smoking, and in a short time the custom spread in Europe and made its way into England. The churchmen and the doctors united in declaring the practice of smoking an abomination, but in spite of everything, it became the fashion. It is said that when smoking was yet very unusual, a servant of Sir Walter Raleigh was one day sent by his master to bring to him a large mug full of ale. Returning to his master's room, what was his fright to see that Sir Walter was evidently on fire, for the smoke was pouring from his mouth and nostrils. Without waiting to ask any questions, the frightened man dashed the ale into Raleigh's face, and shrieking that his master was on fire and would be burned to ashes, he rushed from the room, calling for help.

Some experiments were tried at Jamestown in the culture of tobacco, and to the great joy of the colonists it was found that the soil, climate and all the conditions for raising large crops, were very favorable. The people of Virginia from that time forth devoted themselves to raising tobacco, and it is said that at one time the public streets of Jamestown were planted with the precious weed. Tobacco became the money of the colony and was used in London in payment for their debts for it found a ready market. The king's taxes were paid in tobacco, and if the colonists thought that any man was raising such a large crop that the supply would be too plentiful



Indian woman using suspended pestle.

and the value of the product thus lessened, they compelled him to burn a portion of it. The traffic in tobacco brought prosperity to the colony, and, little by little, the settlement grew, pushing out into the wilderness, founding new towns, wresting lands from the Indians, and clearing and planting fields, until in fourteen years from the time the first settlers landed on the soil of Virginia, about three thousand persons had found homes in the New World. These people of Virginia seemed to breathe in freedom with the very air of their new homes. They had left behind them the old traditions of rank, and such of them as survived in the new world, were not so offensive as they were in England. King James did not approve of freedom in any form, but the men, to whom he had given the right to manage the affairs of the colony were high-minded and liberty loving, and in the year 1618 granted the Virginians a great charter, which gave them a share in making the laws under which they were to live. This is a very important thing to remember

for it was the planting of the tree of liberty in American soil, the first seed of our freedom and independence. Soon after the signing of the charter, ninety young women were sent out from England to become the wives of the settlers. It is usually said that the settlers bought their wives with tobacco, but this is not true. What they did do, was to pay the passage of the woman, whom they selected for their wife, if she consented to the match. There was no bargain and sale more than this, and the young women, who came out, were many of them honest, hard-working country girls, who did their share in developing the country, and should have due credit.

When the colonists were thus provided with wives, they became more contented with their life in the New World. They could then have comfortable homes and something to work for, and work they did with a good will. They gave up all idle and dissolute ways, established schools and churches, and improved their towns. In the course of time James dissolved the Virginia Company, and appointed royal governors to rule the colony. With these governors the Virginians had many difficulties, but in spite of these, and of a few Indian wars, the colony grew and prospered.

While Virginia was thus growing into a great State, to the northward another colony was enduring its first trials and hardships. In the story of England I had occasion to speak of the Puritans, those brave people who declared that the king had not the keeping of the consciences of Christians, and that the Church of England was altogether too much like the Church of Rome. Some of these Puritans even went so far as to withdraw themselves from the Church of England, which thereupon persecuted them in various ways. Finding at last that they could not hope for peace in their native land, a number of these people, together with their pastor, left the town of Scrooby, in the North of England, and crossed over to Holland, where they lived several years.

Finally they determined to seek a new home in America, far from the tyranny of the king, and they accordingly fitted out a small ship, called the Mayflower, and one hundred men, women and children embarked in it for the New World. Another hundred was left in Holland, and were to come later on. These brave people, who, from their wanderings for the sake of their religion, are known in history as "the



Pilgrims," had plenty of time in the long voyage to talk of their plan of government in the new country.

They drew up a document appointing one of their number, John Carver, as their first governor, and all agreed to obey the laws. These laws were selected from the Bible, and while strict as to matters of religion and morals, were full of the spirit of political liberty. There were many storms by the way, and the little Mayflower was sadly tempest-tossed, but after a weary voyage of three months and ten days, anchor was dropped in Cape Cod Bay, and four days before Christmas, according to the present way of reckoning, the Pilgrims, weak from sea-sickness and poor food, landed on the bleak snow-covered shore.

The place where the Pilgrims landed had once been an Indian village, but some pestilence had carried off all the natives the season before, and there were no savages to molest them. In spite of this fact, however, they were sadly hindered in the work of building houses for themselves, for the climate was so much colder than that from which they had just come, that many of the colonists fell sick and died. By the time the late spring came there were only thirty colonists left, and they were obliged to live mainly on shell-fish. From a friendly native they learned how to plant corn, and used the deserted clearings of the Indians for the purpose. They had succeeded in building nineteen houses and a stockaded fort of logs, and they felt tolerably safe from Indian attacks.

Their settlement was made in the year 1620, and soon other Puritans came to join them, for the bigoted King James delighted in persecuting them. At first the colonists suffered much from the lack of food, for the new-comers did not bring sufficient supplies to last them until they could grow crops of Indian corn, and the scanty supply already planted was not enough to supply their wants.

The colonists, however, bore their sufferings and hardships with great courage, and as they had come to the New World with the intention of remaining and making homes for themselves, and as they had no wild ideas about gathering gold from the surface of the ground or the bed of the streams, they labored patiently on and their colony prospered. The Indians were hostile to them, and they were obliged to build a wall of logs around their town, and to mount cannon on their meeting-houses. They carried their guns to church with them, and were often obliged to sally forth and beat off their foes.

The persecutions of the Puritans in England continued, and they came by the thousands to the new land. The narrow bounds of the first colony were enlarged, and little companies began to push out into the forest, selecting some favorable spot for a settlement, and then clearing away the trees for their corn-fields, building their houses of the logs, and forming the centers of new communities. At first these people were content with huts made of round logs, piled one upon the other, and roofed as best they might be with rough boards and bars. After a time floors made of split logs, hewed smoothly upon one side, were added, and the stick and mud chimneys gave way to chimneys of stones fitted neatly together.

The greased paper which had served the place of glass, was replaced by shining panes, the blocks of wood which answered for plates, were displaced by pewter, brought over from London in ships and sold to the colonists in the larger towns for the furs, lumber and other things which formed the staple of their trade with the



Captain John Smith



Pocahontas.

mother country. To be sure, there was little education at first, for the early settlers had all they could do to make a living for their families, and young and old worked early and late to do so. The only relief from the hard toil was upon Sunday, when the people went to church and sat for two or three hours and listened to a long sermon.

The colonists of New England, like those of Virginia, learned from the Indians in the course of time, how to set traps to snare game, and to hunt the various wild animals whose flesh was fit for food, and whose skins were valuable. They learned how to make moccasins from buckskin, and leggings and hunting-shirts from the same material. The Indian women made most of their household utensils from the birch bark, and the whites imitated them. They learned, too, from the squaws, how to make sugar

from the sap of the maple-tree by freezing it or boiling it to evaporate the water, and as sassafras served very well for tea, they had all of the necessities and some of the luxuries as well. As their skill as hunters and wood-cutters increased, they had large stores of fur and lumber, and soon began to build ships to trade with the mother country. These ships came and went over the Atlantic, and in a little time they carried large cargoes of fish, as well as other things, and fish became one of the most valuable articles of export. Schools were founded in every settlement, and in fifteen years from the landing of the Pilgrims on the shores of New England, Harvard College, that great institution of learning of which Americans are so proud, was founded.

The Puritans, in spite of their love of liberty, made the mistake, in their new government, of uniting church and state. They did not understand then, as we do now, that the State has only to deal with the business affairs of life, and not with man's conscience, and that perfect freedom is impossible, where law regulates the time and manner of man's worship. It has been said of the people of the first Puritan colony in our country, that they loved liberty so well that they were unwilling anybody else should have her, and it is certain that they were nearly as harsh with those who differed from them in religious beliefs, as the bigoted King James had been with them.

In about ten years after the landing of the Mayflower, there came out from England, to the colony planted on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts, an earnest, educated, and brave man by the name of Roger Williams. He was a minister, and his eloquence stirred the Puritans, but it did not move them to any good, it only made them intensely angry, for Minister Williams preached a doctrine that deeply hurt their pride. In making the constitution for their colony, the Puritans had been careful to frame laws regulating the daily behavior of the people, and they were very proud of those rules of conduct.

Roger Williams, in his sermons, said that he was heartily in favor of those laws of the Puritans, which dealt with the business and political affairs of the community, but he pointed out to them that liberty could never flourish where men's conscience was fettered. He said that the soul of man was free and accountable to no earthly judge or king, that religion was a thing between man and his Maker, and that any state that made laws to regulate religion, was trampling upon the liberty of the soul. This, Roger Williams preached in the church at Salem, a town that in the ten years



since the landing, had grown to be quite an important place, and when the elders among the Puritans talked his sermons over, they decided to try him for heresy. The General Court of Massachusetts brought Williams to trial, and the people of Salem were intensely interested in the result, for many of them had been brought to believe as the new minister did. The preacher was fearless in defending his faith, and the Court therefore sentenced him to banishment.

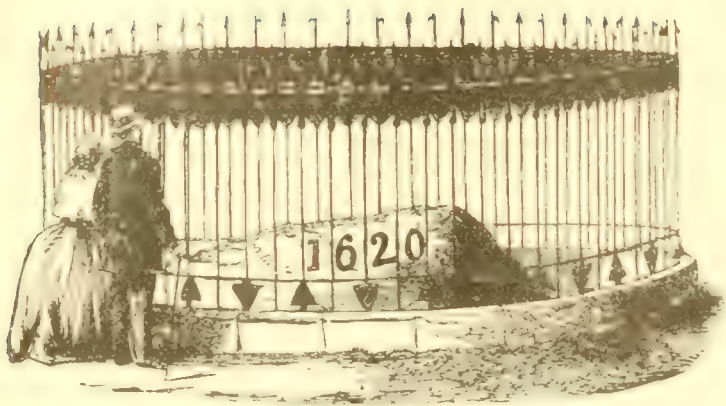
Williams went forth among the Indians, who were kinder to him than his own white kindred, and after some wandering and hardship, he succeeded in persuading the savages to give him some land. This land was that portion of our country now called Rhode Island, and the colony that Williams founded there, was made up of those people who had been converted to his belief in Salem. Williams named his new colony Providence, for he was thankful that God had led him to such a pleasant spot, where he might enjoy that freedom of conscience which alone can be considered perfect liberty, and there grew up one of the most enlightened and progressive states of New England.

After a time, another sort of people came to Massachusetts. These were called Quakers, and in England they had been most bitterly persecuted. These Friends, as they called themselves, had seen the miseries resulting from the long and bloody wars in Europe, and therefore declared that war was a sin against God and man, and pledged themselves not to serve as soldiers. They had a horror of the extravagant dress and affected manners, and the slavish way in which the common people would bow and do honor to the nobles, offended their idea of dignity. They therefore made it a rule to keep their hats on their heads, instead of in their hands, in the presence of the great, maintaining, that since God had made all men, to him, and not to his creatures, all honor was due. They thought it sin to swear in courts of law, and that the Bible forbade it.

Those were the days when women wore absurd head-dresses, several feet high, gowns elaborately trimmed, and painted their faces. The men wore lace ruffles, gaily-colored satin and velvet knee-breeches, pig-tails tied with ribbons, and chains and jewels. The Quakers dressed in plain, dark-colored garments, wore their own natural hair, either flowing on their shoulders or cut short, and their women made their gowns plain and straight, and tucked their hair behind modest caps. They were ridiculed in England and persecuted without mercy, and hearing of the new colony in America, and the peace that was to be found there, they came in large numbers to Massachusetts.

I regret to tell you that the Puritans treated them most unkindly. They caused them to be tied to a stake and whipped, bored holes in their tongues with red-hot irons, executed them by beheading and hanging, and were so savage to them, that the English king, from whose tyranny they had fled, interfered and forbade the people of Massachusetts to further persecute them. I am happy to be able to tell you that the Quakers who went to Rhode Island were well treated, and that never in the history of that State, was there a persecution of any class of people on account of their religion, and it is the only state of New England of which the same may be said.

In the years following the settlement of Salem and the other towns of Massachusetts, there were colonies being planted in many places along the New England coast. Fishermen and lumber-cutters settled along the shores of Maine and New Hampshire, Connecticut was colonized by Puritans from Massachusetts, and the



Plymouth Rock.

ry Hudson, an Englishman in the service of the the then famous Dutch East India Company, was sent out to find the Northeast passage to Asia, which was supposed to lie somewhere to the North of Russia. Such a passage has, indeed, been discovered in our own day, but then it was not known, though the Dutch were confident that with the right sort of effort it might be found. Hudson was known as a daring sailor, and he felt certain he could find it.

This Northeast passage was thought to be the end of the Northwest passage so long and vainly sought, and when Hudson found that the sea to the north of Russia was so filled with floating ice that it was impossible to sail very far, he turned his vessel, a little craft called the "Half-moon," and set sail for America, thinking that it would be all the same to his employers if he discovered the Northwest passage. Hudson had received some maps from his old friend, Captain John Smith of Virginia, and with them some information that Smith had gathered from the Indians, about a stream of salt water to the north of Virginia. Hudson was convinced that this was the passage, and after he reached the New World, and explored Chesapeake Bay, he sailed into the Delaware Bay. At first he thought that Delaware Bay was the passage of which the Indians had told Smith, but he soon convinced himself that it was not, and sailed along the coast until he came to New York Bay.

He found that a river, apparently of salt water did, indeed, empty into this bay, and ascended the stream which now bears his name. As he left the vicinity of the mouth of the river, where its waters were not affected by the tide, he found that it was fresh water, and having some curiosity about the country, went on. The Hudson river is surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery in the United States, and the Dutch were delighted with the find. When they returned to their own country and reported what they had discovered, the Dutch sent out colonists and established trading posts on Manhattan Island, and near where Albany now stands they erected a fort. They claimed the territory from the borders of Rhode Island to Delaware Bay, and in a few years established a colony on Manhattan Island, which soon became the center of a thriving commerce.

The Dutch called their town New Amsterdam, and as it was situated near a fine harbor, they no doubt thought it would in time rival the Amsterdam in their native land. They called their country "The New Netherlands," just as the English called their colonies "New England," the French called theirs "New France," and the Swedes, who had settled on the Delaware, called their land "New Sweden." These

Indians were being slowly crowded back from the coast. In twenty-three years after the landing of the Pilgrims, there were twenty-four thousand persons in New England, and the country to the southward was filling up rapidly, as was the country lying to the west, in what is now the state of New York.

The New York colony was one of the oldest in America, but it did not at first belong to the English. In the year 1609, two years after the founding of the Virginia colony, Hen-



Swedes were the cause of much jealousy to the Dutch, and finally were crowded out of their lands, and formed a part of the Dutch colony.

The people of New England were in turn jealous of the Dutch, for England and Holland were then at enmity, and they crowded the Dutch out of the country about the Connecticut river, which they claimed by the right of their early explorations. In the year 1664 King Charles II., that merry monarch, whose character we have studied somewhat, did a thing that was a part of the many ungrateful deeds that he accomplished when he returned to his kingdom. He had been well treated in Holland throughout his long exile, supplied with money and honored by the Dutch, and now, as a way of paying off the debt, injured the Dutch in every way that he could devise.

He knew that they had a flourishing trade upon the Atlantic Coast of North America, and that several other nations also had claims there, but he gave away to his brother James, Duke of York, the vast territory upon the Atlantic Coast south of New England, claiming that because the Cabots had first sighted it, that it was his to do as he pleased with. He sent four armed ships across the ocean to take possession for his brother, and these suddenly appearing in the harbor of New York ordered the people of New Amsterdam to surrender their government or take the consequences.

The Dutch governor of the place was a brave old fellow, though he was lame, and he was for fighting the English, but the town was totally unprepared for war, and the people begged him to submit. He did so, and thus the Dutch, without firing a shot, surrendered their vast possessions in the New World, which were at once rechristened New York, in honor of the Duke of York. The colonists often had reason to bitterly regret the change of rulers, for while the policy of Holland toward them had been the most liberal, and that best calculated to ensure their progress, the rule of the English was often very oppressive. The royal governors sent out by the king were cruel and tyrannical, and every increase in wealth in the colonies, every new enterprise, was made the subject of heavy taxation.

The people of New England were very much rejoiced that the Dutch had lost the territory to the south. With the French on the north, and the Dutch as near neighbors, the people of New England always had enemies at their doors beside the Indians, whom both the Dutch and French often roused to make raids upon the English settlements, for race hatred was not stronger in those days than national hatred, and the French were the born enemies of the English.

It was in the year 1656, but eight years before the capture of New York by the English, that the Quakers came into New England, and were so bitterly persecuted, Three years after the settlement of Providence a colony was planted in the New World where perfect religious liberty was allowed to everybody, and strangely enough it was a Catholic gentleman by the name of Lord Baltimore, who founded that admirable colony, in the territory which is now known as Maryland. The tide of persecution had set towards the Catholics in the Old World, and Lord Baltimore desired to found in America a place of refuge for them. He had seen the evils of



Indian in Canoe

persecution, and though a devout Catholic, realized that faith is a matter beyond earthly laws, and belief a concern in which no king or potentate has the right to interfere. The colony prospered and became the refuge of the oppressed for conscience sake.

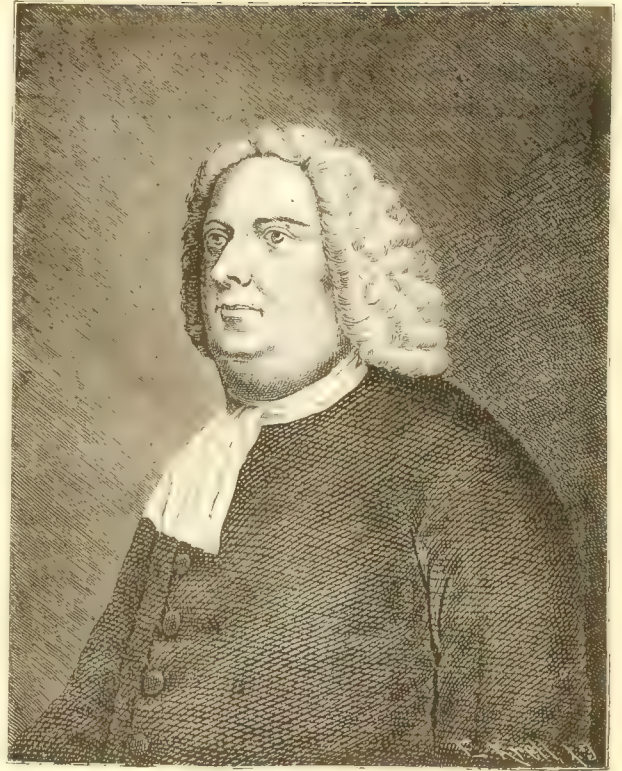
A few years later the Carolinas were settled by French Protestants, and in 1732 Georgia was colonized by the efforts of a noble-hearted English gentleman, who desired to found in the New World a home for the worthy poor of England, and for those who had lost their all in the long wars, or in the many dishonest schemes that designing people had floated in Europe. Thus, by the time of the settlement of Georgia, a chain of English-speaking colonists was stretched from the French possessions upon the north, to the Spanish possessions on the south.

When James Duke of York came to the English throne, he gave some of his American territory to two of his favorites and these sold it in the course of time to others, who founded the colony of New Jersey, upon the land. In the course of the English war against the Dutch in the Old World, a certain English admiral, named William Penn, gained great honor from his countrymen. This man had a son, who was born in London in the year 1644 and who was carefully educated until he was of age to enter the great College at Oxford. There the young man became interested in the doctrines of the Quakers, to his father's great anger and disgust. Had the son confined his interest within certain bounds, the father would have forgiven him, and considered it but a youthful folly, but young William had some of the stubborn qualities of his war-like father, and when certain rules and religious ceremonies were introduced in the College, he refused to obey them and with several others was expelled from the institution. This expulsion from college determined the career of one of the greatest of the early heroes of America, a hero, whose victories were untarnished with blood and unsullied by crime, and the world has few such. He went home, but when he told his father that he was a Quaker, the old admiral was so angry that he turned him out of his house. The fearless young man thus cast adrift felt at liberty to pursue his own way, and at once became a preacher of the Quaker faith. He was thrown into prison many times, but was so steadfast and true-hearted, that his father, who had watched his course carefully, began to have a high admiration and respect for him, and before he died, took his well beloved son again to his heart and home.

It seems that the elder Penn had a large claim against the government of England, for services rendered during the wars, and these claims along with his other property, descended to his son, who laid them before Charles II. and demanded payment. The merry monarch had no money to meet the claims, and when young Penn suggested that a charter of land in the New World would be accepted in place of gold, the king eagerly consented and gave him a wide tract on the west bank of the Delaware river. Penn named his new colony, Pennsylvania, or Penns Woods, and a week after he received the patent to it, set sail for America with a hundred emigrants on board. The dukes of York and Baltimore had long been in dispute, concerning the ownership of the state of Delaware, and as Penn desired an outlet for his colony by sea, the Duke gave him a deed to the land in dispute. Penn arrived in America near the close of the year 1682, after a sad voyage in which nearly half of his hundred colonists had died of small-pox. He found about three thousand settlers in his territory, Dutch, Swedes and English, and after he had recovered from the weariness of his voyage, he assembled them and told them that he



wanted to live in peace and justice with all men, and rule them gently and righteously. They were so struck by the sweet face of the young Quaker preacher, his graceful figure, his eloquence and benevolence, that they declared they would serve him with all their hearts. A little while afterwards Penn went up the Delaware to found a city on the site of the present city of Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," there Penn called the chiefs of the Indian tribes together. He had already purchased their land, instead of robbing them of it and beating them off, as was done in the other colonies, and he now desired to make a treaty of perpetual peace with them. He talked to the Indians and told them that he had come among them as a brother, with a brother's love toward them and desired to deal justly and live in friendship with them. The Indians promised to be the friends of the Quaker forever, and so righteously did Penn and his people deal with them that it is said that history does not record a single case, where Quaker blood was knowingly shed by the Indians.



William Penn.

While the Quakers were living thus, in peace with the savages, bloody Indian wars were raging in the other colonies. The white men of New England and the settlements all along the Atlantic sea-board, made no pretense of being just to the Indians, and, naturally enough, the red men made the most deadly and determined resistance to them. They could not understand how it could be right for people to come to them, drive them from the land that had been in the possession of their tribes for ages, and give them no return. When these white men preached to them the doctrine of peace and love, they scorned to receive it, for they had no confidence in those who took every advantage of their weakness, to plunder them of all they had.

They knew little of the great world, and could not form any idea of the civilization beyond the seas, and that the tide of emigration that flowed westward upon them, was no puny stream, but a great flood. I believe that had they known from the beginning what madness it was to strive against the torrent of civilization from the east, they would still have fought to the last, as they did, for though they were savages, they loved their country dearly, and their religion and their patriotism both taught them to revenge their wrongs. The treatment to which the Spaniards in the West Indies, subjected the unhappy natives, in a short time killed them all off, and it was the custom of the white men in New England and the other colonies, when they captured Indians, to sell them to planters in the West Indies for slaves. They even kept in their own families, many Indian slaves, whom they compelled to work and often brutally abused.

For unnumbered centuries the Indians had been free savages, living in the woods

and performing only such light labors as were necessary to ensure them food and shelter. We all inherit from our ancestors our physical and mental traits, and the Indians inherited weakness of those muscles which are developed by hard labor, with a tendency to indolence. They hated work, and loved to roam about at will, and to compel them to stay long in one place, or within the four walls of a house, was in itself a cruelty to them. Often these captive Indians would escape to their friends, and tell tales as sad as ever were told by the whites who were captured by the Indians. These white captives were often sorely tortured, but it was always in revenge for some wrong that the Indians had received from the whites. It was not unusual, however, for Indians to adopt captured white children into their tribes, and bring them up as their own. Hundreds of persons from the various colonies who were captured by the savages, were thus adopted, and often they grew to love the wild, free life, and their savage companions, so well that they could not be induced to return to civilization.

The slavery to which the colonists condemned the Indians was not rare in those days. The very year that the Pilgrim fathers sought liberty in America, a Dutch trading ship brought a cargo of negro slaves from Africa, and sold them to the tobacco planters of Virginia. It is well known that Queen Elizabeth encouraged this dreadful traffic, and helped the first English slave-trader to fit himself out for the wicked undertaking of stealing negroes from the land along the coast of Africa, carrying them far from their home and friends, and selling them into bondage. The queen shared the profits of this shameful trade, though she knew that of every hundred slaves taken on board the vessels on the coast of Africa, at least twenty died at sea, were killed by the brutal captains, or were thrown overboard to lighten the vessel in storms; sometimes whole cargoes being thus cast into the angry waves. She made no objection to it, and even pretended to think it was a lawful and praiseworthy business. In the West Indies, large numbers of these slaves were bought for the purpose of working the sugar plantations.

From time to time the government of England had sent into Virginia, many men and women who had been convicted of petty crimes in their native land, and these were let to the planters at so much a year, until their term of punishment expired, when they were at liberty to return to England, or remain in the colony if they desired. When the Dutch traders brought their cargo of negro slaves to Virginia, the planters were rejoiced, for now, instead of being obliged to depend upon the labor of unskilled criminals, they could secure for a small sum, permanent servants. The people of all the colonies where rice, indigo and tobacco were raised, purchased these negro slaves, for the climate of their plantations was such that Europeans could not readily accustom themselves to it, and even those who were vigorous, strong and healthy, soon became lazy under the southern sun.

The negroes were accustomed to living in damp and unhealthy places, and the planters purchased them in great numbers. As time went on, the Southern planters realized that they had made a great mistake in introducing slave labor. Such large crops were raised, that in the markets where they were accustomed to selling their produce, the prices sank correspondingly low. The slaves multiplied so fast that within a hundred and fifty years after the first cargo of Africans was landed in Virginia, even those colonies which at first had been so eager to purchase slaves, were anxious to prevent the slave-traders from bringing any more of their living cargoes into the country. In this time there had been bloody insurrections of slaves in many



of the colonies, and in all of them where slave labor was used, it was considered a disgrace for a white man to work, and those whites who had large plantations and many slaves, had a hard time to make a comfortable living. I shall have something more to tell you of the evil of slavery, in the course of the story of our country.

The number of original colonies, at the time of the war with England for our national independence, was thirteen, and if that be an "unlucky number," as those who believe in signs and omens say, it was certainly not true in this case. All of these colonies, while differing in some particulars in their government, and at first granted to companies and individuals, in the course of time came under the rule of the king, though the people of New England chose their own governor. Most of the colonies had an Assembly of the people, and this Parliament, if we may so consider it, had the right to spend the public money. The governor appointed by the king, was always obliged to send to the Assembly, to ask for money for the king, his master, and as the Assembly and the governor seldom agreed as to the just dues of the king, there was a great deal of quarreling between them. Money is a

great power for good in the world, and also a great power for evil, and many of the wars about which we have read in this volume, were brought about by disputes concerning money or other property. As those wars, in the long run, usually resulted in some good, as well as much evil, money may be considered one of the forces that has sent the world forward, down the "ringing groove" of progress.

The people of Virginia, were from the very first, exceedingly aristocratic in their tendencies, and living upon their fine plantations, in roomy houses, surrounded by the huts of their slaves, they kept up much of the same state as the lords and barons of England. Many of the Virginia gentlemen and ladies, traced their descent from the Norman lords who came over with William the Conqueror, or the adventurers who siezed upon English lands at that time, and were made lords by the fierce old fighting duke. They sent their sons and daughters over to England to be educated, and kept themselves in close touch and sympathy with all that was transpiring in the mother country. When the revolution which hurled Charles I. from the throne occurred, the people of Virginia were intensely indignant at the action of the English Parliament, and when that unhappy monarch was beheaded, and Cromwell siezed the reins of government, they refused to acknowledge his power, and as long as Charles II. was in exile they called him their king, and would not renounce him, until the Parliament sent a fleet to reduce them to subjection. They finally came to an agree-



Cabot leaves Labrador

ment with the Parliament, upon the terms that their constitution should not be disturbed, but there was joy throughout Virginia, when the royal exile "returned to his own." Of course, Puritan New England had no use for kings, and favored Cromwell most heartily. The New Englanders were so opposed to Charles II., that it was fully two years after his return to England, before they would acknowledge that he had any rights as their sovereign.

In the beginning of the year 1688, a strange notion siezed upon the people of New England. In that day it was supposed that certain people had unholy powers over others and were possessed by the Evil One in such a way, that they could perform all sorts of unnatural mischief. This was called witch-craft, and most savage nations, as well as many ignorant persons among civilized communities, believe in it. There was a minister in New England, named Mather, who believed devoutly in witch-craft and wrote several stupid books about it. A certain young girl became involved in a quarrel with an Irish woman, the servant of her father, and pretended that the poor creature had bewitched her. Mather and the other clergymen came and prayed with the girl, who would pretend to have the most dreadful convulsions, but who was always cured of them by the prayers of the ministers. Mather declared that she was indeed bewitched, and the poor old Irish woman was arrested as a witch and hanged. Three years after this, (and in the meantime Mather had written much on witch craft,) there broke out a mysterious disease, something like epilepsy, and it spread to Salem. Mathers declared that it was the work of witches, and the most horrible persecutions were begun. Every one, who had an enemy, imagined that he was being bewitched, and the most astounding lies were told about the deeds of the witches. The people of Salem and other places in New England, were excited beyond all reason, and in one year many innocent persons were burned to death, hanged, tortured and killed in various ways on suspicion of being witches. Even ministers of the gospel suffered, and young and old alike fell victims to the popular insanity. It passed away finally, but it left a deep stain on the memory of New England. It did more, it caused the colonies a long and bloody war with the Indians.

Almost at the time that colonists came to the New World to settle in the southern parts of the Atlantic seaboard, the French made settlements in Canada. I told you in the story of Spain, something about the remarkable Society of Jesus, formed by Ignatius Loyola, and wherever these devoted Catholics went they accomplished great deeds. As early as the year 1636, there was a company of French Jesuit priests in Canada, and never did men show more heroism than did these missionaries. They were accustomed, in their own country, to all the refinements of life, for the Jesuit priests you know, were not monks, but they cheerfully left their all and followed the Indians into the wilderness, lived in their dirty hovels, ate the disgusting food upon which the savages were often forced to live for long periods at a time, cared for the sick, taught the children and were often months and years at a time, where they never saw the face of a white man or heard a word spoken in their native tongue. One of these Jesuits, went among the Huron Indians, and his life was so full of devotion and good deeds, that he brought the whole tribe to accept the Catholic faith. They established mission houses in the wilderness, and gained a strong hold over the Indians. The people of New England, being Protestants, accused these Jesuits, when England and France were at war, of inciting the Indians to many of the bloody raids upon the English settlements, and there early spring up between the English of New England and the French of Canada, a bitter





TRIAL BY WEIGHT OF A YOUNG GIRL ACCUSED OF BEING A WITCH.



hatred. There were raids by the English into Canada, and by the French and Indians into New England, but there were five powerful Indian nations on the borders of the great lakes, who were a sort of bulwark between the English and French, and kept them both busy repelling their attacks. These Indians were disgusted with the whites of New England, who were so cruel to their own countrymen in the days of the Salem witch-craft scare, and were more hostile to the English in the proportion that they favored the French.

In the year 1645 two young French travelers, who were bold and adventurous fellows, went westward from Quebec toward the river which the Indians called "The Father of Waters," and two years later they visited Quebec and told marvelous tales of the rich country they had discovered. The Jesuit missionaries followed in their footsteps, and it was they who first heard of the great river. Marquette and Dablon, two bold priests, were sent out to explore the land and carry the Catholic faith and the French flag in the new country. They won the hearts of the Indians, and when Joliet, an officer appointed for Louis XIV., by the government of Canada, went westward for the purpose of taking possession of the land in the name of the king, the two faithful missionaries called the Indians together at the Falls of St. Mary, between Lakes Huron and Superior, and there was made a treaty of peace between the red men and the French.

A missionary house was built there, and soon afterwards Marquette and Joliet went in search of the great river of which they had heard so much. They came down Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Fox river, in birch-bark canoes that were light and strong. When they came to the portage, or carrying place, between the Mississippi and the lakes, they carried their canoes across to the Wisconsin river, launched them on that stream and floated down to the Mississippi. Thence they voyaged southward, past the mouth of the Missouri and the Ohio, on through the overhanging forests, where canoe of white man had never floated before, past the Arkansas and the Red river, until they were sure that the lordly Mississippi did not change its course, but flowed southward into some other body of water distinct from the two great oceans.

La Salle and other French explorers proceeded in the path of discovery, and colonization marked out for them by Joliet and Marquette, and the whole country drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and reaching from the Spanish possessions in Florida to those in Mexico, were in time claimed by the French, who called the country Louisiana, in honor of their king. They established a trade in the Mississippi Valley, and it is almost certain that Louis XIV. dreamed of the conquest of the entire continent.

In the course of time settlers from the colony of Virginia ventured across the Alleghany mountains into the Indian country beyond, and reported that the land was fertile and well-watered, heavily wooded, and with a climate favorable for colonization. Bold Virginia hunters explored the rich valley of the Ohio river, and the forests and prairies about the Great Lakes. The French knew nothing whatever about the Ohio Valley, though they did, indeed, discover the mouth of the river, and the English claimed that the valley was theirs by the right of discovery and exploration.

The Indians owned the land, and as they had already some experience with the English as colonists, they favored the French. The English were farmers who cut down the trees where the Indians had for ages built their towns, and who cultivated



the fields that had once been their hunting grounds. The French were mere traders who aided the Indians to procure the luxuries they wanted, by bartering with them for their furs, and where they did settle among the Indians, it was as merchants.

The French had such sympathy with the forest life of their red neighbors, that they often married native women, and became in all their habits as truly Indian as though born and bred among them. Therefore, when the French declared that the Ohio river ought to mark the boundary of the English possessions in America on the West, the Indians pledged themselves to the French king to fight one and all for the land that the French had declared to them should be their hunting grounds forever.

The French, since the days of Marquette and La Salle, had advanced greatly in influence among the Indians, and every year the French and English in the New World had grown more jealous of one another, and more inclined to fight for what each considered their rights. In spite of the claims of the French, daring pioneers had penetrated beyond the Alleghanies, and had built their log cabins in the fertile Ohio Valley, and in the year 1749 the French in Canada sent a large body of soldiers into the Ohio Valley to drive the English out and keep them out. The English had not been idle in the meantime. They had formed a great trading company for the purpose of bartering with the Indians for their furs.

Virginia claimed the Ohio Valley region, because Virginians had discovered and explored it, and when the governor of Virginia learned that it was the intention of the French to build a fort on the Ohio river, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, where the city of Pittsburg now stands, he determined to send a letter to the French commander who was stationed on French Creek, fifteen miles south of Lake Erie, and present the English claims. This was a long journey in those days, when the traveling was on foot or horseback, through a wilderness where there were no roads, and through the forests which were full of hostile Indians.

There were mountains to be crossed, streams to be forded, and dangerous forests to be traversed, and since this was the case, it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, and the most of the way on foot. The commander selected for this dangerous mission was a young man whose name was then nearly unknown to the people of America, but is now a household word, not only in our own land, but wherever bravery and liberty are loved.

George Washington was the messenger who was to travel that dreary six hundred miles, bearing the letter of the governor of Virginia. He was only twenty-one years old, but already esteemed by all who knew him for his bravery and intelligence. He was the son of a widow whose husband had died some fifteen years before, and had been carefully brought up and well educated for those days. With Washington there were sent seven others, Indians and white men, and it was late in the year when they set out.

After a toilsome journey, the little party reached the place where the French commandant was stationed, and were very politely received, but when Washington presented his letter, the French officer firmly refused to agree to do as the governor of Virginia recommended, which was nothing more nor less than that the French should at once give up all claims to the Ohio Valley and get them back into Canada.



Dugout Canoe.

On the return to Virginia the little party suffered very severely. When they came to the place where they had left their horses, they found the poor brutes almost dead with starvation, and the whole party walked the entire distance rather than burden them with their weight. One day they met an Indian who promised to guide them to the place where the Allegheny and the Monongahela unites, but as they were fired upon from ambush, they suspected that their guide was hired by the French to accomplish their murder, and by a clever ruse, rid themselves of him, and walked all night to place themselves beyond danger.

Upon the evening of the day following this adventure, Washington and his companions reached the Allegheny river, so tired from their tramp of twenty-four hours without rest, that they were glad to scoop beds for themselves in the snow, and lie down wrapped in their blankets. The next morning they determined that it would be best for them to cross the river, but how it was to be accomplished was a question. The backwoodsmen of those days were not easily discouraged, and though Washington and his friends had among them but one poor hatchet, they succeeded in cutting down enough small trees that day, to bind together with strong grape vines and linn-wood bark, to make a small raft. It was after sunset that the party embarked upon their frail craft and committed themselves to the stream. Washington himself shoved with one of the raft-poles, but the shoving of the whole party was in vain when they were about in the middle of the stream, for the raft was jammed so firmly between floating cakes of ice, that it could neither go backward nor forward. In making an effort to free the raft, Washington fell overboard, and only prevented himself from drowning in the icy waters by seizing one of the raft-logs. The raft was not far from an island, and they were all obliged to abandon it, and swim to the shore of the bit of land near where it was jammed in the ice.

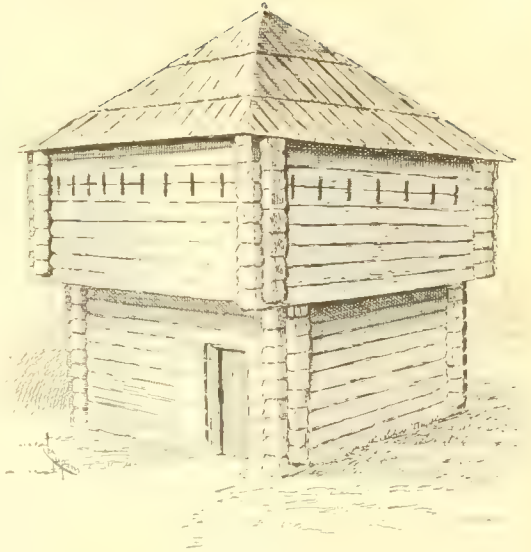
They suffered dreadfully that bitter winter night, for their clothes, saturated with water, were frozen stiff. In the night the river froze completely over, and the little party succeeded in crossing to the shore. They still had a long journey before them, and their friends began to despair of ever seeing them again, but at length, after an absence of four months, the weary travelers were again in Virginia, and the first public service of the great and good Washington was accomplished.

When the governor learned that the French had no intention of giving up the Ohio Valley, without a fight, he at once sent out a party of men to build a fort, where Pittsburg now stands, thinking he could thus hold the navigation of the upper Ohio, but the French drove them away, and thus the war known as the French and Indian war was begun. Washington himself, with a small command was sent against the French, but he was defeated after a campaign, which showed that as young as he was, he had all the qualities of a great general. When the English heard of the defeat of the Americans, they declared that the rich territory of the Ohio Valley must be saved to the British. The French claimed a part of Maine, too, and this could not be allowed, for with the vast territory of Louisiana, Maine and the Ohio Valley in their grasp the English would soon be driven from the continent. The government thought that the failure of the Americans was due to the fact that they did not fight according to rule, and it was decided to send a General by the name of Braddock with ten thousand trained and disciplined troops against the French and Indians. Braddock himself had a high idea of his own abilities, and those of his troops, and thought that he would strike terror to the savages by a warlike display. The Virginians knew better, and told him so. They had a long experience with the



Indians in war, and knew that they could not be induced to come out into an open field, as did civilized armies, and fight a stand-up battle. Their manner was to lurk in small parties, behind trees, rocks and in ambush, and themselves unseen, strike down the foe with arrow or bullet. The French had supplied them with guns and ammunition, and though they never learned to use firearms with the same skill as did the white woods-men, they nevertheless did deadly execution. All this was told to Braddock and he was warned that he must enter the country with the greatest caution, dividing his army into small parties and marching swiftly so as to fall upon the Indians before they were aware of his intentions. The English general treated these warnings with the utmost scorn, and advanced against the savages at a snail's pace, cutting wide roads through the woods for the passage of his artillery, building bridges over every stream and instead of taking a white scout, who knew the country well, followed the guidance of an Indian, who pretended to be friendly, but who led the army through the most difficult and dangerous parts of the country.

The savages throughout the whole Ohio Valley had ample time to put themselves in good order for war, and the French in the fort they had finished and named Fort Duquesne, were kept as well informed of the movements of the enemy as though they were present with them on the march. When the army of the English was within a short distance of the French fort, it was suddenly attacked on all sides by the French and Indians. The enemy was hidden from the view of the English soldiers and they hardly knew where to direct their fire. Instead of allowing them to get behind the shelter of the trees and rocks, Braddock compelled them to remain in their lines, and huddled together, they shot as many of their own comrades as they did Indians, and finally threw away their guns and took to their heels. This did not occur, however, until they saw their general fall to the ground mortally wounded, for Braddock acted with the utmost courage. The Virginia woodsmen refused to obey the orders of the English General and remain in line, for they knew that their only chance for life in Indian warfare was to fight from behind cover, and they sheltered themselves as best they could. It is declared that one of the back-woods riflemen, who was thus seeking shelter, was ordered back to the lines by Braddock, and when he refused to go, that officer struck him a blow across his face with the flat of his sword. The brother of the woods-man, a noted Indian fighter, was sheltered behind a tree and when he saw Braddock do this, and looked at the ranks of the English soldiers, which were being mercilessly mowed down by the bullets of the French and Indians, he quickly made up his mind that the only way to save the entire army from death, was to shoot the commander, who insisted in exposing them to such danger. He waited his opportunity, then taking aim shot Braddock through the lungs. Washington fought by the side of his general until the rout was complete, and though he had two horses shot from under him, and four bullet holes through his coat, he was not wounded. Braddock died in great agony of body and mind four days after the battle, and the remnant of his defeated army made its way sadly back to Virginia.



Block House.

Many of the poor soldiers, who fled to the woods, were afterwards captured and carried to the French fort, where they were cruelly tortured to death by the savages. The French and Indian loss was very small, while that of the English was so great that they counted it one of the bloodiest defeats they had ever suffered.

Washington's second military expedition, like his first was a failure, but again he received as much honor as though he had been victorious, for it was well known that he had warned Braddock in vain against his course. On the sea the English had fared, but little better than on the land and the pride of the people was so greatly touched that they hanged the commander of the fleet that had been defeated, turned their Prime Minister out of his office and elected in his stead one of the greatest statesmen that England ever produced. This man was William Pitt, afterward Lord Chatham, and he was not only a statesman, but a great orator. He bestirred himself to remedy the mistakes of the feeble fellow, who held the office before him and in a few months the whole face of affairs was decidedly changed. The French armies were beaten by land and sea and France lost her possessions in India to the English, while not only the Ohio Valley but Maine and all of Canada was taken from her.

This French war was not only important to the English but equally so to the colonies. Soon after it was ended, the English king began to ask himself, who was to pay for it, for war is an expensive game, and this war had been unusually costly. The colonies were called upon to pay the bills, and as a reason for it, the King declared that the war in America had been for their defense. The colonists said they had all along borne their share of the expense of the American war and had fully paid for all that they had received in the way of benefit, but declined to let the King and his Parliament put their hands in the treasury of the colonies and rob them for their own benefit. They said that the loss the English had sustained in money and men was fully paid for by the large territory they had gained, and that the territory was not gained for them, but for the king, who would proceed to do with it as he thought best. Furthermore, the colonists had built up the commerce of England, because they had always been obliged to send all their products to the English, whose merchants sold them to others and received all of the profits. In the English Parliament there were those, who had the audacity to declare that the American colonies had been planted by England, nourished by her care, and protected by her arms, and that they now refused to pay the small tax required of each individual as their share of the burden. A brave man, who had spent many years in America, was so angry at this statement, that he declared boldly in Parliament that the American colonies were formed of people who had been driven from England by the cruelty and oppression of the government, and that they had bravely sought homes in a new country, battled with every danger and difficulty, and it was not until they were known to be prosperous that the king and his Parliament had concerned themselves about them. Then they had sent governors out to rob them, by taxation, of the product of their toil. That instead of the English having taken up arms to defend the American colonists, they had fought bravely to preserve territory for England and to add to that territory. He and others maintained that the Parliament had no right whatever to tax the colonies, because they were not represented in Parliament as was every other county and province of the British Islands, and this was the general opinion in America, where many learned and patriotic men who were proud of their union with England, but who loved the liberty which they declared was the birth-right of every English subject.



Soon after the close of the French and Indian War George III., who came to the throne in 1760, gave officers in America the power to enter the house of any citizen in the colonies and search for articles upon which tax had been levied, for taxes had been levied upon a great many of the necessities of life. English sea-captains had the same rights upon the waters, and could stop any American ship, search it, and take from it any articles upon which the duties had not been paid. This roused such anger in the colonies that the tax-collectors were assailed by mobs, and when the colonists learned that the tyrannical king intended to take away their charters, and rule them as though they were slaves, they refused to trade with England if the law was carried out.



Benjamin Franklin.

In the year 1764 the Parliament, which still maintained its right to tax America, placed a duty upon paper, which was known as the "Stamp Act," for the law made every person who wished to draw up a contract of any kind use the stamped paper or the contract was not legal. There had been a bitter dispute over the right of the Parliament to do this, and Benjamin Franklin, a devoted patriot and statesman, who was sent to England, told everybody who questioned him upon the matter, that the Americans would never submit to this tyranny. When the act was accordingly passed, the colonists refused to transact any business, their ships were held in the harbors, the offices and places of business were closed, no marriages were performed and the officers who attempted to sell the stamped paper were mobbed, their property ruined, and they were compelled to flee for their lives.

In Virginia a brilliant and enthusiastic lawyer by the name of Patrick Henry, made most eloquent speeches against the tyranny of the English Parliament, and in New York a patriot named James Otis, wrote against it. The colonies, as one man, prepared to resist it, and for two years there was so little trade with England that the British merchants began to complain bitterly, and Parliament was forced to recall the Stamp Act. Still the Parliament insisted on taxing the colonies. The noble Pitt, who all along had taken the part of the Americans, fell ill, and a wrong-headed man by the name of Townshend, was made prime minister of England.

Now one would think that the Parliament would have known something of the spirit of the American colonies by this time, but it seems that they could not learn without a severe course of training. When Townshend proposed that troops, which were to be supported by the colonists themselves, should be quartered among them to "reduce them to obedience," the Parliament actually passed the foolish measure. The very next month the Parliament, still bent on collecting taxes from the colonists without allowing them a share in the government, declared that the collectors of the various taxes on commerce in the colonies were independent officers of the king, with whose appointment and duties the colonists had nothing to do, and whom they must obey. Now you may imagine what effect this had on the colonies, who were rejoicing over the repeal of the Stamp Act.

New York flatly refused to give food and shelter to the British troops that had been quartered in the colony for the purpose of overawing the people, and to "make

an example of New York, the king took away the charter of the colony. Massachusetts, peopled by the stern descendants of the stubborn Puritans, sent a letter out to all the other colonies, asking that they all join in asking the king and the Parliament to right their wrongs. The Parliament ordered the Massachusetts Assembly to recall that letter, but the assembly was made up of men who were not given to turning back when they had once begun a good work, and it calmly and with firm dignity refused to do so now.

The commissioners who attempted to collect the customs in the port of Boston, were mobbed, and the governor of Massachusetts, a man appointed by the king, sent to the Parliament and asked for troops to quell the disorders in his colony. The spirit of resistance was spreading, and the grizzled veterans of Indian wars were eager to fight for liberty, but still there were hopes of peace among the cool-headed and moderate men, who knew what a great force the English could bring against the colonies.

In the year 1770 General Gage was sent to Boston in answer to the demand of the governor for troops to uphold the law, and it was not long before he was in difficulty with the people. There was a collision between the British troops and the people of the city, in which three of the citizens were killed. This event is known as the "Boston Massacre," and it excited the people of Boston intensely.

Samuel Adams, an eloquent and fearless man, gathered five thousand of the citizens and they went to the governor and compelled him to remove the British soldiers from the city, and it was well he did, for there would have been further bloodshed had they remained. The love which the people of the colonies had always borne toward England, was now becoming changed into hatred, for the colonists saw that the Parliament was determined to deny them their rights, and would probably use force to compel them to submit. For the next two years after the Boston Massacre, there was great distress among the merchants of the colony, for they had held to the agreement to refuse to import any taxed goods. One by one these taxes were removed from the articles from the lack of whose sale the British merchants were beginning to complain, but the right of Parliament to impose these taxes was maintained.

At length the tax was removed from everything but tea, and as there had been no tea imported to the colonies for a long time, there was great quantities of it stored in the warehouses of London. I do not think that the colonists suffered much by being deprived of tea, for most of them used it in a singular way in the early days, if we believe what we read in the old histories. They buttered the leaves of the tea after they had been steeped, and ate them, washing the "greens" down with the sweetened beverage.

They learned to use sassafras and the leaves of the peach tree instead of tea, and were not in a great worry because they did not get the pure article from China by the way of London. The merchants who dealt in tea determined upon the advice of the Parliament, to send several ship-loads of cheap, but taxed tea, to the colonies, thinking that if the colonists bought it because it was so cheap, the Parliament would establish their right to tax them, and the Americans could hereafter make no plea, under the law, against any future taxation.

The colonists were clever enough to understand that this was the purpose of the Parliament and when the tea-ships reached New York and Philadelphia those in authority were compelled to send them straight back again to London. A tea-ship



that entered the harbor of Baltimore was burned by its owner, on account of the indignant protest of the people, and because he feared they would deal severely with him if he did not do so.

At some of the southern ports where the officers had compelled the people to allow the landing of the tea, the citizens would not allow it to be sold, but purposely caused it to be stored in damp cellars, where it was all spoiled. Finally, in this same year, 1773, a cargo of tea reached Boston. The people requested the collector of the port, who was a tool of the king, to send the tea back to England. He refused to do so, and fearing that some of the disloyal persons in the city might purchase it, a party of sixty men, disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, broke open the tea chests with their hatchets, and emptied all of the contents of the three hundred and forty-two chests into the water.

When this became known in England, the king and Parliament sent orders that no ships should leave Boston Harbor, or be allowed to enter it, until the people had paid for the tea they had destroyed. This worked great hardship to Boston, and the mills and factories, the workshops and places of business, were soon idle. Lord North, the British minister, declared that he could subdue the rebellious people of Massachusetts in three months, but they held out singularly well. The fact was that all the other colonists sympathized with Massachusetts, and determined to aid her, if the worst came, in maintaining her liberties by force of arms.

General Gage was supposed by the British to know a great deal of the affairs of the colonies, and he expressed the greatest contempt for the rights of the people, and said that he was confident that the resistance to the Parliament could easily be suppressed by a show of force. He was, therefore, sent with a force of troops and began to throw up fortifications about the city of Boston. Instead of being alarmed by these preparations, the people were only made the more determined. Every one of the colonies now plainly saw that war was to come, and in Virginia and many other colonies, companies of men were formed and drilled for the approaching struggle.

There was a store of gunpowder belonging to the Massachusetts colony in a little village near Boston, and Gage took possession of this. Outside of the city there were the wildest rumors of what was being done by the British in Boston, for in those days when there was no railroad or telegraph, the sending of news was not as easy as it is now, and the people could only guess what was transpiring. These rumors flew through the colonies, and thirty thousand men advanced toward Boston to help the citizens, but finding that their services were not needed, went home again.

In the fall of the year 1774 a Congress of the colonies was assembled at Philadelphia for the purpose of considering the affairs of the colony and devising some way of settling them. The most noted men of America were present as delegates. Washington, now a dignified middle-aged man, Patrick Henry, the fiery orator, Richard Henry Lee, and many other patriots offered their wisdom in that assembly, and it was decided to state their grievances to the King and to express the people of Massachusetts, their hearty sympathy and encouragement of their heroic course. The congress prepared an address too, to the people of Great Britain, in which they related the acts of the king in attempting to abridge their liberty, and sent to General Gage of Boston, a respectful letter, asking him to deal more justly with the people of Boston, for he had oppressed them in many ways and made every possible



FIG. 1. WIGWAG.

attempt to humiliate them and break their spirit. Parliament and the King refused to read the protest of the American Congress, and all through the winter of 1774, affairs grew more and more threatening. Companies of "minute men" trained to the use of weapons and ready to respond on short notice, were drilling in every part of Massachusetts, for war was now certain. In the spring of the year 1775, General Gage, who was strongly intrenched now on Boston Neck, heard that the patriots had a supply of arms and ammunition at Concord, eighteen

miles from Boston. He determined to capture this and very secretly issued his orders to a party of his soldiers to capture and bring in the supply. To be sure that the sharp eyes of the patriot sentinels in Boston should not see the men, he ordered them to set out at midnight on the 19th of April and move with the utmost caution.

By some means the patriots of Boston learned that the British were to make the attempt to seize the stores, and a man was stationed in a certain church tower, where he was to hang up a lantern if the British made any movement, while another by the name of Paul Revere waited at Charlestown until he saw the signal. Then he sprang into a boat, was rowed across the river and taking a swift horse rode with all speed to Lexington, and Concord, warning the people of danger and rousing the minute men. In every village along the road the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, told the people that the time had come for them to seize their weapons and fight for their liberty. All of the arms and ammunition that could be taken away was carried off from Concord and safely hidden. There were seventy men, who responded to the call to arms, when the bells were rung at Lexington, but small as was that little band they did not hesitate to front the eight hundred British soldiers. How the battle began is not quite clear. The Americans declare that the British commander, Major Pitcairn, called out to them when he came within hailing distance "Disperse ye rebels!" The Americans stood their ground and he ordered his soldiers to fire among them. This was probably the case, for it could not be supposed that the little handful of men thought that they could gain the victory over such an overwhelming number of their foes, though the British say that they began the battle by firing upon their soldiers. At all events the British stood still and fired at the little group of heroic men, until those, who were not killed or wounded by their volleys, took shelter in places of safety, and they then marched on toward Concord, leaving eighteen men weltering in their blood upon the village green.

The British found little at Concord to repay them for their long tramp, and about noon, tired and dusty set out upon their return to Boston. But a few hours had intervened since the fray of the morning, but the time had been long enough for the news of the bloody deed to spread far and near. From the little villages, from farms and workshops, men in homespun, with their guns in their hands hurried to the woods lying between Lexington and Concord, and hiding themselves near the road over which the British were sure to pass upon their return, waited silently and



with grim determination to avenge their fallen neighbors. There were the relatives of those, who had been killed in the morning; there were young men who had been drilled for months in anticipation of war, and old men who had fought the Indians single-handed in the wilderness and under the command of noted woodsmen in the French and Indian wars. All knew how to shoot straight and true, and all burned for revenge for their own wrongs and those of their harassed country. Every hedge, rock and thicket harbored these messengers of vengeance, and as the British made their way toward the city, they could seldom get a sight of their unseen assailants. The patriots did such deadly work, that nearly half of the eight hundred British were left dead by the way and only eighty five of the patriots felt the lead of their enemies.

The news of this battle sped like wildfire to every colony. Every man laid aside his implements of peaceful labor, and seized his weapons. Some declared for the king, but the New England colonies were all for the cause of liberty, and recruits from every colony poured into Boston. In a few weeks the colonies, with the single exception of Georgia, threw off the authority of their royal governors, and the patriots everywhere armed themselves for the cause of liberty. The farmer-soldiers quickly blockaded Gage in his fortified camp, so that no aid could come to him by land, but he received reinforcements by water, until he had five thousand well-drilled troops at command.

In May, Ethan Allen, of Vermont, marched with a company of men known as "The Green Mountain Boys," to take possession of Fort Ticonderoga, at the south end of Lake Champlain, valuable because from there an invasion might be made from Canada. Upon receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, a young captain of a band of fifty-eight militiamen made a fiery speech to a number of his townsmen, assembled to discuss the news from the seat of war.

This gallant young captain, Benedict Arnold, made the selectmen of the town deliver up the keys of the arsenal, much against their will, armed his men, and set out with all speed with his company for Boston. He had thought of the fort of Ticonderoga, and presenting himself at the patriot camp, asked for a commission to take the place. It was given him, and straightway he mustered four hundred men, and at the rate of fifty miles a day, marched toward Ticonderoga. Twenty-five miles from the fort they met Allen and his men. Arnold showed his commission, but Allen refused to allow him to command.

In spite of his long toil, rather than imperil the success of the expedition, Arnold gave Allen the honor of leading, and enlisted his men in his ranks as volunteers. The little army moved forward, and with such swiftness and caution that the garrison was taken completely by surprise, for it had evidently not heard the news from Lexington and knew nothing of the outbreak there. Arnold and Allen entered the fort side by side in the dead of night. "Surrender!" thundered Allen. "In whose name?" demanded the terrified officer of the garrison. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" cried Allen, and without any further explanation proceeded to disarm his captives.

Allen's fame for this exploit went throughout the colonies, and as this was the first time that Benedict Arnold appears upon the stage of American history, I tell you his part in it, so that seeing the remarkable series of brave deeds that he accomplished for his country and the disappointment that nearly always pursued him, and forever wounded his proud and ungovernable nature, you may understand better the

cause of his unhappy treason, for he did turn traitor.

By the capture of Ticonderoga the Americans gained a large supply of powder and other stores of which they were greatly in need, and their army was inspired with confidence, but in the latter part of the same month it was learned that several ships of war were on their way from England to America, having on board a large number of soldiers and some of the best officers in the English army. Gage was still in his fortified camp, and the Americans concluded to fortify one of the hills that rise within easy gun-shot of Boston, where they would be in a better position to receive a British attack.

Boston is built upon several little peninsulas, which are approached by two isthmuses, one called Boston Neck, and the other Charlestown Neck. Upon Charlestown Neck are two low hills, the higher called Bunker Hill, and the lower Breed's Hill. It was decided to fortify Bunker Hill, for from some source the Americans had learned that Gage intended to attack them on the 18th of June.

Two days before the expected attack, a little before sunset, a thousand picked men were mustered for special duty on the green, at Cambridge. Their commander was General Prescott, who had seen service in the French and Indian war, and with him went Israel Putnam, a Connecticut farmer, who was also a tavern-keeper, and who was noted throughout the country as an Indian fighter and able leader of men. Solemn prayers were said by the patriots, and then they set forth. Silently and stealthily, as the shades of night gathered, these brave men marched on, thinking, who can tell, what tender thoughts, of their homes and of the loved ones whom they might never see again. The dusk and the mist hid them from the English sentinels, who paced back and forth on board the ships, whose guns were turned toward the American camp, and they passed them in safety and undiscovered.

Across the Charles river, in their camp, the soldiers of the British army slept, while above them on the height, silently and swiftly the farmer-soldiers of the patriot army, accustomed to toiling in the field, worked away with spade and pick-axe as they had never done before. They had made a mistake in their orders, and had fortified Breed's Hill instead of Bunker Hill, and great was the surprise of Gage and his men in the morning, when they looked up and saw the formidable earth-works that had grown up, as it were, in the night. Armed sentinels paced to and fro, watching carefully every movement in the camp below, and before noon, five hundred more patriot troops marched up the slope to re-enforce Prescott.

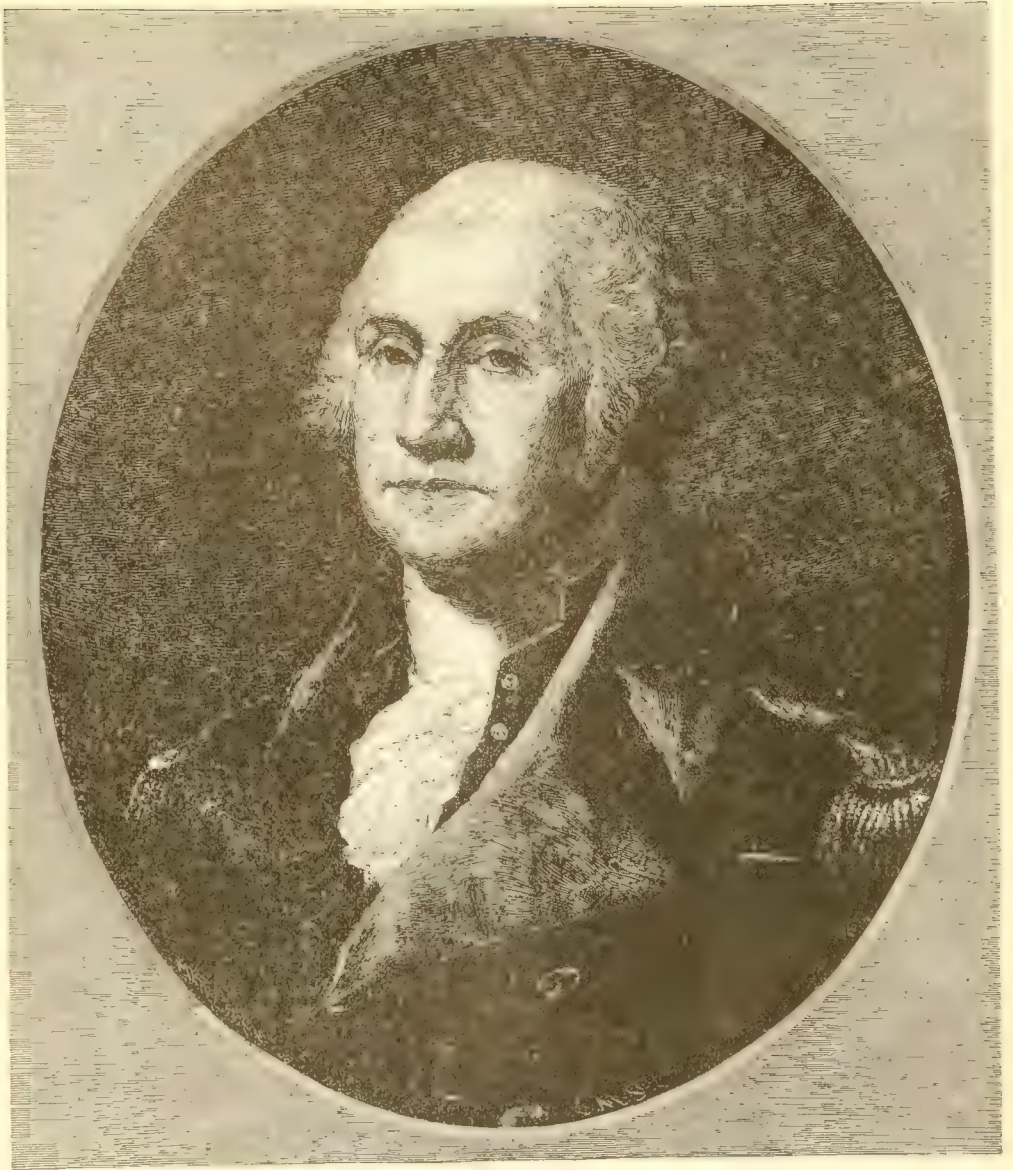
Soon there was a stir of preparation among the British, and about noon the grim farmer-soldiers on Breed's Hill, saw a splendid array of three thousand scarlet-coated troops, with glittering arms and waving banners, cross over to Boston, and march to the Charlestown peninsula, burning the village of Charlestown by way of diversion. Proudly this legion advanced to attack the patriot works upon the hill. They fired their cannon as they climbed the slope, thinking, no doubt, that at the first sound of their guns the Americans would fly.

Every British soldier was provided with rations for three days, for their general was so confident that they would drive off the Americans that he had given each soldier this burden to carry beside his arms and equipments. They kept up a continuous fire as they advanced, but it did little harm, and was not returned by the Americans. The patriots could not afford to waste any ammunition, for powder was so scarce among them that only a quarter of a pint was allowed to each man, and the bullets, which were made from the melted lead-pipes of a Cambridge church



organ, were so scanty that only fifteen were given to each man, those were the days before cartridges, such as are now in use were invented, and the ammunition was bullets, wadding and powder.

"Wait until you can see the whites of the eyes of the British, then fire and shoot low," commanded old Israel Putnam, the veteran fighter, "Let no man fire until the word of command is given." Resolute and stern the patriots waited, and the British, sweating and very weary, had reached the foot of the redoubt, when in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard by every one of the little band of defenders, the word



George Washington.

was given, "Take aim." The men who had shot birds on the wing in the swamps, and the deer in the forest, and whose hands were steady and judgment sure, raised their pieces, and each singled out his mark. "Fire!" the unerring bullets sped, the enemy recoiled and fled down the hill, appalled at the dreadful execution of the Americans. They knew that the patriots were armed only with fowling pieces, and old muskets and rifles, and thought that these old-fashioned and cumbersome weapons would be good for little in war, but they saw their mistake.

Again the British advanced up the hill until they were almost at the redoubt, and again there was dead silence in the American ranks until they were in close range, and then as before, there was a simultaneous roar of musketry, and continued scattering fire as the British again fled down the hill repulsed.

General Gage, who was a passionate, hot-headed man, foamed with rage at the idea that his trained troops, the flower of the British army, should be beaten by



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

despised American colonists, with fowling-pieces. He rallied his crestfallen men, commanded them to fling away their knapsacks, blankets, and everything else but their guns and ammunition, and end the fight that was covering them with disgrace. The Americans now had only one round of ammunition left, for they had used their bullets in firing at the British in their two retreats down the hill.

They reserved this round until the British were near the breastworks, and then, with clubbed muskets and naked hands, fought the foe until they saw that resistance was useless, when they fled down the hill and across the neck to Cambridge, pursued all the way by the fire from the guns of the English ships. It was a defeat, but a defeat so honorable, and against such great odds, that over the entire country the hopes of the Americans were raised. They had shown the British that they could hold their own against even their best disciplined troops.

All this time the American army had no head, and no authority of any kind for its existence, except the will of the people to defend themselves against their foes. The Congress now made George Washington the commander-in-chief of the American forces, and took measures to supply their troops with clothing and other supplies.

There were now enlisted in the patriot army about fourteen thousand men, who were untrained to regular warfare, and lacked everything. Throughout the remainder of the summer of 1775, there was nothing more done in the way of fighting on either side. The Americans were drilled and exercised in their camps and grew tired of the hard-ship and discipline of soldier life. Most of them had enlisted only for three



months and when their time was out went home to their families. They had realized that war is not play, and were so disgusted with it, that they could not be prevailed upon to enlist again. Recruits came in too slowly to supply the loss, and the beginning of the year 1776 saw the colonists with a raw army much smaller than the old, and the British with a new commander. In the month of February the Congress sent the long desired supplies to Washington, and he decided to make the British, whose plan seems to have been to tire the Americans out, fight or give up Boston. In the first week of March, Washington marched a party, silently and secretly in the dead of night, to take possession of Dorchester Heights. To cover their movements, the patriots kept firing their cannon towards the British, so that the smoke should hide from the eyes of the sentinels there the forms of their party, who worked away with such a will, that when day dawned, they had completed a strong redoubt of earth and bales of hay. The British saw the necessity of driving the Americans from this position, and were about to re-embark in their vessels to cross the arm of the sea, lying between Boston and Dorchester, when a strong east wind commenced to blow and for three days the weather was so contrary that the British were compelled to lie quietly in their camp, while the Americans so strongly entrenched a large force on Dorchester Heights that the British, knowing it would be madness to attack them, embarked all their soldiers and sailed away to Halifax in Nova Scotia, leaving the whole of New England free from them.

In June the Congress talked over resolutions of Independence from England. The States were not all agreed that it would be wise to separate themselves from the mother-country, and the matter was allowed to go over until the fourth day of July, when the resolutions were passed and all hopes of peacefully settling the quarrel with the King and the Parliament were at an end. England now bent all of her energies to subduing the colonies. A strong fleet and a well drilled army were sent to take New York, and Washington sent Putnam to hold them there by taking a position in front of Brooklyn. The brave old general was attacked in August by an overwhelming force of British, and was beaten. This defeat was very discouraging for it convinced the patriots that they could not hope to hold the State of New York. The soldiers grumbled because in the three month they had been in the service they had accomplished so little, and when their time was out they went home by the hundreds. Those who stayed were miserably provided for by the Congress. They were without shoes, and their clothing was in tatters, but Washington encouraged them all that he could, and went about among them, cheering them and inspiring them to be patient. When Washington saw that it would not be possible for him to hold New York, he retreated toward Philadelphia, followed closely by the British army. When he came to the Delaware, he stopped their pursuit by collecting all the boats for nearly a hundred miles, and taking them across with him and his army to the opposite of the river. There were no bridges, and the British were brought to a halt. It was in the winter now, and a very cold and bitter winter it was. Washington and his men suffered great hardship and so great was the dissatisfaction in the army, that the General realized that he must gain some sort of a victory, or there would be mutiny.

The British found that many of the English were not willing to fight against the colonists, who were their own friends and relatives, and the government therefore hired a large number of German soldiers, called Hessians, to come over to America and aid them. These men made war their profession and hired their services to the



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

highest bidder. They were ignorant brutal fellows, and they committed so many outrages upon the people, that many of the colonists, who before their coming had been inclined to side with the king and the Parliament, were turned against them by their policy, in hiring these barbarous men. A large number of the Hessians were encamped at Trenton, in the State of New Jersey, and Washington, very cautiously marched toward the place, and upon Christmas eve, when they were drinking and carousing, the patriots surprised them and captured a thousand prisoners together with their arms and supplies. This victory roused the failing courage of the army and when it was followed a little later by a victory over the foe at Princeton, the confidence of the army and of the Congress in Washington was restored. The patriot army spent the winter at Morristown New Jersey, and there Washington laid his plans for the future.

About this time La Fayette, a gallant young French nobleman, came over to America and offered to help the Americans fight England. Through his personal influence France

became more than ever interested in the struggle between America and England. You must not suppose that France, at that time, had any interest in the principles for which the patriots fought. Self-government was hated there as heartily as it was by the English noblemen, but France had a grudge against England on account of her victories in the French and Indian war, and to "get even" with her foes, secretly encouraged the Americans with the idea that when the proper time came, the French would aid them. In the year 1777 the British took Philadelphia but this victory was more than balanced by a great victory of the Americans in the state of New York.

About ten thousand British troops had been sent from Canada through northern



New York with orders to conquer those States lying nearest to Canada. They were brave troops, veterans in the English wars, and were under the command of a skillful general by the name of Burgoyne. When the people of New England heard that they had entered New York, they flew to arms. It did not matter to them that they were not enlisted, every man took his gun from the walls of his cabin and went forth to find the British, and they were harried night and day by the American sharpshooters, minute-men, farmers, and everybody who could hold a gun and make their way to their line of march, until the British halted near Saratoga.

The British general realized that it would be impossible for him to go farther, for the provisions were destroyed or hidden, the people were in arms against him, and his dangers increased every day. It was at Bemis Heights where the British and their allies the Indians—for they had employed the bloodthirsty savages to help them against the Americans—were found by General Gates, the patriot leader, and upon the 19th day of September, a bloody battle was fought. Early in October the patriots again attacked the British, this time at Saratoga, where Burgoyne had gone into camp with his men. The British were defeated with great loss, and were compelled to surrender with eight thousand men and all their arms and supplies.

This great victory caused much excitement in Europe, and that excitement was increased when France boldly joined the Americans, and sent them "aid and comfort." England was so badly frightened that the king and the Parliament asked for peace, but as they refused to grant the Independence of the Colonies, the Congress refused. For the next year the war assumed an aspect of great cruelty. The dreaded Iroquois Indians and their allies joined the British, and with them made raid after raid into peaceful settlements, killed women and children, burnt villages and towns, and committed so many atrocities that to this day the name of the British is hated in those localities.

I have already mentioned the name of Benedict Arnold, and told you that he turned traitor to the American cause, and as his was the only case where an influential officer in the American Revolution went over to the enemy, I will tell you more about it. After the capture of Ticonderoga, Congress decided to send a force through the wilderness of Maine to attack the British in Canada. There was not another officer in the army who could have successfully undertaken this hard task, but Arnold cheerfully accepted it. The march of that little band of heroes was more remarkable in its way than the famous passage of Hannibal across the Alps, or the achievement of Napoleon in the same mountains.

Through dense forests, where there was no road of any kind, they made their painful way, carrying their boats between rivers, scaling precipices, shooting rapids, and enduring such cold, hunger, and hardship of every kind, that it is a wonder that any of them lived to tell the tale. When they arrived before Quebec, which they hoped to take entirely by surprise, as their mission had been kept a close secret, they found that the English had learned of their approach, probably from their Indian spies. The British shut themselves up in the city, and nothing that the patriots could do could draw them out in the open field. Arnold had no means of storming the place, and was obliged to wait for Montgomery, who arrived later with an army, and assisted in the siege of the town.

Arnold conducted himself with great bravery, but Quebec was not taken, and the Americans were driven from Canada. In several battles which followed afterward, Arnold won the love and admiration of his soldiers for his gallant and fearless



The American Retreat into Jersey.

pened that Gates, who was intensely jealous of the brave young officer, who was so much more beloved by the army than he was himself, upon a trifling pretext deprived him of his command placed him under arrest the evening before the battle of Saratoga, for in spite of all the slights of Congress, Arnold had gone to the front, ready to fight again for his country, and again if need be, shed his blood, for he had been dreadfully wounded once before.

When the firing began upon the morning of the battle, Arnold, sitting lonely and solitary in his tent, heard the sound, and mad at the thought that he was sitting there idle, while the men whom he had so often led were in the thick of the fight, he resolved to disobey Gates and go into the battle. He therefore mounted his black horse and hurried to the front. As soon as Gates heard that he had gone, he sent an officer to call him back, but it would have been a swift and fearless messenger, indeed, who could have found the daring Arnold.

In where the shot fell thickest he dashed, and when the men saw the form of their beloved leader, they forgot that he was in disgrace, and had no right to command them. With a cheer heard above the roar of artillery, they answered his shout "On to victory!" and pressed after him. Soon he was directing the whole battle, and it was well that he did, for otherwise it would certainly have been lost. Here and there, like the very demon of war, he plunged upon his black horse, and when the sun went down over the hard-fought field, the British had been driven behind their breast-works. Arnold was determined upon complete victory, and rallying his men he reminded them that he had always led them to glory, and bade them follow him now.

It was a desperate thing to attack an army behind the fortifications of their camp but Arnold would, no doubt, have welcomed death, and was perfectly fearless. The day was won, and through him. Congress could not withhold his promotion, after this, but it was given ungraciously enough, and instead of sending him into the field, where his talents would have been so useful, he was sent to take charge of Philadelphia, after the British left that city.

conduct, but in Congress, and among some of the influential officers of the army, he was hated, because though he had talent, he had also a very sharp tongue and a hot temper, and would not allow the older officers to impose upon him. These enemies succeeded in preventing his promotion to a higher office in the army, though there were many others who had not distinguished themselves half so much by their services to their country, who were promoted, while Arnold was left in a humble position.

This irritated the proud-spirited Arnold very much. It hap-



Gates was drunk in his tent the whole day of the battle of Saratoga, but on every side Arnold was compelled to listen to his praises, but his own action, while it was admired by the army, was belittled by the officers, who almost to a man were jealous of him. Arnold had been carried from that hard-fought and victorious field desperately wounded, and it may have been in the weary days of his long illness that his sore heart, brooding over his fate, which seemed to have made him the victim of malice and envy, conceived the deed he afterward accomplished. His temper grew violent, and it had never been mild, and this fact added to the hatred of his enemies. They lost no opportunity of wounding and injuring him with the army.

Arnold was not a truly great man, in spite of his bravery, or he would have trusted to time to right him in the eyes of his country. He acted very differently from the line of conduct pursued by Washington. When people lost confidence in the great general who commanded our forces, he bore their reproaches and complaints with noble dignity and patience. He left nothing undone that he could do to make success sure, and placed the cause of freedom so high above all personal considerations, that nothing his enemies could do or say could shake his fidelity. Had every man despaired of liberty, Washington would have trusted in God, and hoped. Arnold, on the other hand, was so wounded in his self-love, that he would have struck liberty dead at his feet to secure revenge.

He succeeded in getting command of the fort at West Point, upon the Hudson river, intending to hand it over to the British, and thus allow them to gain a foothold in New York, and command the Hudson river. He laid his plans with great care, but they failed. The messenger who acted as go-between, the gallant and handsome young British major, Andre, was arrested, and upon his person were found papers describing the whole plan. He was tried and condemned to death, and suffered with the utmost heroism. His unhappy fate was deeply mourned by Americans and British alike, but the stern laws of war must be obeyed, and the doom of the spy is death.

The unhappy Arnold escaped to the British lines and became the terror of the villages and towns along the coast, for he was given a command in the British army as a part of the price of his crime. He led the attack that resulted in the burning of the town of New London, in Connecticut, where many of his old friends lived, and was the moving spirit in the horrible massacre of Fort Griswold, one of the most cruel incidents of the cruel war.

It is said that Arnold never knew a peaceful or happy moment after he deserted the American cause. He left behind him in his flight, his beloved and loving young wife, whose heart was broken by his disgrace, and the army to which he fled hated him, and distrusted him, reasoning that he who has been traitor once, will be true only as long as it suits him. The men whom he had led to battle for freedom cursed his name, and he never received from the British government the gold and lands that had been promised him. He lived to see the Republic founded firmly, and died a wretched old man, poor and despised, far from his native land.

The British realized that their only hope of success against the colonies, was to gain a firm foothold in the Southern States, where the cities were smaller, and where the forces were far from their base of supplies. There had been some gallant fighting in the South, from the beginning of the war. In the year 1776 the British attacked Fort Sullivan, in Charleston harbor, which was at the time commanded by General Moultrie. Sometime before the British made the attack, the patriotic ladies of



THOMAS PAINE.

Charleston made a beautiful silk flag and presented it to the defenders of the fort. This, you know, was before our dear old flag was thought of, and many of the States had flags of their own. This Carolina flag bore a crescent upon it, as a sign that the country was as yet but a new moon, but in time it would grow.

When the British attacked Fort Moultrie, a brave, handsome young man, who was known as Sergeant Jasper, had the flag in charge. A shot splintered the pole, and the flag fell upon the outside of the wall. The British bullets were falling like rain, and now and then a roar of cannon and the hissing of shells mingled with the uproar, but heedless of everything but the beloved flag, which stood to him as the symbol of the liberty of his land, Jasper leaped down over the wall, calmly secured the flag, and then returning unharmed by the fire directed at him, fixed the flag upon one of the long poles which were used for the cleaning of the cannon. For this brave act the Governor of the State gave his

own sword to the gallant Jasper. Three years later the brave fellow was engaged with his countrymen in defending the city of Savannah. Again the colors of his regiment were shot away, and again Jasper sprang over the parapet to replace the flag. This time the British bullet found a mortal spot, but wounded and bleeding, he brought back the colors, then sinking beneath the shadow of the flag for which he had so valiantly fought, he died one of the many heroes whose names shall never be forgotten by his countrymen.

A Polish lover of liberty by the name of Kosciuszko came over to our country and fought and fell in our cause, and the eyes of the world were upon our struggle for freedom.

In the South there were gallant generals who kept up the courage of the patriots at the North. When defeat followed defeat, and it seemed as though God had forsaken the cause of his people. General Thomas Sumter, the "game cock" of South Carolina, harassed the British upon every occasion, and was an unconquerable and skillful fighter. In the thick and tangled wilderness of the swamps of the South, General Francis Marion, the "swamp-fox," gathered about him a band of heroes. They wore no gaudy uniform, but were clothed in tattered rags, in hunting shirts made of the skin of the deer, or in homespun-wool, worn and homely. They carried sabres that had been worn in the old days by their fighting ancestors on the fields, where England contended with France, or swords made out of saws and sickle-blades. Old fowling-pieces and match-lock guns, that had done duty in the French and Indian wars, or had been used by the pioneer hunters, were their fire-arms, and their bullets were made by melting down the pewter spoons, cups, mugs and platters that had served them at table instead of china, glass and silver. Their food was corn scalded in hot lye to preserve and soften it, then prepared as hominy or



hoecake. They had no shelter by night or day, but slept rolled in their blankets, or when they had no blankets, which was the case of most of them, simply covered themselves with swamp-grass or boughs, and were ever on the watch for the enemy. To their haunts in the swamp, their spies carried them secret news of every movement of the British, and Marion would sally forth, strike a swift and sure blow at some weak place in their defenses and hurry back into hiding. He traveled so swiftly through the swamps and wilderness, that when the British thought that they knew where he was, and would attack the place, where they thought he was concealed, to their great surprise he would be heard of in some other part of the State. When he was closely pressed by the enemy, Marion would disband his men, and let them hide themselves as best they could, for they all knew his hiding-places, and he summoned them by swift and trusty messengers, when he had work for them. This undaunted fighter, the terror of the British in the South, was a man of the noblest soul that was ever housed in the breast of a patriot. His temper was so sweet and gentle that his men loved him with a love passing that for their own brothers. He never allowed his



I. U. NIEMCEWICZOWI POŚWIECA ZIOMEK A. S.

men to commit deeds of violence against those citizens who had espoused the cause of the king, and forbade them to deal harshly or cruelly with captured foes. No plundering was permitted, and when the war was over, and Congress was framing acts for the punishment of the enemies of the republic by taking their lands from them, Marion, who had fought so bravely against the British, opposed with all his might these measures, for he was liberal-minded enough to believe that the Tories, as the British sympathizers were called, were as conscientious in their belief that the king was right, as the patriots were that he was wrong, and maintained that they should not be punished for holding to their convictions and fighting for them. In other places, too, the war was carried on in such a way as to bring hope to the people in revolt, though the British gained battles over them in the Eastern States. Gallant captains of sailing vessels, (and there were no steam vessels in those days,) ventured out from the ports of New England to engage the British on the high seas. The English ridiculed these attempts at first, but they soon had occasion to think more seriously of them. Captain Nathan Biddle captured several rich prizes, and John Paul Jones gained lasting fame on the ocean. This bold fellow was a Scotchman, who enlisted in the American navy, and soon proved himself not only a skillful seaman, but one of the most unconquerable fighters of his stubborn race.

Those were the days when the glory of Scotland and her people had departed and when the yoke of England was still heavy upon their necks. There were among the Scotchmen who hated England for the persecutions of the Presbyterians and for the



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

desolation English Borderers had carried into their country. Paul Jones was one of these. He sailed about the English and Irish coasts, where every bay and harbor was as familiar to him as the glens of his own wild hills, and carried desolation to the towns, and terror to the seamen upon the waters. His little craft was called the *Bonhomme Richard*, and one day as he was sailing about, waiting for an English vessel upon which he might pounce, he sighted the *Serapis*, a man-of-war against which his light guns would be powerless. He knew that he could not hope for victory in a contest of artillery, and in the face of the English broadsides, ran his craft alongside the enemy's ship, lashed it fast, and boarding the vessel, with his men, fought a bloody battle. He gained the victory, but the staunch *Bonhomme Richard* was ruined beyond repair. There were yawning holes in its sides where the English shot had fallen, its mast was splintered and its timbers cut to pieces by bullet and balls. It settled down as the water filled the hold, and Jones was compelled to put all

his men on board the captured *Serapis* and leave the *Bonhomme Richard* to sink.

Many other sea-captains enlisted men to sail in privateers, as the vessels were called that preyed upon the English commerce, and as these men were given shares in all the spoils that were taken, they were far more eager to enlist in the navy than in the army, especially the young men on the coast, who were accustomed to the water and understood the duties of a seaman. They did many bold deeds, and brought many rich prizes into the harbors along the coast, which were laden with the much needed supplies as well as luxuries from the Indies, destined for the use of the British officers at New York and Philadelphia.

In the west, the English had held, since the days of the French and Indian war, the forts along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and those in the country west of the Alleghanies. It was important that the United States should gain possession of these places in order that they might gain the entire country south of Canada that was claimed by England. The capture of these posts was entrusted to a gallant general and brave Indian fighter by the name of George Rogers Clark. The Indian tribes had joined the British, and were hostile to the Americans. At times during the war, they had committed dreadful depredation upon scattered settlements, and the journey through their country was a dangerous one. With a little band of gallant woods-men, who knew all of the tricks of Indian warfare, and how to travel swiftly, silently, and to conceal their trail, General Clark made his way through the wilderness to the distant forts and those upon the Mississippi River. He captured them, one and all, by force or cunning, and took and held Vincennes Indiana. When the peace was made with England, all of the land north of the Ohio to the borders of Canada was ceded to the United States, and the terri-



tory of Kentucky Tennessee and those other states to the south, not in the possession of Spain, were then unexplored and unsettled, their woods filled with hostile Indians.

In spite of the bravest resistance of the small bands of patriots through the South, by the beginning of the year 1781, the British had gained most of the important places in the Southern States, though they had lost those in the North.

Cornwallis was commander of these Southern British forces, and General Greene commanded the army of the Southern patriots. Greene tried in vain to drive Cornwallis out, but he could not do so, neither could he prevent it when the British established their headquarters at Yorktown, and entrenched themselves there. Washington had intended to attack New York, where the British were in great force, but when the French fleet that had been sent to aid the patriots, sailed into Chesapeake Bay, and the commander-in-chief learned that the British had received strong re-inforcements, he changed his plans, and while the British in New York were making every preparation for the attack, which they were almost certain that Washington meant to make, the general, with the greatest speed and secrecy, marched into Virginia, and soon had Cornwallis shut up in Yorktown.

The French fleet blockaded the coast, so there was no approach by sea for the British, who would otherwise have gone to the relief of the garrison, and the American forces besieged the place by land. For ten days the siege was carried on with greatest bravery on both sides. The British in New York had hardly recovered from their surprise at the change of front in the patriots, before they heard that Cornwallis, after an attempt to escape that was a failure, had surrendered all his army with its arms, supplies, and munitions of war, to the patriots. This great victory thrilled the people of the United States with hope, and it was, as they believed, the dawn of peace. Cornwallis surrendered in October, 1781, but it was not until two years later that the terms of peace were signed, though from that time the war was really at an end.

The close of the War of the Revolution, as the struggle for our independence is known in history, found the country poor and its people suffering for the necessities of life. Many of the cities and towns had been burned, wholly or partially, and those that had endured siege were nearly in ruins. The business of the country was at a stand-still, the factories and workshops closed, and ships lying rotting in the harbors. Grass had grown upon the wharves where once the commerce had been so great, and there was little money in the country. To make all these damages good and bring the country to a point where it could be prosperous, required more skill than to fight battles by sea and land. A strong and wise government was necessary, and to form this, Washington, the patriot general and the hero of the two American wars, was called to the Presidency of the Republic. Alexander Hamilton was made the manager of the financial part of the government, and he labored to make the country prosperous. He did his work well, and in a few years business revived, and the industries of the country became more thriving than before the war.

On the western frontiers the Indians gave much trouble, but in spite of the fact that they were still hostile to the Americans, pioneers pressed westward, settled the fair Valley of the Ohio, built their cabins on the streams running into the Great



The only coin milled with the likeness of Washington.



Lakes, and far from the protection of the large cities, tilld the soil and lived happy lives in the woods. There were misdeeds and atrocities committed in these wildernesses, and it was rumored that the British in Canada were at the bottom of many of the bloody deeds perpetrated by the savages.

People from Virginia had settled in Kentucky, and between them and the Indians, as the Indians called them and the tribes about the Ohio river, there was the greatest enmity. The Indians killed or captured almost a hundred of these white settlers in less than seven years, and the government, realizing that it must stop these outrages or lose the Ohio and the whole western country, sent General Anthony Wayne with his troops, in the Revolutionary war, and had gained

ed a great victory. And the Indians, in 1794, made peace with the British. The savages had experienced some of the skill of this veteran soldier, and had given him the name "Black Snake," because he was so swift and deadly, and "The Chief Who Never Sleeps," because they could never surprise his command. Wayne tried to make peace with them, and nothing would do but he concluded to fight them. There was a bloody battle on the banks of the Maumee river, in Ohio, and the Indians were so badly beaten that they humbly made peace, and this peace lasted eighteen years.

Washington was twice made President of the Republic, but refused to serve a third term. Had he not been a patriot, there is little doubt that he might easily have established a monarchy at the close of the Revolution, and made himself king. He had seen the evils of royalty, however, and would not fasten upon his countrymen the very system against which they had so heroically contended. In the year 1799 Washington bade farewell to public life, and went back to his home where the last few years of his busy life were spent in peace, surrounded by his loving friends. He died in the last month of the year 1799, mourned by the whole nation and revered by the whole world. He is justly called "The Father of His Country," for it was his wisdom and steadfastness that piloted us through the dark days of war, and into the

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE REVOLUTION.

Five years after the death of Washington our country was involved in a war with Tripoli, and though that war was insignificant enough in itself, it led to great consequences, the forming of our navy, without which we could never have successfully

not successful. For many centuries the Spanish people



had been the terror of traffick upon the Mediterranean. For from punishing these pirates the Mohammedan States, in the Northern part of Africa, sheltered them, and to the rulers of these little States all of the European governments were obliged to pay a certain sum yearly if they would not have their vessels stopped upon the high seas and robbed or captured, their crews sold into slavery, and their cargoes seized.

The United States in the year 1601 was compelled to pay the ruler of Algiers a large sum of money to procure the release of some American seamen who had



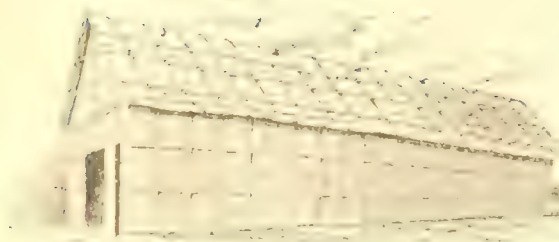
Washington on the banks of the Hudson

been taken from their ships and sold into slavery. The ruler of Tripoli was not content with what the pirates received from the United States, and wanted more. When our government refused to give the old robber what he asked, he thereupon declared war upon American commerce by sending out his pirate ships to rob all American vessels in those waters. It is not to be supposed that the United States would stand this treatment. There were bold seamen upon her coasts who were fond of danger, and who burned to revenge the outrages to our vessels.

In the year 1803 Commodore Preble was sent to the Mediterranean sea with some ships to protect our commerce. One of these ships, the Philadelphia, under the command of Captain Bainbridge, sailed for Tripoli, and when near the harbor of the city, gave chase to a pirate ship that hovered near and seemed to threaten the vessel. Unfortunately the Philadelphia was not very careful of her course, and running upon a sunken reef of rocks near the shore, was captured by the pirates. The officers were kindly treated, but the sailors were sold into slavery.

Captain Decatur sailed to Tripoli in a ship called The Intrepid, and one dark night he took some of his bravest men in a ketch, or light craft, rowed stealthily up to the Philadelphia, which was held as a prize in the harbor by the pirates, boarded the ship with his little band, drove the pirates into the sea or killed them, and set the Philadelphia on fire, escaping to his own ship without the loss of a single man. A little later Commodore Preble arrived at Tripoli, besieged and bombarded the town and destroyed several Moorish ships. A revolt in Tunis against the reigning ruler, who was not the rightful sovereign of the country was favorable to operations on land. The American Consul organized a land force against the usurping Dey, as the ruler of the country was called, and he was so frightened that he sued humbly for peace, which was granted, and a treaty made.

The Americans were very proud of the conduct of their seamen in this war, and began to see that they might be a force upon the ocean as well as upon the land. This made them a little impatient of the haughty conduct of England, and a little later eager to fight their old enemy. You will remember that about this time Europe



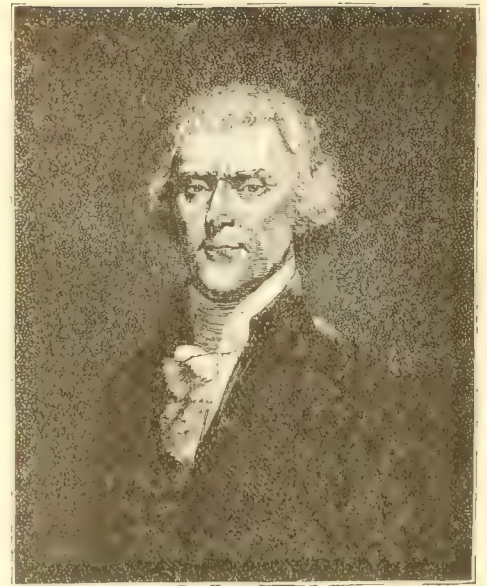
was struggling against the growing power of Napoleon, and though the United States did not aid France during the Revolution, for it was against her policy to meddle in foreign affairs, it was well known that the sympathies of our people were with the French and their struggle for liberty. America did furnish the French with material of war, but the English had the same right to purchase in America as did the French, and availed them-

selves of it. In fact America did not care in the least how long the war in Europe continued, for her merchants were selling to all the wranglers alike and was growing rich upon their folly. England finally decided that France should not be allowed to purchase any more in America and declared that all the French ports were in a state of blockade, and warned all merchant-ships to keep out of French waters. Some of the merchant-ships did not obey this order, and the English ships siezed them and held them as prizes. This intensely angered the Americans and they were made more angry still when a little later Napoleon declared that all of the English ports were blockaded, and warned American ships to keep away from English waters. Now the whole Atlantic coast of Europe was blockaded and the American merchants had no market for their wares. To add to the indignation against England, who had been the first to violate the laws of nations by seizing American ships, the British aggravated our people still further.

Ever since the days of the great Cromwell, England had been mistress of the seas, and very proud of the title. As she grew in wealth she became utterly unmindful of the rights of other nations upon the ocean, and laid down the law to them and enforced it whether just or not, because she had a great navy. About this time she declared that she had a right to search all American ships for subjects, and if she found any British seamen on board she could take them into her own vessels and make them serve her, whether they liked it or not. She then proceeded to do so, and whenever American ships refused to be searched, the English men-of-war would fire upon them to bring them to terms. The Americans declared that the British had not the least shadow of right to do this, and that any man born on British soil, by coming to this country and living here a certain time became a citizen, with all the rights and privileges of persons born in America. They claimed that England not only took men, who had once been British subjects, but that she compelled hundreds of free-born Americans to go on board her men-of-war. There they became slaves, for they were taken to far-away seas, treated with inhuman cruelty and made to fight for the country they hated. This was against every law of any civilized land, and the people boldly declared they would not tamely submit to it. The man, who was President of the United States at that time, Thomas Jefferson, had not the wisdom of Washington, and he issued a foolish proclamation forbidding American ships to trade either with France or England, and to be sure that they obeyed, he sent out vessels to watch the seas and arrest the captains of merchant-men suspected of attempting to enter the forbidden ports. The American merchants were almost ruined by these proceedings, and after a time the law was revoked. Still England would not give up her claim to the right to search American ships, and the poor sailors were carried away by hundreds to serve in her navy. The United States was at last compelled to declare war, although she was not equipped for it,



and England had at command a large army of veterans, who had fought under the most celebrated generals of the world in the European wars. At the time when the United States declared war, England was busy with Napoleon, but matters were settled with him for awhile and she turned her attention to our country. To be sure America had whipped England once, but that was upon land and when England was weaker in every way than in the beginning of the year 1812. The Americans too were stronger, but their army, all told, amounted to but twenty-four thousand men, while England had a million men under arms, many of them tried veterans. The navy of England numbered a thousand ships, while the Americans had only twenty vessels. All of Europe was of the opinion that America would be crushed and many of the English rejoiced that they would have another chance at our subjection. England had not complied with the terms of the treaty of peace at the close of the Revolutionary War, and it was now declared that she would win back the rebellious colonies and make them smart for past misdeeds.



H. B. LANDAUER X-A.

Thomas Jefferson.

It seems a bold thing for America to have stood undaunted before the strongest power upon the earth, but the Americans were confident in their cause, and thought it better to fight bravely for their rights, even though they were crushed, than to submit like cowards to what they knew to be wrong. Madison was President of the United States at the time, and neither he nor any one associated with him in the government, thought much of the little navy. Indeed they did not want to build any more ships, for they said they would become the prey of the British men-of-war the first time they ventured out of sight of land.

They did, however, think highly of their army, for it was accustomed to hardship, and had been trained to hard duty on the frontier. Most of its generals were old men who had seen duty in the Revolution and would not accept the fact that the world had moved forward in their time, and that there was any better way of winning battles than the way practiced when they were young. There had been many improvements in the art of war, and England had kept pace with them, and this fact made many of our people very uncertain of the result.

Of course, the first point of attack was Canada, and Hull, about the most incompetent general that was in the service of the United States, was selected for the attack of Canada. Congress gave him twenty-five hundred men, and ordered him to Detroit. Hull was the governor of Michigan, and you may suppose that in those days when news traveled slowly, he had not learned of the declaration of war, and Congress did not tell him. The British captured one of the dispatches of the President telling that war had been declared, and at once marched a force of men to Mackinaw, at the head of Lake Michigan, surprised the garrison at that place and captured it. They also sent messengers to the Shawnees and other fierce tribes of Indians in the Ohio Valley, and made alliances with them.

Tecumseh, one of the bravest of the Shawnee chieftains, had always maintained that the Ohio river ought to be the boundary of the settlements of the white men.



The British told him that if they succeeded in the war against the Americans, they would drive out every white settler from these hunting grounds, and give them to the Indians and their children forever. They also promised that Michigan should be given to the Shawnees as the dwelling place for their tribe, and held out every inducement they could think of to make them join their cause.

Tecumseh had gained much influence with the Indians of the Ohio Valley, because he had a brother who was a great medicine-man who pretended, too, to be a prophet. This brother had told them that Tecumseh was destined to free them from the whites, and they believed him and eagerly joined the British in their war upon the Americans. The British knew that they were loosing upon the defenseless settlers of the wilderness their bitter and relentless foes, and that all of the horrors of past Indian wars would be nothing compared with this, for the Indians would be joined in an alliance, would be well supplied with arms, and would be without mercy. In Europe the news that the English had actually joined with the Indians excited great indignation. Even in England the most enlightened and humane of the people complained loudly of this

action of the government, and prophesied the direst disaster to the cause from this violation of the rules of civilized warfare. In America it made the people grimly determined to sell their lives dearly, and roused deep and lasting hatred.

Near the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, on low, swampy ground near the mouth of the Chicago river, there was at this time a small log fort around which were grouped a few log cabins which sheltered the garrison and a few settlers—sixty-six souls in all. The fort was called Fort Dearborn, and was in the midst of the wilderness. The war-whoop of the Indian had often been heard in this little settlement, and when there was danger of an attack the people fled to the protection of the fort.

When Hull learned that the war had actually begun, he sent word to the commander of Fort Dearborn, Captain Heald, telling him that the fort must be abandoned and the people taken to some place of safety, for the Indians were banded for the destruction of the whites, and this settlement was particularly exposed to their fury. A little way from the fort was the hunting ground of the Pottawottamie Indians, and their chieftain, Black Partridge, was friendly to the whites. The Pottawottamies had been persuaded by the eloquence of Tecumseh's messengers, and by the bribes of the British, to join the alliance, and it was from them that General Hull feared violence for the people of Fort Dearborn.

The nearest place of safety was Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Captain Heald did not know how he should remove the women and children all that long distance and be able to protect them with the force at his command, while he knew, too, that it would be madness to remain where they were. Black Partridge had warned the settlers that his people meant to join the British, and as there was peace between the Pottawottamies and the people of Fort Dearborn and no cause of enmity existed, they trusted in them when they promised to help them get to Fort Wayne, and to defend them from other tribes on the way. Captain William Wells arrived at Fort Dearborn with a party of friendly Miami Indians a few days after the order was received by the commandant, and he, too, offered his services to aid in the removal and guard of the settlers.



It was a beautiful morning in August, in the year 1812, that the garrison, and the men, women and children of Fort Dearborn started on their way carrying with them what baggage they could. The Pottawottamies accompanied them for about a mile and a half, then they formed a circle about the whites and began to murder them. The cowardly Miamis were either treacherous or afraid to provoke the hostiles, for they made no attempt to defend the whites.

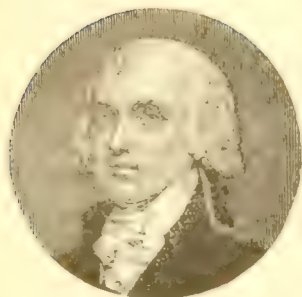
The men fought like heroes to protect the helpless women and the children, and Wells directed them, for he

was a skilled as well as an experienced Indian fighter, and encouraged them never to yield as long as they could fight, knowing that the captives would be tortured at the stake. Wells and fifty-seven of the little band of soldiers and settlers were slain, Black Patridge could not stop the massacre, but he saved the lives of several of the prisoners and they were afterward returned to their friends. The fort was burned, and the Indians fondly imagined that never again would white men rear their dwellings upon the spot, yet to-day, less than a century after that fight, the Indian has become almost a tradition, and did not a noble monument mark the spot where fell those martyrs of the wilderness, few people in Chicago which stretches far along the shores of that Lake and River, where the settlers of Fort Dearborn made their home, would ever think of those dark days in the early part of the century, when the shadow of death brooded over the Valley of the Ohio, and the region about the Great Lakes.

Hull was shut up in Detroit when the British appeared before the gates and began firing their cannon. He made no attempt to prevent them from crossing the river, though he had a thousand brave woodsmen at command who were eager to go out against the foe, and who would have fought the British and their savage allies to the last. He would not allow them to fire a shot, and at the first roar of the British guns, he raised a white flag over the fort and sent a messenger to the enemy offering to surrender. There was rage and sorrow among the American soldiers. Some of them shed tears because their General had disgraced them and one of the officers, brave, high-souled Colonel Lewis Cass, of Michigan, indignantly broke his sword, declaring that he would never yield it to the British. It is a wonder that in their wrath the American soldiers did not kill Hull, and it is said they did threaten to do so. The American soldier, however, is usually a brave man and the soldiers scorned to harm the man who was at their mercy, and contented themselves by heaping their just contempt upon him.



Fort Dearborn.



James Madison.

By the surrender of Detroit, the whole Northwest was at the mercy of the British and Indians, and they used their power most cruelly. Settlements were burned, captives were taken and tortured to death, and the settlers who could find their way to the forts and protected towns, left their homes, and taking their families fled for their lives. The country was intensely indignant at the cowardly conduct of Hull. He was tried by court-martial and condemned to death as a traitor. The weak President Madison forgave him, however, giving as an excuse the services Hull had rendered in the revolution, but his name was covered with dishonor, and even now it is hard to find any reason for his traitorous action, if he was not in sympathy with the British.

Another surrender followed soon after, when General Winchester, commander at Frenchtown, now Monroe, Michigan, gave up his garrison to the British General Proctor, who though he had promised that no injury should be perpetrated upon the persons of the American soldiers, nevertheless allowed his Indian allies to kill and scalp many of the hapless prisoners. These failures of the Americans caused great rejoicing in England and sorrow in the United States, but the tide of war was soon to be turned, and proud England was again to bow to the foe whose strength was not in numbers but in the justice of their cause, and in bravery. The war was for the rights of American sailors, and merchant-men, and naturally enough, the American sailors were the most eager to engage in it, but it was believed the wildest folly by thoughtful, cool-headed people for the United States, with her little fleet, to presume to attack the proud navy of England. It was very much like a tiny dwarf giving battle to a huge giant, but there are legends that relate how by superior craft and skill the weak have often overcome the strong. The naval officers pleaded to be allowed to go out in their ships and fight the British upon the ocean and after much hesitation, and unwillingly enough, the government gave them permission to make the attempt and venture out of the harbors with their ships. The "Nautilus" had been captured by the British, and the United States navy then consisted of only nineteen ships. Those who saw the Constitution spread out her sails to the breeze, one fine morning in August, in the year 1812, shook their heads and said that soon we would have only eighteen ships, for the Constitution would surely be captured. The commander of the ship was Isaac Hull, a very different man from the Hull, who surrendered so disgracefully at Detroit. Off the island of Nantucket, on the Massachusetts coast, Hull saw far in the distance a fleet of eleven British ships, and among them was the very man-of-war that had captured the Nautilus a short time before. There was little hope of being able to fight successfully against eleven ships, and Hull decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and he would run away, hoping at the same time that since he was so far away that the British had not seen him. He was soon convinced of his mistake, for when he changed the course of his vessel and stood away from the fleet, the British also changed their course and gave chase. Not only so, but they fired their great guns over the calm stretch of blue water, though their shots did little harm, and were perhaps meant only to frighten the brave men upon the Constitution. They were, however, not easily frightened, but as there was a dead calm and no headway could be made either in their chase or pursuit, the battle promised to be a sort of duel at long range and with odds of eleven to one against her the Constitution was in great danger. The Yankee wit of the captain



came to the rescue, and he commanded the crew to lower the kedge anchor attached to the ship and place it in the boat.

The anchor was fastened to the Constitution with strong cables. And when it was lowered, the strong arms of the sailors sent the boat spinning across the water until they were half a mile from the ship. The anchor was dropped, and it held firmly. Then all the sailors on board the vessel turned the windlass with a will and the ship skimmed like a bird over the water until it was within a few feet of the boat. The anchor was raised, and the sailors rowed another half mile, and again dropped it, and again the windlass was turned with a will, and the ship was brought forward. The Constitution was now a



TECUMSEH AT THE BATTLE OF FORT MEIGS

mile away from the becalmed English ships, but watching the manoeuvres of the yankee captain through their glasses, the Britishers learned a lesson. They too lowered their anchors and turned at their windlasses, but the Yankee had the start of them. The laborious chase and flight was kept up for seventy-two hours, and by that time the Constitution was so far ahead, that the British were compelled to give it up. This affair raised the hope of the Americans and an event that happened soon

thousand men were still more grieved at their gallant seamen. Six days before the Constitution sailed out upon her cruise, the *Mert*, a British ship, was sighted by our frigate, and a battle ensued. The two vessels opened battle almost at once, and though the *Mert* fought valiantly, the odds were against her, and being unable to bear fighting she had to surrender.

Captain Hull, who, by order of Congress, had been sent out to the coast of Newfoundland and proved almost his summer's voyage by falling in with some British vessels, that he might take as a prize and then come back to the Massachusetts coast. The *Guerrier*, one of the fleet that had chased the *Constitution*, had separated from her companions, and it had been hoped, almost with the hope of falling in with some American ship. The officers of the *Guerrier* had no doubt that if they should do so, they would take a prize, for who ever heard of an American ship, carrying off a British war-ship? The *Guerrier* armed her great guns, and Captain Hull ordered that to give a prize almost as big as the *Constitution* to take it. The vessels at once opened on one another and for an hour and ten minutes there was a desperate duel with cannon. At the end of that time, Captain Hull, who had come so close to the *Guerrier* that he was within half the distance between the great guns, poured a tremendous broadside into the British ship, that swept her decks with terrible effect, leaving behind it so many dead and dying and such havoc of every kind, that the *Guerrier* hauled down its flag in token of surrender. The stars and stripes were hoisted up to show to the world that the *Constitution* thought it altogether too strong to beat the British ship just. The men and provisions of war were therefore transferred to the victor, and the *Guerrier* was blown up. You may imagine with what joy this great victory was welcomed, with what surprise the British heard of it, and they thought it was a mere accident and would not acknowledge that the Americans were better or braver seamen than they.

The American seamen were so greatly encouraged that they went out in their vessels from the harbors and fell upon the English ships when and where they could. The English, until the capture of the *Guerrier*, had never for a hundred years suffered a defeat in a battle at sea, and they had scoffed and sneered at the "Yankees" and their "pine board boxes," but these same pine board boxes were manned by good sailors and were such and so powerful. Two of the grandest of the British men-of-war had been captured. The American ship "*Wasp*," encountered the British man-of-war "*Frolic*," and after a sharp engagement took it, but the prize was re-captured by a British vessel, and the "*Wasp*" was in consequence a prize to the British. This was a disaster, but nevertheless, the same man who had gained such laurels in the war with the *Monroe* received credit, as he is reported to be a great victory over the British off the Coast of Canada, in the same part of October.

He was in command of a ship called "*The United States*," and he gave battle to a large British vessel, "*The Macedonian*," and gained the victory. When the news of this fourth victory of our navy over the great force of England upon the sea first reached America, the greatest excitement was produced all over the land. Bells were rung, cannon were fired, and bonfires were lighted in honor of the victories. State Legislatures voted swords to the gallant naval officers. Congress struck off medals in honor and sent the medals of the honor.

In these events the people began to stand up and stand tall, and began to feel the strength of the law. It England the people had said hardly to be believed, but when they saw that the law was followed, and it was of less value that the Yankees



AMERICA.

There were gallant deeds done by American sailors in those battles that are still lovingly told by their countrymen, illustrating the courage and valor of our men. When the Java surrendered, one poor fellow who lay down and died, afloat, was buried with honors and a grand and splendid funeral service was given to him. His remains were placed in a coffin and the flag of the British lowered and





William Henry Harrison.

and as he was carried from the deck he called out to his men, "Don't give up the ship!" The Americans fought with their usual courage, and it was not until every officer of the "Chesapeake" was dead or dying, and the crew was unable to struggle against the "Shannon," that the colors were struck and the ship surrendered to the British. The dying words of the brave young commander became the battle cry of the American sailors, and though Lawrence was dead, his spirit still lived and animated his countrymen.

The Essex, after its capture of the prize of which I have already told you, sailed round the southern point of South America, into the Pacific ocean, to protect the American whalers. I want you to remember the voyage of the Essex, for that was the first American war-vessel that ever ventured into those waters. The Essex remained in the Pacific for more than a year, depending entirely upon the captures of English ships for supplies. It was then captured by two English ships in the harbor of Valparaiso. Besides these men-of-war, whose exploits I have mentioned, there were many private vessels that were fitted out along the coast, to prey upon English commerce. These sailed far and near, carrying disaster to the English navy, and in the course of the war there were more than sixteen hundred English vessels destroyed by the Americans, and England lost forever the title so proudly worn, and the authority so cruelly used, as "Mistress of the waters." Her disgrace was all the more deeply felt, because it had been suffered at the hands of the Americans, and the victory was all the more splendid for our seamen, because they had conquered the navy that had been victorious over the Dutch, the Spaniards, and those mariners considered the best sailors and the most skillful fighters in the world. The American ships owed their speed to the fact that they were built with more lightness, and instead of heavy upper timbers, had long, tapering spars.

All the time these battles were occurring at sea, the affairs of the Americans were going badly on land, and the people were becoming dissatisfied with their army. In England the newspapers made fun of the Americans, and published what was considered witty attacks in verse upon them. There were newspapers, however, in Great Britain which were bold enough to cry shame upon the English government for the dreadful deeds which they encouraged the Indians to commit upon defenseless American settlers, and hinted that those deeds might yet be avenged. In the year 1813, the British determined to drive the Americans from the Lake region, and General Proctor was given this work to perform.

General Harrison, a brave Indian fighter, and a skilled officer, was in command of a little army of Americans at Fort Meigs, upon the Maumee river, in the State of Ohio, but a little way from Lake Erie. Proctor determined to make this his first point of attack, and marched a large force against the place and demanded its surrender. General Harrison had built Fort Meigs, and knew its strength. He hoped to defend it, but knew that his force was a small one to cope with the British. He therefore sent to Kentucky for re-enforcements, and replied to the British that they might take the fort if they could, but he would certainly not give it up to them. Proctor thereupon settled down around the place to besiege it.

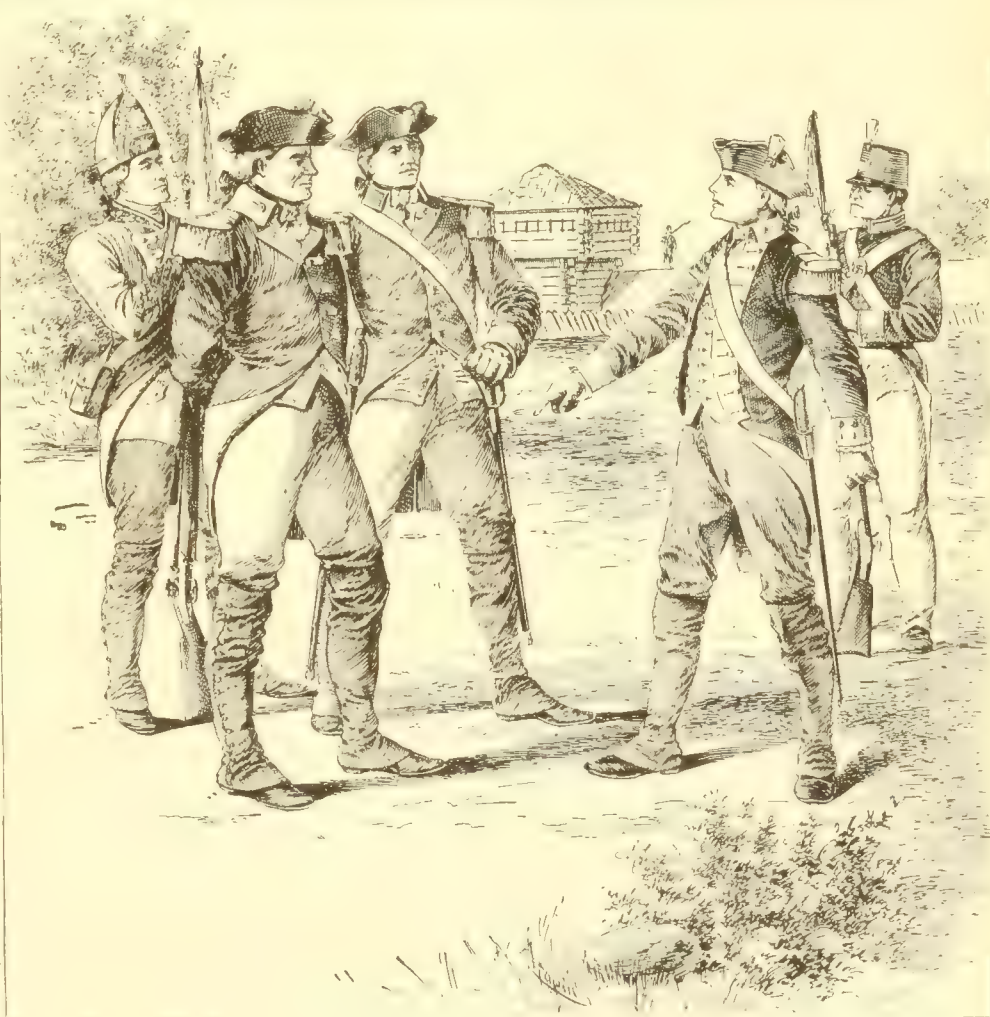
The commander of the American forces in Kentucky hurried to the relief of Harrison, and under the cover of the smoke from British guns, they managed to approach very near the fort before they were discovered. The commander of the Americans, like most of the commanders of their forces about that time, seemed to



lack fore-sight, and though he told his troops to spike the British guns, he did not tell them what to do next. They did as they were bidden, and the British taken by surprise, lost their guns, and the Indian allies under Tecumseh fled to the cover of the woods. While the Americans hesitated and wondered what to do next, the savages rallied and falling upon them with great fury, captured more than two-thirds of the re-enforcements.

These brave men were told by Proctor that if they would give up their arms they should be safe with him and honorably treated, and they therefore gave them up. When they were all disarmed and defenseless, Proctor and his soldiers stood quietly by, and allowed the Indians to murder them in cold blood. The unarmed men fought desperately for their lives, but one by one were struck down, slain and scalped. Tecumseh, the noble old Shawnee chief, was in another part of the battle-field while this bloody performance was going on, and in the midst of it he rode up to the place where Proctor stood, and angrily said: "Why don't you stop this?" Proctor quietly answered that he could not control the Indian warriors. "Go put on petticoats," thundered the enraged Tecumseh, "you are no general!" With his eyes flashing, and his tomahawk upraised, Tecumseh spurred his horse in among the mass of Indians who were struggling with the American prisoners, and striking dead a savage who was about killing one of the brave men, he sternly commanded them to stop their bloody and cowardly work. They were afraid to disobey, and the prisoners who were still alive were saved from their fury.

Though Proctor had thus captured the re-enforcements sent to Harrison, he could not take Fort Meigs, and finally left the place after trying sometime longer to capture it. Harrison sent word to Colonel Croghan, who was stationed at Fort Sandusky, near what is now Sandusky, Ohio, twelve miles from Fort Meigs, telling him that the British would probably attack him, and



SAY TO PROCTOR THAT IF HE ENTERED THE FORT IT WOULD BE OVER OUR BODIES.

he had better destroy the fort and its stores, and retreat to a place of safety. Croghan replied that he was able to defend the place, and that he would do so to the last.

This fort was a flimsy affair, for it was made by cutting logs into lengths of sixteen feet, sharpening both ends, and setting them upright, and thus forming a square enclosure or stockade. At each corner of this stockade there was a block-house, whose second story overhung the first, and about the whole was a ditch eight feet wide and about the same depth. You may readily understand that Proctor, who knew how it was built, thought that his guns would make short work with Fort Stephenson, and as he believed a victory of some kind necessary to keep the Indians, who were again thirsty for blood, he decided to reduce the weak fort.

Within the walls of Fort Stephenson were one hundred and sixty men, under a young commander, and most of them only lads, for the large majority was under twenty-one years old. Young as they were, these boys had been trained in the wilderness. They had shot deer and Indians since they were able to hold a gun, and their aim was as unerring as that of Robin Hood, or those gallant English who showered their arrows upon the Normans in that grand old fight at Hastings.

Croghan set to work to strengthen the walls of his stockade, and he did so by causing a large number of bags to be filled with sand and securely piled up nearly to the top of the stockade upon its inner side. He had but one cannon, a six-pounder, and Proctor had several, beside his gun-boats. Proctor had also many times the force of brave woodsmen, and when he came near to the fort, he sent a messenger with a flag of truce, asking Croghan to surrender and prevent blood-shed. Croghan had heard of the massacre at Meigs, and was determined never to abandon the fort while life remained. He told the messenger he might say to Proctor that if he entered the fort, it would be over the bodies of its defenders.

Proctor thereupon assailed the fort with a galling fire, but it did little damage on account of the bags of sand. Croghan kept shifting his little cannon from one of the block-houses to the other, in order to make the British believe that he had a large gun in each, but all day the battle raged without anything decisive on either side. The British became convinced that Croghan had only one large gun, and they thought they discovered a weak spot in the stockade. They held a council the night following the first attack, and decided that they would assail that weak spot in the morning. Again and again during the day the brave English soldiers had succeeded in crossing the ditch and approaching near enough the stockade to receive the shots of the riflemen within the fort.

All the long night after the battle the heroes of Fort Stephenson, who knew that they dared not open the gates to care for the wounded British, let down water and food for them over the stockade by means of ropes, until they had dug a tunnel under the stockade by which they caused them to be brought behind the defenses, where they were the most tenderly cared for. This is a strong contrast to the British treatment of American soldiers, and when it was related in England, the humane among the people praised gallant Croghan for his merciful actions, and condemned the cruelty of the hard-hearted Proctor.

The night within the fort was passed in removing the cannon to the weak spot in defenses, and in thoroughly concealing it. The next day the British believed that because they did not hear the cannon of the fort, it had been disabled. The cannon had been so placed that it might sweep the ditch on the side where the defenses were weakest, and the British, unsuspecting of danger, crowded into the



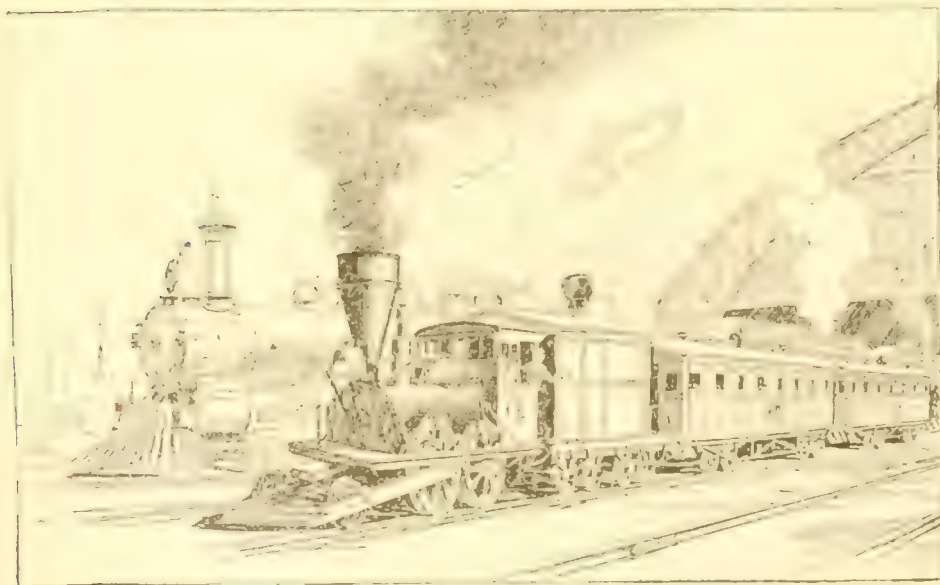


COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

ditch, their officer calling out to give no quarter to the defenders. When the ditch was filled, the American cannon swept it with deadly effect, and the British, to the number of a hundred and twenty, fell dead. The effect of this repulse was to discourage Proctor, and to add to this feeling, a storm came up and raged with great violence. In the height of this storm Proctor embarked his men in the boats and fled, leaving his wounded to the care of the Americans, and his dead unburied. The news of this victory, where a hundred and sixty young men held their fort against four thousand British and Indians, caused rejoicing among the Americans, for now they believed that the tide of war was turning in their favor, and indeed it was, though there were many weary campaigns and bloody battles, before it swept the foe entirely out of their path.

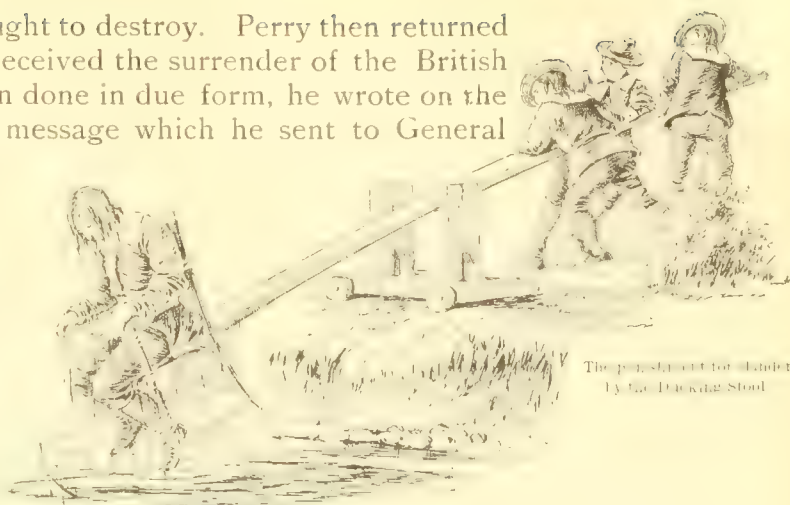
The success of the American navy upon the ocean had been so great, that it was now thought that the navy might be used to aid the army on land by manning some staunch vessels upon the Great Lakes with our seamen. In 1813, it was decided that the fleet should be launched, and it was hoped that the new lake-navy might win as much glory as the ocean war-crafts had gained. There was a British fleet upon the Lakes, commanded by a veteran officer who had been with Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. This commander set himself the task of destroying the American lake fleet. His plan was to annihilate the vessels that guarded the American side of the lakes, then Proctor was to cross again into Ohio, and drive out Harrison. There were six heavily armed vessels in the American fleet, and nine in the British, though the British had the advantage in having heavier and better guns, handled by gunners, who had seen long service and were very skillful. The British guns, too, would send their shot further than did those of the American ships, but notwithstanding all this, Commodore Perry, the American commander, determined to hazard an attack when the two fleets encountered in Lake Erie. Perry's flag-ship was the "Lawrence," named for the brave commander who lost his life in fight with the "Shannon," and upon his flag were the last words of the heroic seaman, "Don't give up the ship!" The British admiral's flagship was the "Detroit," and when the battle began both ships were sadly damaged in a few minutes. Seeing that the Lawrence was helpless, Perry

seized his banner, and though the shots of the British fell like rain about him, he calmly lowered a boat, embarked and caused himself to be rowed to another of his ships. His banner was run up to the mast, and on this vessel he sailed right down through the enemy's line of battle discharging broadsides right and left as he went, and in fifteen minutes the British fleet was helpless and at the mercy





of the enemy, whom they had thought to destroy. Perry then returned to the hull of the *Lawrence* and received the surrender of the British commander. When this had been done in due form, he wrote on the back of an old letter the following message which he sent to General Harrison, and as this message is so different from the reports that would be given now of such an engagement, I hope you will remember not only the words, but the modesty of the Commodore in telling of his own exploits: "We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop." That was all, but in those few words were conveyed the news of the greatest victory that up to that time had been gained during the war.



The pole used for landing  
by the Ducking Stool

Harrison followed up this victory upon the water by marching at once against Detroit and taking it from the British. The Americans now became the invaders of Canada, and several battles were fought upon British soil. The war with Napoleon was over by that time, and hearing that thousands of the bravest veterans in the world were to be sent to America, the importance of drilling the soldiers in modern methods was seen. The old revolutionary Generals were dismissed with honor, and many new Generals took their places and drilled the soldiers to such good effect that when they met the British at Malden, and other places in the north they were again and again victorious. It was at a place upon the Thames River in Canada, that a most decisive victory was gained soon after the battle of Lake Erie. When the cruel and cowardly Proctor saw that the battle was likely to go against him, he fled leaving his army to its fate. The British soldiers were soon thrown into confusion, and were routed, but fifteen hundred Indians under Tecumseh, who lay hidden in a swamp took up the fight and battled most desperately. As long as the voice of their chieftain was heard urging them on, they scorned to fly, but at length that voice was silenced in death, the arm that had fought so bravely for the hunting grounds of his tribe was forever unnerved, and knowing that with his death everything was lost to them, the Indians, too, fled, leaving the body of Tecumseh where it fell. The Americans, who had borne the brunt of the fighting in this battle, were Kentuckians, and between the "Long Knives" and the Shawnees there had long been deadly hatred, kept alive by violent deeds upon both sides. These Kentuckians were brave men, and generous usually to a foe, but it is said that some of them took the body of Tecumseh, flayed the skin and cut it into strips, which they used for razor-straps and exhibited as curiosities. I am sorry to think that this could be true, for it is so unlike the Kentuckians, but we must not forget that the Indians had mutilated and scalped the dead through the whole course of this war and the British had encouraged them to do so. The death of Tecumseh disbanded the Indians, and many of them returned to their hunting grounds, leaving the British to fight out their quarrel with the Americans without their aid.

If you will look upon the map of New York State, you will see at the east end of Lake Erie, the name of the city of Buffalo, now a large and thriving commercial



Andrew Jackson.

city, but at the time of the second war with England but a small town. Across the river from Buffalo, there is now a gray ruin, overgrown with wild flowers and trailing vines. Mild eyed cows graze about the grass-grown earth works and the broken walls, and peace broods over the landscape, serene and beautiful. This ruin is what was once Fort Erie, and it was here that the Americans gained one of the most memorable victories of the war of 1812. After the capture of the fort from the English, two dreadful battles were fought on the Canada side, and it was thought unwise to attempt to hold Canada. The fort was therefore blown up by the Americans and they retreated across the river to Buffalo. To revenge themselves for the capture and destruction of Fort Erie, and the unjustifiable burning of one of their towns by the Americans, the British invaded New York State, and burned Buffalo, while they allowed their Indians to kill and scalp the wounded soldiers in the hospitals wherever they found them, and commit all sorts of violent deeds.

The Americans gained Lake Ontario, and in a naval battle upon Lake Champlain, defeated the British, and thus, gaining possession of all the important places on the Northern borders of the United States, the war in the North was ended. In other parts of the country, however, it still raged. The Indians of Tennessee, encouraged by the British, rose against the whites, and surprising one of the forts in Alabama, the Creeks murdered four hundred whites. General Jackson went out against them with a body of Tennessee frontiersmen, and he was joined by a gallant officer by the name of Coffee, in an attempt to subdue the Indians. These two generals burned many of the Indian towns, took many prisoners, and killed hundreds of savages.

It is said that at one time, Jackson's troops, who were entirely out of supplies, mutinied and said they were going home, and that they would no longer endure the hardships of the campaign. Their general, "Old Hickory," as Jackson was called, set them the example of roasting acorns for food, and told them that they could live upon what he could, and that he would shoot any man who stirred from the ranks or attempted any defiance. They knew Jackson would do as he said, and though he was but one, and they were many, they admired the courage of the heroic officer so much that they were ashamed of their murmurings, and there was no more talk of desertion.

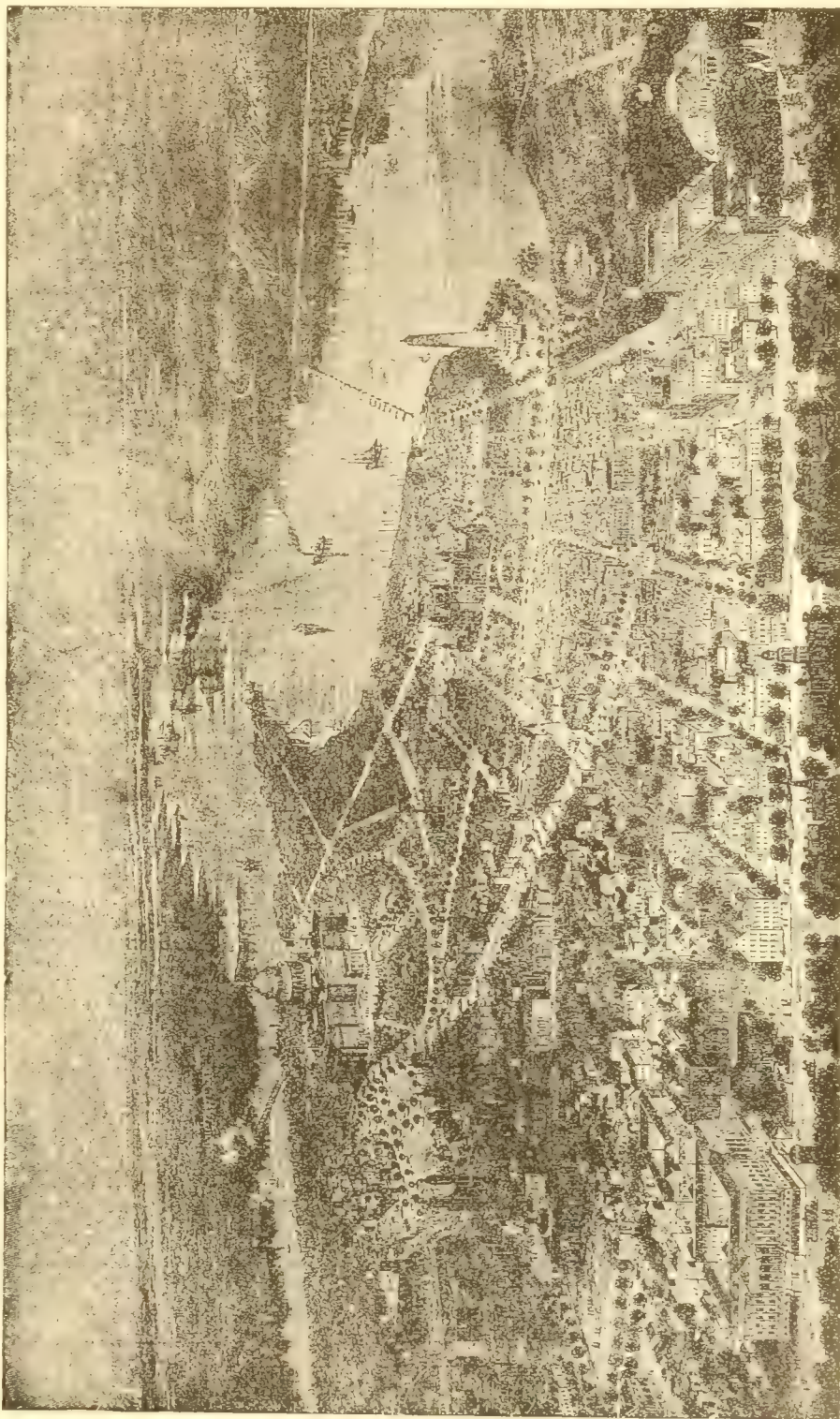
The British abandoned all attempts to retaliate for the misfortunes they had incurred at the North, by invading the country from Canada, and turned their attention to the South. With their fleet they sailed down the Atlantic Coast, entered the Chesapeake Bay, and advanced upon Washington. The city was then but a small place, and was thoroughly unprepared. The soldiers were frightened and behaved in a cowardly manner when they were attacked within a few miles from the Capital. They were defeated, and the British marched straight to Washington, from which the President and the Cabinet had fled, and not a hand was raised to save the Capital. All of the public buildings except the Patent Office were burned, and this deed was approved by the English government, though the English newspapers cried shame upon it, and justly said that it was more like the work of savages than that of enlightened Britons.

The British boasted that they would make their winter-quarters in the pleasant and beautiful city of Baltimore, and advanced against it, after taking Alexandria. The people of Baltimore did not wait for the British to be upon them before they



took any measures for defense. The young and old, slaves and freemen, worked side by side to strengthen their defenses, and gathered a large number of troops in and about the city. The British landed a large number of men about twelve miles from the city, and sent their fleet up the bay to bombard Fort McHenry. This was in the fall of 1814, and the British had, at the orders of their secretary of war, swept down the coast of New England, bombarding the seaport towns and laying them in ruins. They did not dare to attack Boston, for the citizens had built strong defenses on Dorchester Heights, neither did they dare try to enter New York harbor, for there, too, the citizens had placed a strong battery, and had mustered a large number of men to withstand them.

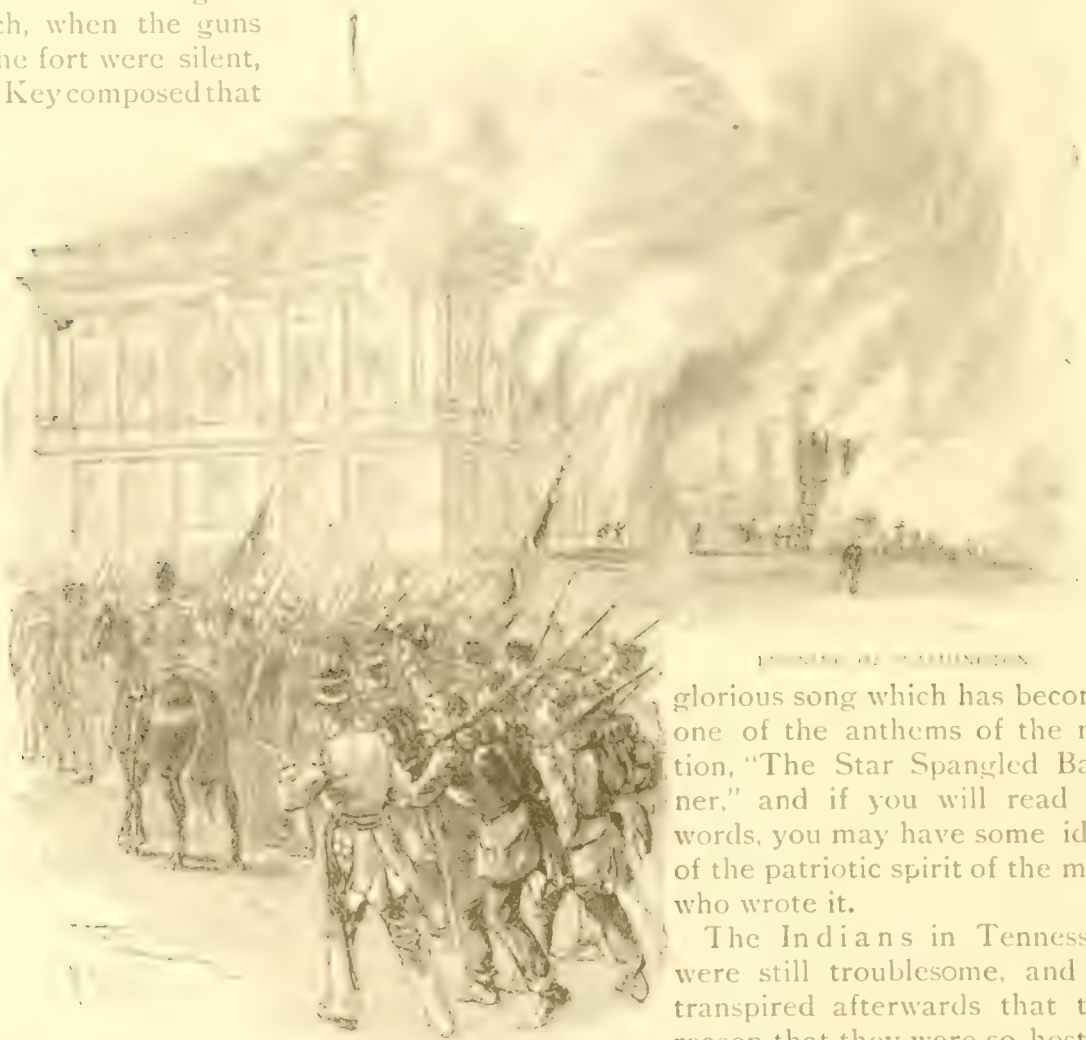
They imagined that they had to do with those who would be an easy prey, and did not know that the South, the cradle of the patriotism of the nation, was strong in courage, and determined to resist to the last. The bombardment of Fort McHenry was returned with such a good will by the people of Baltimore, that after a whole day spent in a vain attempt to take the place, the British, with their ships badly crippled by the fire of the Americans, retreated in a pouring rain the next morning. When the British troops landed, a physician of Baltimore was made prisoner by them. News of his cap-



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

fire was carried to the city, and Francis Key, one of the leading citizens of the town, and another friend of the captive doctor, went with a flag of truce to the British squadron, to try to secure his release.

All three of the gentlemen were taken on board one of the British ships, and not allowed to return to the city that night. As Francis Key walked back and forth on the deck of this vessel, he cast his eyes often and anxiously toward Fort MCHenry and all the next day and night while the fort was being bombarded he watched with anxious heart to see if the flag was hauled down in token of surrender. The second anxious night passed away, and in the morning the "flag was still there." It was while he was pacing back and forth in the long hours of that anxious night-watch, when the guns of the fort were silent, that Key composed that



THE SONG OF THE BANNER

glorious song which has become one of the anthems of the nation, "The Star Spangled Banner," and if you will read its words, you may have some idea of the patriotic spirit of the man who wrote it.

The Indians in Tennessee were still troublesome, and it transpired afterwards that the reason that they were so hostile

to the whites about that time was because the British had offered them five golden dollars for every white scalp they should take, whether it was of a man, woman or child. Again Andrew Jackson was sent against them, and he not only con-



quered them, but made them sign a treaty that gave a large and rich territory to the United States.

The people of Great Britain were beginning to grow very tired of the war in the United States, where their army was constantly suffering defeat, and almost always at the hands of a much smaller force. They were anxious for peace, and commissioners for the two governments had met in Belgium, and had decided on the terms of a peace, though it was not yet known in America. Before the tidings reached this country, the Americans gained the most important and glorious victory of the whole war.

The Creeks, though they had signed the treaty, had not all intended to keep it, and some of them, under the advice of the British, joined them at Pensacola, in Florida, where they were fitting out an expedition against the Americans. Florida belonged to Spain, and when Jackson told the Spanish governor that he should not permit him to aid the British, he paid no attention to him. Jackson did not wait to consult the President of the United States. He took his Tennesseans, marched into Pensacola, and so frightened the people of the town and the governor, that they no longer aided the British, and ordered their fleet away.

The British then attacked a fort near Mobile, commanded by a brave officer and garrisoned by a hundred and thirty men, but there were twenty good cannon in the fort, and these punished the British so severely and were used to such good purpose, that they gave up the idea. The forces that had been defeated at Boston, were in the West Indies, and when these set sail, Jackson knew they were about to attack New Orleans. You will remember that Napoleon sold New Orleans to the United States, as well as the vast territory of Louisiana. The English coveted this, and thought they would have no difficulty in taking it. They were so confident, that the officers took their wives with them, and between the singing and dancing on the voyage, they planned gayeties for the winter in New Orleans.

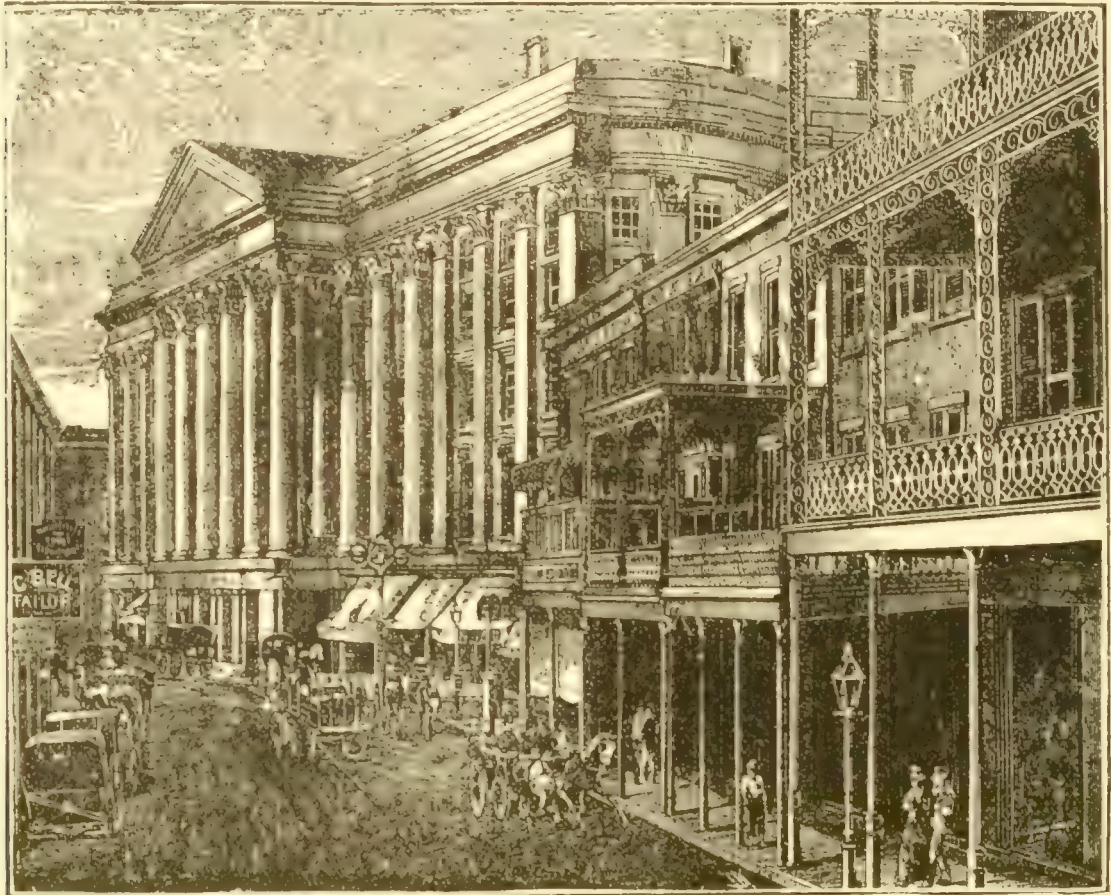
In the British forces were now the veterans who had been serving in Spain under Wellington, and Jackson had no army to speak of, but he did not mean to yield. He set vigorously to work, took slaves from the fields, convicts from the prisons, and every man who could hold a gun to fight the British, or wield a spade to raise the earth-works for the protection of New Orleans, was pressed into service. Jackson made a huge and strong breast-work of bales of cotton, earth, and hogsheads of sugar, and trained his men night and day. He sent for two officers of Kentucky and Tennessee regiments, to come and help him with their men. They came in haste, and when the



STREET SCENE IN MOBILE.

British were a few miles from the city the Americans attacked them. The American forces, which were ridiculously small for the attack of twelve thousand veteran British troops, were defeated, and Jackson withdrew them behind the defenses of New Orleans and waited.

The British came on, and on the 8th day of January, in the year 1815, the last battle of the war was fought. At daybreak the British advanced, and the Americans from behind their defenses, shot them down by the score. At nine o'clock the battle was over. The British were retreating leaving seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred prisoners, while the Americans had only eight men killed and thirteen wounded. The news of the peace was learned soon afterward.



ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

and America had time to punish again the Moorish pirates, who had taken advantage of the fact that our government was engaged with England, to commit outrages upon our commerce in the Mediterranean sea. Commodore Decatur was sent to chastise the insolent Moors, and he brought them to terms in short order and so humbled them that they never again interfered with our vessels.

There was now no bar to the prosperity of the United States. Ever since the days of the Revolutionary war the prospect of further trouble with England had worried the people of the country, but now that prospect troubled them no more, for England at last realized with what a great nation she had to deal, and from policy began to treat us with justice. In a few years the wilderness of the Ohio valley was



alive with villages and towns, and though only five states had been added to the Union between the Revolution and the war of 1812, six states were admitted in six years afterward. It seems rather strange that less than a hundred years ago the Mississippi Valley, now the homes of millions of people and filled with railways, cities, telegraph lines and all the powers of a great civilization, was called "The Far West," and those, who sought its forests and prairies were considered as venturing into almost untrodden wilds, but such was the case. However, the tide of foreign immigration flowed steadily to our shores and Illinois, and other states lying along the eastern bank of the Mississippi filled up very rapidly.



*A. C. Heimont.*

The railroad brought with it the power of developing the immense coal fields and the mines of iron and other minerals and then civilization spanned the Mississippi, and went westward with the stride of a giant. The invention of machinery for the freeing of cotton from its seeds, gave a new impulse to the raising of that product, but the cotton-gin was the forerunner of a civil war, for it stimulated in the people of the South a desire for more slaves and for a slave trade even with the North, and it seemed a hardship to them that they could not sell their slaves there. This question of slavery, and whether it was right and lawful had been argued many times, in Congress and out, but there was no open quarrel concerning it, until the people of the North began to fear that the people of the South were determined to make slavery national, and this they thought would forever destroy the dignity of labor. The people of the South had become so accustomed to seeing the negroes performing heavy and hard work, that they hardly considered them human beings, and thought it no harm to buy and sell them as they bought and sold their horses and cattle. This to the people of the North seemed a crime, and they wanted to prevent slavery, not only in the north, but also in the south. There were not so many white people in the South as there was in the North, but as the master of every fifteen slaves could cast for them nine votes, for a slave counted in the elections as three fifths of a white man, though he could not cast his own ballot, that the whites of the North could not control the politics of the country. I will not attempt to give you the points of the discussion in the quarrel over slavery, but it was the practice for a long time whenever states were brought into the Union, to bring a free state and a slave state in at the same time to keep the balance right between those, who were engaged in the discussion about slavery. You may imagine that when a state near the cotton producing region asked for admission, the argument over whether the State should be a free or slave-holding State, was all the more bitter.

When Louisiana was bought from France, it was made into several states which were admitted to the union as slave states, but Missouri was not admitted with the rest. When the people settled there did ask to come into the Union, there was the most bitter quarrel and it was finally settled that the northern part, which was north



THE SCOTT IN 1835

of the line which had been established as the boundary of slavery, should be considered free, while the country south of that line should be admitted as slave-holding. This decision was not the taste either of the North or South. The people in the South declared that it was their privilege to make laws for their own government and that the North or the General government had no right to interfere, and the people of the North in many eloquent sermons and in books and newspapers declared slavery a sin against God and man. These brave protesters against slavery were subjected to many trials. They were in many cases mobbed and even killed by those, who sympathized with the South, and for many years the slavery question was the most important matter of discussion.

When Spain was in the decay of which I have told you, Mexico separated from the mother-country, and became an independent republic. Lying between the boundary of Louisiana and the Rio Grande River, was a large and fertile tract of land belonging to Mexico. It was a convenient place of refuge for horse-thieves and other criminals fleeing from justice in the United States, and numbers of them settled there, some upon grants of land secured from Mexico, and many upon the land that they simply took and called their own, without asking any permission whatever. There were after a time so many people in Texas, that they felt that Mexico had no rights over them. Among these people was a man by the name of Sam Houston, who had been quite prominent in politics in his adopted state, Tennessee, for he was born in Virginia. Houston was a brave fellow but rather lawless. He had been twice elected to Congress, and when he was defeated in a third canvass, he went among the Cherokee Indians, who admired him greatly, and lived as one of their tribe. In the year 1832 he went to Texas, and was there when the trouble began with Mexico. There was a Fort which the Americans had built in Texas and named the Alamo, and against this place the Mexican General, Santa Anna, marched with a large force, took the place and massacred the Americans there in cold blood. At another place he executed five hundred Americans.

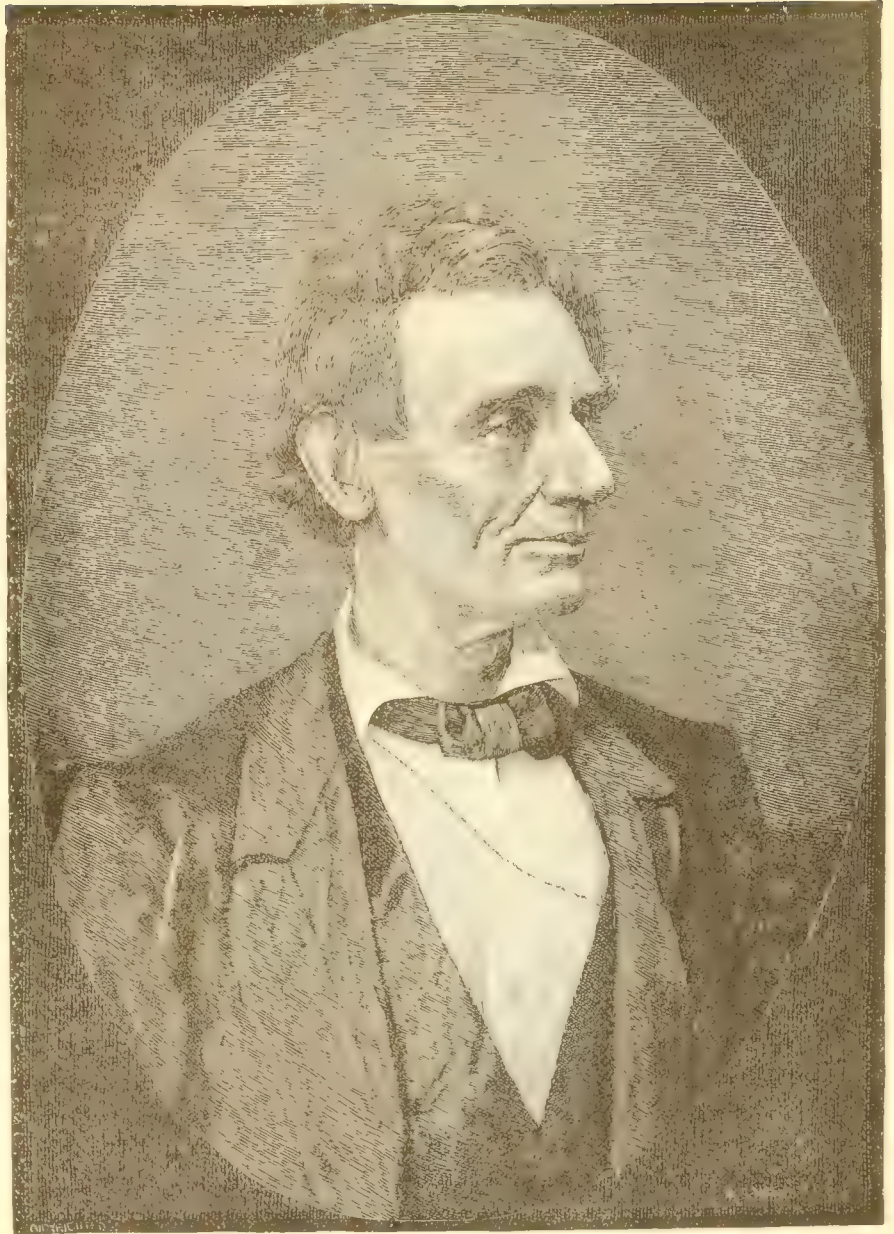
Houston, who was a skilled general of the war of 1812, and had fought with honor under General Jackson, took command of the American forces, and with a little band of seven hundred and fifty men, surprised eighteen hundred Mexicans, and totally defeated them. The battle-cry of the Americans was "Remember the Alamo," and they fought with such gallantry that they put their foes to flight and captured the Mexican general. This battle made Texas independent, and the people of the territory organized a republic, with Houston as President. For about ten years Texas remained a republic, then it was annexed to the United States as a territory by a treaty.

When Texas applied for admission to the United States as a State, the old discussion regarding slavery was again brought up, and with great bitterness was argued in Congress and in the newspapers. Houston was in favor of slavery, as were most of the people of Texas, and it was brought into the Union as a slave-holding State. At the time of the annexation of Texas, Mexico was in a very unsettled state. One revolution was followed by another, and there was damage done to the property of Americans in Texas for which the Mexican government would give no payment.



There was a dispute, too, regarding the boundary of Texas, and this led to war with Mexico.

Mexico claimed at the time the whole of the western coast of the United States as far north as the northern border of California, and extending eastward nearly to the Rocky mountains. This country had been explored by Spanish missionary priests, who had established missions throughout the southern portions of this vast region, for the purpose of converting the Indians. The United States had sent out exploring expeditions to the Pacific slope, and knew the value of this great territory. There were only about ten thousand inhabitants in California at the beginning of the war with Mexico, and many of these were adventurers from the United States, who had gone there in search of excitement and notoriety. They formed a republic, and General Fremont went west and raised the American flag upon the Pacific coast.



*Abraham Lincoln*

This country the United States wanted to hold, and for that reason the war with Mexico was eagerly welcomed, for there was little doubt that the United States, having the power, would be able to rob poor, distracted Mexico. It was a shameful thing, and one that makes us blush for our country, but it was urged at the time as a necessity, just as the conquest of the Ohio Valley from England was a necessity, and the purchase of Louisiana from France, and the cession of Florida from Spain were necessities, for with a foreign nation holding territory on the borders of the western



JOHN BROWN.

ocean, the development of commerce was hindered, and the nation in danger from a foe too near for safety.

However, necessary or not, and right or wrong, the United States built a fort on the very border of Mexico, and in the land which the Mexicans claimed was no part of Texas. The Mexicans were brave, but they knew their weakness, and were afraid to attack the power that had twice humbled mighty England. The United States did not mean that Mexico should refuse to fight, and to make fighting absolutely necessary, the soldiers of the fort refused to allow vessels laden with food for the city of Matamoras, to pass up the river upon whose banks their fort was built, and the Mexicans realized that they must either fight or starve. They therefore attacked the Americans, and were badly beaten, whereupon the President of the United States declared war against Mexico.

An army was sent into Mexico, with directions to fight its way to the capital of the country and demand peace. The Americans were fitted out with the latest improvements in arms, they were well equipped in every way, and better drilled than the Mexicans. The foe was undisciplined, and their rulers had been changed so often in the various revolutions, that the army was badly demoralized. They were brave, however, and very stubborn. They were beaten in every battle with the invaders, but the oftener they were beaten the more determined they seemed not to give in, and even after their capital was taken by General Scott, they held out for five months, unwilling to come to the terms which were offered them. The United States insisted upon them, and at last the humbled republic was obliged to consent.

By the victory over Mexico, the United States gained California, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and the greater part of Wyoming and Colorado, though it paid fifteen million dollars to Mexico, as well as the debts which that republic owed to American citizens for wrongs done to their property. There were many people in the North, who declared that this war with Mexico was an unholy one, waged in the interests of the slave-holders, who had expressed their intention to have the new territory brought into the Union as slave-holding States. In Illinois there was an eloquent young lawyer, who won the lasting hatred of the people of the South by his bold speeches against the war. The name of this man was Abraham Lincoln, and he was the son of a pioneer. The aristocratic southerners thought the less of him because he had split rails for a living, and had performed all of the heavy and hard work that falls to the lot of a farm-laborer in a new country. They could not deny that he was clever and eloquent, but he had gained his book knowledge after the labors of the day were over, and by the light of pine-knots in a rude cabin. From this cabin after a time he went to become a clerk in a country store and filled every spare moment with study. He chose the law for his profession, was admitted





FARRAGUT STATUE. WASHINGTON, D. C.

to the bar and finally began his practice in a small western town. He had no claims to long descent, but he loved his country dearly, and was fearless for what he considered the right. The people of the North were not long in seeing his force as a leader of men, and he became a power in the slavery struggle.

About the time California became a possession of the United States, gold was found there in the mountains and the beds of streams, and from all over the world adventurers flocked to the new country in search of wealth. They suffered many hardships, and often returned to the States poorer than they went away, but there were some large fortunes made, and this fact tempted emigration. From all the free States, especially, the flow of emigration was very large, for the adventurous spirit of the pioneers of the west impelled them to new countries, and they were accustomed to hardship. When California applied for admission to the Union, it was decided by the people of the State that they did not want slaves, and it was admitted as a free State. This was a great disappointment to the people of the South, but it was balanced in their opinion by a law which the eloquent Southerner Henry Clay, succeeded in causing Congress to pass. This law is known in the history of our country as The Fugitive Slave Law, and allowed slave-holders to go into Northern States and take back their runaway slaves. It made any one who gave the slave, who had escaped from his master, even a cup of water, a criminal liable to fine, and allowed the slave-owners to compel any person to aid them in hunting for slaves. The people of the north were justly indignant over this monstrous law, and the more so as it treated the negro as though he were a brute-animal, with none of the feeling or intelligence of a man. The right of the slave-owner was above that of the courts, and he could take his slave even out of a free State, where that slave had committed a crime and was held for trial.

At first the fair-minded people of the South thought that this Fugitive Slave law was just, but after awhile they felt a horror of it and raised their voices in indignant protest. They heard of cases in which slave-traders went into free States and took people who had never been slaves, (though they were born of negro parents) and sold them into slavery. Because the word of the poor slaves counted as nothing in the courts of law, the slave-traders were triumphant in their wickedness. Children of parents who had little negro blood in their veins, and who were educated and intelligent citizens of the free States were at the mercy of these Southern slave-traders and there was no help for them. Encouraged by this law, the slave-trade with Africa which had been abolished since the early part of the century was begun again, and cargoes of slaves were landed in Texas and Louisiana. Ministers in the pulpit called these slavers "missionaries who were bringing the poor Africans to this country to be Christianized," and in many Southern communities where the citizens hated slavery but could not free their slaves without beggaring themselves, should any one be bold enough to raise his voice against the inhuman traffic, he was made to feel the weight of the displeasure of his neighbors, who were enthusiastic for the new method of "Christianizing the African heathen." Even in the Northern States the system found many defenders, and encouraged by that fact, a slave-trader actually had the effrontery to enter the port of New York with a cargo of slaves for sale. He was hanged for his pains, and none of his fellow-slave-traders ever imitated his example.

While the excitement over the slave-trade was at its height, the State of Kansas was divided off from the Louisiana purchase, and the slave-owners of Missouri boldly declared that Kansas must be admitted as a State holding slaves. There were many

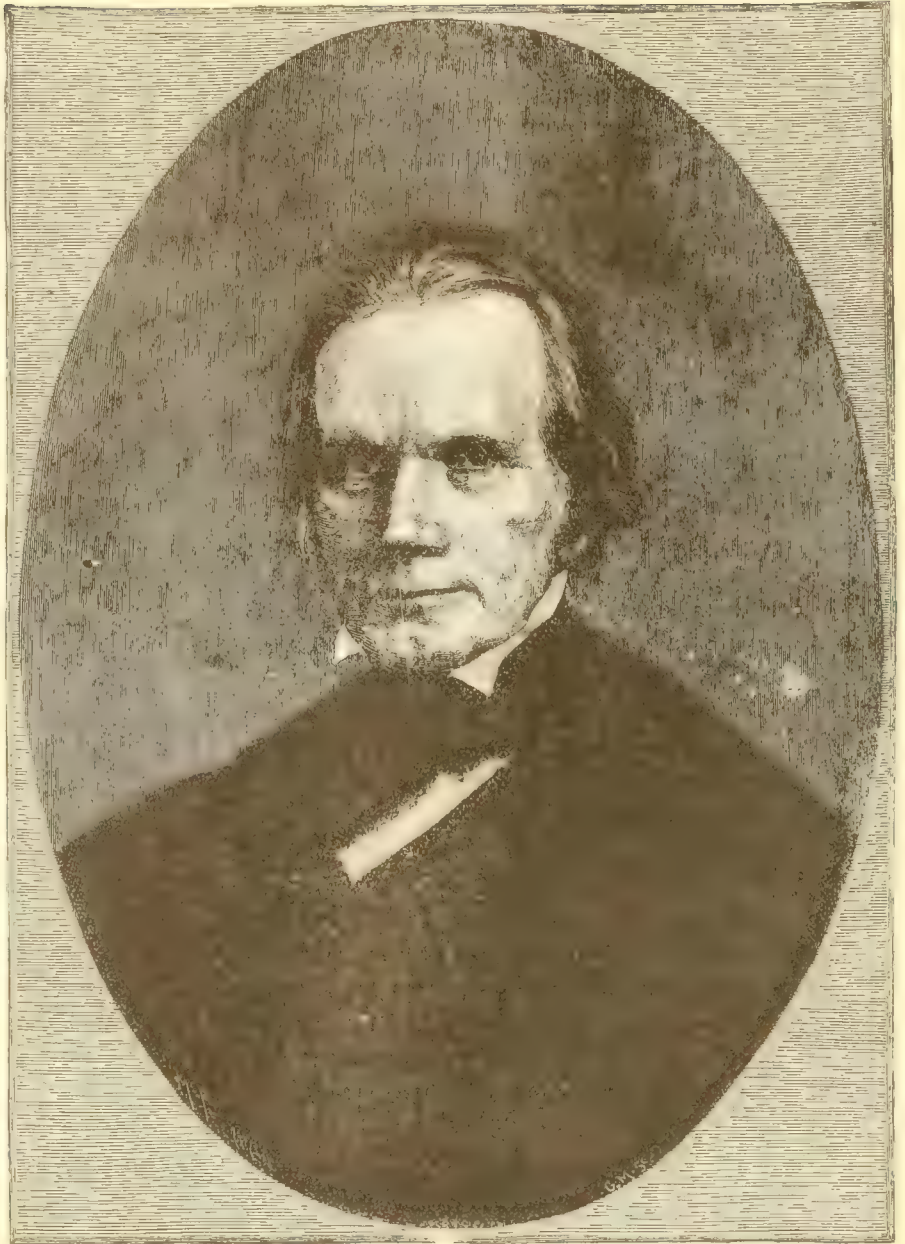


slave-holders who migrated to Kansas from Missouri, but there were more emigrants from the free States, and the slave-owners in Missouri saw that they would lose their cause if they did not use force. They therefore organized companies of men who declared that they would kill or drive from the State every man in favor of freedom, and a thousand such ruffians committed all sorts of outrages upon the border. There was really a civil war in Kansas, and the settlers who went into the territory who were in favor of freedom, were soon compelled to fight for their faith.

Cannon were set upon the banks of the Missouri river to terrify those who had an idea of entering the territory from free States, but in spite of all this violence, which heartily disgusted the liberal-minded people of the South, enough emigrants from the free States did find homes in Kansas to cause it to be admitted to the Union as a free State. At one time during the struggle, a man

by the name of John Brown, leading twenty-eight emigrants from the free States, fought a battle with fifty-six slave supporters upon the Kansas prairies and won the victory. He and his son remained in Kansas until they were assured that the cause of freedom had triumphed; then they began to make larger plans. It was this gallant old man who was to make a protest against slavery that was to startle the world, and it was his feeble hand that was to unloose the red current of war which for so many sad days swept with such fury over our land.

Perhaps you have often sung that old ditty "John Brown's body lies a moldering in his grave," without pausing to think what it meant, but no doubt you will always



HENRY CLAY.

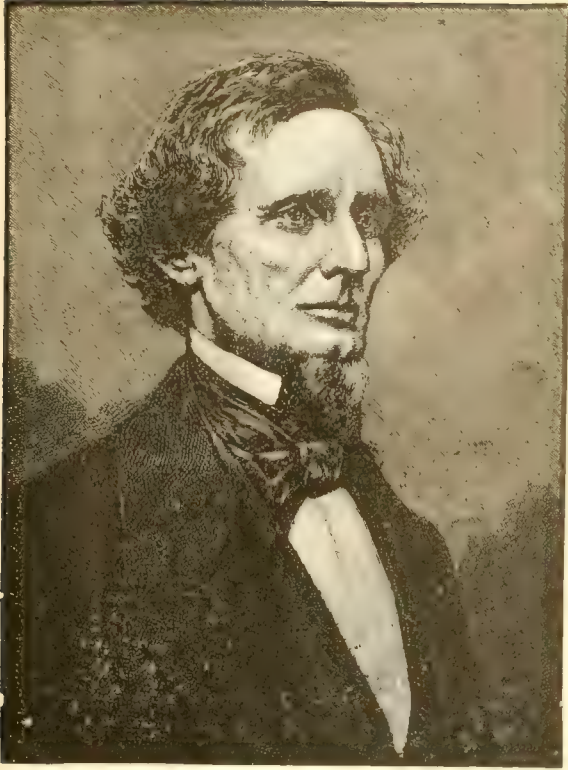
remember after this that John Brown was a martyr to freedom. To tell you his story I must go back to the days when Dred Scott, a slave of Virginia, escaped from his master who had taken him to the North and fought for liberty. He sued for his freedom, and his case was carried to the highest court of the land, for it was felt that it was not simply the case of Dred Scott that was being settled, but that of every man and woman in bondage. The highest court solemnly declared that a negro had no rights which white men were bound to respect, and that slavery under such circumstances was permitted in the North.

The people of the North saw that this was the first step, and a long one, toward introducing slavery into the States north of the line that had been settled as the boundary for slavery, and that if it was lawful to hold slaves under one set of circumstances, the law would say that it was right under all. John Brown was of the stern fighting stock of the old Puritans, who had left England to escape tyranny. He thought that a tyranny worse than that of kings was about to be fastened upon the people of the North. He, like thousands of others, saw in the slave, in spite of the color of his skin, and his ignorance and poverty, a human soul, groaning under despotism, and he longed to do something for him. It was this that caused him to go to Kansas, and when the war was over there, he and his sons went to Virginia, as I have already told you. Brown was a devout, God-fearing man, who read his Bible, and prayed for light to do what was right before his Creator, notwithstanding what men might think of him. He compared the sufferings of the slaves to the bondage of the Children of Jacob in Egypt, and thought that he was the Moses appointed by God to lead them out of the wilderness of slavery into the promised land of liberty. He felt a divine call to free the slaves, but he must have been a little crazy, or he would never have made the attempt in the way that he did.

At Harper's Ferry he gathered about him twenty men, most of them slaves, and with his puny force actually defied the United States, and seemed to hope for success. He knew that in the North there was an organization which helped runaway slaves out of the country into Canada. There they were free, for it had long been the boast of England that when the feet of slaves pressed her soil they were freemen. This organization could only free a few slaves, but Brown thought that he could free them all. He dreamed of establishing in Virginia, the cradle of liberty and of slavery, a government that should be the refuge of the oppressed, and for this purpose he and his band seized the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

Fifteen hundred soldiers were sent against him, his followers were killed, and he himself was captured, after being severely wounded. He was tried for treason, condemned, and hanged, but his soul went "marching on" throughout the land, and in the North his courage was admired intensely, and his object said to be a worthy one. The people of the South were very much frightened by this raid of John Brown, which was greatly exaggerated, and they felt intensely against the people of the North. I am afraid there was much class hatred, too, between the South and North. The people of the South were still aristocratic in their ideas, and admired the nobility of England and the class distinctions in that country, and many rich families in the Southern States traced their descent from the great families of England. These thought that the vast laboring masses at the North "descended from the bigoted Puritans and Saxon serfs," were but little higher in the scale of humanity than the slaves in the South, and it was this misunderstanding that brought about the greatest Civil War in the history of the world.





JEFFERSON DAVIS.

to withdraw from the Union.

So threatening did matters look in the South that the commander of the United States troops at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, removed to Fort Sumter with his garrison, that being the stronger place. All through the winter before Lincoln took his seat as President, ammunition and arms were being gathered secretly in the South, and troops being drilled for the coming conflict. When after Lincoln was inaugurated reinforcements were sent to Fort Sumter, the vessels upon which the soldiers made the voyage was kept outside the harbor for some time while a storm was raging. The people of the South assured that reinforcements were actually at hand for the fort, laid siege to the place and captured it. They had, by this time, organized into a regular confederacy, and appointed Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as their president. They were eager to try their strength against the Government, and this first victory filled them with hope.

You may be sure there was wild excitement all over the country, when the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter was flashed across the continent by the telegraph. The people of the South hailed the day as the one which was to herald the dawn of their freedom, the North was eager to fight and certain that they would win the victory. Davis was a skilled officer who had served with honor in Mexico, and the people of the South had perfect confidence in his ability to guide their affairs, while those of the North trusted to the calm wisdom of their back-woods President. The young men of the South were brave and had been trained to ride and to shoot, while the young men of the North, taken from the farms, the counters of the stores and the factories, knew nothing of military life, and had no idea how to fight, though they proved that

The Presidential election occurred before the excitement over John Brown's raid had subsided. The canvass had been very bitter, for the people of the South declared that Congress had no right to interfere with slavery anywhere in the United States, and the people of the North declared that the matter should be decided by the people of each State, and that it should not be imposed upon them by any court or power without their consent.

Abraham Lincoln was the candidate of the North, and he was elected in the fall of 1860. He was known to be bitterly opposed to slavery, and to be an able and brave man. Before this time there had been talk of the formation of a Union in the Southern States independent of the North, and it is now said that for thirty years before this time the leaders in the South had foreseen that this question would come to a bloody issue some day, and had gathered arms for the purpose, but that can hardly be true, when we remember how the South was equipped for war. As soon as Lincoln was elected, the cotton-growing States, eight in number, prepared



they had plenty of courage. The forces of the South had been drilling for months, while those of the North were obliged to do their drilling during their campaigns.

No one had an idea that the war would last more than a few weeks, and enlistments were plenty. There were some at the North who knew so little of the spirit of the South, that they thought the whole matter would be settled in a single battle. There were hundreds of these mistaken men in the force that marched into Virginia to meet the Confederates at Bull Run, and many of the people at Washington had come down to

see the defeat of the Confederates as though they were going to a picnic. Great was the surprise and consternation all over the North, when the Confederates beat the Federal troops and sent them fleeing into Washington very much crestfallen.

In Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky, during the whole of the year 1861 there was much marching and skirmishing, for both sides went earnestly to work. The first event of any importance after Bull Run, was the capture of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, by U. S. Grant, in February, 1862. The war in the West and that in the East went on at the same time, so I shall briefly relate the events that happened in the West, and then return to the army that was defeated at Bull Run, and tell you something of its marches and battles.

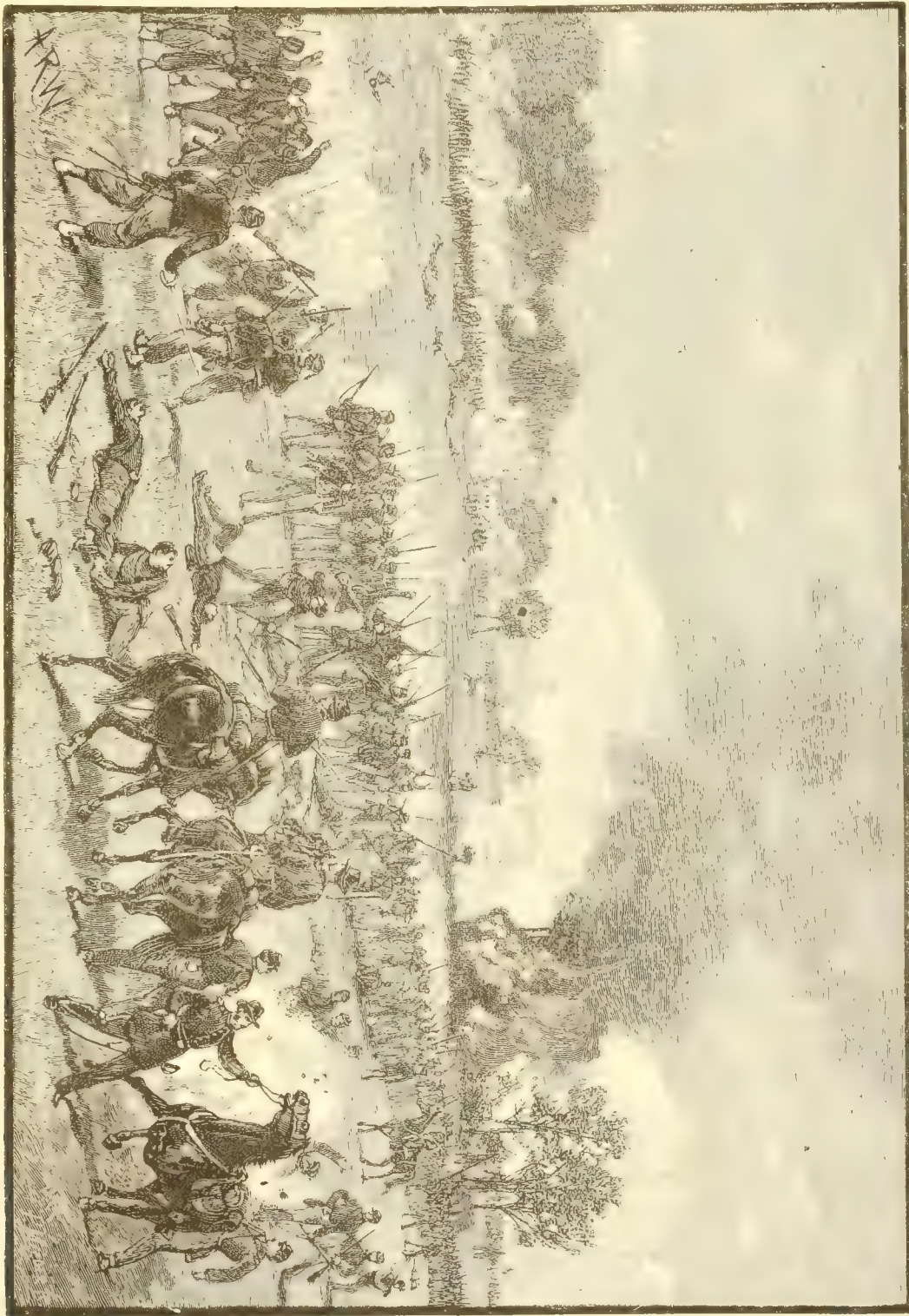
After Grant took Fort Henry, he marched upon Fort Donelson, a strongly defended place upon the Cumberland river, in Tennessee, about a dozen miles from Fort Henry. The attack and the defense were equally heroic, but the Confederates were compelled to surrender Fort Donelson, and with it a large number of men as prisoners of war. This was a serious disaster for the Confederates, as the people of the South were called, on account of their government, which was a "Confederation of States," for they were obliged to fall back to Nashville. It was followed up by the capture of Island No. 10, an important post upon the Mississippi river, held by the Confederates. The Union men, as the forces of the United States were called, dug a channel across a bend in the river, in order to get their transport boats in below the islands, for they dared not attempt to sail directly down stream on account of the batteries of the Confederates commanding the channel. It took nineteen days to complete the work, and the island was captured.

Island No. 10 commanded the Mississippi river, and Grant next moved southward to attack Corinth, a place in Mississippi, that was the center of several railroads. Grant had between thirty and forty thousand men, but Albert Sydney Johnston,



a gallant Confederate general, and one of the brave men of whose fame our country is so justly proud, not only had more men than Grant commanded, but his troops were accustomed to marching under the hot sun of the South, (and

BULL RUN—STAND OF THE UNION TROOPS AT THE HENRY HOUSE. 3 P. M.





GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

watching, were compelled to retire. The Union army marched from Pittsburg Landing, where the fight occurred, to Corinth, and after a siege, the place surrendered in the latter part of May, and the Mississippi river as far south as Vicksburg, was in their hands, but below Vicksburg, it was held by the Confederates.

In the meantime, McClellan, in command of the Union forces in the East, was trying to catch Thomas J. Jackson, the wily and able Confederate general, and proving himself unequal to the task, he was defeated over and over again, and the campaign of McClellan, which had for its object the capture of Richmond, was a failure. These brilliant successes of Jackson, who had received the name of "Stonewall," for the coolness with which he had stood his ground at Bull Run, elated the South and made the people think that they should surely succeed. Their generals were far more able than those of the North, for they were drawn from the veterans of the Mexican war, and were most of them men of great military experience, educated at West Point.

Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson found no equal among the generals in command of the Army of the Potomac, as the Eastern army was called, until Grant came to take charge of the whole army of the North, and then, indeed, they met their match. McClellan was so slow and timid that he was removed from command, and a general named Burnside given his office, but Burnside was as rash as McClellan was timid, and after he had lost two battles, it was considered that he had done worse

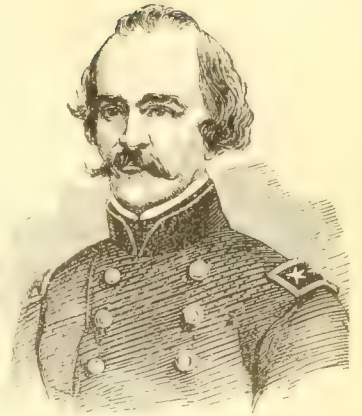
even in April the sun is hot in Mississippi,) determined to drive him back and crush the invaders of the soil of Mississippi. It was on a fair Sunday morning in April, of the year 1862, that the first really great battle of the war was fought. Johnston attacked the Union army in such a way as to surprise it, his intention being to drive it back until it should be in a little peninsula between the river and a creek, where he hoped to make it surrender. Both armies fought with the utmost gallantry all day, and the Union troops were slowly driven back, and would surely have been defeated had not the darkness of night caused a stoppage of hostilities. In the night, a large number of Union soldiers arrived to aid Grant's army, and when the fighting was resumed the next day, the Confederates, who had lost their brave commander by death, and were utterly tired out by fighting and



than McClellan, who, though he had lost the hard-fought battle of Antietam, still showed military skill, while Burnside showed so little that the private soldiers of his army justly criticised his manœuvres and his judgment. Burnside was removed and an officer who had won much fame for his conduct in battle was given his place. This man was called "Fighting Joe Hooker," but though he had courage and ability, he could not be compared to Lee and Jackson.

In the spring of 1863 the Confederates who had been victorious everywhere, seemed to think the war was practically at an end, and all that was left for them was to strike a crushing blow. There were many in the North who thought the same, and the gloom was great. It was plain that the Confederates out-generaled the Union officers in every decisive conflict, and that it was their genius that was winning the battles in spite of the bravery of the Union army. Lee determined to try the plan of invading the Northern States. There had been so many campaigns in the South that the country was almost without supplies and his army was starving. From the first the Confederates had been obliged to suffer for the lack of almost every needful thing, and they had hard work to support their army, and hardly any means of maintaining their prisoners of war, who were almost starved to death in the pens that served as prisons.

If the Confederates could gain a foothold in the Northern States, they would have before them an almost inexhaustible field of supplies, and could maintain the war at the expense of the North, instead of that of their own war-wasted country. It promised well, and General Lee determined to strike for Harrisburg. General Meade was given the command of the Army of the Potomac, and near the village of Gettysburg the two armies came to blows. Gettysburg was a peaceful little village lying nestled among the hills of Pennsylvania, and a fit theater for a great battle from the nature of the country about it. It was a great battle that was fought there, one of the most bitter and bloody ever fought on the earth within the knowledge of history. It was the highest point of the war, and from that time the Confederate cause lost ground. Gettysburg was an important place for the Confederates to hold, for from that point the roads branched off in every direction, by which they were to hold communication with the South. Three dreadful days the battle raged, but on the 4th day of July, 1863, the Confederates slowly began their retreat, having lost one-third of their army. Meade lost about one-fourth of his, and nearly forty-eight thousand men were sacrificed in that three days' struggle, and from all over the land went up the cry of widows and orphans. In this same year, 1863, there were several important events that must not be forgotten. It was in that year that the Proclamation of the President of the United States freed all slaves in those States under arms against the Government, with the exception of those already conquered by the troops of the United States, and it was in that year that the operations begun by Grant for the mastery of the navigation of the Mississippi were brought to a successful end by the capture of Vicksburg by the Federal troops after a siege in which the Confederates were reduced to the extremity of suffering.



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.



J. T. (Stonewall) JACKSON



AMERICAN GENERAL

The hapless Confederates, brave and undaunted in their adversity, though compelled to take shelter from the shot and shell rained down upon them in Vicksburg from the Federal batteries and to live in caves in the ground on the scantiest fare, did not surrender until actual starvation confronted them; then thirty-two thousand of their troops fell into the hands of Grant. This victory, in a measure, decided the fate of the war, for it gave Grant the command of all the Union forces west of the Alleghany mountains, and a little later of the Grand Army of the United States.

The people all over the South had now long felt the miseries of war, and everywhere endured them with the utmost heroism, but in spite of that, these miseries crippled their resources, and at last made them unable to cope with the North. Their ports were closed by a blockade of the vessels of the Union, and they could not get supplies of food and clothing from Europe. Want and hunger reigned supreme in every revolted State, but the spirit of these brave Americans rose above their physical discomforts.

Delicate ladies, who before the war had never attempted any sort of labor, worked like heroines to provide their families with clothing and food, for the men, their fathers, husbands and brothers, were with the army, fighting for the cause which they considered just. They fashioned shoes out of anything that could be made to answer for the purpose, and cut up curtains, carpets and bed-spreads for clothing, cheering the fainting spirits of their countrymen with the example of their heroism. In the North the spirit of patriotism, too, prevailed. Women did the work of men in the fields, shops and stores, and every moment of their spare time was devoted to making some useful article for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers.

In Lee's army the pang's of hunger were felt, and his ragged heroes were often reduced to a crust of bread and a draught of water as a day's rations. Their enemies in politics, were nevertheless their warmest admirers when their loyalty to their cause was the subject discussed, and though war is cruel and wicked, when we remember the heroism of our two great armies of Americans, our hearts thrill with pardonable pride, for in a contest of these forces, neither was to be outdone by the other in bravery or self-sacrifice. At the beginning of the year 1864, the South was nearly at the end of her resources, while the North had nearly a million of well-equipped men in the field. The paper money which the Confederacy of the South had issued, was so nearly worthless, that a wagon-load of it would not, even in the most loyal States of the Confederacy, buy a wagon-load of potatoes. Grant, who was so reserved and quiet a man that he had earned the name of "The Silent Man," seems to have determined that if it were possible, he would end this disastrous war. In May, 1864, he faced Lee in Virginia, with about a hundred thousand men.



JOSIAH H. ROBE

Grant was one of the greatest generals of his time. He seemed to understand, as if by instinct, what the enemy would do, and to make his plans accordingly. His career, while he was in the command of the Army of the West, inspired the country with confidence in him. He was not timid like McClellan, nor rash like Burnside. He believed in striking one hard



blow after another, and his character is well shown by a despatch he sent in regard to a campaign that at the time was thought by many a hopeless undertaking: "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He was bold, yet cautious, firm, cool, reserved, and able to have all his plans executed, because he planned nothing impossible. Lee had only sixty thousand men, but comprehending that the enemy intended taking Richmond, he attacked Grant's army as soon as it crossed the Rapidan, and for eight days there was a continuous battle. Men arose in the morning, and went as calmly to the work of death as to any ordinary labor.

Lee defended himself with wonderful skill, but as Grant would march one wing or the other of his army far around behind those of his men who were engaged in fighting, and when this wing was out of sight of the Confederates, it would advance to one side or the other, and the Confederate army was obliged to fall back to check them, until it was finally driven back toward Richmond. This movement is called "out-flanking," and it was by his swift and skillful out-flanking that Grant succeeded at last, though with the loss of more than thirty thousand of his men, in driving Lee behind his defenses at Petersburg. This place commanded the road to Richmond, and Lee had caused it to be very strongly fortified. It was about the middle of June before Grant's army arrived there and shut the Confederates in. Petersburg was twenty-two miles from Richmond, and the taking of that place meant the capture of the Confederate capital.

In the North there was the most intense anxiety, and everywhere there was pity for the gallant army of the South shut up to be subdued by hunger. The Confederates could get no supplies, for Sherman had taken his army and was marching through the Confederate territory, burning and destroying their stores of provisions, and tearing up the railroads upon which the troops had been moved from place to place. This seems a very cruel measure, but war is cruel, and Sherman was really doing a kindness to the South by destroying further means of resistance to the North, and was thus aiding in bringing the bloody contest to a close. At the same time Sheridan was defeating the Confederates in the Valley of the Shenandoah. It was about this time Sheridan made the famous ride, with which every school-boy has been made familiar in the beautiful poem upon the subject.

It was in September, 1864, that Sheridan attacked the Confederate General Early, at Winchester, in Northern Virginia, and defeated him, driving his army down toward the southern end of the valley. Sheridan then burned all the barns filled with grain, carried off all the stock he could find, to prevent the Confederates from returning, and marched on toward the Potomac. Contrary to the expectation of Sheridan, Early followed him.

A part of Early's men, leaving behind them everything in their equipment that would make a noise and betray them to the Federal troops, crept by a wide circuit around them, got behind them while they were asleep, and attacked them. At the same time the main body of Early's army attacked them in front, and all this while Sheridan was "twenty miles away." This was the beginning of the battle of Cedar Creek, and the Federal



GEORGE G. MEADE.



ROBERT E. LEE.



SHERIDAN MONUMENT, ARLINGTON CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



troops, taken by surprise, were driven back for several miles, defeated and in a panic. Sheridan heard the boom of the guns, and mounting his noble black horse, rode with all speed for the field. Upon the way he met many of the stragglers and fleeing troops, but rallied them, calling to them to come on and go back into the fight. They took heart, went back and fought so well that they won the day.

All this time Grant's army was before Petersburg, the two lines so near one another that the Confederate and Federal troops when engaged in procuring wood or other supplies for their respective armies, or off duty, sometimes met as individuals and exchanged little delicacies and chatted over the war. There was much more firing and many lives were lost, and all the time desertions from the Confederate ranks further added to the desperate straits of the gallant Lee. In the spring of 1865, after Lincoln, who had again been made President, was inaugurated, there was a general movement of the two armies.

Sherman and Sheridan were within call with their troops, and Johnston, the Confederate general, was not far from Lee. Stonewall Jackson had lost his life some time before, and this Johnston was Joseph E., a brave and skillful officer, who was a veteran of the Mexican war. March 29, 1865, the attack was made which resulted in the fall of Petersburg. Lee saw that Richmond must be given up, and telegraphed to President Davis that such was the case. He thought that he might escape with his army, and joining Johnston continue the war, but Grant had provided against this very plan, by surrounding Lee on all sides with a line of troops.

Lee began the march, but soon realized, now hopeless the case of his army was, and surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, and the war



SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO WINCHESTER.



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

was thus ended, for the other Confederate generals, one by one, were obliged to abandon their campaigns, and the cause of the Confederacy was lost. Davis abandoned it when he learned of the fall of Richmond. He only thought of himself and tried to escape by dressing himself in the clothes of his wife, and passing himself off as a woman. He was captured and imprisoned for sometime, but was finally set free, and lived to a peaceful old age.

There were people in the North who looked upon Jefferson Davis as the head and front of the Confederacy, and who, when they thought of the oceans of blood that had been shed in the cruel war, and the millions of dollars wasted in the slaughter of human beings, could not forgive him. At first it was thought that only the death of the President of the late Confederacy could satisfy those bitter haters of the "lost cause," and had the government condemned him to death, there would have been nothing unusual in the act. Indeed, the fact that his life was spared was the most unusual thing in history, for in the Old World, every leader of an unsuccessful revolt against a government had lost his life, and those who engaged in it were invariably punished.

The United States had set many noble examples to the Old World in the past, and it now set another. We could not forget that the people who fought against us were Americans, born and bred under our flag, and, as it were, reared at the hearthstone of our own fair goddess of liberty. We could not forget that they were the descendants of those who had battled for freedom from England, who had conquered the wilderness and the Indian, and we forgave them their errors for they had atoned for them in the blood of the best and bravest of their land.

The victor could afford to be generous, and the people of the South were treated as one generous man would deal with another with whom he had a difference of opinion and had proven his side of the case with good arguments. There had been blood enough shed, we wanted no more, yet though the injuries on both sides were forgiven, it was long before they were forgotten. There was one great good that resulted from the war. The people of the South learned to know that those of the North were as brave and valiant as they, though they were only farmers, clerks and artisans, proud rather of the fact that they earned their living by honest toil, than that they inherited wealth from blue-blooded ancestors. They learned, too, that the sentiment of the nation was for a union one and indivisible.

Slavery was done away in the struggle.

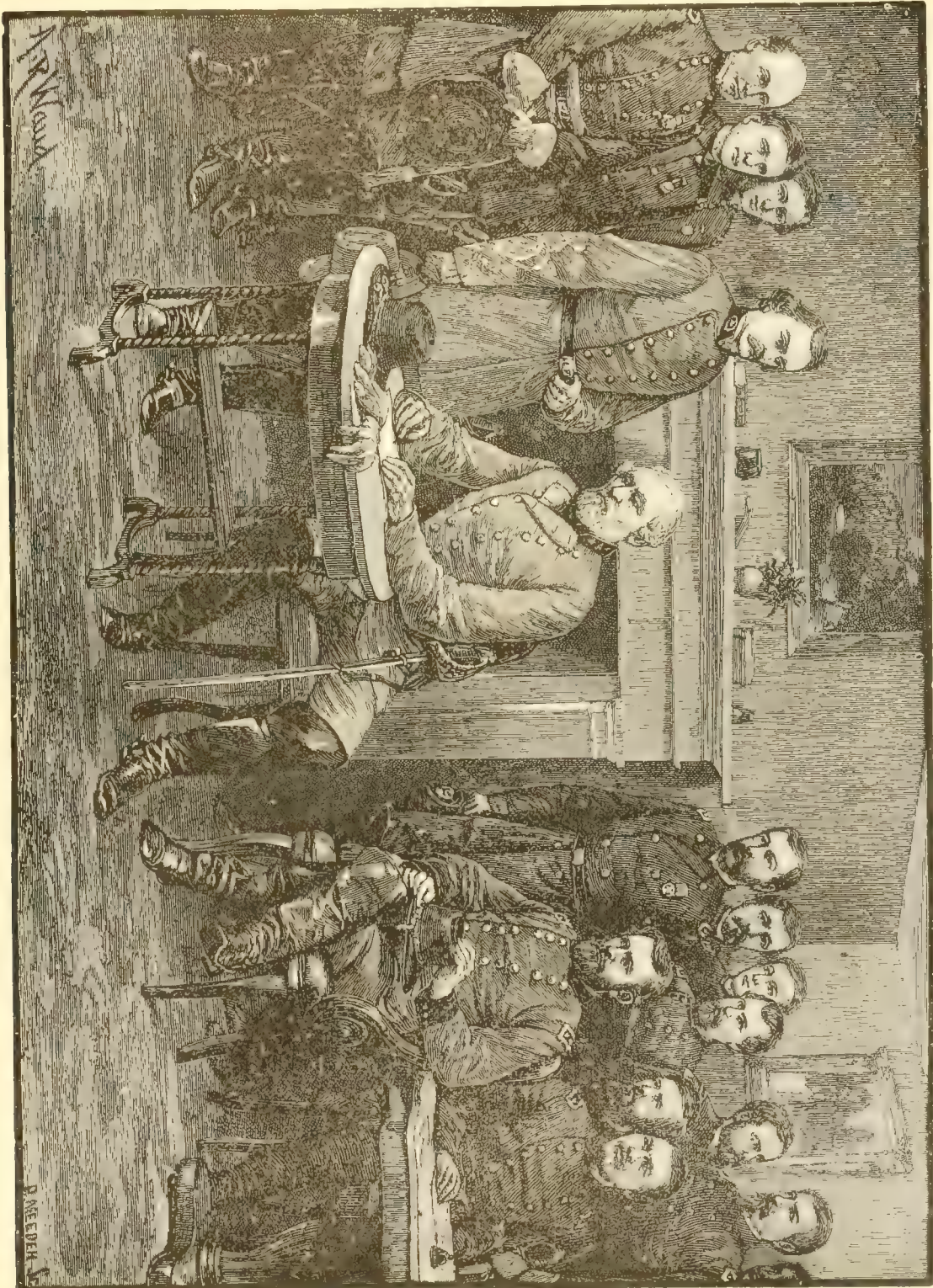
It was a sad thing that Lincoln did not live to see the glorious result of peace as did Grant, Sheridan and Sherman. There were those in the North who were bitterly disappointed over the defeat of the South, and among those were a few desperate characters who desired revenge. They hated President Lincoln and his advisers, and plotted against them. Lincoln and his Secretary of State were the chief objects of the wrath of the conspirators, and they decided that they should die. I would not have you think for a moment that these few desperate people were supported by the sympathy of the Southern people in their cowardly plan, for this was not the



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.



case. An actor by the name of J. Wilkes Booth was at the head of the plot, and it was he who shot President Lincoln, in Ford's theater, Washington, on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, and caused Secretary Seward to be stabbed almost to death as



SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.



he lay ill in his bed. Mr. Lincoln lingered but a few hours, but Seward recovered. The murderer fled, but he was followed and was killed in the attempt to capture him.

There was deep grief all over the land when the news of the murder of the President became known, and there were threats made against the Confederate ex-President Davis, who was even thought by some people to have been concerned in the plot, but as he had nothing whatever to do with it, and the people of the South expressed horror and indignation, in time the feeling cooled down, and the



THE CAPTURE OF LOOTH

people who loved the dead President were able to reason calmly. Lincoln was one of the greatest of America's citizens, and his justice, eloquence, and goodness have won for him a place in the undying regard of his countrymen.

Like Washington he guided us through the dark days of a disastrous war, and he never despaired of the triumph of right. He had a sympathy with the poor and lowly, for he himself was born and nourished in poverty. He hated oppression, but was able to understand the reasons that had led the South to esteem their cause a just one, and never showed that personal hatred to those who were of different views



in politics, that too often caused trouble in those days. He is regarded as a martyr to the cause he represented, and as such all the world honors his memory, as all the world respected his character.

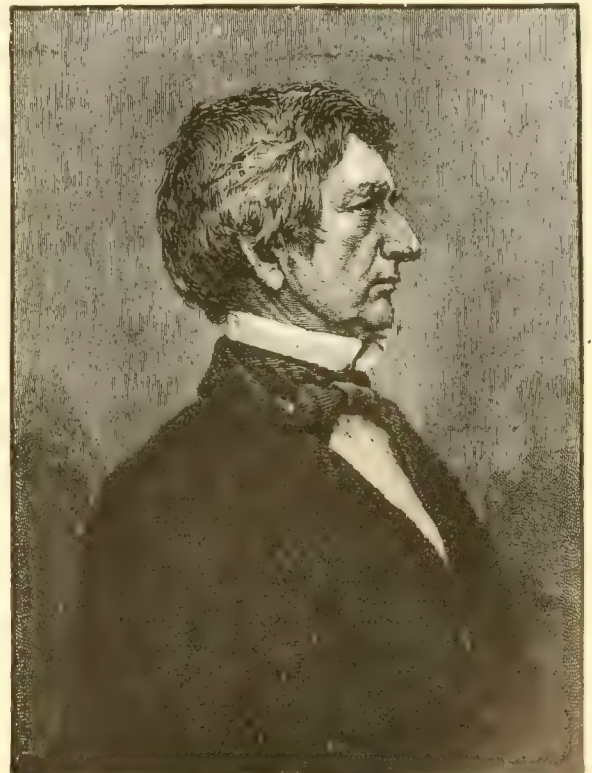
The slaves were now free, and they were given a right to vote by an amendment to the Constitution, and the States that had withdrawn from the Union were permitted to come back again, when they had allowed the negroes the right to vote as provided by the new amendment, but until they did so, their representatives were not allowed in Congress. The man who became President when Lincoln was murdered was named Andrew Johnson, and he was the Vice President of the United States, but was permitted by the laws to be President for the length of time that Lincoln's term would have lasted had he lived.

Johnson was in sympathy with the South, and he was determined to oppose the working of the Congress in the matter of allowing the representation of the Confederate States in Congress, for he held that they had all the privileges that they had before the Rebellion, and Congress could not impose any laws upon them. As the power of Congress to make laws binding upon all of the States had been one of the issues of the war, the Congress was not disposed to yield a point which the country had suffered so much to maintain, and Johnson and the Congress quarreled bitterly. At one time it seemed likely that Johnson would be compelled to give up his office as President, but he was allowed to serve to the end of his term. He is not honored as are the other Presidents of the United States, although he may have been conscientious in what he did.

The South was in a desperate condition at the close of the war. The cities were in ruins from the sieges and battles, property had been destroyed or lost, the commerce of that section of the country totally annihilated, and worse than all, the gallant sons of the South lay buried in soldiers' graves, and the land was full of widows and orphans. The freed blacks were like young children turned out into the world to make a living for themselves. They did not know what use to make of their freedom, and the government was obliged to care for them, educate them, and provide them with homes as if they had indeed been children. The blacks deserved that the government should treat them liberally, for they had behaved well during the war. Black soldiers fought side by side with the white, and the slave-holders who had gone to the war were obliged to leave their wives and children to the care of the black slaves. The slaves acted nobly by their masters and the women and children left to their charge, working to provide them with food, protecting them



GEORGE H. THOMAS.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.



THE UNION SOLDIERS AT WASHINGTON, AT THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.



with loyalty and devotion, and when they could, concealing property that the soldiers of the Union might not take it. They had been faithful, and that balanced all their short-comings. The government dealt justly with them, and they have become in a remarkably short space of time, considering the centuries of ignorance above which they have risen, a class of self-respecting, self-supporting citizens.

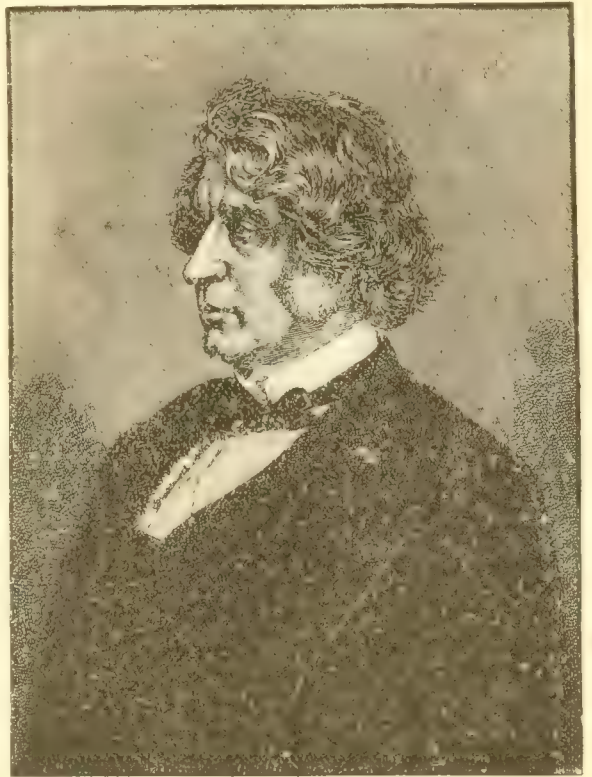
The recovery of the South from the miseries of the war, was of course very slow, but it is now again prosperous and wealthy. There are many of the soldiers who fought in the cause of the Confederacy, who now rejoice that they did not succeed, for had they done so, there is no doubt that the South would have been less prosperous and happy than it is to-day. There would have been a line of forts along its northern frontier, and it would have been obliged to keep up a large standing army, and to do this, the country wasted as it was with war, would have been heavily taxed and its energies crippled. It was demonstrated again by the war that but one great nation was to rule in the half of America lying between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, and there are those who believe that the day will come when all the North American Continent will be one vast republic, but I am sure that I would not venture to say that they are right.

I must tell you that England played a very despicable part in our civil war, and one that revived the hatred to her that was beginning to die out in this country. I have told you that it had long been the boast of England that no slave could be held in her territory, but she nevertheless interfered in favor of the South, for the purpose of weakening our nation, whose power she viewed with envy. Perhaps England may have thought that by helping the South she could gain an advantage in the matter of territory, but I believe that had the South been successful England would have been disappointed, for both North and South would have united, as in the past, to fight her.

Nevertheless, at one time England had actually a force under arms to invade the United States by way of Canada, the excuse being that she had been "insulted" by the United States. This "insult" came about in this way: A United States ship stopped an English vessel upon the ocean and took from it a Confederate commissioner who was going to Europe to gain supplies for the Confederacy. England asked no explanation from the United States, but began to prepare for war. The government apologized for the act, and placed the Confederate commissioner again on board and allowed him to proceed upon his way, and England had then no excuse for war, and could not make it



JAS. BUCHANAN.



CHARLES SUMNER.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

without violating the laws of nations, in which she would have had no support from the other European powers, and would, perhaps, have fallen into difficulties with them on account of it, therefore she abandoned the plan of invasion.

England built ships for the use of the Confederates that preyed upon American commerce in the Eastern Atlantic. One of these English ships, called the *Alabama*, took sixty-seven merchant and whaling vessels belonging to the United States, but was finally sunk in the English Channel by the United States ship of war *Kearsarge*. The French government, which was at the time controlled by Napoleon III., was also in sympathy with the South, and several fast-sailing cruisers were built at French ports for the use of the Confederacy, but the influence of the American Minister at Paris was sufficient to prevent the vessels from being launched.

When the war was over, the United States concluded that since England had taken a hand in the game of war, it was no more than right that she should pay her share of the expenses of the same, and made claims upon the English for the vessels that they had taken, and the damage done to American commerce. The English were not disposed to settle these claims, and as the United States was firm, it looked for a time as though we would have another war with the British. Secretly, I think, neither the United States nor England were very eager to engage in another conflict, and when arbitrators were appointed to settle their dispute, it was agreed that England should pay fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars to America, and this has since made England very cautious how she mixes in affairs that do not directly concern her.

It is wonderful how soon the North recovered from the effects of the war. There was some distress, of course, on account of the high prices asked for every sort of manufactured goods, but as there were fewer men left to engage in manufacture, wages soon rose to a prosperous figure, and continued so. The far Northwest rapidly settled, railways were built and commerce revived. Now there is no country in the world more prosperous than our own, and this fact has caused a tide of immigration that has been truly wonderful to flow to our shores. So many people sought peaceful employment and homes in our land, that our law-makers were obliged to restrict immigration somewhat, and thus protect those already in the country.

These foreign immigrants settled in the Northern States, and began to develop the agricultural resources of the country to a remark-



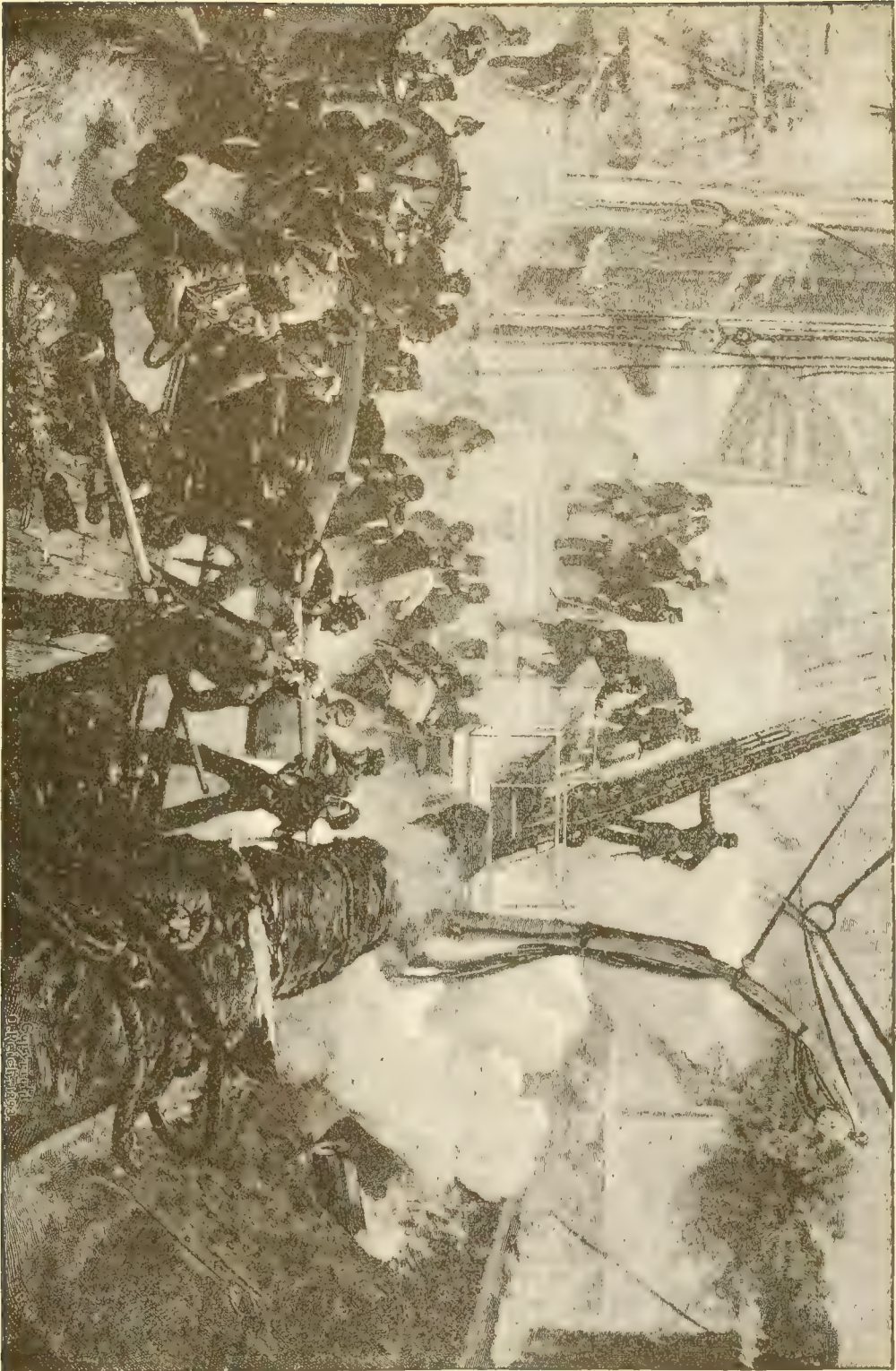
*Daniel Webster*



ALPH. A. 1877. 100. 77.



AN AUGUST MORNING WITH ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.



able degree, and cities have grown up and become great upon the commerce thus stimulated. Our ships now cover the ocean, and our navy is one of the best afloat. Our army is small, and that is an advantage we derive from having no foe at our



HORACE GREELEY



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

doors. In fact our army, officers and men, all told, is so small that it is not sufficient to cover one of our frontiers, but it is well known that in time of war, every American citizen becomes a soldier, ready to fight with skill and intelligence against the common enemy, and in this our country has a defense stronger than forts and cannons.

We have great cause to be proud of our country, and patriotism is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people that whatever the faults of our law-makers, we are sure that the nation will triumph over every difficulty and danger. Our Republic is one of intelligence, education and religion, as well as of politics, and in this is different from any government upon the earth. Every man is absolutely free, and all the laws are made for the purpose of ensuring the freedom of the individual and the development of the nation. That is the reason that in the hundred years or more since we have been established firmly as a people, we have grown to such a height of power, a height never reached by imperial Rome, for in reading her story you noticed, perhaps, that Roman civilization, great as it was, supported privileged classes and clung to old traditions. Every boy and girl, every man and woman, should cherish patriotism as a dear possession, and defend from all aspersions the dear flag that is the emblem of our liberty. That liberty is rooted deep in justice, and it is this which ensures our progress.

In our own country to-day, we have facilities for education unrivaled by the famous universities of the Old World, and in the arts that make man truly free, those which liberate him from hard and slavish drudgery, America leads the world. American inventors lead all others. It was an American that discovered the practical application of electricity, an American who invented the first steamboat, the first threshing machine, the first sewing machine, the first telegraph, and the first telephone. It was an American who connected the Old World with the heart-beats of the New by the Atlantic cable, and an American by adoption, but born in the land of the Northmen, who invented the turret ship, a vessel unknown until the days of the civil war. I could name a long list of Americans



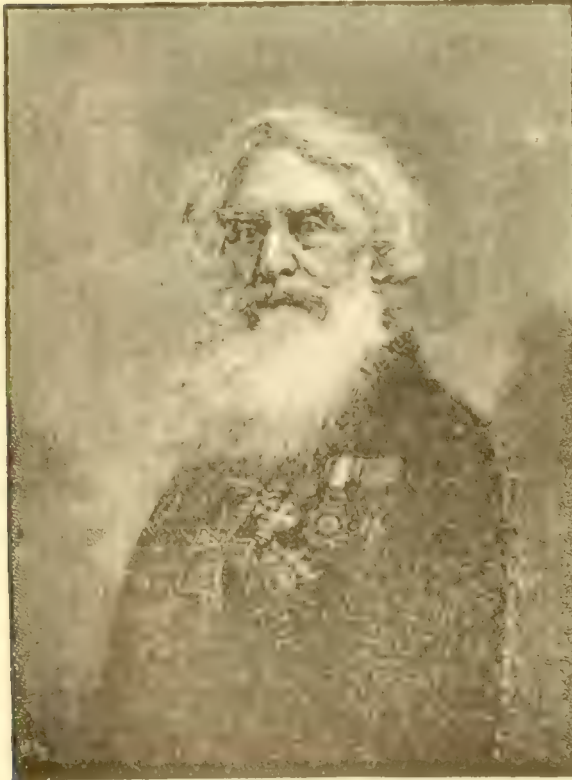


CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

who have thus lightened the burdens of mankind by useful labor-saving inventions, but their names are household words in the land, and it is needless,



WM. LLOYD GARRISON.



FELT.

In the fine arts there have been, and are to-day, great names of Americans. In sculpture, there is Powers and Story; in the illustration of books and newspapers there are many celebrated the world over, who have done a great work for art and for the people, by taking into the homes of the land the spirit of artistic appreciation. In music and poetry we have a few of whom we can be proud, and upon the stage we have many great American actors. In literature our country has had a remarkable development, and one which has contributed much to the intellectual improvement of our people. Our Washington Irving is honored the world over, and Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Cooper; Bancroft, Lossing, and scores of other poets, historians, philosophers, novelists, and essayists, stand the peers of the world's great, and an index of the intellectual wealth of this favored land.

There have been trials, it is true, during the last thirty years, but those trials soon passed away and were forgotten, and we recall them only as a warning for the future. We have never treated the Indians fairly, as a nation, and the brave, spirited, implacable and untamable people, unspeakably degraded as they are in many cases by contact with the vices of civilization, and through the influences that have reduced them to a mere handful, have again and again revolted and massacred the whites nearest them. These uprisings have always been put down, and in one of them about eleven years after the Rebellion, General Custer, an officer who served with honor in the Civil War, was surrounded and perished with all the men under his command, at the hands of the enraged Sioux under Sitting Bull. This brave, cruel old chief himself was killed a few years ago in resisting arrest, and the formidable power of the tribe that had given the most trouble to the government of late years is broken.

The flocking of people to the cities where they have engaged largely in manufacture, has caused a strong feeling to grow up among the laborers concerning their rights as wealth producers, and as opposed to the rights of the capitalists who employ them. At times there has



been much dissatisfaction among these intelligent and skilled laborers, but it has usually been removed by the employers when the points of difference have been



THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

thoroughly understood upon both sides. Among the more unskilled and less intelligent laborers, there have been times when the conditions gave serious alarm,



WASHINGTON IRVING.

at various times have presided over the destinies of the nation, but there is one President in these later days since the war, whom I wish you all to remember, and whose virtues it would be wise to imitate. His name was James A. Garfield, and he was born in a humble cottage in the State of Ohio. When Garfield was a boy, he had not the advantages of a pleasant home, refined surroundings, careful education and indulgent friends, but he had what was vastly better, an earnest desire for knowledge, a loyal soul that scorned a small or mean act, and a pure heart, whose aim was to do something worthy in the world.

He began his work to gain a living by driving mules on a tow-path, in Ohio. You must know that canal boats were then, and usually now, propelled by means of ropes fastened to mules or horses who walked along a path by the edge of the canal, and dragged the laden or empty vessel. The driving of mules on a tow-path was not a very inspiring occupation, you may be sure, and no doubt James A. Garfield was often weary of it, and longed to achieve something pleasant. He did not content himself with merely longing. He studied and plodded along, and in course of time, by one means and another, gained an education. During the war he became renowned as an orator and patriot and general. His abilities were thought so highly of by the people that they elected him President of the United States. You will see how nearly his career resembles that of Lincoln, and alas, his death, too, was like that of the martyr President. He was shot by a disappointed office-seeker, and after lingering for eleven weeks in the most dreadful agony, borne with the utmost heroism, he died.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

for designing and turbulent men, many of them born and brought up in foreign countries, have undertaken, for ends of their own, to make these laborers believe that they are deliberately oppressed by the rich.

These demagogues have attempted to excite the laboring classes to throw off all authority, and secure their rights, never stopping to consider that in America the ballot of the laborer is as mighty as that of the wealthiest man in the country, and that they have a remedy for every evil in an intelligent exercise of the rights of American citizens. These mischievous agitators succeeded in bringing about a bloody riot in the city of Chicago in the year 1886, but the ring-leaders were so severely punished that it put a stop for a time to "anarchist demonstrations," as those favorable to the abolishing of law and order are called.


I have not attempted in this narrative to give you the account of the doings of every President of the United States, and the events of the various administrations, neither have I described the characters of the persons who

You may all learn the present condition of our country by reading



the newspapers, which relate current history, and I hope what I have told you of the story of our nation may inspire you with a deeper love and reverence for the American name and character, and a desire to cherish those institutions that have cost so dearly in blood and treasure. You are the future nation-makers, and to you are entrusted those great interests of the Republic. Gain wisdom, then against the time when you shall play your part in history, and when the time comes, let self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control, blend with patriotism and honor, justice and loyalty, to make you ideal citizens of an ideal republic.

## → CANADA. ←

UST north of the United States, stretches a vast extent of land to which I have often referred in this Story of the World. This territory now belongs to Great Britain, but it was once the property of France, and the discoveries and explorations were made there by the French. This foreign possession of Great Britain is larger than any other colonial possession in the world, and in its wealth is almost as varied as the United States. We call this country British America, and it consists of a stretch of land, four times as large as India, and nearly as large as the whole of Europe. It is half a million square miles larger than the United States, and like our own country, is surrounded on every side but one with the waters of the oceans. Unlike the United States, however, it has few good harbors, and this fact and others of which you may learn in reading this narrative, have kept it behind our own country in settlement and progress, for in spite of the fact that it is so much larger than the United States, it has only one-fourth as many people within its borders. A large part of this territory is in the cold Arctic regions, where the summer is very short, and the winter so long and cold that few men or animals can live there the whole year through. There are about four million people in the two divisions of British America, Canada, and British Columbia, and many of these are Indians, who live now much as they did when the country was discovered by Europeans, though they have the weapons and implements of civilized men, for the hunting and fishing which are their sole pursuits. These Indians kill the fur-bearing animals, such as the beaver, fox and marten, and supply the fur to a large number of British traders, who give them in exchange for the few necessities of life which they desire.

The history of Canada and that country is about all of British America which has what may really be called a history, is said to begin with the early adventures of the early Spanish discoverers, who in the course of their many voyages to the New World in the search for gold, are said to have penetrated to the shores of the St. Lawrence river. The cold winters of the northern land daunted the hardy Spaniards, and as they found no gold in the country, they did not remain, and made no attempt at settlement. The Cabots first discovered Canada, according to the accounts given by the English historians, but we must not forget that they were not the first Europeans to set foot upon her shores or upon the shore of the more southern land, for gallant Norsemen, long before, knew of the forests of Canada, and cut timber there, as we have already learned. At all events, the Cabots claimed the honor of the discovery, and as for centuries the story of the Norsemen was unknown, we, too, will allow that through the Cabots the English claimed all of the North American Continent as justly, perhaps, as the Spaniards claimed the South American country, and as

justly as any nation can lay claim to a country by what is known as "the right of discovery."

In the year 1524, when Spain had grown great by her discoveries and acquisitions in the New World, Francis I., of France, one day declared that he would like to see title deed of the will left by Adam, the common father of the race, granting to the monarchs of Spain and Portugal all the rights to the land in the Western Continent. As there was no such will to be produced, Francis, who never loved Spain very well, determined to aggravate his Spanish enemies, and at the same time, if possible, make some conquests of territory for himself. He employed a Florentine by the name of Verazzani, to make a voyage for that purpose, and the bold seaman coasted along the eastern shores of the American Continent in his four ships, but to the great disappointment of the French king, he did not return laden with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and for ten years the French made no more voyages to the New World.

It was in the year 1534, that Jacques Cartier, who had been in America upon the shores of Newfoundland, engaged in those fisheries which even then kept about fifty ships of England, Spain, France and Portugal busy carrying the products of their labor across the Atlantic, was selected by the French king to command two vessels which were to be sent in search of that Northwest passage whose existence is still a secret, in spite of all the efforts that have been made for its discovery. Cartier was a bold seaman. He made a swift and pleasant voyage across the ocean, and in May arrived at Newfoundland, where he remained for more than a week, gathering what information he could of the land and water to the north. If you look upon your map of Canada, you will see that the Strait of Belle Isle separates Newfoundland from the mainland of Canada, and north of the Strait the outline of the coast is that of a witch-like face, over whose forehead projects a fantastic wimple or hood.

The point of this hood-shaped outline is now called Cape Gaspe, and it was there that Cartier first landed upon the coast of Canada, and there within sight of the stormy ocean he reared a cross, upon which were carved the lilies of France, in token that he took possession of the land for Christendom in general, and the French crown in particular. This does not seem a very great voyage, or a remarkable undertaking, but Cartier did nothing else upon his first voyage except to make friends with the Indians, and when he had done so, he stole two of them away and carried them over to France. Francis received the navigator with a hearty welcome, and gave him three vessels with which he was to return, explore the Gulf of St. Lawrence, establish settlements if he could, and make friends with the natives.

Above all, Francis told him to be sure and gather plenty of gold, to bring back to France, and with these various instructions, Cartier again came across the ocean. It happened that Cartier, in the course of his explorations of the Gulf to the north of Newfoundland, discovered upon the feast day of St. Lawrence a broad and majestic stream flowing into the ocean, and which he at first mistook for the Northwest passage. When he discovered that it was a river, he named it the St. Lawrence, in honor of the day of its discovery, and as such the river and its Gulf are still known.

It was in the full splendor of the short and beautiful northern summer that the French sailed up the majestic reaches of the noble river, and gazed for the first time upon the charming scenery to view, which is worth even such a dangerous and tedious voyage as that which they had undertaken when they set sail for the New World.



On the way, the ships passed an island which was covered so thickly with grape vines, that they named it the Isle of Bacchus, in honor of the Greek God of Wine, but it is now known as the Isle of Orleans. Still sailing onward, the French came to a large Indian village upon the shores of the river, and at the sight of the winged canoes of the white strangers, the Indians fled to the woods.

They may perhaps have heard that on the island of Newfoundland there were men with white faces who sailed about upon the waters in these winged vessels, but they had never seen them, and thought that they were visitants from the unseen world, and that it might be prudent to keep out of the way until they learned whether they were good or evil spirits. They had, no doubt, heard of the raising of the cross at Gaspé, too, but could not imaginé what business the white-faced people could have with them. The two Indians that Cartier had stolen from Gaspé, were able to speak French passably by this time, and they acted as interpreters. Going in search of the Indians, they persuaded them to approach the vessels of the French in twelve canoes. The chief of the tribe came alone to the vessel in his canoe, causing the others to



INDIAN VILLAGE.

remain some distance, and standing up in his little craft made a long speech, to which Cartier replied through the interpreters, telling the Indians that he came with peaceful intentions, and would not harm them. The Indians were rejoiced at this, and showed every sign of friendship to the Frenchmen. They brought corn, venison, and other things to the Frenchmen, and told them all they knew of the country beyond and the tribes who dwelt there.

This Indian village was built near a place which was called Quebec in the Indian tongue, and that is to-day the name of one of the most interesting cities of Canada, and was the site of the first French fort in the New World. Learning that there was a very large Indian village farther on, Cartier and his ships proceeded on their way, firing by way of parting salute to their Indian friends, twelve of their cannon, at

which token of friendship the Indians were so frightened that they all ran away and hid themselves from the terrible strangers who carried thunder and lightning about with them upon winged canoes. It was an enchanting voyage up that beautiful river, and Cartier, as he looked upon the verdant banks on either side, the ever-varying landscape, the mysterious forests from whose depths in the still moonlit nights the cry of the whippoor-will and the hoot of the owl were heard, and where in the long summer days the songs of strange birds greeted his ears, he no doubt thought that he had discovered a land as rich as that from which Spain had drawn such stores of treasure, and no doubt he and his crew had many bright visions of the wealth they should carry home to France, and the honors with which they should be greeted.

It was in the month of October that Cartier came in sight of the Indian town. It was indeed a large village, and stoutly fortified by a tall stockade. It was in the evening when they first caught sight of the town, and they anchored in mid-stream until morning, when the chief men of the town came out of the village and received the strangers with every mark of respect, and took them to their great council lodge in the center of the place, where they brought to them the "lame, the halt, and the blind," thinking that the Frenchmen were miraculous creatures, who had only to say the word, and the universe would obey. Cartier was willing enough that the Indians should show this reverence to him and his men, and he went through a variety of ceremonies calculated to still further impress them with the idea. This village was built at the foot of a mountain, and when the French adventurers had climbed to its summit and from thence viewed the landscape, they were charmed with the beauty of the scene that lay before them, and impressed with the natural advantages of the place as a point for a fort. This mountain the French called Mount Royal, and in after days it was known as Montreal.

Cartier remained long enough at this Indian town to learn something of the nature of the country beyond. The Indians told him that the river ran through several great bodies of fresh water, and the largest of these was far away and as vast as the ocean to the east. They said, too, that beyond this great water was another large river, the Mississippi, which flowed through a land to the south, where the sun shone bright, the trees were green, and there was little cold winter weather. Cartier tried to learn whether there was any gold in the country, but found that the Indians knew little of the use of metals. Like the Indians to the south, their implements were made of stone and copper, and they told the French where they found the copper, but they knew nothing of gold.

The trees had begun to drop their foliage, and the shortening of the days and the increasing cold warned the Frenchmen that they ought to return to the coast, or at least to some point nearer the coast than this far-away town. They therefore took their leave, and went back to the first Indian town that they had visited, where they found that the kindly chief had provided such a large store of food for their use that they concluded to take their ships into a little stream flowing into the St. Lawrence near Quebec, and spend the winter near their Indian friends. They had no idea of the intense cold in that latitude, and their clothing was not warm enough nor their food abundant enough to enable them to withstand it. They suffered much and disease made sad havoc in their numbers. When the spring came, Cartier and those of his men who were still alive, sailed into the St. Lawrence, voyaged down to the Gulf and returned to France, but they carried no gold with them. I am sorry to tell you that Cartier stole away from his people the friendly Algonquin chieftain, who



had done so much for him and his men, and ten other Indian chiefs and warriors, who died on the voyage or after the landing in France.

The French did nothing more for four years towards colonizing the Valley of the St. Lawrence, but they did not forget what Cartier had told them about the beauty and fertility of the country, and finally a wealthy French gentleman by the name of Roberval, received permission to settle in the New World, and was made Governor of a colony that he was to establish there. He did not at first go to Canada, but sent Cartier. When the French anchored in the St. Lawrence again, very near where they had passed the winter four years before, they were received with very different feelings by the Indians.

When the savages learned that their comrades, who had been carried off by the French, had died far away from their homes and kindred, they would have nothing more to do with the cruel white strangers, and even showed signs that they were only waiting for their chance to attack them. Cartier saw that it was not safe to remain near such a large body of hostile natives with-



AN INDIAN WAR DANCE.

out any protection but that of his ships, and going a little way up the river, he laid up his vessels, sent the others back to France for supplies, and set to work to build a fort where Quebec now stands. All winter he and his comrades made their headquarters at the new fort, and spent their time in exploring the surrounding country, in the hope of finding gold. They did find a few small diamonds at a place near Montreal, which, in honor of the find, was called Cape Diamond, and bears the name to this day, and they found also a few pebbles veined with an ore which they thought was gold.

The winter was very cold, and the French suffered many hardships. They heard nothing of the ships they had sent back to France, and when spring came they were almost out of supplies of every kind, and so disgusted with Canada that they were eager to go back to their own country, choosing poverty and misfortune among their own kind, rather than to suffer in the wilderness far from civilization. On the way they stopped at Newfoundland, and there they met Roberval with a large company of settlers. He wanted them to return, and to avoid a quarrel with him, Cartier quietly lifted anchor and sailed away as fast as he could in the night, and was far out to sea before his absence was discovered. Cartier died soon after this unlucky voyage, and he died in poverty, for like many another gallant navigator before and afterward, he lost everything in his search for the gold of the New World.

Roberval fared little better. He sailed up the St. Lawrence until he came to the fort that had been built and abandoned by Cartier, and there he remained during the

winter. The next spring (1636) he sailed back to France leaving thirty men behind to hold the place. He intended returning at once, but it was six years before he was able to go back to Canada, for Francis was at war with Charles V., and kept Roberval



AN INDIAN CONJURER.

at home to aid him. Then he and his brother with a gallant company set sail from France, but they were never heard of more, and it is thought that their ships were swallowed up by the angry waters, and all on board perished.



The French had discovered in these voyages to Canada, that although there was little probability of finding gold, there was a rich commerce with the Indians in furs that was awaiting their pleasure, and as furs at the time were rare and costly, there were fortunes to be made in such a commerce. The French king was so thoroughly disgusted with the misfortunes that had followed all of his ventures to colonize Canada, that he was not inclined to spend any more money for that purpose.

A company of convicts had been sent out after the Robervals were lost, and left on Sable Island, while their commander went back to France for supplies. He fell sick and died soon after his return, and the poor fellows that he had left in the New World, forty in number, were forgotten by their countrymen, and suffered the most dreadful hardships. Many of them died of starvation, and when the French government finally remembered them and sent a ship out to find what had become of them, twelve years afterward, twenty-eight of them had died of their sufferings and the others were taken back to France, where, I am happy to tell you, the king provided for them so handsomely that they never again felt the pinch of poverty. Another attempt had ended disastrously, then the trial of the scheme of colonizing Canada was given over by the government, and was taken up by private individuals, who organized a company to explore and settle the country and establish a fur trade with the Indians.

There was in France at this time an adventurous man by the name of Samuel Champlain, who had just returned from the West Indies, and it was he who was the founder of the first successful settlement of the French in the New World, the year after the settlement was made by the English at Jamestown. Quebec was the place chosen, for it was naturally very strong and capable of being fortified so that it should be still stronger. Champlain caused comfortable wooden houses to be built for his colonists, and they did not suffer during the winter as the other French had done, and even enjoyed the winter sports with which they passed the time. It was Champlain, too, who planted the first wheat crop in Canada, and perhaps the first that was grown on the Continent, for we are not told that the settlers at Jamestown at that time planted wheat. The Indians around Quebec were of the Algonquin nation, and they were at the time engaged in war with the Five Nations of the Iroquois League about the Great Lakes, and they made friends with the French to secure their aid against their enemies.

It was in the spring of the year, 1609, that Champlain went out with the Algonquins to fight for them against the Five Nations. He traveled with the Indians through the woods, then embarked upon the St. Lawrence, until he came to the Richelieu, now called the Sorel, which he and his soldiers and the Indians sailed southward on until they had passed through Lake St. Peter, and to the rapids beyond. The way all the time grew more difficult and dangerous, and his companions murmured so much that he gave them permission to return if they would. Only two of the white men remained with Champlain and the Algonquins, and they proceeded upon their journey toward the Iroquois country, floating down the river until they came to a beautiful lake, which to this day bears the name Lake Champlain, in honor of the brave discoverer. The Iroquois had no firearms, and when the Algonquins came upon them in their stockaded forts, they were defeated, and the Algonquins and Champlain returned in triumph. Thus the French first taught the Indians the use of firearms, and they, like all the other Europeans who settled in the New World, were long made to suffer for this sad mistake of Champlain's, and the French often

had reason to regret that they had ever aided in the war against the brave and fierce Iroquois, for in so doing they made enemies who devastated their country, killed their friends by the score, and long made all their efforts at civilization in Canada dangerous.



TRIBAL COUNCIL.

I have several times in the course of the story of America had occasion to speak of the various Indian tribes that lived in our country in the early days, and though I have told you something of the Indians in general, I have told you nothing in par-



ticular of those tribes against which the early colonists both from France and England had to struggle when they first came to this country. You must know that the Indians of the Atlantic Coast were very different in every way from those of the Southern and Southwestern part of the Continent. It is said that the tribes upon the Northern Pacific Coast of America were the lowest savages in America. They lived in the rudest and filthiest manner, and had the least knowledge of the arts of civilization. They made no pottery, knew nothing of tilling the soil and raising Indian corn, but lived upon roots, herbs and those animals that they could kill with their rude stone implements.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic Coast, when white men first came to America, were six or seven large nations or communities of tribes. Three of these were east of the Mississippi river, and the others were west of it. The Dakota Nation was the most powerful of the Western Indians, and among them were the fierce Sioux, Omahas, Iowas and others, while the Winnebagos, who also belonged to the Dakotas, were east of the Mississippi, around the borders of Lake Michigan.

On the upper waters of the Missouri were the Mandans, who are thought by some people to be the descendants of those races that built the great mounds that have been found in different parts of North America, and whose nature has never been really discovered. The Mandans built strange, round houses, plastered over with clay, and their arts were said to be more perfect than those of any Indians north of New Mexico. With these people, as well as with the Sioux and the other Dakota Nations, the very early settlers were not brought into contact, for they lived far to the westward, and were separated from them by the mountains, but with the Eastern tribes they had much to do.

The Muskogee Nation was east of the Mississippi river, and among them were the fierce Creeks of Alabama and Tennessee, that caused so much trouble to the United States during the second war with England, the brave Seminoles of Florida, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws, too, were Muskogees, but these were not at first troublesome. The people with whom the French and English in the Northern Colonies were neighbors, were the Five Nations of the Iroquois upon the borders of the Great Lakes, and the Algonquin tribes, who were very numerous and powerful but not so fierce and brave as the Iroquois. The Adirondacks were Algonquin, and it was the Adirondacks that Cartier found on the site of the place which he afterward named Montreal.

The Iroquois and the Algonquins had long been bitter enemies, and were struggling for the possession of the St. Lawrence Valley, when the French came to dispute with them both for it. They were at first only three small tribes, these conquering Iroquois, but they settled in the State of New York, and there grew in numbers until two more tribes were formed from the parent stock, and the Three Nations became the Five Nations. It is said that at first there was no union between these tribes, and though they were friendly to one another, as brothers of the same nation should be, they fought their own wars, each tribe for itself, and did not share their defeats or victories with the others.

Then, it is said, sometime early in the fifteenth century, Hiawatha, the wise man of the Iroquois, or perhaps a spirit of their legends, whispered into the ears of one of the great chieftains of the people that it would be wise for them to join, conquer their enemies, and become the rulers of the hunting grounds of the East. They heeded the counsel of Hiawatha, united, and began their career of conquest. They

did not, like the Roman conquerors of early Europe, make the conquered people a part of their own nation, but they made them pay tribute and keep within the bounds they set for them. They first turned their arms against the Algonquins, killed off some tribes, and drove the others out. The other Indians called them Mohawks, and when one of the dreaded Iroquois appeared, they did not usually stand to fight against him, but ran for their lives to warn their comrades to hide themselves. The Iroquois did not call themselves Mohawks, but "Caniengas," and the name Mohawk in the Algonquin tongue meant "Man-eater." The Iroquois were truly cannibals, though of course they did not depend upon the prisoners they took in war for their supply of meat.

They lived in queer houses, some times seventy or eighty feet long, formed of strong poles set in the ground at intervals, and others tied to them with willow withes at the sides and top, both inside and out, making a strong frame-work. These dwellings were covered tightly with elm-bark, and shingles of the same were laid on the roof. There was a door-way at each end of this long dwelling, and in front of these door-ways, upon the inside, skins of wild animals were hung to keep out the wind and the cold.

There were no windows, but there were partitions down each side of the house, something like stalls in a barn, for each partition opened upon a long passageway the whole length of the dwelling, and these admitted what little light was needed. Around the walls of each of the little rooms formed by these partitions, were rows of bunks for beds, and from the roof of each were hung the articles of clothing or the weapons of the inhabitants. Each of the little rooms was the home of a family, and every four families had a fire for themselves. This fire was built in the passage-way, in a little depression hollowed out in the ground and sometimes paved with stones, and the smoke escaped by a hole in the roof, or if it did not escape, which was often the case, it penetrated every part of the dwelling, making it exceedingly uncomfortable.



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There were spaces here and there in the house for the storing away of provisions, and strangely enough each family did not possess its own food, but every household owned the food in common. It was in the charge of one old woman, who gave it out to the different families in equal share, and after each meal, what was left was gathered together and put into the hands of another woman, who kept it until it was needed again. The Iroquois cooked only one fresh meal a day, about noon, and those who were hungry before or after the regular meal, were helped from the common stock of the household. Whenever strangers came into one of the long-houses, food was at once set before them, and it was not considered polite by the Indians to refuse to eat, no matter how often the visitor had eaten before during the day, nor how well his appetite had already been satisfied. Neither was it thought polite to ask a guest his business, or show any curiosity about his visit until he had eaten.

The Indians of all tribes were peculiar in some things. When an Indian maiden was married, instead of going home to the house of her husband, among the Iroquois and many other Indian Nations, she took her husband home with her. All of the women in these long-houses were related to each other, but their husbands were selected from other clans, and were often none of them related. If an Indian husband behaved badly, would not hunt, was idle and shiftless, his wife could make him pick up his personal possessions and go back to his own clan.

No matter what goods he might have in the common stock of the house, or how many children were his, the wife kept all but her husband's personal property, his clothes, and his weapons, and he was compelled to march out into the cold world, and either live a bachelor, or marry again if he could. So, you see, in spite of the ill-treatment to which many of the Indian women were compelled to submit, they were the rulers of the house. They were obliged to do all the heavy work, and to hoe with their stone hoes the corn, beans, squashes and pumpkins, upon which, with the flesh of wild animals and the fish taken from the rivers and lakes, the Indians lived.

The Iroquois had many of the long-houses in every village, and as each house accommodated as many as fifteen or twenty families, a small number of houses would shelter a great many persons. The villages were surrounded with high fences, made by sharpening the trunks of small trees and setting them firmly into the ground close together. These tree-trunks were also sharpened at the top, and proved a sufficient defense before the days of firearms in Indian warfare. None of the Eastern Indians of our country built such good houses as did the Iroquois, and none were able to defend their villages as well. Neither were any as fierce and terrible to other tribes.

Although the Iroquois would not punish murder within their own tribe very often with the death of the murderer, but allowed him instead to pay to the family of his victim a certain amount of goods or wampum, they were cruelty itself to their captives taken in war. They always killed all of the prisoners that they could not carry back to their own villages with them, and took their scalps. Every man that was slain in the fight who belonged to their tribe, called for a victim at the stake, and those prisoners whom they did not wish to adopt into the tribe to increase its fighting strength, were always killed by some sort of horrible torture.

The Spaniards, cruel as they were, could not match the Iroquois in the novel and ferocious ways of putting helpless people to death. They tied the captive to the stake, burned his flesh with their stone hatchets heated as hot as they could make

them, cut off his fingers, joint by joint, and tortured him in a thousand fiendish ways. The women and children thought this great sport, and joined in inflicting pain upon the victim. If he showed great bravery in enduring these tortures, and most of the Indian captives scorned to complain, when he died at last, his body was ripped open and his heart was broiled and eaten by the young men, who thought by so doing they would increase their own bravery and power to endure pain.

The blood of the dead victim, who had endured all taunts and given back to the last his defiance, was drunk by the braves, for they thought that thus the spirit of the dead man would enter into them, and then his limbs were divided up and thrown into a pot. While the horrid mess stewed, the savages danced about, singing and yelling, and when it was cooked, the whole village, men, women and children, young and old, partook of the dreadful feast. Not all of the Indians of the eastern part of America were cannibals, but most of them were, and all of them thought it a virtue to revenge insult, and to torture their captives. The Iroquois carried such terror before them that they soon held sway over a large number of tribes on the borders of the Great Lakes, and long wielded a powerful influence among them and their allies. It was this people that Champlain angered, and the French felt their revenge for many long years.

As soon as the Iroquois had been supplied by the Dutch at New Albany with firearms, they increased rapidly in power. They at first sought to persuade some of the tribes nearest to them to join their alliance, and in every case where they were refused, they set out with the intent to exterminate those who would not join them, and by the year 1690 they had subdued one Algonquin tribe after another, and their power was acknowledged as far west as the Mississippi river. They grew rich in food and military stores, from the tributes they exacted, and it was to the interest of both French and English to cultivate their friendship.

Sometimes, in this story of our country, I have spoken of the Iroquois as Six Nations, and perhaps you have wondered at that, when at other times I have mentioned them as the Five Nations. One of the tribes that were kindred to them in speech and blood, once sought new homes and hunting grounds in the southern part of the country. When the white men came, and began cutting down the timber, and driving away the game of the forests, this tribe fell into trouble with them. They were not strong enough to maintain themselves in their new homes and revenge themselves upon their enemies, so after a time they went back to the State of New York, joined the Iroquois league again, and from that time the Iroquois are spoken of as "The Six Nations."

If Champlain had made friends with them, instead of with their enemies, the Algonquins, the story of France in the New World would, no doubt, have been very different. But he knew nothing of the character of either.

Champlain crossed the ocean several times in the interest of the new colony, and had faith in its future. When he had received his commission from the King of France for taking the settlers to the New World, it was with the idea of founding a new empire for the Church as well as for the King. Champlain was lofty of soul and pure of heart, and through all of his wanderings and adventures, he never lost sight of the grand objects of Christianizing the Indians. In the raid, against the Iroquois in which he had shared, with the Algonquins and Hurons, he had seen with horror and disgust how the Indians tortured their captives to death and had even feasted hideously on their bodies afterward. He realized how degraded they were



in heathenism, but he still saw in them human souls, precious in the sight of God. Henry of Navarre now sat upon the throne of France, and Champlain told him all that he had learned of the Indians and their country, and what a noble work there was in the forests of the New World, awaiting the missionaries who would brave the dangers and hardships of life in the wilderness, to carry the cross to these heathens. Champlain was eloquent, and felt that God had led him to the New World, in order that he might be the instrument of the salvation of the Indians.

Again and again he dared the storms and dangers of the deep to plead the cause of the savages with the king, and to implore the bishops of France to send priests and teachers to them. In the years after his settlement at Quebec and Montreal, for he founded a colony there too, he made many long and romantic journeys with the Hurons and other tribes, and was always upon the alert to find the Northwest passage. Once he thought he had surely found the way to China through the broad river St. Lawrence, and was so deeply convinced of the fact that he named the river above the falls "Lachine," meaning that it was the way to China. He discovered Lake Nipissing, and explored the region above Lake Huron. In 1623 he caused a stone fort to be built at Quebec.

When Richelieu became the Prime Minister of France he made some fine plans for New France, as Canada was called, and among other new laws that he framed for the government of the colony, was one forbidding any Protestants to settle in that territory. His plans were all brought to naught for the time being by a war with England. The English and French in the New World were already jealous of one another, and the English king gave an order that Canada should be taken from France.

There were only a very few Frenchmen in Canada, and Quebec, when the English attacked it, was compelled to surrender. It was eight years after the landing of the Puritans upon the shores of New England, that the English flag floated for the first time over Quebec, and the English might then easily have kept Canada, and if they had done so, you can easily see how different the course of history in America would have been. As it was, Champlain could not bear to see his life-work, the colonization and Christianizing of Canada by the French, brought to naught, and he sailed in an English ship to London to try and persuade the French ambassador there, to make an effort to save Canada for the French.

The ambassador, it seems, did not think Canada was of sufficient value to bother over, and consequently did not worry himself in the least about it, to the great disappointment of Champlain. When peace was made between the French and English, Canada was thought of so little importance by the British government, that it gave the territory back to the French very willingly. The English flag was hauled down from the citadel of Quebec, and Champlain went back to New France as the governor.

Soon after the relinquishment of Canada by the English, six heroic Catholic priests left France to carry the cross into the wilderness of Canada. Under the shadow of the rocks of the Mount of Quebec, they built a hut for themselves and began to prepare for their new labors by learning the language of the Hurons, among whom they intended to labor. The winter of their coming was one of the most bitter that had ever been experienced since the settlement of the country. For months the rivers were frozen solidly, and blinding storms of snow and sleet raged, but nothing could daunt the hearts of those brave priests, nor cause them to falter in

their undertaking. While the snows were deepest, and the cold the most severe, one of the priests went with the Hurons upon a hunt, thinking that by living with them and sharing their dangers, he might have more influence with the savages, and cause



THE PRIEST'S MESSAGE TO AN INDIAN.

them the more readily to listen to his message of salvation. The priests could not speak the Huron language very well, and he therefore took with him as interpreter, a young Huron who had accompanied Champlain in some of his expeditions and who



understood French. This graceless rascal made a pretense of having been converted, and on this account the good priest had much faith in him.

The young Indian took advantage of the priest in every possible way. When in the course of his sermons the holy father would hesitate for the right word, as was often the case, this Huron interpreter would tell him to say something, which the priest, not comprehending at all, would think the right expression, but which always proved to be something which was so ridiculous that his hearers shouted and rolled over on the ground with laughter to hear. This would-be Indian wit drank all of the wine that the priest took with him for medicinal purposes, and made himself very drunk, and otherwise worried the poor priest until he hardly knew what to do.

The brave priest wandered about with the Indians for five months, living with them in their lodges and studying their character and their language. When he returned to Quebec, and told his brethren of the country he had visited, and the disposition of the Indians to receive the gospel, three other priests determined to take advantage of a visit of five or six hundred warriors to Quebec to dispose of their furs, and penetrate with them into the unknown region of the lakes. Once in the Huron country, these priests lived with the Indians as brothers.

They taught the children, cared for the sick and the aged, and so astonished the Indians by their acts of penance and humiliation, that they came to believe them great medicine-men. This belief had its dangers for the missionaries, for when disease invaded the lodges of the Indians, when long-continued rains caused their corn to rot in the ground, or when they were not successful in the chase, every such calamity was laid at the door of the missionaries, who were supposed to have worked some "medicine" to their injury. The Hurons regarded the cross and beads as some sort of powerful charm, and were constantly bothering the holy fathers for some similar charm that would keep away all evil spirits and would make them proof against the arrows and hatchets of their enemies, the Iroquois.

The priests had not much opportunity to preach to the savages, for they found them impatient of their sermons, and very unwilling to listen to a doctrine which was so different from what they regarded as manly. The idea that revenge was not to be taken, that good was to be returned for evil, and that men were to be gentle and kindly, seemed to them to be cowardly. The priests nevertheless made a deep impression upon the Hurons, for they lived the faith they taught, and won their love.

There is little doubt that these early Jesuit priests were what we would regard as ignorant and superstitious men, who believed in all sorts of impossible miracles, and had nearly as profound a faith in the powers of the spirits of evil as did the Indians themselves. Yet in spite of this, the Jesuits had a real and lively enthusiasm that never faltered in the face of the most dreadful suffering and dangers for the cause they loved. They considered that the death of a Christian martyr was the highest honor for which they could hope, and that living or dying, they belonged body and soul to Christ. For five painful years the three Jesuit priests from Quebec labored among the Hurons, teaching them many useful things in the building of their forts as well as in their peaceful occupations, and then a dreadful thing happened.

You will remember that Champlain aided the Hurons in their war against the Iroquois, at a time when he knew little of the character of that fierce people. The Iroquois had not forgotten that the French had been their enemies, and as for the Hurons they had determined to wipe them from the face of the earth that they might

possess their hunting grounds. The Iroquois had learned by this time how to use firearms, for they had traded with the Dutch of New Albany for guns and powder, and they determined to make war upon the Hurons.

They had visited Quebec sometime before, together with the envoys of all the northern tribes, of Huron and Algonquins, their deadly enemies, and bound themselves to live in peace with them. This peace did, in fact, continue for nine years after the treaty, and the French governor himself was responsible for the outbreak of their wrath. Nearly two thousand of the Hurons had been converted by the missionaries, and many of the Algonquins had also been baptized. There were a few Iroquois who listened to the words of the Jesuits and were convinced of the truth of the gospel, and these were persuaded by the French to cross over and make their dwelling within French territory.

The Five Nations of the Iroquois did not look with much favor upon these desertions, and the governor of Canada thought that it would be prudent to make a perpetual alliance with the New England colonies, so that there should be no more bloody wars with the Iroquois. This was in the year 1648, and the New England colonies were growing rapidly, and had several times come into conflict with the Five Nations, but were then at peace with them.

The English settlers in the southern colonies did not care to make an alliance with the French, whom they hated because of their religion, and on account of national differences which were not yet forgotten. They did not care either to anger the Iroquois, and therefore refused. The Iroquois considered the action of the French in attempting to make an alliance with the New England colonies as a treachery against them, and, as was their custom, determined upon immediate revenge. Before the people of Canada had any idea that they were upon the war-path, they fell upon the villages of the Christian Hurons and massacred every human being they found whom they did not reserve for torture.

In one of the Huron towns, the Iroquois found the three French priests, and to show their contempt for their nation and their religion, determined to torture them too. They stripped the robes from their bodies and tied them naked to stakes set in the ground for the purpose. They poured boiling water upon their heads, piled burning faggots about their feet, cut strips from their living bodies which they roasted upon sticks and ate, and hung collars of red-hot iron about their necks. The heroic priests prayed for their enemies as long as life was left in their bodies, and exhorted their Huron friends who were also in captivity and compelled to witness their agony, to be of good courage for that though the road to death was terrible when it led through such tortures, heaven would be all the sweeter.

These three priests might have escaped the Iroquois had they abandoned their friends, the Hurons, when the attack was made upon the town, but they would not. They staid to comfort the poor creatures who were dying of their wounds, and to give the absolution of the church to all who wished to receive it, so they were truly martyrs to their faith. I have told you of their fate, in order that you may have some idea of the devotion of the Jesuits in Canada, for many other missionaries died there in the same manner, and yet undismayed by their fate, others continued to come, and the story of their self-sacrifice is a noble chapter in the early history of British America. In spite, however, of all their sufferings, they made but little lasting impression upon the red men of the north, for their influence perished with them.

The Hurons were reduced to a mere handful by the Iroquois, and many of them



took refuge among the Eries, the Ottawa and other tribes to the far west, while a few established themselves upon an island in Lake Ontario, where they thought that they would be safe from their foes. After a time food became scarce upon the island, and the Hurons were obliged to have places upon the mainland where their hunters who went away secretly into the woods, could leave their game. The Iroquois always found these places and murdered those who had charge of the food, and seeing that they would be starved to death in their hiding-place, the Hurons pleaded with the Jesuit fathers to take them to Quebec where the French could protect them. There were only three hundred of the tribe left, and these sadly made their way through the land where they had so long hunted, and where their villages had been dotted thickly upon the shores of the rivers. They found everywhere dreadful ruin, and when they finally reached Quebec there was but a cold welcome for them.

At last, however, shelter was provided for them, but they were soon nearly all destroyed. Small-pox swept them off by the thousands, and the brandy which the French, in spite of the pleadings of the priests, would sell to them, took off many more. The Huron hunters would barter all their furs for the strong liquors, and would drink and fight among themselves. The necessary articles for their use and food were not to be procured without furs, and their women and children starved in their lodges, while those who did not fall in brawls died of diseases brought about by their practices of the vices that the whites had taught them. Some of the Hurons who had placed themselves under the protection of the French, secretly sent to the Iroquois, who had also destroyed the Erie Nation, and proposed to become members of the tribe.

They afterwards repented of their folly, but the Iroquois would not spare the Hurons, for they had agreed to the proposal, and when they did not come, the Iroquois went after them and would take them from the fields about Quebec, where they were almost under the fire of the guns of the fort. Those who were not killed were carried away into captivity, and this accomplished, the Iroquois turned their attention to the French, purposing to wipe them out as they had the Hurons. Everywhere they fell upon unprotected settlements and murdered the helpless farmers until the French held only three important places in all of Canada, Montreal, Quebec and one other. Against these places the Iroquois made many attacks, and had they known how to lay siege to cities, they might have made their threats to kill every Frenchman in the land, good. As it was, the distress of the French settlers was very great, and several governors in succession were unable to pilot the colony safely through their difficulties.

All this time the French in Canada had been under the rule of the Association of Merchants, that was formed for the purpose of trading with the Indians, but in 1663 Louis XIV. took the charter away from the company and sent out governors himself to preside over the Canadians. This was an improvement, for they now had the arms of French soldiers upon which they might depend for their protection. Soon afterward an energetic governor struck terror to the hearts of the Mohawks by invading their country, and burning many of their villages. He built forts at various strong places on the river, and sent a fearless woodsman named Nicholas Perrot to the tribes about the lakes, who were persuaded to place themselves under the rule of the French.

The Iroquois were at peace with the French for many years under this governor, and his successor, Count Frontenac, one of the greatest of the governors of New

France. It was just about the time that Frontenac came over to Canada, that Father Marquette, a priest, and Joliet, a man interested in geography, went in search of the great river of which they heard so much from the Indians. It is said that Marquette assembled the Indians and succeeded in securing their approval of his explorations, and that the Frenchmen gained great influence over those tribes about the Great Lakes through their affection for Marquette.

I have told you elsewhere how the French floated down the Mississippi, and how La Salle attempted to land near the mouth of the river afterwards with a colony sent from France, whither he had gone and carried the description of the mighty stream he had explored. It seems that he had not made correct observations of latitude, and that his colony was planted somewhere on the Gulf Coast, far to the west of the river. He himself was murdered by one of his jealous companions, and the fate of the colony was a sad one. Out of the two hundred and ninety men who landed with him, but seven succeeded after much hardship in returning to Canada, where they told how some of their companions had been killed by the Indians, others had died of starvation, and others had been taken by the Spaniards and carried off into slavery in the mines of Mexico. Though the settlement was a failure, the discoveries and explorations of the French gave them a claim on the Mississippi Valley, and the vast stretch of territory lying between the colonies of England on the east, and the possessions of Spain on the west. This territory stretched from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Frontenac had gained the hatred of many of the high French officials in Canada, and after a time Louis appointed another Governor in his stead. Frontenac had a wonderful power over the savages, and they both loved and feared him, but the new governor had not the tact to deal with them, and war was soon kindled again with the Iroquois. The governor was recalled and another appointed, but he did no better. Indeed he did much to exasperate the Indians, and upon one occasion when he had invited some of the great chiefs to a feast, he made them all prisoners and sent them in chains to France.

The Indians made some of their dreadful raids upon the French settlements, and killed so many of the people and destroyed so much property that the offending governor was made to accept their terms for peace, and these were so humiliating that the king at once recalled him, and sent Frontenac out again to Canada as its governor. Frontenac was now an old man, but he was so tactful and had so much sympathy with Indian character, that he knew just how to deal with the angry Iroquois. He brought back with him the chiefs who had been made captive by the former governor, and upon the voyage across the ocean so endeared himself to some of them that they were his faithful friends for life.

One of these Indian chiefs especially loved Frontenac tenderly, and was a useful friend to him. Although Frontenac was an able governor, he was as cruel as the Indians themselves, and it is said that he even witnessed calmly the dreadful tortures to which his Indian allies subjected their captives, and never interfered in the interests of mercy. He was soon convinced that he must fight the Iroquois in their own country. This was about the time when James II. was a fugitive in France, and the French were making war upon the English on his account. Frontenac determined to make a raid into New York, capture Albany if possible, and then strike terror to the Iroquois, who were disposed to favor the English cause.

He commenced this raid in the midst of winter, and knowing that his force was



too small for the attack of Albany, he concluded to surprise the village of Schenectady instead. It was in the dead of a bitter cold winter night when the dreaded Indian war-whoop was heard in the little town, which consisted then of eighty well-built houses, and the sleeping inhabitants were awakened to die by the hands of the French and their Indian allies, or to be carried away into painful captivity. Nearly seventy persons were killed in cold blood, and the French then began their retreat to Canada, followed almost to the very defenses of Montreal by the Iroquois and the English.

You may be sure that the English were bound to have revenge for this dreadful deed, and to this end they sailed into the St. Lawrence and advanced toward Québec. They were attacked from the fort by the guns, their fleet was compelled to retire, and afterward a part of it was destroyed by a storm. I have not the space to tell you more of the trials of the early French settlers of Canada with the English and the Indians, and will pass on to the time when they were engaged in the struggle which lost them their territory in the north, and which resulted for us in the Revolutionary War.

It was fifty years after the discoveries and explorations of Joliet, Marquette and La Salle that the French first made any movement to secure the territory to which those discoveries gave them a claim, and then alarmed by the increasing power of the English upon the coast, they began to establish a chain of trading-posts and forts throughout the Mississippi Valley, and to make an effort to secure the friendship of the Indians dwelling in the interior.

The French colonies had not increased in numbers and power so rapidly as had the English colonies upon the coast, and though a century had passed away since they had first been founded in Canada, Quebec, Montreal and the other important places were very weak when compared with New York, Boston and the other towns of the Atlantic Coast. The fur-trade had long been the principal dependence of French commerce, and agriculture was not generally practiced. There were, of course, farmers in Canada, but as their condition as regards taxation, both by the Church and State, was little better than that of the peasants of France, there was little inducement held out to the farmers of France to emigrate to the New World.

In the English colonies, and especially in those that had increased the most in population and wealth, the distinctions of rank that prevailed in the Old World were unknown, and this in itself was an inducement for liberty-loving and energetic people to escape the hampering influences of the Old World and find for themselves homes in America where every man was as good as his neighbor, and none were ground down under the heel of social as well as political despotism. The peasants of New France were obliged to submit to the hard rule of the feudal lords in the New World as in the Old, for feudalism had been transplanted along with some other institutions of France, and though it did not flourish in Canada with anything like the vigor that it did in France, it was one of the many causes that hindered the growth and development of the country.

The French claimed all of the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, but in spite of these claims, the governors of the British colonies gave their traders permission to traffic with the Indians in the Ohio Valley for their furs. This trade the French tried to stop, and when they found that they could not do so, some of the British merchants were arrested and sent to Montreal for trial. There had been

commissioners appointed to settle the dispute between England and France concerning the boundaries of their respective possessions in America at this time, and the English were angry because the French took matters upon themselves in this high-handed manner.

The French governor of Canada was convinced that the commissioners could not come to any peaceful agreement that would be to the advantage of France, and he told the king and council that the best thing they could do would be to send troops and munitions of war across the ocean with all speed before the English had any idea that they were making preparations for war. He at once began to put the forts along the southern boundary of Canada in good repair, and to try and win the Iroquois over to the side of the French. Nearly all of the Indians of the Ohio Valley preferred the French to the English, though some of the tribes did unite with the British.

Before the person who was governor of Canada at the time could make much headway in his preparations for war, he died, and the Marquis Du Quesne was sent out by Louis XV. to govern Canada. This man had some decided notions about the boundaries, that could not be altered by the findings of the commission, if indeed he knew what was being discussed. As soon as he arrived in Canada, he began to drill the militia, and to make every preparation to maintain the claims of France. The Ohio Company, with the sanction of the Assembly of Virginia, was engaged in forming settlements beyond the mountains, and troops and Indians sent out by the commander at Detroit to drive them out of the country, came to blows with them and the Indian tribe who sheltered them. This was the direct cause of the decision of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, to send a polite remonstrance to the French. I have told you how George Washington carried this message, and some of the dangers and difficulties through which he passed. Du Quesne heard that the Ohio Company was building a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, and started a force of French and Indians to prevent it.

There was an Englishman at this time in the State of New York who had a great influence over the Iroquois, for he had not only lived long among them and gained their confidence by his fair dealing in his trades with them, but he had married an Indian woman. The Iroquois of this portion of the country naturally sided with the British, and met the French and Indians at Erie with a belt of wampum, as was their custom, when they had a message to deliver, and asked the French to turn back. The commander of the expedition did not stand upon any ceremony with the messenger.

It was the rule when a belt of wampum was given on such occasions to hold a long parley, make presents to the messengers who presented it, and to reply in stately and dignified manner some hours after the receipt of the token. The Indians were particular about what they considered politeness upon such occasions, and they were, therefore, astonished and angered when the commander threw back their belt with an expression of contempt, and told them that he would not turn back, that the land was his, and that he meant to take it, and if they did not like it they could fight, or words to that effect. This was just before Washington went to Detroit with the message from Dinwiddie.

The French, after Washington returned to Virginia, drove the workmen from the fort which they were building, finished it themselves, and called it Fort DuQuesne. In the meantime Virginia had armed men and sent them into the wilderness to main-



tain her rights in the Ohio Valley. They were under the command of Washington, and in June, 1754, the French attacked them in a hastily constructed defense. Washington is said to have fired the first shot on the side of the British, and thus began the struggle which resulted in the loss of Canada to France, and the gain of half a Continent to freedom, for as I have often told you, the struggle with France and England on account of the boundary of their remote colonial possessions, brought about indirectly the independence of the colonies. I do not think you would be interested in reading about the various battles of this war. I have already told you of Braddock's defeat, and how the war went with the British until Pitt was placed in power as premier of England. The French gained so many successes that the British began to fear that they were to be disgraced. France was then ruled by the wicked and selfish Louis XV., and to be beaten by such a monarch was disgrace indeed.

In the early days of the French colonization in the New World, they had settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which they called Acadia, they thought it such a pleasant land. There, in the course of time, grew up a peaceful population of peasants, poor but thrifty, and intensely religious. When Louisburg was taken by the English in 1710, these French peasants came under English rule, but they were allowed to remain much as they had been before, and their education and religion was in the charge of the French priests. Notwithstanding the fact that the English Government had treated them well, these Acadian peasants hated their new masters, and clung with all the love of narrow-minded, loyal, ignorant persons, to the old forms under which they had been ruled so long. They would not, or could not, believe any good of the English, and looked upon their attempts to take Canada with the utmost anger.

The Acadians had been for forty-five years under English rule and the generation that had grown up in that time felt no more kindly toward them than did their fathers. The English nation was Protestant, while the French, and especially the French of the New World, were intensely Catholic. There was no sympathy of race, religion or government to be hoped for by the English among the Acadian peasantry, but they did expect that they would be loyal to England and give no aid or comfort to the enemy. In this they were mistaken.

In every difficulty that England had with France during the time between Queen Anne's war and the war of the French and Indians, the Acadians were always found in sympathy with the French. They had been warned again and again, but they persisted in favoring their countrymen, and that was natural enough. It was now found that the whole Acadian population was secretly eager for the success of the French, and would do all that was possible to insure their victory over England. There was the Port of Halifax, in Acadia, that was necessary for the English, in their operations by water against Canada, and they feared that by some treachery of the Acadians, this place would fall into the hands of the French. They had no proof that such a treachery was intended, but they did not wait for proof. They determined to scatter the Acadians among the New England colonies, to tear them from their homes, and force them to become wanderers among strangers.

This was a bitter blow to the simple Acadian peasantry, who loved their homes dearly, and who dreaded the English with their strange language and the religion so different from their own. They pleaded with the English, however, in vain. They were compelled to leave their homes, and in many cases the English were obliged to

tear them away by main force. Old men, feeble with age and disease, old women, who had borne all the burdens and dangers of a long life in the wilderness, youths, maidens and little children, were put on board vessels with the few household goods that they could carry with them, and started away from the land they loved so well. They did not know where they were to be taken, or what they should do in the strange land, but the English did not care what became of them. They landed them in New England and the Atlantic colonies, and left them to shift for themselves as best they could. They burned their houses and barns, drove away their stock, and took possession of the land for English settlers.

It is this exile of the Acadians that is made the subject of a beautiful poem by our poet Longfellow, and their sorrows are there described most touchingly. Some of the exiled Acadians succeeded in making their way to Louisiana, where their descendants live to this day; and others, after many hardships and long wanderings, found their way back to Acadia. Others were scattered in various places, but Nova Scotia and New Brunswick lost their French character from that time forth, and became English in population and sentiment. This exile of the Acadians happened the same year that saw Braddock's defeat, and though considered necessary at the time, was accomplished with such needless cruelty, that there was a loud outcry made against it both in Europe and this country.

In the year 1757, two gallant Frenchmen were in command of the forces of Canada. One of these was a field marshal by the name of Montcalm, and the other was the Chevalier de Levi. Montcalm attacked a strong fort of the British on Lake George, which was called Fort William Henry, and after some severe fighting the place was obliged to surrender to the French. Montcalm promised the British that their lives should be safe, and they should depart with all the honors of war, escorted by the French to a place of safety. Montcalm was a brave man himself, and the gallantry with which the British Colonel Munro had defended the fort, commanded his admiration. Attacked by an overwhelming force, Munro held out until half of his guns were useless, his ammunition exhausted, and his men dispirited, hoping for aid. It is said that the Indians under the command of Montcalm, were thirsty for blood and scalps, but that they might have been restrained had they not come upon a large store of brandy in the captured fort. They at once set to drinking, and then were utterly uncontrollable. They fell upon the defenseless English as they marched out of their entrenchments, and massacred them without mercy. Many of the French officers were wounded in trying to protect the English from the furious Indians, and Montcalm pleaded with them to kill him and spare the lives of the poor men to whom he had promised protection. Perhaps you have read Fennimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and remember how that gifted writer describes that dreadful scene. The march to Fort Edward, where the British were to be escorted by the French became a flight, and the terror of the poor soldiers who had given up their arms and were half-inclined to believe that the French had secretly instigated the Indians to the dreadful massacre, may well be imagined.

In the year 1758 the strong fort of Louisburg, in Canada, was taken by the English, though it was so well fortified that the undertaking had been thought a doubtful one. The tide turned in favor of England almost with the beginning of the ministry of Pitt, and so well did he plan the campaigns and such able officers did he appoint for their execution, that in two years Canada was lost to the French. The Canadians had no help from France, and they were unable to muster a sufficient



number of men to defend their country. Every man who could bear arms was in the field, and there were so few left at home to take care of the crops that there was almost a famine in the whole country.

One of the most interesting and decisive battles of the war was that which resulted in the capture of Quebec by the British. Wolfe, who was a young man, only thirty-one years old, was one of the best generals of England, and had at twenty-one been highly honored for his bravery and skill. He was a man of refined and beautiful nature, beloved by all who knew him, and eager to win glory for his country. He arrived before Quebec in the month of June, and found that Montcalm, who was his equal in bravery and nobility of spirit, and who was a most experienced general had fortified the place with every device that could be thought of.

The British landed on the Isle of Orleans, and for some time they could not discover how they could attack the city with any hope of success. Above old Quebec, on that height that had given to Cartier and his men the first view over the beautiful surrounding country had grown up, what was known as the Upper Town. On the side of the Upper Town, which was toward the river, the cliff was almost straight up and down, and the plateau upon which the main part of the city was built could not be easily approached from that side. For nine miles or more every landing-place was intrenched and guarded, and the water-front was so obstructed as to make it useless for the British to hope to get through with any of their boats, and even if they did, there were so many batteries and entrenchments up and down the river that it would only have been to have them destroyed. There was no hope either of getting artillery up the cliff, and it was months before the British were able to gain



THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.





had done what he could for his country, and seemed to know that the effort to hold Quebec was fruitless from the start, though he did everything that a brave man and a skillful general could do for that purpose. So well was his bravery understood that to-day a tall memorial shaft commemorates both him and Wolfe, and what each did for his country that day on the Plains of Abraham, will never be forgotten. To the victor does not always belong all the glory, for there is often as much valor in defeat as in conquest, and the story of patriotism would not be complete without the tale of those sometimes called rebels. The brave upon a stricken field, whether victor or vanquished, deserve laurels, and patriotism, whether successful or defeated, should have its due of praise.

There was still a French army, though Quebec had fallen. It was reduced by famine, death and desertion to about twelve thousand men. There was hope of aid from France, and De Levi determined to attempt to retake Quebec. There was hope, too, for the British, of aid from England, from whence a fleet had sailed with supplies and re-enforcements for the British army, and this fleet came up the river just at the time when the French army were about to attack the British in Quebec with every prospect of success. At first the French commander thought that the fleet was the one he had so long expected, and great was his disappointment when the Union Jack was run up, and he saw it was the fleet of the enemy. There were only about three thousand men in the British army in Quebec, and you may be sure they were glad to see the flag. They had come to blows with De Levi some days before, and been badly beaten and driven behind their entrenchments, while the French had begun to prepare for the total conquest of the city. They were obliged to give up the idea altogether, upon the arrival of the British fleet, and to retreat in haste. A little later all of Canada was given up to the British, and the war was at an end.

American money had done much to raise war between France and England, and American money had puzzled many of the rulers of warring France. England had gained rich territory, and yet was unwilling to pay for what she had gained. The Americans would, perhaps, not have objected to paying a reasonable tax, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the war, if the English king had been willing that they should be represented in the parliament, but that was not permitted, and they refused to allow the king to decide that they should pay him what he thought proper, and you know already how the American north-eastern people were taxed brought about the Revolutionary war. There was one cause of the war of which I have not told you, and that was what is known in history as "The Quebec Act."

You will remember that the English went to war with France about the current boundaries of the French provinces in America, and the peace which followed that war set the boundaries of Canada much as they are today, but King George thought it likely that the people of Canada would set out more tanning to his other colonies, those of the Eastern Colonies, upon the Atlantic Coast, and make in his mind to set a bound to the spread of the Eastern Colonies with their ideas of liberty. He therefore caused an act to be passed by his parliament, which declared the Eastern boundary of Canada to be the Huron Mountains, the Western the Mississippi, and included in the new domain all of ancient Canada besides. In this whole vast territory the people were to be subject to the French laws in regard to property, which were exceedingly unjust, and the English House of Commons, for which France had long considered their birthright, was denied them in this territory.

The king would not allow the people in the territory indicated as included in Canada to have even the slightest shadow of free government, but appointed their counsellors himself, taxed them to suit himself, and not one of their laws could operate without his signature, and as they had long been ground down by tyranny, and at the time they knew nothing of liberty, the French in the New World were glad enough to accept the decision of the king, and even thought that he was remarkably liberal with them. There were, however, in the Ohio Valley region, many settlers of British blood, who had emigrated from the Colonies, and especially from Virginia. They were bitter against the king for this unrighteous decree, and all the Colonies upon the Atlantic Coast were determined to oppose it with all their might.

They had fought against the French with the utmost bravery, and yet should the act be allowed to stand, they had gained nothing by the war, and were even threatened by the growth of a hostile community in their neighborhood. Pitt told the king and parliament that the American people would never consent to the boundaries they had adopted, and he was right. The British settlers in Canada were very much alarmed when they heard what the king had done, for their rights under the English laws were dear to them, and besides the Quebec Act gave large privileges to Catholics in the matter of taxation, and most of the English in Canada were Protestants. Canada was ruled for seventeen years under the provisions of the Quebec Act, but we have already learned how the Americans compelled the English king to bound Canada on the south by the Great Lakes, and give back Maine to New England.

In telling you of the expedition which Benedict Arnold led through the wilderness of Maine, I remarked that when he arrived before Quebec, the governor had learned of the approach of the enemy, and he was obliged to wait there for the coming of Montgomery, for he could not assault Quebec, and the Canadians would not come out from behind their defenses and fight in the open field. It was in the month of December that Montgomery laid siege to the place, having first sent a flag to General Sir Guy Carleton, asking him to give up Quebec. The governor caused the flag to be fired upon, and the Americans determined to fight. Montgomery made a speech to his men on the 30th day of the month, in which he said he was going to storm Quebec. A deserter carried the news to the Canadian governor shut up in the city, and he made his plans accordingly. The Americans, in two separate bodies, made the attack on Quebec on the last night of the year, 1776, but the Canadian soldiers of the city were lying in wait for them. There was a heavy snow storm raging, and in the night and the storm Montgomery fell mortally wounded, and his disheartened comrades retreated and were soon driven from Canada.

The people of Canada could not be induced to join the colonists farther south in the struggle for liberty, and remained quiet during the Revolutionary War. The fact is, that the French governors of Canada had from the very first plundered the people to that extent that the rule of the English was just and merciful by comparison. The people of Canada had also been engaged in war against those very colonists who were fighting England, and could not be expected to have much sympathy with them.

After the Revolutionary War was over, there was a great increase of emigration of English people to Canada. There was also a large emigration to the Canadian provinces from the United States, for there were many persons who had taken the part of the king, and had borne arms against the colonies, and were regarded in the United States as traitors. The English government paid these people for what they



lost in the United States, because they had borne arms for the king, by giving them lands in Canada. Those who emigrated from England were attracted by the idea of getting land for the taking. The English government was somewhat afraid that these English settlers would imbibe ideas of liberty from the people of the United States, if allowed to live too near them, and had faith that the French would remain submissive.

It therefore took every means to prevent the mixing of the English with the French, and to do this the English were given homes on the Upper St. Lawrence, and on the shores of Lake Ontario, and there were different laws and institutions granted them. The French Canadians were ruled much as they had been while they were under the rule of the King of France, and the rivalry between the English and French Canadians was not always a pleasant one. It was a source of great evil to the country, and until the war of the French Revolution was over, Canada was ruled in this manner, then the Canadians were given a Constitution.



RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

This Constitution was by no means perfect, and there was much dissatisfaction regarding it. The English thought it too favorable to the French Canadians, and the French Canadians thought the English were given too many rights, and so they quarreled and wrangled for many years.

Canada held several of the forts which by the treaty that closed the war of the Revolution were to be given up to the United States, and this was one of the causes that led to the second war with England, though the prime cause was the conduct of the British in regard to American sailors, as I have already told you. These forts were well filled with trained soldiers when war was declared with England for the second time, and they were under able generals. They were victorious at first wherever they met the Americans, but the fact that they allied the fiercest of the Indian tribes against their foes, and that they allowed great cruelties to be perpetrated by them, weaned from the British many of the people in the Ohio Valley, who at the

beginning were anxious that they should succeed. I have related to you the principal events of this second war, and will not repeat them. When it was over Canada was compelled to give up all the forts she held on the southern shores of the lakes, and the boundary was established as it is to-day

In the year 1820 a Scotchman by the name of MacKenzie, came over to Canada, and as he was a man of great natural power and eloquence, he soon became a leader in Canadian affairs. The Constitution was not the best that the people could have, and the management of the affairs of Canada were usually in favor of England, and not for the interests of the Canadians. MacKenzie headed a rebellion against the system of government which compelled the parliament to redress some of the wrongs of the Canadian people, though it still insisted in denying many of their rights.

For instance, years ago, no foreign ships were allowed in Canadian waters to trade with the people, and if the Canadians wished to sell their furs, lumber, grain or other products, they were obliged to send them to England and take what they could get there for them, and were not allowed to buy anything in any of the markets of the world except those of England. This was a hardship, for they sent out their wool, which they might easily have spun and woven at home, and received in return poor and cheap woolen goods, and so with everything else they exported, for they were forbidden by law to manufacture anything that could be manufactured in England, and were thus in exactly the same position as the American colonists before the Revolution.

In the year 1854 Canada awoke to the idea that the policy of the government of keeping the people divided and hostile to one another in Canada, while it was a good thing for England was a very bad thing, indeed, for Canada, and that it might be a good thing to form a confederation. In spite of all the care of England to keep her British subjects in Canada away from their independent neighbors south of the border, there had been some mixing, and the Canadians had learned several things to their advantage. By this time they had been allowed to trade with other countries, for the parliament was brought to realize that they might rebel if kept too strictly under the thumb of the home government, and by trading with the United States the Canadians learned the secrets of the strength of that country was in the union of the interests of the people.

In 1864, while some of the States of our own country were making a brave effort to free themselves from the union that is the source of our strength, the people of Canada were making an equally brave, though bloodless effort, to join in some such union. There were many difficulties to be overcome, many prejudices of long-standing to be wiped out, but at last it was done, and in the year 1866 all of the provinces of Canada, except Newfoundland, became a part of this confederation, or Dominion, as it is called.

The Hudson Bay Company, which had settled the Great Northwest territory of Canada, had been in the possession of that portion of the country for nearly sixty years, at the time the Dominion of Canada was formed. This Northwest territory has a climate so cold and forests so thick, such trackless marshes, and dreary wastes within its borders, that farmers did not care to live in such an unfriendly region, and there were few white settlers in the whole vast Northwest. There were trading-posts scattered about here and there, for the Company had established trading relations with the Indians, and had treated them so fairly that they won their confidence.



The Northwest was in about the same condition of civilization in 1866 that it was in the early days of the French occupation of Canada. There were a few French traders who had married Indian wives and settled among the various tribes, teaching them the tenets of the Catholic faith. These Frenchmen were, as a rule, in the employment of the Company, and did much to keep up the friendly relations with the Indians. Three years after the formation of the Dominion, this Northwest territory was purchased by Canada from the Company. The French people who had settled upon the land declared that the Company had no right to sell the territory, that it was not theirs, but had been granted to them for trading purposes.

They claimed that from the earliest settlement of the country the French had been the owners of the Northwest territory, and to the French settlers it still belonged. These settlers no doubt believed that they were right, and there are many people who agree with them, but that made no difference in the result. When a few of them under the leadership of a brave Frenchman by the name of Louis Reil, took up arms to defend their possessions, they were defeated, and Reil was captured and executed.

Since the formation of the Dominion, Canada has increased wonderfully in population and wealth. Many railroads have been built, and these have given a new impulse to the development of the country. The Northwest territory has been found to have land capable of producing large crops of fine wheat, and a tide of emigration is flowing steadily into the fertile valleys of the Red river of the North, and to the prairies of Manitoba.

To all intents and purposes, the people of Canada are independent of the Crown of Great Britain, and those who have watched the progress of the colonies of Great Britain do not doubt that in time they will be actually independent, a republic, perhaps, like our own. It seems that since the first foreign colony of Great Britain was founded, the whole policy of the government has been such as is calculated to make those colonies strive for independence when they grow strong enough to do so.

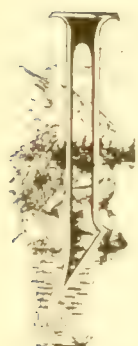
I am afraid that Great Britain has steadily lagged behind the progress of the world in dealing with her colonies, but that may be one of the designs of providence. Certainly it does not seem that in America, a nation that has had the courage to conquer the wilderness and its foes, to wrestle with savage men and unfriendly elements, will forever be subject to any power but the will of the people. There are those who declare that all the English-speaking people in North America are destined to become one great nation, a union in interest leading naturally to a union in government. The resources of Canada are those of a Continent, and whenever the people determine to free themselves from England, there is no doubt that they will accomplish it, and repeat in their own history the remarkable progress of the United States.

It is flattering to the people of Canada, that though in the past there have been battles fought between England and America upon Canadian soil, and there have been invasions of the United States from Canada, the people of our country, even in the heat of their greatest anger and bitterness toward England, have had only the most kindly feeling for the people of Canada. The colonies along the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, when they had been for a hundred years under the rule of the kings of England, would have indignantly scorned the idea that they would ever try to

separate themselves from the mother-country, and even after the war of the Revolution had actually begun, some of the most patriotic and wise men of our country still favored the union with England.

Canada has been only a little more than a century under British rule, and yet the separation from the mother-country has gone gradually forward, and when the time is ripe let us hope that the time-worn tie will break peaceably, and that Canada, the Republic of the North, may be enthroned in the Valley of the St. Lawrence with no tears in her eyes for the slaughter of brave sons, and no deeds of violence and war to regret.

## →SPANISH AMERICA.←



HAVE told you of some of the adventures of the Spaniards upon the Isthmus of Darien, and how Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean in the year 1513. There had been attempts made by the Spanish priests to found settlements upon the south-western coast of South America, but they had not succeeded, for no sooner did they begin to have a good influence over the natives, than some ship filled with rascally Spaniards would land in the neighborhood, and capturing every Indian they could find, would then set sail for some of the West Indies Islands, where the unhappy captives would be sold into a dreadful slavery.

The Indians who were the friends and relatives of the captives, usually put the Spanish priests to death, and their monasteries would be burned. I must tell you that the slavery which even Columbus encouraged, grew into a dreadful evil. The Spaniards of those days were cruel and bloodthirsty men, and Columbus himself carried bloodhounds to Hispaniola to be used in running down Indians who were sought for slaves, and caused them to be chased by these dreadful animals. Some of these bloodhounds were trained for war, and were allowed a share of the gold and booty as though they had been fighting-men, and their masters were thought especially fortunate in possessing them. I would not, if I could, tell you all of the horrible sufferings of the poor Indians of the West Indies under the hard rule of the Spaniards. They were burned at the stake or thrown to the bloodhounds if they refused to work in the mines for their inhuman masters, and if they consented to work, were so over-burdened and under-fed, that they soon died, many of them committing suicide to escape their miseries.

The Pope had early declared that not only were the lands in the Western World the property of the King of Spain, but the people, too, were his, (to do as he would with, and to grant to whom he would.) Ferdinand, therefore, gave the Indians to the men whom he thought would wring the most work from them, for the king had a share of all the gold which was dug from the mines, and cared little how many human lives were sacrificed if his strong boxes were kept well-filled. He pretended to be greatly horrified when some of the good priests who had witnessed the cruelties of the Spaniards to their Indian slaves went back to Spain and related to him the dreadful things they had seen, but though he made some laws for the protection of the slaves, they were not put in force, and none of the cruel Spaniards were punished for their abuse of the Indians.

There was a pretense on the part of the Spanish slave-traders, just as there was on the part of some other slave-traders of whom I have told you, that they



were capturing the savages and selling them into bondage, where they might receive Christian teaching. Isabella saw how cruel and false this was, and when slaves were brought to Spain in the days of Columbus, she indignantly ordered them to be returned to their own country, saying that they were free men, and no other means should be used for their conversion than gentle and tender teaching of the doctrines of religion. Almost with her last breath the good queen besought her husband to deal gently with the Indians, but he did not heed her advice; he was as fond of gold as the neediest Spanish adventurer that ever sailed the sea, and as cruel at heart as the most cruel of them all.

In less than twenty-five years after the discovery of the Island of Cuba by Columbus, there were less than five hundred Indians there, though at the time the first Europeans set foot on the island there were twelve hundred thousand natives, living peaceful, happy lives in the groves and fields. Many of them had been killed, others had died under the hardships of their lives of slavery, and

others had fled to other islands, but not to freedom, for they were found by the Spaniards and treated as their brothers were treated in Cuba.

What wonder that the Indians grew to hate the white men, and to look upon them as monsters in human shape. It is said that the Spaniards often killed the Indians whom they had taken prisoner in wanton wickedness, thrusting their swords through their bodies and watching their death agonies with the same cruel pleasure that some depraved people watch the tortures of dumb animals which they are killing by slow degrees for "sport." I have told you in the course of this story of many horrid crimes, but in all the history of the world there is no crime so deep and shameless as the treatment by the Spaniards of the Indians in the New World.

When the man who was governor of the Island of Cuba in the year 1519, heard that Vasco Nunez de Balboa had actually found the golden land on the borders of the Western ocean, he determined to send an expedition out for the conquest of the country and the bringing in of as much of its treasure as possible. He chose for the purpose, a daring young man by the name of Hernando Cortes. He knew that he was the right person to command an expedition for the purposes of plunder, for he was as brave as a lion, with a will that nothing could daunt, and with a soul utterly closed to the promptings of justice and mercy.

Those were the qualities most esteemed in the Spanish adventurers of that day, and the governor of Cuba thought that he had made a fortunate choice of a captain. He therefore gave him eleven small ships, seven hundred soldiers with their arms, ammunition and supplies for the campaign, and several cannon. He also sent along sixteen horses, for the Indians had always been found to have the greatest terror for those strange beasts, and the horses were trained to trample their naked bodies under foot. Of course, there were a number of priests, too, who went along to chant hymns and "preach the gospel to the Indians," for the Spaniards in those days looked upon their religion as a sort of charm that would give them good luck if they took it with



HERNANDO CORTES.



PUEBLO VASE.

them, and might work them evil if it was left at home. I have no doubt that many of the priests were truly gentle, God-fearing men, but they had little influence upon the rude and cruel adventurers in the New World.

The Indians of the mainland by this time were well acquainted with the disposition of the Spaniards. There were colonies at Darien and other places which had sent out expeditions from time to time in search of gold. These expeditions had come in contact with the Indians, and had taught them how little they were to trust the Spaniards; rumors of these white men may have been carried to the Indians farther south, and made them determined to resist the invaders. I will tell you something of the Indians of Central and South America, in order that you may have an idea of the kind of people that Cortes found there, and may judge whether he did right or wrong in "conquering" them.

You know that the Indians upon the entire Western Continent, from the northern part of North America to the most southern point of South America were all of one red race, and all had some characteristics in common,

but the various tribes differed from one another in the advance they had made in civilization. The Indians on those islands first discovered by the Spaniards lived in well-built houses, usually in small villages, and passed their time in idleness or in the sports suitable to the climate and their surroundings. Nature had placed ready to their hands nearly all the means of their living, and they did not have to exert themselves even to gain their food, and they needed little clothing.

Having thus no difficulties to overcome, the natives of the West Indies were undeveloped both in mind and body, could endure no hardship nor work, and made little progress in civilization. They were not obliged to fight for their homes, for they were, as a rule, at a distance from other tribes, and thus lived quiet, peaceful, idle lives, until the coming of the Spaniards. It was very different with the Indians of the mainland. The whole Continent was open to them, and they might roam where they would, in their hunting and fishing, and if they found any one in their way were disposed to fight. They fixed their home where it suited them best to live, and when they were tired of one spot sought another.

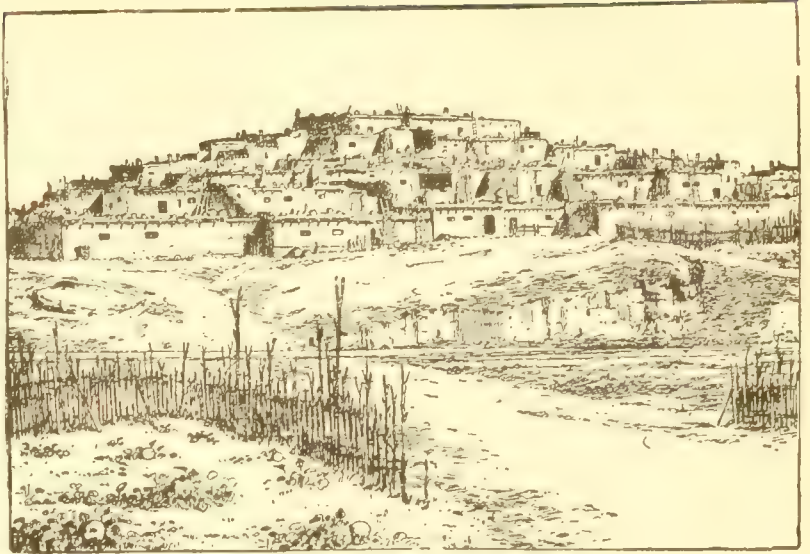
The Indians of the Atlantic Coast of North America were obliged to become hunters and fishermen, for this was the only means they had of living, except cultivating the soil, and as they had neither tools nor crops, with the exception of the Indian corn, which I have told you needs but little cultivation, they became wanderers, and remained wanderers to the last, though they had some ideas of government, as shown by the union of the Five Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy, which made that people the leading nation of Central North America.

The Indians of Central America and Mexico were different both from the wild tribes of the North and the idle, gentle islanders. It may have been that long ago they were brought in contact with some nation that had ideas of civilization, and I am inclined to believe that they had. Perhaps the Tyrians, or some other of the Phœnicians, sailed to their shores many centuries before, and bartered with them for gold and silver and taught them in return how to build with stone, for their carvings



on stone imitate woven fabrics which they were unable to make, and strange figures much like those carved and painted on some of the old tombs of ancient Egypt.

This may not have been the case, and it may be, as some believe, that the Indians learned to build houses of sun-dried clay and stone by some natural process. We know that until the coming of the Europeans the Indians had no vessels of iron or copper for the boiling of their meats and corn. They could, however, make baskets that



A PUEBLO COMMUNITY.

were almost water-tight, but these could not be set directly over the fire for the purpose of cooking food, or they would be burned and rendered unfit for use.

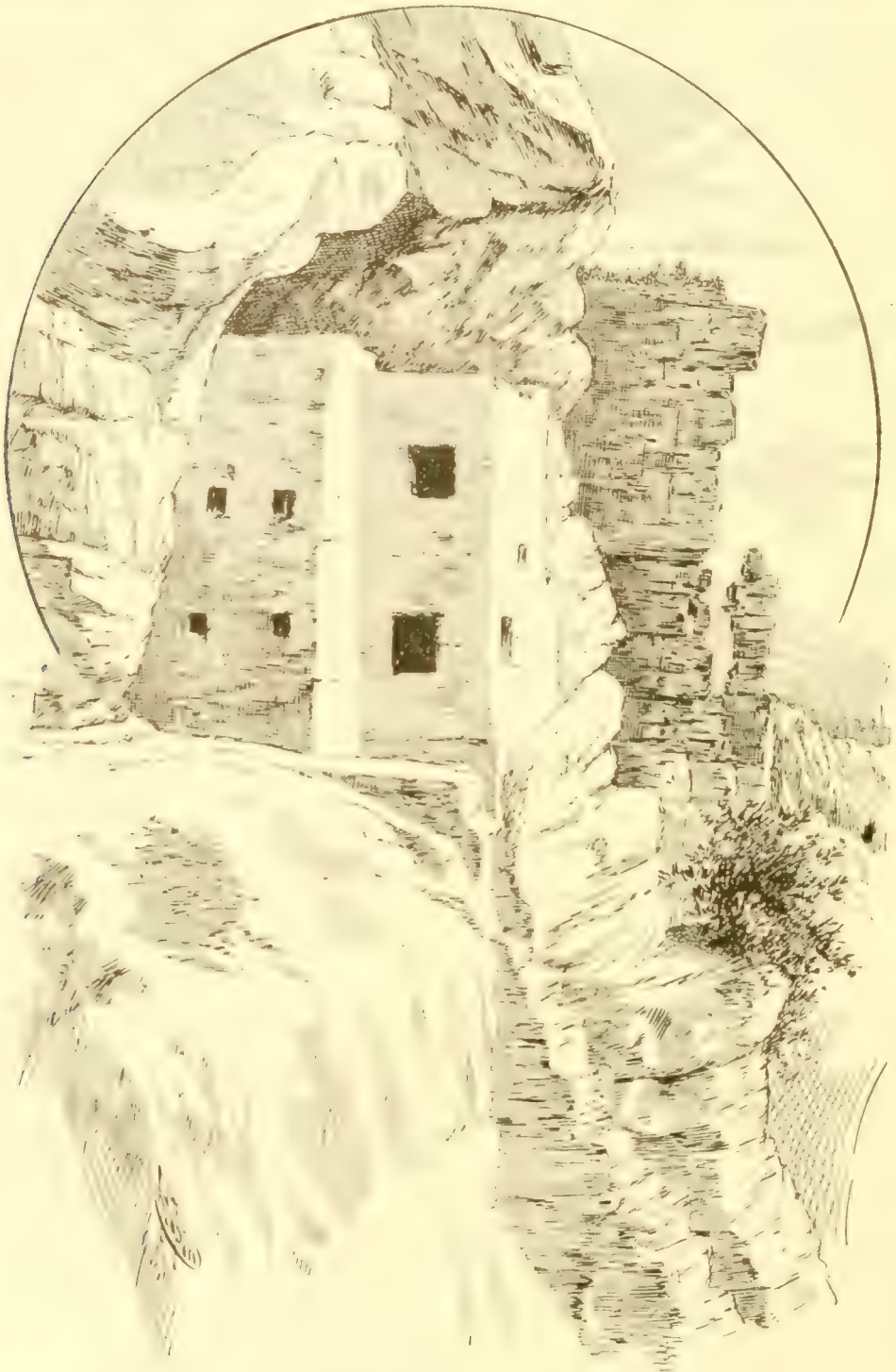
Some ancient Indian genius, most likely a woman, who was at her wits end for some method of cooking meat other than roasting it with heated stones, surrounded the basket with a coating of clay, and then dropped heated stones into the water until the food was cooked. She found after some experiment that the basket surrounded with the clay might be set over the fire, and the meat would thus be cooked with less labor. This was a great discovery, and it led to something, as all such discoveries do. The fire hardened the clay after awhile, until the basket was unnecessary, for the burned clay would hold the food, and could be used again and again. This was the birth of the art of pottery, one of the arts that has done so much for the civilization of the world, that those who have studied its development are able to tell from the perfection of the pottery of dead and gone nations, about what was the degree of their civilization.

Some of the western Indians build their houses out of river-mud, plastered upon a framework, and when this mud is exposed to the rays of the sun for a long time, it becomes almost as hard as stone. In the southwestern part of North America there is found in certain places quantities of a stiff clay which becomes very hard under the rays of the sun, and when pressed into brick is a fine material for building. It is called "adobe," and many of the Spaniards who settled in those parts of the country built their houses of it.

The natives had no other building material that was so easy to procure and use, and they built their houses of it. They did not live in lonely lodges, as did the Indians of the northern part of the Continent, but they built strong, durable and wonderful cities, and lived there from generation to generation. Of course dwellers in cities could not be wandering hunters; they must have some regular and certain means of procuring their food, and this the Indians of Mexico and Central America found in the cultivation of the soil.

The cities which these people built were different from any other cities in the world of which we know, and we do not know just why they were built in the places where their ruins are yet to be found, or how the material was carried there. They

are not likely to have been cities such as we understand by the word, but more like a huge apartment house, with room for hundreds, or even thousands of families.



CLIFF DWELLER'S VILLAGE.

I do not want you to understand that the ruins are in anything like the beautiful ruins found where once stood the proud cities of the old empires, but they are fully



as interesting, and if we knew all about them, we might be able to solve some of the puzzling riddles concerning the history of man upon this Western Continent. They were perched high up on a cliff or bluff, though it may be that the cliffs were not so high then as in our own times, for the river near which they are mainly found may, in the course of ages, have cut deeply into the earth and worn a channel down so that the dwellings are now much farther from the bottom of the channel than they were centuries ago. This is thought to be true by some people, but I believe that these strange homes of the cliff-dwellers were not built by the same tribes that built the Pueblo cities, though the manner of building is a great deal alike.

The Pueblo cities, too, were built on a high cliff or table-land, or "mesa," as they are called. The cliff-dwellings are high and narrow, and approached, I believe, by secret paths from the tops of the gulches, where they were perched on overhanging cliffs. The Pueblo cities, and there are some Pueblos still in the southwestern part of our country, where the Indians live much as they did before the coming of the Spaniards, look from the outside like a huge wall built very high, with only a loophole here and there. Perched high up above the surrounding plains upon a cliff that seems to have no road leading up the sides, these Pueblo cities seem to be so strong that they could not be attacked with any hope of success, and it was, perhaps, on that account that they were built in that way.

From the inside of the Pueblo, the houses are seen to be four stories high, with no space whatever between them. The first has four rooms, set one in front of the other, the room fronting the center of the square is only one story high, and its roof forms a sort of a porch for the story above it. Thus, viewed from the inside, these Pueblo dwellings are like steps in a pair of stairs, and the rooms on the outer side have no entrance from the rooms above them. The last of these stories have but a single room, and this room contains the outer door of the dwelling, and the only one from which it may be entered in that direction.

This door is not in the side of the wall, but is a sort of sky-light, and any one desiring to enter the Pueblo must first ascend the cliff by a path so steep that a goat could scarcely climb it, but which the dwellers of the Pueblo from long habit tread as swiftly as though it were a level road, and then must climb a series of ladders to the very top room, enter through the sky-light, and descend on the other side from porch to porch, also by ladders. Thus, if a dweller in a Pueblo of the olden times desired to lock his door securely, all that he needed to do was to draw up his ladders and he was safe from the savage prowlers of the plains and woods, and when they were attacked they could rain down missiles upon their besiegers from the loop-holes in the walls or from the roofs. There was always a well somewhere within the enclosure, and I suppose, too, that stores of food were also kept for such emergencies. The fields or gardens were either on the cliffs, themselves, where, with the most painful labor, soil had been carried for the purpose, and planted and tended, or they were in the valleys below, protected with strong walls.

The Spaniards were so much astonished when they saw this singular sort of city,



PUEBLO WATER JAR.

that they could hardly believe their own eyes. When Cortes landed in Mexico and saw for the first time these Pueblo dwellings, he compared one of the cities of these Mexicans with Cordova, the beautiful Moorish Capital of Spain, and there were some very astonishing tales of their splendor and riches written and sent back to Spain.



SCENE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

These tales were not true, for instead of the elegance that was described by the Spanish story-tellers, there was a rude sort of civilization. Rude as it was, it made a powerful impression upon the Spaniards who had been accustomed to seeing in the



New World where they penetrated for the first time, only half-naked savages, without any ideas of civilized life.

These Mexicans knew how to make implements out of an alloy of copper and tin, which in ancient times in Europe and Asia served in the place of iron. They built their Pueblos out of limestone, set in mortar such as was in use in those days, and now among civilized people, and seemed to know the principles of mathematics, for their dwellings were planned with great accuracy. They had a system of hieroglyphics, and made paper from the fibre of the aloe. There was cotton of a fine quality raised in some parts of Mexico, as well as farther south, and from this the Indians of Mexico wove fine cloth.

They made beautiful curtains and garments of bright-colored feathers, showing much artistic taste in the arrangement of the colors and in the manner of placing them so that they represented birds, beasts or flowers. The Spaniards admired the cleverness of the Indians, and wrote of the beauty of their cities, how the Indians had a fine form of government, and not only raised excellent and valuable crops, but



VIEW OF SAN PABLO, ON PANAMA RAIL ROAD.

made roads and bridges, and better than all, they had quantities of gold and silver. So little did they know of the use of these metals by civilized people that they made household vessels of them.

The religion of the Mexicans was very strange and different from the simple faith of the Indians of North America. They believed in a fair god, who loved to have as his offerings, the perfume of the flowers and the fruits of the earth, and they believed also in a dark and cruel god, who delighted in the blood of human victims. To him they sacrificed captives taken in war, or youths and maidens. The people of Mexico, though of many different tribes, spoke nearly the same language. The chief people were the Aztecs and the Toltecs, though they may have been of the same race, and that name, the name Toltec, means "builder," and it is likely that this Mexican race were so called because they built Pueblos. It is certain that a tribe of Mexicans built a city at a place named Tollan, and long lived there.

Their city was much like the Pueblo cities of Arizona and New Mexico, but perhaps larger and more magnificent than the ruins of any Pueblo that now remains. After a time the wild tribes that roamed through the woods began to vex the dwellers

in Tollan, to destroy their fields and slay any of the unwary who happened to stray outside of the walls unarmed. It was decided to abandon the place and seek another where they could dwell in peace. Their town was built of rubble stone and adobe brick, with flat roofs, and the inner walls were painted and carved. It must have taken a long time to build the city, and it must have been with sad hearts that the Toltecs left it.

The Aztecs were about this time encamped in the Valley of Mexico, and it may be that the Toltecs joined with them, or it may be, as many have supposed, that the Toltecs and the Aztecs were really only one people, at any rate we are told in the histories of old Mexico, that about this same time the Aztecs, hard pressed by their enemies, took refuge in the marshes. Here they found a stone, where some years before one of their priests had sacrificed a captive. The fair god, so the Mexican historians say, had left the country about this time, and gone far to the east, and the dark god, with his sacrifices of blood, had become supreme among the Aztecs, and that is why the priest had sacrificed a human victim upon the stone in the marsh. Upon this sacrificial stone, some earth had by some means become lodged, and out of this handful of soil had grown a cactus.

Upon the cactus there sat an eagle with a serpent in its mouth. The priests declared this was an omen that there should be the site of their new Pueblo, for notice now that the story of the Toltecs from this time forth, and that of the Aztecs seems to be one. He said the eagle indicated that the new city should be strong and victorious, and should strangle all its enemies as the bird was strangling the serpent. The people thought the place a strange one for a city, and would not believe that the omen was from the god, until the priest plunged into the lake in the middle of the marsh, and held an interview with the water-god.

This god told him that he read the sign aright, and that here was the place where the new Pueblo should be founded. The Aztecs then set to work to build their town, and when it was done called it Tenochtitlan, which means "the place of the cactus rock." The rock, the serpent, the eagle and the cactus became from that time forth their totem, or coat-of-arms, and it is preserved to-day in the coat-of-arms of the Republic of Mexico.

The Aztecs surrounded their new Pueblo in the marsh with dikes and causeways to carry the waters of the marsh into a lake, and in the course of time so surrounded their Pueblo by water that it was safe from the attacks of their foes, while they sailed about upon its canals as comfortably as possible. They were thus as much at their ease in their Venice-like Pueblo, as they would have been had their dwellings been built upon a cliff, as was common with their race, and upon their island they grew strong and fearless.

They changed the name of their Pueblo in time to Meixtl, which was the name of their god of war, and it was Meixtl that gave the name Mexico to the city and the country of the Aztecs.

The city of Mexico, as we will from this time call the Pueblo upon the island, was founded about the year 1325, and in a short time began to domineer over the other Pueblos in the neighborhood, for there were several others on the western shores of their lake. The Aztecs of the city of Mexico, formed a sort of partnership with the fierce warriors of three other Pueblos, and they agreed to go forth together, pounce upon their unwary neighbors in other Pueblos, compel them to be subject to them and to pay as tribute a certain quantity of food.



If this was at any time refused, the revengeful Aztecs would fall stealthily upon the unsuspecting victims, murder them, or carry them away captive to the city where they would be offered as victims to the war god, and their bodies eaten. The women from these captured tribes were made slaves, and the Pueblos destroyed when all that was of value had been carried away.

These were the people that Cortes found when he came into Mexico with his Spanish soldiers, and as they were exceedingly fierce and brave, and had, beside, strong walls for their defense, he realized that the conquest of Mexico would be no easy task. His men were so much alarmed by the appearance of strength and the fierceness of the natives, that they would, no doubt, have turned back and returned



IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANNA, MORO CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

to Cuba had not Cortes, fearing that they would do some such thing, secretly bored holes in the bottoms of the ships and sunk them all but one.

There is a sort of worm in tropic waters that fastens upon the wooden bottoms of vessels, upon piers or other wooden structures exposed to the waters of the ocean, and for a time the Spaniards thought that these had bored the holes. There was one man who knew too much of the habits of these worms to believe that they could have destroyed the bottom of the ships in such a short time, and he boldly charged Cortes with the deed. Cortes did not deny it, and said that there was still one ship left, he had saved it for the cowards who wanted to turn back, and asked all such to

step forth from the ranks and get them gone. No cowards stepped forth, and Cortes then coolly sunk the other ship, and told his comrades that now there was no help for them in flight. They must either conquer or find graves in the strange land.

The first Pueblo resisted the Spaniards, but the painted warriors could make little impression upon the strange metal-clad soldiers with their sharp weapons, and they were slain by the hundreds. It is said that they were so frightened by seeing one of the Spaniards fall from his horse that it brought about their defeat. They had supposed that the horse and man were one strange and terrible monster, but when they saw the man fall, and the two creatures proceed independently of one another, they thought that creatures who had thus the power of dividing themselves were superhuman, and it was useless to fight against them.

The tax-gatherers, sent out by the great chief of the City of Mexico, Montezuma, were making their rounds about the time that Cortes was advancing into the country. The Pueblos which had been conquered and



THE MEXICAN REGION.

made to render tribute were advised by the Spaniards to arrest these tax-gatherers and refuse to pay the tribute; when this was done, Cortes would secretly cause them to be released and sent before him to Montezuma to sound his praises. There was an Indian woman who had fallen in love with Cortes sometime before, who understood the language of the Mexican tribes, and acted as interpreter and she also went about

among the natives, learned how they felt toward the Spaniards, and whether they meant to submit to them or fight against them.



The governor of Cuba had begun to believe, even before Cortes sailed away, that he would try to set up a government for himself in Mexico, and this was just what Cortes did. He resigned the power given him by the Cuban governor, was elected governor of the new colony by his men, and proceeded to found a city near where Vera Cruz now stands, and which they called by that name. This done, he advanced with about four hundred and fifty men, his cannon and horses, to conquer the Aztec city on the lake. On the way he came to a large Pueblo where there were many victims held for sacrifice, for the ancient Mexicans sacrificed thousands of victims every year, stewed their bodies with pepper and ate them, for all the Aztecs, like those in the city on the lake, worshipped the dark god. The people thought that Cortes was the fair god of their legend, who had long ago been driven from their country, and was now coming back to claim his own. They made pictures of the Spaniards and the strange monsters, the horses, and sent them to Montezuma, and seemed to think that it was folly to struggle against the fair god. At one of the Pueblos there were a number of warriors who said so in the council, but there were others who wanted to fight the strangers.

It seems that the Indians thought the Spaniards could not be killed, so powerless were their arrows against their armor, but some of the warriors would not believe it. They assembled about five thousand of their followers and went out against them. There was a dreadful battle, in which hundreds of the Indians were killed, and two or three of the Spaniards lost their lives, though Cortes was careful to bury them so secretly that the Indians did not know that they had killed any of the invaders. Another council was held by the Indians of this Pueblo, and some of their medicine-men told them that the strangers received their wonderful power from the sun, and by night they were only like other men.

It was decided to send a small number of spies into the camp of the Spaniards to deceive them with promises of submission, and then to fall upon them while they slept. The clever Cortes was not to be deceived, and arrested the Indians and told them that they intended to turn traitors. He then cut off their thumbs and sent them back to their Pueblo, which was called Tlascalala, and as they confessed to him what they intended, he sent a message to the chiefs that they were fully as strong by night as by day. The chiefs were



THE MASSACRE OF CHOLULA.

overcome with surprise at the power of Cortes to read their minds, and while they were talking over it, the Spaniards on horseback charged in among them and cut them down by the hundreds. The Tlascalcan chiefs killed the medicine-men who had advised the night attack, made them into a fricasee, and ate them, and then joined the Spaniards as allies against the city of Mexico, with which they had long been at war.

The next Pueblo on the way to the city of Mexico was called Cholula, and it was a very strong place and allied to the Aztec capital. This place was one where some very horrid sacrifices to the dark god and to the rattlesnakes and beasts were offered which the Mexicans also worshipped. The people allowed the Spaniards to enter the town, but it was intended to surround them and murder them all. The Indian woman, who was the companion of Cortes, learned all about the plot and told her master, but Cortes did not betray that he knew what was brewing, and then he asked thirty of the chiefs to come and see him.

They came, and with them a large number of their followers, who surrounded the Spanish camp. Cortes had arranged his cannon ready to be touched off, and after taking the chiefs aside and telling them that he knew all their plans, he caused them to be placed in irons, and held as prisoners, knowing that while they were alive the Indians could make no plans against them and could elect no new chiefs. Then he gave the word, and the cannons were fired into the crowd of natives, and they fell dead by the score.

The terrified Indians thought that the white men commanded the deadly lightning and the thunder, and made no further attempts to stay their march toward Mexico.

Montezuma, the chief of the Aztec Pueblos and of Mexico City, heard of these strange doings of the Spaniards, and did not know what to make of them, though he was inclined to think that Cortes was really the fair god returning to his land. The Pueblo on the island had grown, by this time,



AZTEC TOTEM POLE.



into a great city, with perhaps sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, and had solid paved streets of cement, canals leading here and there through the town, and tall houses built of red sand-stone and ornamented in the interior with red cedar and other woods, carved in forms of animals and flowers.

There were no windows but little loopholes in the walls, and the doorways were narrow, and had no doors except mats of woven rushes. Nearly every house had a number of small towers upon the edge of the roof, from which, in time of war, could be rained down arrows and other missiles upon the streets below, and all the canals and wooden draw-bridges which could be raised in time of danger or alarm. In front of each house was the totem pole sculptured with the form of the bird or beast that represented the clan to which the inhabitant belonged, and there were four clans living in four separate quarters of the city.

The description of the old city of Mexico reads like some of the hideous stories of monsters and dragons, and we know that the sight upon which the Spaniards gazed when they entered the place was one of the strangest upon which the eyes of Europeans ever rested. Even the old Bible city of Nineveh in the earliest days of which we know anything concerning it, was modern compared to this town in its customs, for there were some of the horrid customs common to all races of men long before they had any history, and yet which is believed to have existed, for man is the same the world over, and his development from savagery has been so slow that we have not figures to express how long ago it was when he first began to raise himself toward civilization, and was, in Europe, in the stage in which these Mexicans were found.

They ate strange food made out of corn-meal, pepper, stewed ants-eggs, frogs, and I can not tell you what else, but the strangest thing of all to the Spaniards was the Aztec love for human flesh. In the center of the city was a great temple, shaped something like a pyramid. It was a hundred feet high, and upon the top was a large black stone with a curved surface. Near this stone were hideous idols with open mouths, and down within the temple were a large number of rattlesnakes and wild beasts. Every day the priests ascended the winding stairs on the outside of the pyramid, and with them were carried captives to be killed on the rounded stone. Their hearts were cut from their living bodies and placed in the mouths of the idols, and the victims were then taken down and stewed in great cauldrons in the kitchens below, and the flesh divided up among the people. Forty or fifty victims were thus killed every day, and their blood was smeared all over this frightful temple, and the



MONTEZUMA.

rattlesnakes and beasts were given portions of the raw flesh. This tall pyramid was surrounded by a high wall, and within the enclosure were about twenty smaller temples where similar dreadful rites were celebrated.

We can imagine with what horror the Spaniards gazed upon this temple, and witnessed the awful ceremonies with which the dark god, or Satan, was worshipped. They saw that the city was a very strong one, which it would be impossible to take by storm, and that in their camp they might be starved into surrender, and taken in their turn to the top of the pyramid and offered to the dark god. Montezuma had received them very politely, for he thought them immortal, but the Spaniards knew that he would soon find out that they were not, and what would be done then they could only imagine. Cortes, therefore, took the precaution of making Montezuma a prisoner, and the Aztecs could do nothing without their chief, whom they thought almost a god.



ENTRY OF FRENCH TROOPS INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

While Cortes was resting in the city of Mexico he learned that the jealous governor of Cuba had sent eighteen ships and a large force of men to Mexico with orders to arrest him. He had been in the city of Mexico now about six months, and as he had Montezuma still in his power, was the real ruler of the Aztecs. He had taken possession of one of the smaller temples, cleansed it, sprinkled it with holy water, and set up there a cross and an image of the Virgin. The cross, strangely enough, was a symbol of the worship of the fair god of the Aztecs, and they now believed that the strangers were sent by him to recover his power over them. They did not understand the doctrines of Christianity which the priests tried to teach them, and, to tell the truth, were exceedingly sullen and discontented at the prospect of being obliged to give up their feasts, their rattlesnakes, and their animals which they worshipped.



The Spaniards sowed crops for their support and prepared for a long stay, and this did not please the people either. They had already learned that the Spaniards could be killed, and Cortes, who had one of the disused council houses, a building large enough to give shelter to his four hundred men with their horses and the thousand Tlascalans, who were still his allies, fortified this place strongly, and was watchful against treachery and surprise. He had left some of his men in his new city on the coast, and when he heard of the arrival of the Spaniards in the ships sent out to arrest him, he left a small force of Spaniards in this fortress, and went out with the rest to conquer those of his own countrymen whom he could not persuade to come over to him.

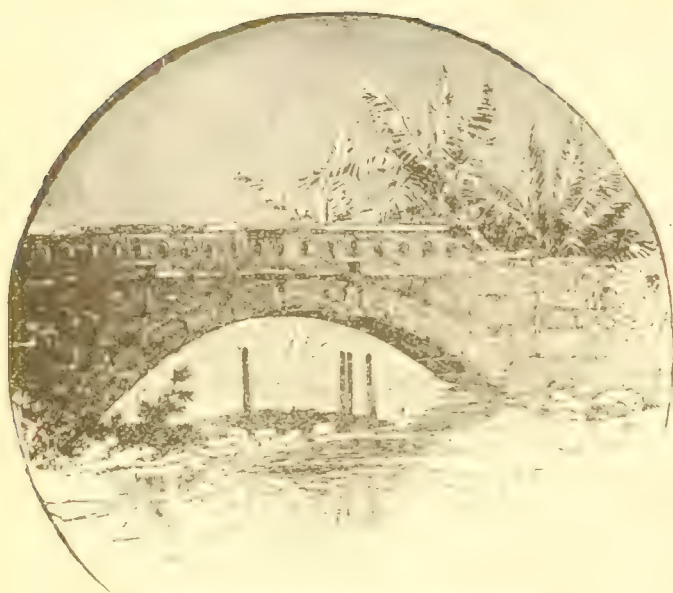
He came upon the camp of the newcomers by night, surprised, defeated and captured the commander, and so entranced the troops that were with him with the tale of the riches of the city of Mexico, for it was rich in gold and precious stones,



THE CITY OF MEXICO.

that they were more than willing to join him as friends and allies in its conquest. Thus, he marched back to the city of Mexico with a force four times as large as that with which he had quitted it, but he found everything in disorder. The people, as I have told you, were sullen, and the man Cortes had left in charge thought that they were cowards, and determined that he would do something brilliant in the absence of Cortes. He may have thought Cortes at fault because he had made no attempt to conquer the city, but at any rate he set upon the people while they were in the midst of one of their horrid religious festivals, and killed about six hundred of them, among whom were many of the chiefs of the clans.

The whole city rose against the hundred and fifty Spaniards still within its walls,



commander whom he had left in charge, and swore at him roundly, but that did not mend matters in the least. In a little while there would be no food for the large number of Spaniards, and something must be done at once. Cortes had also, as a captive, the brother of Montezuma, and he decided to send him out into the city to prevail upon the people to open the markets.

He could not have done a more fatal thing, for by the Aztec law, when the reigning chief was deposed by the tribal council, his nearest male relative became the chief. The brother of Montezuma, instead of calling upon the people to open the markets, assembled the tribal council, caused them to depose his brother and make him chieftain. The Aztecs then gathered in a multitude, and with their javelins, arrows and slings, attacked the Spanish fortress. Again Montezuma was sent upon the roof to quell the tumult, but his power was gone. He was no longer considered sacred, but a common man, who was a traitor to the people, and they attacked him with their weapons and wounded him so severely that he died a few days afterward.

The Spanish cannon thundered and carried death to the besiegers, but they pressed forward over the dead bodies of their comrades to storm the walls. They shot burning arrows into the walls, and the interior woodwork more than once caught fire. The streets ran red with their blood, but they were only made the fiercer. Their great temple overlooked and commanded the fortress of the Spaniards, and from its summit the Aztecs cast arrows, javelins and huge stones upon the Spanish fortress.

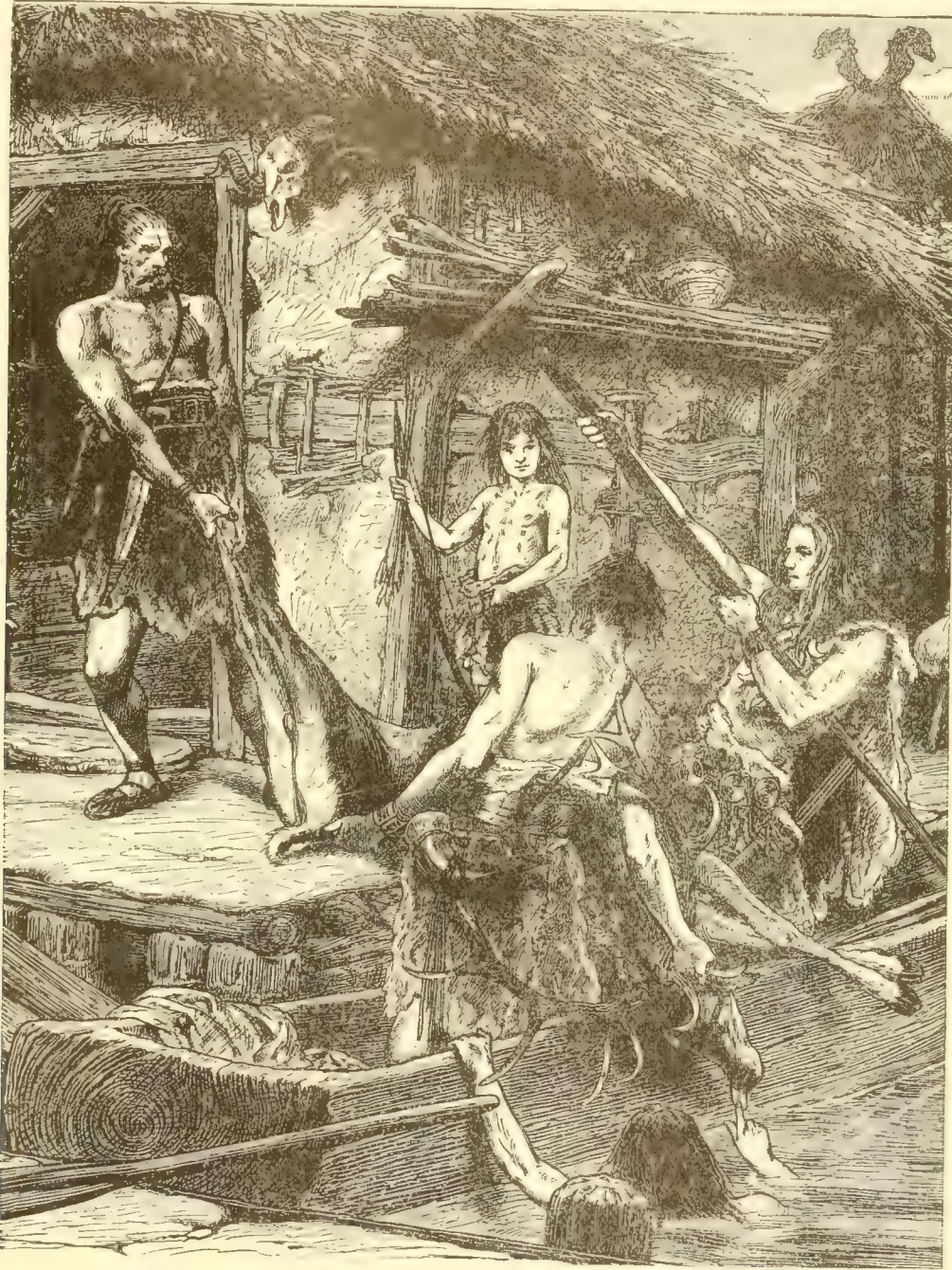
This place must be taken, so Cortes and his men sallied from their fortress, and after a most terrible hand-to-hand fight, took the temple, flung the idols down among the people and burned the altars. The Spanish had no notion of being starved out, so the last day of June they started out of the city. The streets were quiet and deserted, but when they came to the place where the draw-bridge should have been, they found that they were all destroyed. They had expected this, and carried with them a sort of boat-bridge, which they launched upon the canal. Then the Indians swarmed about them in their light canoes and harassed them so dreadfully throughout the night that they always spoke of it as the "night of calamity."

and besieged them in their fortress. The commander saw that he had made a mistake, and compelled Montezuma to go out upon the roof of the fortress and command the people to disperse. They did so, but they burned the ships which the Spaniards had been all winter building, and which lay nearly finished upon the shores of the lake, they closed the markets so that the white men should not be able to buy any food, and they raised the draw-bridges to prevent the return of the rest of the Spaniards.

Cortes did enter, however, but wherever he led his troops along the streets, he saw scowling looks, and knew that something serious had happened in his absence. He soon found out what had been done, and you may be sure that he scolded the



Of the twelve hundred Spaniards, six thousand Tlascalans, and eighty horses, with which Cortes had started from the fortress, when he reached the land on the opposite shore of the lake he had only five hundred Spaniards, two thousand Indian allies and twenty horses, the Aztecs having killed or captured all the rest. He had



THE LAKE DWELLERS.

lost all his cannon, and his case seemed hopeless. It is said that Cortes, when he looked upon the wreck of his army, sat down, buried his face in his hands and wept. Though he might have done this, he was not yet in despair of taking Mexico.

The Indians of the Pueblos throughout Mexico attacked him the very next day

in the valley, but he beat them off with such a dreadful loss to them that they did not trouble him any more. While he waited for reinforcements from Hispaniola, whither he sent messengers for cannon, soldiers, horses and supplies, he busied himself in attaching to him all the Pueblos that were dissatisfied with the cruel Aztec rule, and upon the Christmas after his dreadful defeat, which you will remember was in the year 1520, he started again for the city of Mexico. On the way he succeeded in breaking the power of the Aztec Confederacy, as the alliance of the Pueblos with the city of Mexico was called, for those Pueblos on the shores of the lake that had before opposed the Spaniards, now helped them, and a large fleet of canoes was launched by them on the lake for the use of his army, which was now twice as large as his former one, and he also launched several small ships on the lake. All this took time, and it was in April, 1521, that he began the siege of the city of Mexico.



THE MASSACRE OF CHOLULA

The Aztecs had not been idle in the meantime, for they had resolved to fight to the last. They were the fiercest warriors of the red race, and they were dreadfully angry with the Spaniards because they had thrown down their gods, desecrated their temples and won their allies from them. The Spaniards had found the source of the supply of fresh water for the city, for the lake was salt, and this they cut off, resolving to thus compel the Aztecs to surrender. In spite of this the Aztecs continued their resistance.

Sometimes they lost a point and sometimes they gained one, and when that was the case the Spaniards heard the sound of the dreadful drum in the temple calling upon the people to come and eat, and saw their comrades carried up to the top of the pyramid and killed, and knew that afterward they were cooked and eaten. This was no unusual sight in their own army, for when their Indian allies took any of the



Aztecs, they also killed and ate their captives. So through all the long days of the early summer the siege was kept up.

Small-pox broke out in the city and carried off hundreds of the Aztec warriors, their provision was exhausted and their ammunition all spent, but they would not yield. Cortes, as soon as he gained possession of a portion of the city, would tear it down and throw the stones into the lake, and then press on and attack another portion. It was not till the city was almost totally destroyed, every causeway choked with corpses, and no warriors left to defend it, that Mexico was taken.

Although Mexico was taken, there was a large hostile population of Indians to be won over to accept the Spanish rule. Cortes was just the man to accomplish this, and in a short time he securely established the Spanish rule in the conquered country with all the horrors that attended it in Cuba. The conquest of the Mexicans was one of the natural events in the history of the discovery and exploration of the New World. They were a people who could have received the civilization of the times and become a powerful nation, but this was not the policy of Spain.

All that the Spaniards cared for was the gold of the mines, and to gain this they sacrificed the natives by the thousands. They made them beasts of burden, ill-treated them and starved them, and the adventurers who came into the country with their



THE CITY OF VERA-CRUZ.

fierce soldiers, amused themselves by torturing the Indians in every possible way. They had heard the tales of their cannibalism and their idolatry, and seemed to think them not men but some sort of two-legged beast, whose suffering was a natural consequence of the sins of their savage ancestors.

The Indians were still brave, but their bravery counted for nothing, against the arms of the Spaniards, and it was not long before they were so disheartened that they ceased to struggle, and in a short time sunk into the degradation of their slavery so hopelessly that to this day their descendants have not been able as a people to lift themselves entirely out of it, though now and again there is a man of Aztec blood whose powers of mind recall to us the old glory of his race.

From Mexico the tide of Spanish conquest flowed north and south until nearly the whole Pacific Coast had been explored, and all of South America brought under the rule of Spain. At the same time that Cortes was making the conquest of Mexico, Magellan was proving that America was a vast Continent by sailing round it, and he was killed at Matan, in the Phillipine Islands, the very day after Cortes began the siege of Mexico. Cortes made four expeditions for the purpose of exploring the Pacific Coast, and he discovered the Peninsula of California. He returned to Spain

the year that Ferdinand De Soto set out to find the Mississippi river, and fought in Africa for the king against the Moors. In spite of his conquest of Mexico, and the vast wealth he had added to the crown of Spain, for the mines of Mexico were constantly pouring their golden streams into the Spanish treasury, Cortes shared the fate of most of the great discoverers. He was neglected by the king and died in obscurity.

There was a legend that had often been told in Spain that was believed to be true by many of the Spanish adventurers, who were rather inclined to believe in the marvelous. This story, in various forms, has been told again and again, and there are even persons in these prosaic days of fact, who believe in something very much like it. The tale was that at the time the Moors entered Spain in the eighth century and conquered the southern portions of the country, a certain bishop sailed away from the conquered country with a large company of followers, and voyaging to the westward founded seven cities in a country called Antilia.

When the Spaniards discovered the West Indies they were inclined to believe that among them was the fabled Antilia, and the islands were often spoken of as "The Antilia," which in our day has become Antilles, and the West Indies on many of the maps are called "The Antilles." When they did not find the seven cities there, and did discover Mexico a little later on, and found out that North America was a Continent, they imagined that the seven cities of the bishop were situated somewhere in the unknown interior of the Continent, and speculated much upon their growth in wealth and power since they were lost sight of by the world seven centuries before.

There were in New Mexico and Arizona, several Pueblos, and among them were the seven Pueblos of the Zuni Indians, those strange people whose interesting customs have in our own times been the subject of much study. Six of these Pueblos are still inhabited, and are poor enough in all things that the Spaniards prized, as they were probably in those days. The Spaniards, however, got it into their heads when they heard in Mexico of the "seven cities of Cibola," as they were called, that those were the cities of the bishop, and that they were filled with all manner of riches. One adventurous man with a company of followers did set out and even came in sight of the Zuni Pueblos, but the Indians of Zuni killed one of his followers and seemed so hostile that he hastened back to Mexico, where he told some very astonishing falsehoods about the splendors of the cities he had discovered.

The Spaniards in Mexico would hardly have disputed with him, if he had declared that he had found a town whose streets were paved with gold and whose fountains spouted wine, for in this country of marvels what might not exist. There was one brave man by the name of Francisco de Coronado, who determined to visit these rich cities and learn for a certainty what they contained.

About the time that De Soto was landing upon the coast of Florida, to make that wonderful march to the Mississippi and to his grave in its bed, Coronado, with three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Mexicans, started for the interior of the country, determined to find the golden cities of the bishop, and to win fame equal to that of Cortes and Pizarro. He visited the Pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona, and was disgusted enough when he found they were only poor communities like those of Mexico, except that they had no gold within their store-houses, or anything else that he cared to plunder them of, and then resolutely turned his face to the northeast. On and on the Spaniards went, and for once in the history of Spanish discovery and exploration, there was little suffering among the adventurers.





JESUIT MISSION.



Coronado and his men were the first Europeans to gaze upon the wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the interior of the Continent. They killed buffaloes, dried their meat, and were thus well supplied with provisions. They no doubt helped themselves to the corn of the Indians, who fled before them in terror of their horses and armor, as was usually the case, and on they went until they

came to a place somewhere near the north fork of the Platte river, or near the present boundary between Kansas and Nebraska,

All through the southwest they had met with evidences of Pueblo life, but as they journeyed to the north and eastward, they found only savage tribes wandering over the plains and living by hunting and fishing. These could tell them nothing of any cities, and the Spaniards, weary and disgusted, set out upon their return. They had given Spain a claim upon nearly all that part of the Continent west of the Rocky mountains and south of the Missouri river, and this was something accomplished, but they had found no gold, and therefore considered that the expedition was a failure.

Before I leave the story of the conquests of the Spaniards in North America, I want you to notice a fact that I mentioned in telling the story of the Greeks. Where the soil and climate were fitted for the development of the Aryan race to the highest degree, there they lived and flourished, and reached a degree of civilization truly remarkable, but the Greeks were able to draw from other nations, and make their own all that was best. In portions of North and South America best adapted to the growth of civilization, the native races, with all the characteristics of the savages who were their brethren, were able to advance toward civilization and really accomplished wonders, when we remember that they were isolated from the rest of the world as was the advance of the Mexicans when compared with the naked savages of the Atlantic Coast, it can not be compared to the development of the Peruvians.

I have told you that Francisco Pizarro



IN THE HARBOR OF VERACRUZ.



accompanied Balboa when he made that remarkable journey which resulted in the discovery of the Pacific ocean, and that it was he who arrested the brave discoverer and took him to that dungeon from which he was led to the block where he was executed. Pizarro did not forget the ships that Balboa built with so much care for the purpose of finding the golden land there to the south where the people used gold as the Spaniards used iron.

He had no money to undertake an expedition, so he settled down to stock-raising upon the isthmus. He was continually haunted with visions of the golden lands awaiting the fortunate discoverer, and in the year 1524, persuaded his two companions in the stock-raising business to engage in an enterprise for the discovery and exploration of lands to the southward. One of them was to find money to equip men, and the other was to find the men to be equipped, while Pizarro with a few companions was to sail away at once, discover what he could and await their coming at some point upon the coast.

He carried out the programme, landing at a certain point after searching along the coast for a place where it would be high and dry enough to live, for it was then the rainy season, and sent his ship back for the re-enforcements. He and his companions suffered miserably for a long time. They could find nothing to eat but roots, herbs and berries, and they did not discover any villages or towns for some time. One night, one of the Spaniards reported that he saw a light a little way off, and Pizarro and his men were guided to the place. They found an Indian village, where the people were so frightened at seeing men with white faces, long beards and metal armor, that they fled, leaving everything in their huts.

There were provisions and water, of which the famished Spaniards partook before they began to search for gold. They found ornaments of the precious metal and were much encouraged. In spite of this find, the companions of Pizarro suffered so much from the heat of the climate and the difficulties in the way, that all but fourteen of them returned to Panama, in the vessel that brought out the re-enforcements. The vessel was six weeks making the passage, for the winds blew hard in the wrong direction, and as soon as it came, Pizarro embarked and sailed southward.

Everywhere in the villages of the Indians, the Spaniards found evidences that they were indeed in the land of gold, for the ornaments upon the arms of the women and men were of gold, their head-dresses were of gold, and they wore also emeralds and other jewels. They were not naked savages, but wore clothing made of the wool of an animal native to the country, or woven of fine cotton, and beautifully embroidered.

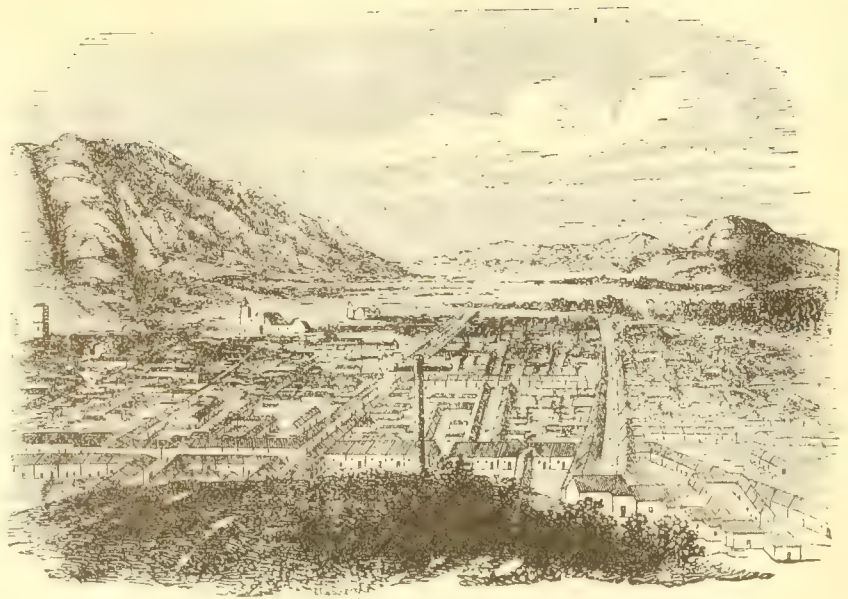
Pizarro was satisfied that he had discovered a great empire, but he had not the money and men to conquer it, and was obliged to return for them. He succeeded by displaying the gold he had found and the captives he had taken, (for like the other Spanish explorers, he took prisoners some of the people who had treated him with the greatest kindness,) in getting together a hundred and sixty men, and with these sailed again to the coast of the new land, and began to drive out the Indians from their villages and capture the towns with the gold they contained. The farther southward they went, the more of the evidences of civilization they saw, and the Spaniards began to understand that there would be many difficulties in the way. One of the partners in the undertaking was sent back to Panama for more ships and men, and Pizarro with the others started into the interior of the country.



MEXICAN GARDEN.



Pizarro would not allow the Spaniards to rob and pillage the Indians as they went, for he knew that in the heart of such a powerful country as this seemed to be, his best plan was to gain the good will of the natives. The people were kind to the Spaniards, and supplied all their needs. They gave them the flesh of llamas to eat, and presented them with Indian corn, potatoes, pine-apples and cocoa-nuts. When Pizarro was asked by them whence he came and what was his purpose, he told them that he came from the greatest prince on the earth, and to teach them the true religion. Finally he came to a large town with fine houses, good roads and fields of corn, cotton, and potatoes, showing skillful culture.



CARACCAS VENEZUELA.

He learned that it was rich in gold and silver, and though he desired above all things to have it, he knew better than to attempt it with his small force. He therefore set out for the place where his partner ought by this time to be with the supplies from Panama, and found that he had indeed returned, but without the supplies, for the Governor of Panama had refused to help him. There was nothing to be done but to return to Panama, and thence sail to Spain and tell the king of the world he had found. When he arrived at court he found Cortes there, and the king was inclined to aid any undertaking that was likely to bring Spain more wealth. Pizarro was, therefore, given ships, men and an army for the conquest of Peru, the country he had discovered.

What people were they who lived in Peru, and what was their story, you ask. I will try, briefly, to give you some idea of them, for they were in some respects like the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians, though they were Indians, like all of the inhabitants of America. They had no form of writing except a manner of recording events by the means of knotted cords of different colors, and this was so difficult to learn and so hard to remember, that few of the people could read the strange record even then. There were ruins so wonderfully solid and massive in appearance, joined together without mortar, that they showed the huge buildings of which they had once been a part, were built by people who knew all about calculating with figures, but though these buildings were probably built by the ancestors of the Peruvians, they themselves did not know when, so you see, though they had no written history, they had a history going far, far back into the past.

The Peruvians did not sacrifice human victims as did the Mexicans, nor were they cannibals, but their god was the sun, and was worshipped by many ceremonies exactly like those of the ancient Egyptians. They kept sacred fire burning in braziers, and had large convents filled with vestal virgins, whose duty it was to watch this fire and keep it from dying. These virgins spun and wove the garments of the

Inca, or ruler, and were considered sacred. The Peruvians did not bury or burn their dead, but they embalmed them, somewhat in the way that the Egyptians did, and placed them in certain enclosures kept for the purpose.

The houses of the Peruvians were either cone-shaped or like a small pyramid, and were put together with mortar. Their roads were the most remarkable in the world, but they did not know about the principle of the arch, and thus could not build bridges over the deep and wide mountain gorges, except by stretching rope across, upon which planks were placed.

Although what they accomplished in the way of building, weaving and farming was wonderful, (and the Peruvians raised magnificent crops and were fine farmers) what they did in the way of government was more wonderful still, and there is no record in the world of any society like that which the Spaniards found in Peru. The laws in regard to property were such that although no individual could claim any of the land for himself, all were compelled to work, except the old and sick. These were provided for by the well and strong, and there was neither poverty nor wealth in any of the homes of the people.

They tilled the soil, and raised llamas for their wool, but all the food and the material for clothing in the country was the property of the Inca, who divided it into three portions. One of these was for himself and his large household, another for the priests, and the third for the people. Every subject of the Inca had a right to draw from the common stock enough for his needs, and the sick and old with the rest. If one village lacked anything, it exchanged with another village, or if the community that was needy had nothing to exchange, they were supplied from the common store, or some other village. They understood irrigation, and their land, much of which is now a desert-wilderness, was so carefully tilled that the best potato crops the world has ever seen were raised upon it.

Had the Peruvians possessed the grains that were common to Europe and Asia, and the horse and cow for domestic animals, there is little doubt that they would have been the greatest agricultural people in the world. But they had no such grains, and no beast of burden except the llama, a strong little animal whose flesh is good for food, and whose hair was woven by the Peruvians into beautiful cloth. They had no sheep, but they had the alpaca, from whose hair also they wove the fine cloth known by that name now, though now, of course, it is woven by machinery instead of the rude looms that were used by the Peruvians. Rude as were these looms, they were made to produce the finest and most beautiful fabrics, and the cotton woven by the Peruvians was wonderful in its silky texture and strength.

In the different Peruvian cities there was little use for money, but coin was stamped into round pieces, and there were quills filled with gold-dust that may have been used for money. There were no tailors, or shoe-makers, weavers or other artisans, who kept shops and worked for the rest of the community, for every man knew how to make his own shoes, weave his own cloth and fashion it into garments, and in this way the spare time of the people was used.

The families did not live mixed up together, as was often the case in Indian communities, but each man had one wife only and lived with her and his children in a separate house. The people had amusements, and these, too, were very much like those of civilized communities. Besides the feasts and religious ceremonies, they were fond of poetry and dramatic compositions, and though they had no written literature, they had poetry and drama of a high grade of excellence, considering the



fact of their isolation from the world, and all the ideas they had of either were those they formed without outside aid.

In our own day it has become quite the fashion to belittle what the Peruvians had done in the way of civilization, and speak slightly of their cities, their roads, and even their laws, but I think you will agree that they were the Greeks of the world of Ancient America, and that in their way they were quite as remarkable as the Greeks of Europe, and Asia Minor, and for the same reason, because they were placed in a situation where they could develop themselves, and what they did was not straightway undone by their savage foes. Perhaps they were the descendants of those cliff-dwellers who had disappeared from the earth long before the first sight



LIMA PERU.

was had by white men of the ruins of their towns, and it may be they were the same race that built the strange eyries upon the inaccessible rocks in the canyons of the Southwest. In times long before the coming of the Spaniards they built the temples whose ruins are still found in Peru.

In their early days the Peruvians had been the enemies of the surrounding tribes, but little by little they had conquered their enemies, made them give up their savage habits and their worship of unclean beasts, like those worshipped in Mexico, and compelled them to accept their laws and their ways of living. The conquered people were made to speak the language of their conquerors, and as there was nothing in the way of written literature to cause them to remember their past, they soon forgot that they were not of the same tribe as the Children of the Sun, as the Peruvians called themselves, and became truly of the same nation.

The Incas, or rulers, were just, and were thus able to wield a large influence, and



WEST RING

HAVANA.

D'ANGELOT



they were regarded as the representative of the sun-god, and their persons were considered sacred. It is said that the Incas had no temptation to be wicked or cruel. They were so revered that everybody tried their utmost to please them. They were allowed to marry as many wives as they wanted, and all of their necessities and luxuries were provided by the people, and they could only take their lawful third, and could not sell anything if they had more than they needed, so there were really no excuses for any sort of conduct but just and righteous behavior. The Incas were not chosen by the people, so there was no chance for rivalry in the office. They were all taken from a single clan, and the office was hereditary from father to son.

These, then, were the people who were to feel all the miseries of a Spanish conquest, and their civilization was to perish from the face of the earth under the tyranny of cruel European masters. Little dreaming of the harm that the white strangers meant to work in their land, the gentle natives of Peru showed the Spaniards the gold and silver in their temples, and even gave them large quantities of the precious metal to carry away with them.

When Charles V., who was then the king of Spain, saw this treasure and heard the wonderful tales that Pizarro and his comrades had to tell, he thought that at last the mines of Golconda were his, and he gladly enough agreed to aid the adventurers. He did more. He en-nobled Pizarro, created his companions hidalgos, while he gave only an inferior title to the companion of Cortes in the venture.

With a force of nearly two hundred men, some horses and artillery, Pizarro again landed in Peru, and one of his first acts was to plunder the town where he had first experienced the kindness of the natives, and to melt down the gold he found and divide it. On the march toward the city of the Inca, he would not allow his soldiers to commit any robberies, greatly to their disgust, for he wanted to strike a blow at the Inca before the ruler had any idea of his plans.

The name of this Inca was Atahualpa, and he was encamped at a certain place in the mountains with his army, for he had been at war with some rival claimants to the title. He invited the Spaniards to visit him in his camp, and they climbed the steep passes of the mountains so narrow and dangerous that a mis-step would have been fatal to them, and at last came near the place where the Inca was. They stopped at an Indian town and planned what they should do next.

Pizarro had decided to capture the Inca, somewhat as Cortes had taken Montezuma, and he sent word to Atahualpa that he was in the Indian town, and asked him to make a visit to him there. Atahualpa replied that he would come to visit the Spaniards the next day, but this answer did not suit Pizarro who had hidden all of his men but a few, with orders that when he waved his scarf they should discharge their firearms and cross-bows and rush upon the Indians. Pizarro, therefore, again sent messengers to the Inca, saying that he had provided an entertainment for him and would be greatly disappointed if he failed to come. Leaving, therefore, the main body of his army, Atahualpa came with only an unarmed guard of several hundred Indians to enjoy Pizarro's "entertainment."

When he was safely within the place with his followers, one of the Spaniard Catholic priests came out before him, and began to harrangue him about religion and offered him a Bible and a crucifix. The Inca said that the only god was the Sun, pointing to the place where it was sinking in the crimson west, and cast the Bible and the crucifix aside, whereupon Pizarro waved his scarf as the signal, and the Spaniards rushed out and began to cut down the unarmed Indians.

The Peruvians fought bravely around the person of their Inca, but their struggle was in vain, and he was captured. It is said that in this fight, which lasted for several hours, though hundreds of the Indians were killed, only one Spaniard was injured, and that was one of the Pizarros, who received a wound in dragging Atahualpa from his car. There were four of the Pizarro brothers now in Peru, and three of the brothers were in places of honor under their brother, Francisco. Ferdinand De Soto, the man destined to discover the Mississippi river, was an officer of the expedition also, and of his exploits in North America, I have already told you something.

The Spaniards learned, after the capture of Atahualpa, that he was not the rightful Inca, but was striving against his brother for the power. He was a clever fellow, and in his conversations with Pizarro showed such wit and intelligence that



THE CITY OF DURANGO, MEXICO.

the Spaniards were astonished. For reasons of his own, Pizarro suggested to his captive that it might be well for him to come to terms with his brother. After the treacherous capture of Atahualpa the Spaniards had attacked his camp and destroyed it, and had sent out a force of soldiers who had captured the true Inca and his mother, and they were being brought to his camp.

Hearing of this, and that the Spaniards would probably compel him to come to terms with his brother, the true Inca, Atahualpa sent out a trusty messenger who caused him to be killed. Atahualpa, though he was held a prisoner, was allowed to have about him his own slaves and attendants, and was treated with every outward show of respect, for Pizarro hardly knew what he should finally do with him. When he heard of the murder that Atahualpa had caused to be committed, he had a good excuse for putting him out of the way, though he did not allow his prisoner to suspect what he intended.

Atahualpa grew tired of being a captive, and one day offered that if the Spaniards



would set him free he would have the room where he was then held filled with gold to the height that he could reach upon the wall. The space to be filled as recorded in a contract which the Spaniards caused to be drawn up then and there, was twenty-two feet long, sixteen feet wide and nine feet high. It was not thought at first that it would be possible for the captured Inca to raise this amount of gold, and Pizarro sent out expeditions to examine the country and see if there was that much gold to be had. They were also to urge the people to hasten with the treasure. The faithful Indians tore the gold from the walls of their temples, and it was piled in the room until it was filled. One-fifth of the treasure was set apart for the King of Spain, and the rest, nearly eighteen millions of dollars in our money, was divided equally among the Spaniards.

Almagro, the companion of Pizarro in the venture of the discovery and conquest of Peru, came about this time to the country with three ships and one hundred and fifty men. They were in time to share the spoils, and were, as you may imagine, greatly pleased and excited at receiving such a large sum of money without any effort. All the time that the treasure was being carried to the camp of the Spaniards, the scouts that Pizarro had posted in various places, told the commander of the assembling of large bodies of Indian warriors, evidently with the intention of attacking the Spanish camp for the release of Atahualpa, who now that his brother was out of the way, might have a better claim to being the Inca, though it was probably the fact that the Indians had discovered the nature of the raid of the strangers, and realized that they must fight or become their subjects.

At all events, Atahualpa became such a troublesome charge, and required so many of the Spanish soldiers to guard him, that Pizarro was inclined to kill him at once. Ferdinand De Soto said that it would be a cowardly thing to do, since he had committed no crime, and was captured by treachery. He also said that he would take a body of Spaniards and go out and see what the assembling of the Indians meant.

Pizarro was glad enough to get rid of De Soto, and therefore gave him permission to go, and hardly was he safely out of the camp, than he called a "court" to try Atahualpa for his crimes, the chief one charged being that he was secretly urging the Indians to rise against the Spaniards. About fifty of the Spaniards protested against the unfairness of the proceeding, but since the priest who had tried in vain to convert Atahualpa upon the occasion of his first interview with the Spaniards was in favor of it, he and Pizarro carried the day.

The Inca was condemned to death, and in the public square of the town where he had given the strangers a welcome and appointed a place for their entertainment, Atahualpa was strangled with a bow-string on the 29th day of August, 1533. A few days after this brutal murder, De Soto came back, with the report that the news brought in by the scouts was utterly false, and there was no assembling of the Indians at all. He was angry enough when he heard what had been done in his absence, and reproached Pizarro, who threw the blame upon the priest, and that worthy basely denied that he had anything whatever to do with the deed.

Pizarro now determined to march at once upon Cuzco, of whose riches he had heard much, but there were difficulties in the way. Before Atahualpa had been captured, he had made such headway against the reigning Inca that he had captured Cuzco, the capital, and Huito, another important city. He had several brave generals in the field who would do nothing to oppose the Spaniards as long as their master



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI.



was in their hands, but when they heard of his cruel death they took the field against the invaders. One of the brothers of Atahualpa followed the Spaniards when they left their camp and began the march toward Cuzco, and harassed them all that he could.

At one time he captured eight Spaniards, among whom was a man who had protested against the death-sentence of Atahualpa, and another who had been in favor of it. They released the man who had been the friend of their murdered chieftain, and allowed him to return to his friends, but they took the other to the abandoned camp of the Spaniards and strangled him upon the very spot where Atahualpa lost his life. Soon after this the brother of the dead Inca died, and an Indian chieftain or general by the name of Quiz-quiz, led the Inca hosts.

Thinking that he would have a better chance with the people by pretending that he was fighting in the cause of the rightful Inca who had been murdered by the orders of Atahualpa, Pizarro declared that he had executed his captive in the interest of right, and declared in favor of a young brother of the rightful Inca. The lad died soon after, but the Spaniards chose Manco Inca, the next brother in the line of succession, and continued to advance toward the capital. There were often deadly dangers and difficulties in their way, and at different points where the royal road crossed mountain gorges, the Spaniards found that Quiz-quiz had broken down the bridges and placed every possible obstacle in their way. Once they were attacked in a narrow pass near Cuzco, late in the afternoon.

There were so many of the Indians, and they were in such good position to annoy, that having lost several of their men and horses they were obliged to fall back. In the night they were surrounded by the enemy, and the Indians would probably have killed every one the next day, but at break of dawn the beleaguered Spaniards heard the note of a trumpet echoing among the rocks, and knew that help was coming. It was Almagro, who had come from his camp far away to the seaward, for a swift runner, sent by De Soto, had brought the news of the danger in which his master and the Spaniards were placed. His help came at the right moment, and the Spaniards were saved. Manco Inca came soon afterward to the Spanish camp and delivered himself into the hands of Pizarro, who agreed to seat him upon the throne of his ancestors. Quiz-quiz and his soldiers fled and hid themselves, and the Spaniards entered the Inca city.

At first the people of Cuzco were filled with joy at the defeat of the generals of Atahualpa and the triumph of the Spaniards and their rightful Inca, for Manco was the rightful heir to the government, but their joy did not last long. The city was large and splendid, and after Manco had been crowned by the priests of the Incas with all the ancient ceremonies, the four hundred and eighty Spaniards in the place began to show their real character, and that in their thirst for gold no crime was too great for them to commit.

We must not forget that many of the men who joined these Spanish expeditions were just such characters as those that made California such a rough and turbulent country in the days of the gold excitement. They were the offscourings of society, and the few honest men among them had no influence in controlling them. There were pardoned convicts from the Spanish jails, and the riff-raff of the large Spanish cities, and we must always remember this when we recall the acts that were committed in the West Indies, Mexico and Peru, that make us blush for manhood and Christianity.

The Spaniards in Cuzco robbed first the magnificent temple of the sun, where there were as many golden ornaments as are described in the old fairy stories as being in the possession of the queen of elf-land, but this did not content them.



THE TRIUMPH OF AN AZTEC INDIAN.

Every temple was robbed, the tombs were broken open and searched for gold, and private houses were invaded and searched for the same purpose. When they had collected all the gold they could by these means they did not give up the search. They put men and women to the most dreadful tortures to make them



confess where they had hidden gold or jewels, and when they found that they had really secured it all, they began to turn the people out of the houses and take possession of them.

The great temple was converted into a monastery, public buildings, such as palaces and assembly houses, were used as churches and quarters for the soldiers and those who wanted any private residence seized upon it and held it. Spanish rule was proclaimed, together with that of the new Inca Manco. Quiz-quiz had in the meantime gathered a new army and marched with it to attack the Spaniards in Cuzco. Manco and the Spaniards went out against him and defeated him, but he was not discouraged. He again gave them battle, and was again defeated.

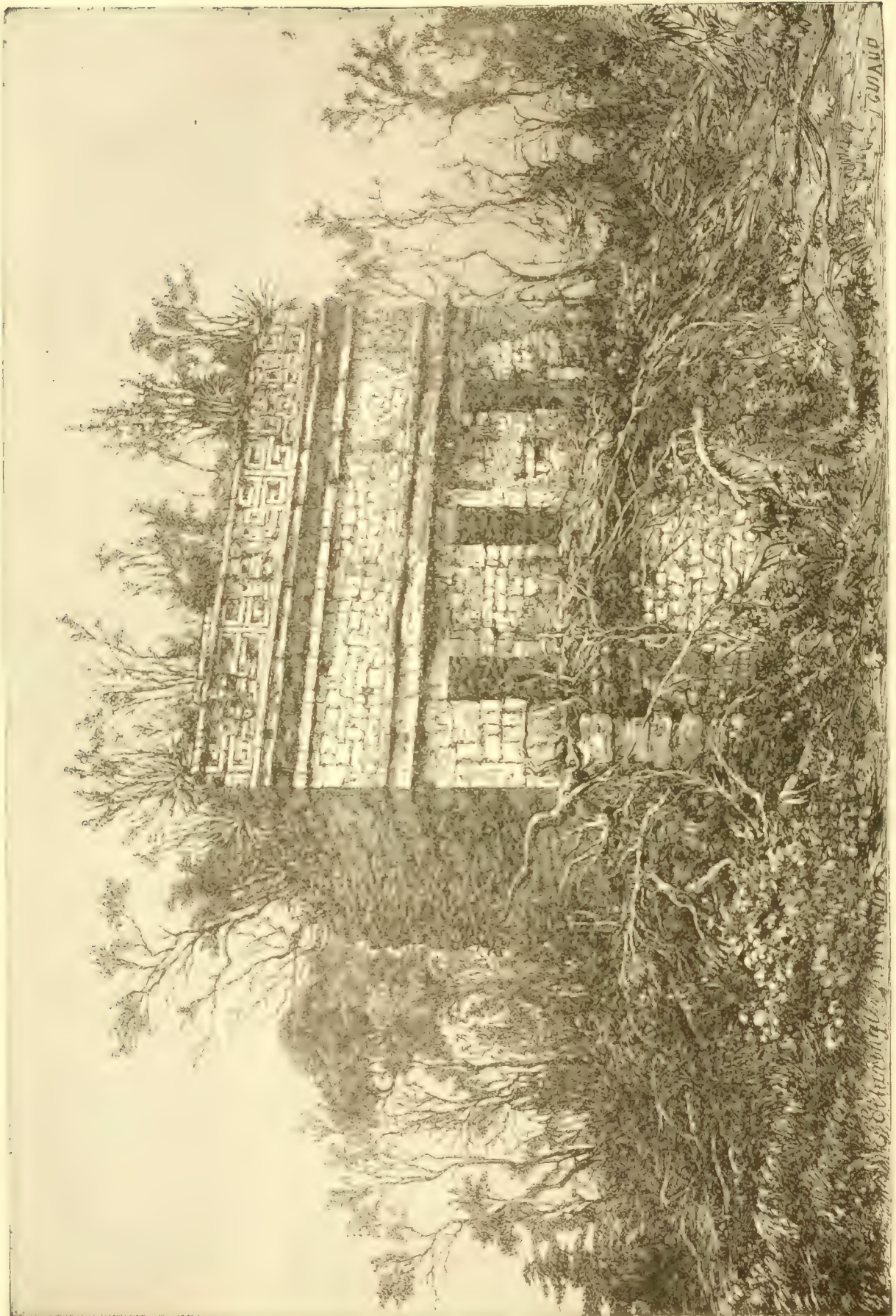
Then he went back to Quito, where he was killed in a revolt of his own soldiers. Quiz-quiz was a brave patriot and a good soldier, and I like to think that at least one general stood out against the Spaniards, and was not frightened by their glittering armor and their horses, which in Peru, as elsewhere in the New World, struck terror to the natives, who thought them monsters.

The capture of Quito by the Spaniards took place soon afterward, and Almagro was the chief instrument in its overthrow. A little while after the capture of this second important city, the governor of Guatemala having heard of the riches of Peru determined to have a share of them in spite of the fact that the King of Spain, his master, had given all the rights of plunder and conquest in that unhappy country to Pizarro and his companions. The Spaniards had in the two years since they had been in Peru established two towns, and from one of these news of the invaders was sent to Pizarro.

This new band of marauders had a hard time. They climbed the mountains, enduring hunger, cold and misery, and when the band sent out by Pizarro to beat them out of the country, found them, they were in such a miserable plight that the governor, who was himself of the party, offered to return to Guatemala if Pizarro would give him the means to do so and the money to pay for the expedition. Most of his men joined Almagro, and he and the rest returned home glad to get off with their lives.

Pizarro had believed for some time that Cuzco was too far from the coast to serve as the Spanish capital of the country, and he therefore selected a place in a broad and fertile valley near the river Rimac, but a few miles from the sea-coast, where a city was to be built. He named the place "The City of the Kings," but it gained in after-days the name often given to the Rimac, and was known, as it is yet, by the name of Lima. Pizarro was an old man, but he entered into the building of his city with all the pleasure of a child with a new toy. He planned the streets wider than those of the cities of Spain, and laid out the places where the palaces, public buildings and cathedrals were to be. He also planned lovely gardens, and when he had settled these affairs to his satisfaction he laid out another town between San Miguel, the first town founded by the Spaniards in Peru, and his new capital. He named this place Truxillo, in honor of the city in Spain in which he was born.

In the meantime Pizarro had sent one of his brothers to Spain with the royal fifth of all the gold that had been collected, and this was such an immense sum that the king, Charles, in the joy of his heart, made Pizarro a marquis and granted him all the territory north of a certain parallel of latitude, as his own. The location of this particular parallel was not known by the Spaniards, and Almagro claimed it was in one place, while Pizarro declared that it was in another, and Almagro was disposed to quarrel.



LA CARCEL, CHICHEN, MEXICO.



There was the country of the Auracanian to the south, which was without a doubt in the territory of Almagro, and Pizarro persuaded his partner, who was disposed to be jealous and quarrelsome, to go and conquer it, telling him that no doubt he would find there as much gold as there had been found in Peru. Almagro took five hundred men and set out, and Pizarro returned to Lima to say farewell to De Soto, who was about to return to Spain, to discover, if possible, the rich cities which he thought existed in North America.

The Indians by this time had grown so heartily weary of the cruelties and oppressions of their new masters that they determined to make one last effort to rid themselves and be free. Manco Inca had been treated so badly that he was eager to throw off the yoke of the white men, and when he heard that Almagro had gone to explore Chili, he escaped from the Spaniards who held him a virtual prisoner in Cuzco, and making his camp in a valley near by, called upon the Peruvians to rally round him and drive the invaders from their land, or die in the attempt.

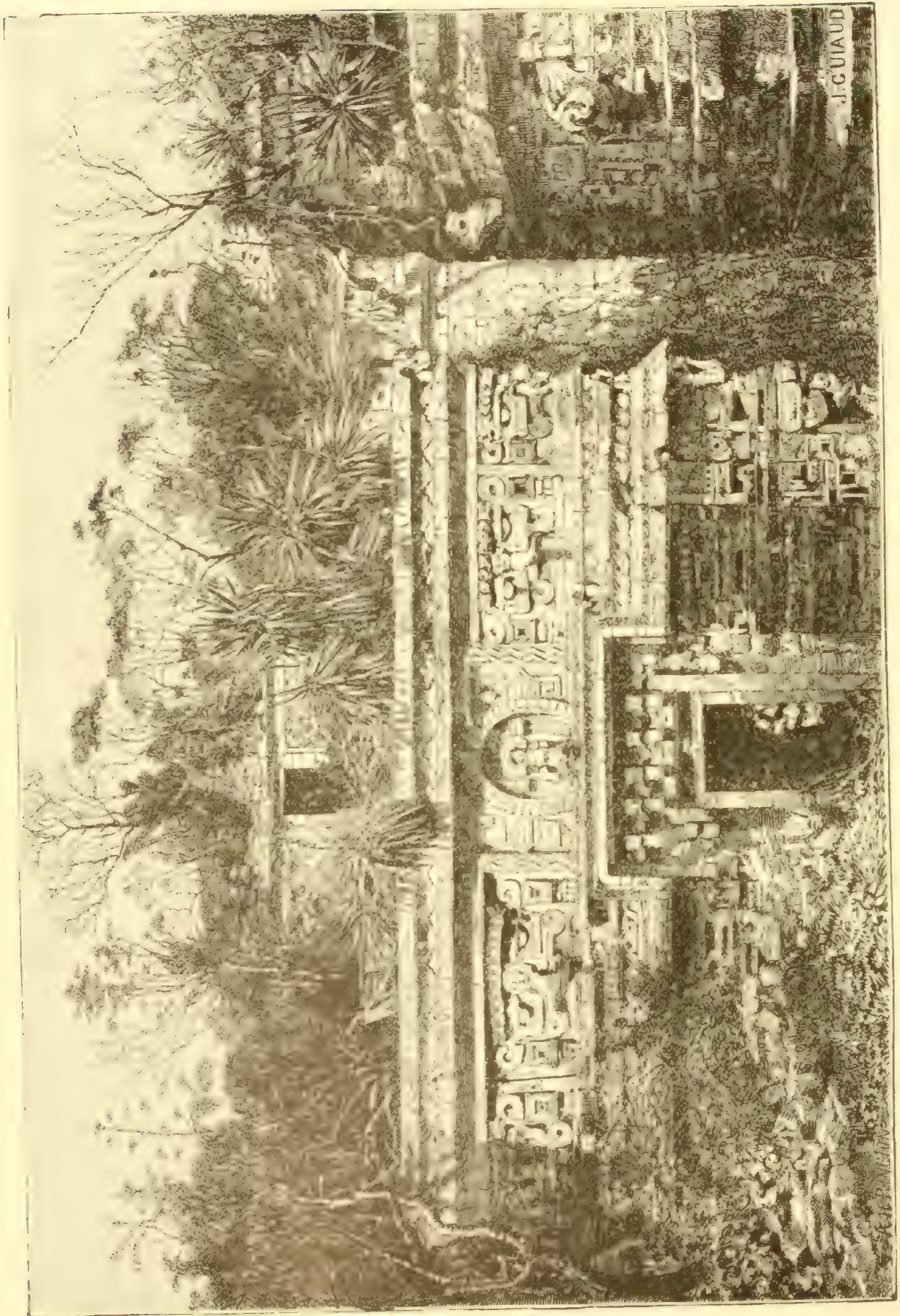
He related all the wrongs that the Spaniards had heaped upon them without the least shadow of excuse, and urged them to perish rather than to submit to slavery. The Peruvians by the thousands rallied about him, and besieged Hernando Pizarro and his two younger brothers Juan and Gonzalo, in Cuzco. There was a strong fortress upon a steep hill towering over Cuzco, and this was the place where the Spaniards under Hernando were when the attack was made by the Inca and his followers.

The Spaniards thought that they had not enough men to hold the place, and determined upon the advice of Juan Pizarro, a skillful soldier, to abandon it and gathered in a strong place in the center of the city. As soon as they left this fortress the Inca and his army entered it, and from its walls harassed the little band of Spaniards night and day. They would not give up, though the cannon of the Spaniards hurled shot among them, and laid them low by the hundreds, and though their arrows and missiles had little effect upon the metal armor. Their arrows wrapped with burning tow, were shot among the roofs of the city and for awhile the entire city was in a blaze.

The Spaniards determined that they must dislodge the Indians from the fortress, and upon their dreaded war-horses and on foot, charged the place. There were three towers to the fortress, and after hard fighting the Spaniards who were skilled in assaulting such places, carried them by storm. Manco and many of his men fled, but still the Spaniards could not carry the third tower, which was held by an Indian hero by the name of Calmide, with only a handful of followers. One by one these were struck down, and when Calmide saw that the day was lost and that he was almost alone, he would not yield himself to the hated white men, but wrapped his cloak about him, sprang over the cliff and was dashed to death against its rocky sides.

Several of the Spaniards, among whom was Juan Pizarro, were killed at the assault of the fortress, but the Inca's army was so disheartened that for a time nothing more was done. To further discourage them the cruel Hernando Pizarro cut off the hands of every Indian he took prisoner, and even the women were given no quarter. The Inca was compelled to allow most of his men to go to their homes to sow their fields, fearing that otherwise famine would be added to the horrors of war. He and a few faithful followers established themselves in the Valley of the Yucay in a strong fortress, and there Hernando Pizarro marched against him with his men. The Spaniards were defeated after a defense most remarkable for the heroism of the Indians, and were compelled to return to Cuzco.





PALACE OF THE NUNS, CHICHÉN, MEXICO.



Again the Inca and his army besieged the Spaniards in their capital, but hearing that Almagro had returned from Chili with his men and was advancing to their aid, they were obliged to give up and disperse. Francisco Pizarro had defeated the Indians who had attacked him at Lima, for the rising against the Spaniards was general, and Manco saw now there was no hope. Still he would not submit to the Spaniards, and fleeing to the fastnesses of the mountains he lived as an independent prince for a long time. There were many attempts made to capture him, but they all failed. I shall soon tell you about the troubles between Pizarro and his comrade Almagro.

While these were in progress, four fugitives from the camp of Almagro fled from the troops of Pizarro after their leader had been defeated. They found refuge with the noble and generous Manco, and were well treated at his little court. One day one of the Spaniards was playing ten-pins with Manco when a dispute arose about the game. The Spaniard settled the dispute by throwing the ball at the head of Manco. His skull was crushed and he was instantly killed. The Indians cut the murderer and his friends to pieces. Thus the last of the Incas died, but he left four sons, and I shall have something to tell you of them and their descendants a little later.

Almagro had marched across the rugged Cordilleras into Chili, expecting to find there rich and prosperous cities like those of the Incas, but instead he found only a country cold and barren, covered with snow a part of the year, and inhabited by fierce tribes of Indians who fought against him and were not to be conquered without much trouble. He did not see any immediate gain in the conquest of the country, and therefore resolved to go back to Peru and claim his share in the government. Though his approach delivered Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro from the Indians, it found them in a very poor plight to fight against the claim of Almagro.

When he sent to them and asked them to deliver Cuzco to him they asked for a little time to think the matter over. They expected re-enforcements from their brother Francisco, and Almagro knowing this, refused to grant them the time they wanted. Yet Almagro deceived them by allowing them to suppose that he had granted them a little respite, and attacking them by night captured the two brothers and defeated their men. Some of his men wanted him to kill his captives, but Almagro had some fears as to how the King of Spain would feel should he do so, and refused. He advanced towards Lima, and was successful in fighting against the forces that Francisco Pizarro sent out against him.

At length a truce was declared between the two old partners, and the two brothers of Pizarro were released. Once out of the clutches of Almagro, they heartily entered into the plans of the elder Pizarro for the crushing of Almagro. In the meantime Pizarro, who had been forced to send to Panama for help against the Indians, had succeeded in thoroughly crushing their revolt, and was now at leisure to deal with Almagro, and what was more, he had ample force to do so. There was a battle in which Almagro was defeated and taken prisoner. He was tried, condemned and beheaded.

After this for sometime there was peace among the Spanish conquerors of Peru, and Pizarro devoted himself with all his genius to the government of the country. He caused grains and cereals to be brought from Europe and planted, a system of irrigation to be applied, and worked the mines so that they began to yield a handsome profit. The dead Almagro had a son who was lodged in Lima, and who became the center of plots against the life of the old Pizarro.



A MEXICAN FLOATING GARDEN.



When this lad was about twenty-one years old and Pizarro was more than seventy, these plots came to a head. There were in Lima many of the followers of Almagro who had lost everything in the disastrous expedition into Chili. They contrived to live in some way, but in great poverty, and they finally brought the young Almagro to join with them in a plot to kill Pizarro, when he was to take his place as governor of Peru and reward them for their services.

It was on a Sunday in June, in the year 1541, that Francisco Pizarro had invited about a dozen of his friends to take dinner with him at noon. They were all assembled, and with them were two young pages, the attendants of Pizarro, when about fifty of the men of Almagro's faction rushed in upon them. Most of the guests fled, but old Pizarro snatched a lance from the wall and fought like a lion. His two little pages, too, fought by his side, but there were too many foes against them, and at last all three fell dead pierced by many wounds.

Hernando Pizarro was not there to revenge his brother's death. He had been called to Spain to answer for the death of Almagro, and there was thrown into a prison where he was kept, but in not very strict confinement, for he married there and raised a family. He died years afterward at the age of a hundred, and thus all of the Pizarros were in turn robbed of the wealth which they had gained by robbery.

Before going on to tell you the early history of the rest of Spanish America, I will pause long enough to relate the story of a real hero, one of the world's great men who did for mankind by his goodness so much that he stands out in the darkness of the times in which he lived, like a star amid clouds. Do not think that I have anything to relate of wars and battles, for the soldier of whom I shall tell you fought on nobler fields. He was a soldier of Christ and humanity, and what he did was for the good of the race, and not for the enrichment of kings or potentates.

I have told you something of the dreadful evils of Indian slavery in Mexico and the West Indies. As soon as the Spaniards had thoroughly conquered Peru the same evil system of slavery was introduced there and the natives were killed by abuse and hard work with the same cruelty as in the West Indies. The name of my hero was Bartholomew Las Casas, and he was born in Spain. He was a young man when Columbus came back to Spain in 1497, carrying with him some Indian slaves.

Las Casas was of a noble family, and his father stood high at court. It may have been on this account that Columbus made him a present of an Indian slave, but he did so, and in turn the father gave the slave to his son who became greatly interested in him and his people, so much so, that in the year 1602 he went out to Hispaniola and settled upon the island. There he became a slaveholder, for he, like the other Spaniards, was given a large lot of Indians who were obliged to labor in the fields or mines as slaves. Las Casas saw some dreadful things among these slaveholders. He saw men, women and children brutally tortured to death for the amusement of their masters, and knew that the avowed purpose of the kings of Spain in enslaving the Indians, which was that they should be converted to the Catholic religion, was not being carried out, for the slaveholders neither cared for the souls nor the bodies of the poor helpless creatures.

There were some Dominican monks on the island, and they were saddened, too, by the sufferings of the poor Indians. Las Casas had always treated his slaves with great kindness, and the Indians loved him, for they knew that he was

their friend. Las Casas went to church one Sunday in the year 1511, when Diego Columbus had been a year the governor of the island, and had done nothing to put a stop to the cruelties that were being done. The priest who preached the sermon that notable Sunday deserves to be remembered, for his words were sown in the good soil of the heart of Las Casas, and brought forth rich fruit. His name was Father Antonio Montesino, and he and the other dozen Dominicans upon the island had talked together and decided that they would do what they could to better the condition of the poor Indians.

Father Antonio declared that the white men were committing a sin against God in abusing their slaves, and preached a terribly eloquent sermon against the wickedness he had seen all about him. He told the Spanish slave-holders that they might as well be Moors or Turks as professed Catholic Christians, for all the hope they should have of getting to heaven with their sins hanging over them, and that their greed and cruelty was hateful in the sight of God. After church that day there was excitement you may be sure. The town of San Domingo was in an uproar, and at last a number of the principal citizens went to the brave priest and told him that he would be obliged to take back every word he had said. Father Antonio told them he would not recall a word, and that all of his brother priests were so heartily in sympathy with him that they would stand by him.

Nevertheless, the citizens said he should either take it back the next Sunday, or all the priests should pack up their goods and be sent away from the island, and with that they went away confident that the next Sunday the priest would apologize. When the next Sunday came, the church was crowded, to witness the confusion of Father Antonio Montesino. Instead of taking a word back, the Dominican preached a more terrible sermon than before, and not only threatened the cruel-hearted among his hearers with eternal torment, but declared that from that time forth the Dominicans would refuse the offices of the church to any man who countenanced the slave-trade in any way, or was cruel to his Indians.

It had become the custom to swoop down upon the neighboring islands and the coast of the main-land and carry off Indians into slavery, and this sermon was meant to put a stop to this. The Spaniards were dreadfully angry, but they feared both the Pope and the king too much to punish the bold priest in any way. Las Casas heard both sermons and in his heart he believed that the priest was right. He knew what he had seen himself of the cruelty of the Spaniards. He went home and thought much about it. There were some Franciscan Friars upon the island and the slave-holders determined to send one of them to Ferdinand to complain of Father Antonio, while the Dominicans sent Antonio himself to court in the interest of the Indians. It is said that Antonio met the Franciscan and told him so much of the evil that he had seen among the slave-holders of Hispaniola, that his rival became his friend, and they laid before the king a united plea in favor of the poor Indians. Ferdinand at once called a council and they drew up some laws to restrict slavery, but these laws were no better than the old, and the evil was as great as ever.

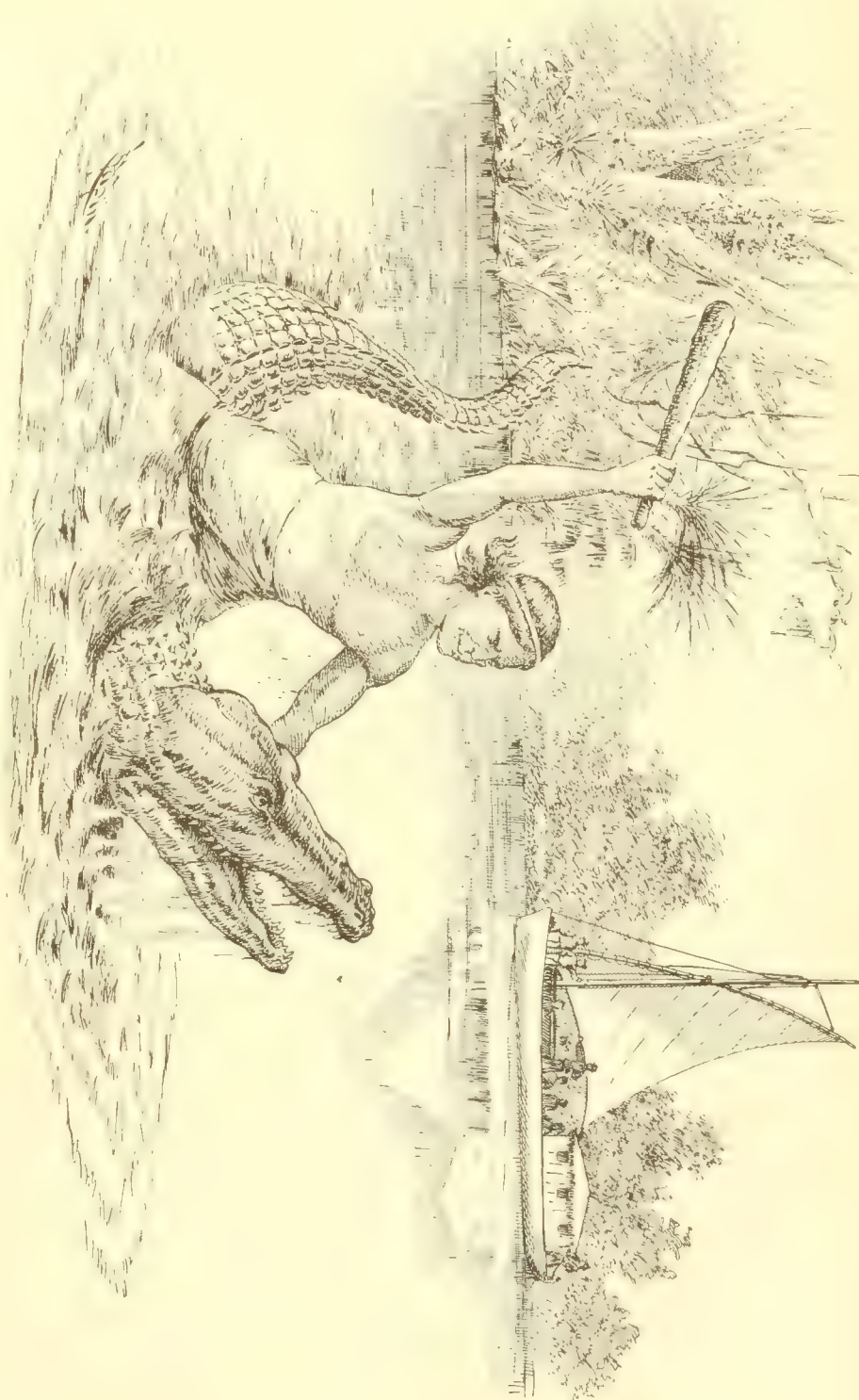
Las Casas had given up his slaves by this time, for he had searched the scriptures and found out how wrong it was to oppress the poor and helpless, and when the island of Cuba was settled, as I have elsewhere told you and its people were enslaved, he began to preach against the evil at first. Las Casas had hesitated about giving up his Indians for they loved him dearly, and he knew that they might fall into cruel hands, but his partner was a noble and gentle man and he made his Indians



over to him, and went about the island, for he had become a priest long before, and preached to the hard-hearted Spaniards the doctrines of love and mercy, but in vain. At length he decided he would go to Spain, and see what might be done there. He arrived just after Ferdinand was dead, and succeeded in having Charles V. appoint a commission to go out and see if his account were true, and with orders to reform the abuses.

Las Casas had succeeded in founding a monastery upon the Pearl coast of South America sometime after this, but as the commission to stop slave trading did nothing, and Spanish vessels were continually swooping down upon the coast of the main-land and carrying away the Indians, his members were killed in revenge while he himself was absent in Spain in their interest. He was disheartened by this failure and for seven or eight years retired into the Dominican monastery at San Domingo, writing while there the sad story of the destruction of the Indians upon the island. During these years the Spanish settlements in America had grown largely. Cortes had captured Mexico about the time that Las Casas went into the monastery, and when he came out, Alvarado was Governor of Guatemala. The horrors of cruelty

AMAZONIAN INDIAN KILLING AN ALLIGATOR.



had been repeated again and again, and the terrible fate of the Indians upon the Isthmus had again aroused the Dominicans in their favor. Las Casas went over to Spain in the year 1530 to secure the aid of the Emperor and the Pope to forbid slavery in the lands on the Pacific coast of South America. He then went to Mexico for awhile, and afterward remained for three or four years in Nicaragua, preventing by every means in his power outrages upon the Indians. There was a Dominican monastery in Guatemala which had never been occupied but a short time and was deserted. Las Casas with three companions went to the deserted monastery and lived there for some time studying the language of the Indians until they could converse in it. While there Las Casas wrote a remarkable work in which he maintained that to attempt to convert heathen of any race by force was a sin against God, and that only love, gentleness and persuasion could succeed. The Spaniards read this work, and though it was never printed, it was widely read in the manuscript, both in Spain and the colonies they laughed at Las Casas, and said he was an idle dreamer. If he believed that the doctrine of gentleness would succeed, let him try it upon the Indians. Just North of Guatemala was a wild, rugged country, inhabited by fierce Indians who worshipped idols and indulged in all the horrid feasts of human victims, about which I have told you in speaking of the Aztecs. The Spaniards had fought against them so unsuccessfully that they thought that they could not be conquered, and called their country the land of war. Las Casas obtained from the Governor of Guatemala a solemn promise that for five years no Spaniard should set foot in this territory without the consent of Las Casas and his three companions. This done these three priests set the story of the beautiful life and death of Christ into simple rhyme in the Indian tongue, and after some time secured the friendship of four Indian traders.

These Indians were won by the gentleness of the monks, and learned the verses, and what was more, believed the story they told. When the four traders could tell the sweet and simple story in their own tongue, and were able to answer the questions likely to be put to them, they were sent to the pueblo of the fierce tribe with the gaudy trinkets that they were accustomed to barter there. After they had finished their trade with the natives who were their friends and relations, the traders called for the drums and pipes upon which they were able to play, and chanted to the wondering natives the story of the divine Babe of Bethlehem. For several days the traders repeated their performance and when they had answered every question in regard to the story they told, they drew pictures of Las Casas, and his friends told the Indians that though these were Spaniards they were very different from the Spaniards of Mexico and those who had sought to conquer them. They were not warriors, and they cared nothing for gold, they had no wives, but treated all women with respect, they cared nothing for property but spent their lives in doing good. The savages were so astonished at hearing such things of the Spaniards whom they regarded as beasts of prey, that the chief of the pueblo sent his brother to find out whether the Indian traders were telling the truth, and if he found them to be as they were described, he was to invite one of them to return to the pueblo with him. He did so, and the priest who knew the language best went back with him to the pueblo and preached to such good purpose that in six months most of the chiefs had been converted, a little church had been built, and human sacrifices had been prohibited by the council of the tribe.

Las Casas and another of the monks then ventured to the pueblo, and their com-





AVENUE OF PALMS IN SOUTH AMERICA.



ing caused the greatest excitement. The savage priests were especially bitter against the white strangers, for they saw their influence in the tribes gradually being destroyed, and that the people would become gentle and peaceable. They harangued the people and told them to kill and eat the white strangers. They caused the church to be burned, but as the head chief and most of the other chiefs had been converted, there was no rebellion, and the missionaries were allowed to stay. They worked faithfully among the savages, and in another year Las Casas had the joy of seeing the conversion of many of the tribes who threw away their old idols and promised never again to make war unless their country was invaded. They acknowledged the King of Spain as their ruler, and had the word of Las Casas, whom they tenderly loved, that no Spaniard should come into their country without their permission. Las Casas secured from the governor of Guatemala a promise that his assurances to the Indians should be respected, and henceforth the "Land of War" became the land of peace, and from among the converted Indians went out Indian missionaries who did a vast deal of good work among their red brethren.

Thus did Las Casas prove his theory, and teach the world a lesson it has never forgotten. He crossed the ocean fourteen times in the interests of mercy and gentleness to the Indians, and at last both pope and emperor were won over and passed laws that gradually did away with Indian slavery in Spanish America. These laws were called the New Laws, and provided that only the conquerors and their children should have allotted slaves from among Indians, and although these laws were afterward changed and allowed the grand-children of the conqueror to hold the Indians in a sort of slavery, the lives of the people in the New World, on account of the hardship to which they were subject, and the violence of the times, did not last a great while, and after a few years the Indians became the property of the king, who provided for them to live in communities and their rights were watched over by officers of the crown who also collected certain taxes from them.

The bringing of the New Laws into Peru has something to do with the story of the last of the Pizarro brothers, Gonzalo, the handsomest of them all, and as brave as any of the others, and I will tell you how he met his fate. After the murder of Francisco Pizarro, the men who had made the plot killed his secretary and plundered his capital; they then stole all the sails and rudders of the ships in the harbor so that news of their doings might not reach Panama, and placing the young Almagro at their head gathered a force of the old friends of his father, and started on the road to Cuzco. They took possession of the town and began to manufacture arms and gunpowder, for they heard that an officer sent by the king was coming against them. This officer came on, and was joined by a large number of the Spaniards who believed that the arm of the king was strong enough to reach them even in Peru, and had no desire to be executed as traitors. The young Almagro gave them battle, but was defeated, captured and executed, together with those of all the murderers of Pizarro who could be found.

In the meantime Gonzalo Pizarro had been absent exploring the forests about the Amazon river, where he was compelled to suffer disaster and disappointment, and was somewhat inclined to the view that he should succeed to the government of his brother since he had shared the trials and dangers of the conquest. The king's officer persuaded him to yield to his authority, and Gonzalo went away to a plantation which he had in the province of Charcas, where he also had many Indian slaves. About this time Charles V. sent out a man to proclaim his new laws to the



people of Peru. The name of this man was Vela, and as complaints had reached the king in regard to the officer who had conquered young Almagro, he had orders to investigate his conduct.

Vela sent word to the king's officer to give up the government, and was so kind to the natives as he advanced into the country toward Peru, that the Spaniards who knew his mission were sadly frightened. Gonzalo Pizarro was especially angry, and as many of the Spaniards who were slave-owners wrote to him and asked him to lead them against Vela, he hastened to Cuzco and had himself proclaimed governor of Peru. I shall not tell you of the quarrels between Vela and Gonzalo, who tried to rally the Spaniards around him. Suffice it to say that there was confusion all over Peru.

Some of the Spaniards favored Vela, who was rash, violent and unwise, and some of them favored Gonzalo, but finally there was a battle in which so many of the troops of Gonzalo went over to the enemy that he was defeated and captured along with one of his most famous generals. Vela went back to Spain, where he paid for his mistakes in the service of the king by an imprisonment of seven years, and a crafty and cruel inquisitor had come out to take his place and reduce Peru to disorder. He put the last of the Pizarro brothers to death, along with his famous general, Carbajal, a man eighty-four years old, and amused himself in the manner then in common with the Spanish inquisitors.

Here he tore out the tongue of a man who had spoken against the emperor, there he flogged one who had been thought to favor the Pizarros. He tortured so many in such fiendish ways that he would probably have been murdered had he not secretly made his way to the coast, published the new laws, and then set sail for Spain, leaving the country in even greater confusion than he had found it. There were at the time about eight thousand Spaniards in Peru, and they were not, by any means, easy to govern. The king did not relish the idea that Peru, instead of continually pouring wealth out for him should cost him anything, and it was a problem how it should be governed so that it would pay the best, and should be held the most securely.

He had tried giving the government of the new colony over to adventurers, to officers, lawyers, (for one of his officers was a famous Spanish lawyer,) and to inquisitors; he now made up his mind to send out a nobleman, one who should have a high-sounding title and long descent, for the Spaniards, even the most fierce and unruly, had a respect for such. He chose Don Andre Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis of Canete. He had name enough and lineage enough, for he was of the royal house of Castile, and beside being old enough to be above the quarrels and ambitions of more adventurous and younger men, he was a good soldier and stern disciplinarian. He was clever, was this Marquis, and one of the first laws that he passed when he came into Peru and had been invested with the authority with solemn pomp, was to prohibit any Spaniard from leaving his own estate without permission from the authorities.

Next he turned out all the officers in power and appointed new ones. Then he disbanded all of the soldiers in the country, and had all the guns and ammunition seized and brought to him. He then organized for himself a guard of four hundred men with firearms, and when all these things were done he sent out invitations to all the principal settlers of the country, taking care to name those on both sides who had been concerned in the civil wars. They came joyfully enough, thinking that they were to be allotted new divisions of slaves.

When Mendoza had them in his power, he quietly took away their arms, put them on board ships and sent them to Panama, Chili or Spain, with strict orders to remain away from Peru if they valued their lives. Those who were left that were inclined to be restless, the wily Marquis sent out on difficult and dangerous explorations, and thus he reduced the country to order in a very short space of time. He had brought his wife and family out with him, and he selected a body of men as personal guard, and set up a sort of court in Lima. The Marquis was eager to win over the native population among whom hatred for the Spaniards had grown as they became better acquainted with them.

To this end he tried to win over the eldest son of Manco Inca, for Manco had been killed, as I have told you, and his son reigned over the remnant of his nation in his mountain retreat. He sent messengers to him who pleaded with him to exchange his wild lair in the mountains for a comfortable house and a yearly sum of money for his support from the Spanish governor. He was finally persuaded to come to Lima and swear allegiance to the King of Spain, but his brothers would not go with him, and remained in safety in the retreat they had chosen. It is said that the Inca when he signed the document renouncing his right to rule over Peru, took up the fringe of the table-cloth which covered the table where he was sitting, and said sadly: "All this cloth was mine, and they have given me only a thread of the fringe for my sustenance." He brooded over the miseries of his fallen race from that time forth, and soon died of a broken heart. The good and wise Mendoza ruled Peru for five years, and then he died, and another was sent to govern the country.

After a time a cruel Spaniard by the name of Toledo came to rule over Peru. He could not understand the generous policy of the good Mendoza toward the Indians, and made up his mind that the Spanish rule in Peru would not be absolutely safe as long as the Indian so loved the descendants of the Incas and had faith in them. They had about them the evidences of the past glories of their race, and Toledo thought that they naturally compared them with their present miseries. One of the Incas descendants lived in a palace near Cuzco, and had married a Spanish lady. He had a baby son, and when the child was christened, Toledo was present as a guest. There were two other guests present in disguise who had cause to rue that ceremony. They were the two sons of Manco Inca who had refused to submit to Spain, and who in the wild fastness of the mountains worshipped the Sun as their fathers had done, and were secretly considered by the Indians as their rightful rulers. One of these was a mere lad it is true, but both were brave and loved their kindred too well to be absent from the baptismal ceremony of one of the great Inca race. When the festival was over the two Incas returned to their mountain home, but there were spies among the guests who had told Toledo that they had been there and he sent messengers after them to try and persuade them to venture into his power. These messengers were two monks and a half-breed Indian, and they were well received by the Inca. It happened that the elder Inca fell ill, and the Indians who formed his court begged of the priest to pray their God to make him well. The priest baptized the sick man and prayed over him, but he, nevertheless, died, and the Indians were so enraged that they killed the priests and the half-breed. They realized too late that this would be an excuse for one Spanish governor to make war against them, but their country was a hard one to invade, and this may have had something to do with their bravery; at all events they prepared to defend themselves. Soon the Spaniards came out against them, and though they fought heroically they



were defeated and the boy, Inca and all his court were captured. The boy had nothing whatever to do with the death of the messengers, and it was well-known to Toledo, but he declared that the child must be executed. The priests were given several days to convert him, and the lad was baptized by the name of Diego. Then all the Indians from far and near assembled to witness the execution. The little fellow was brought forth, dressed in pure white and mounted upon a mule. He held a cross in his hand, and a priest walked on either side of him. The boy calmly walked up the steps of the scaffold and stood before the vast assemblage. Then an Indian of another tribe brought out the huge knife with which the boy's head was to be cut off, and at the sight the whole assemblage as with one voice lifted up such a long, loud wail of sorrow, that the Spaniards were startled and trembled at what might happen if the innocent lad were murdered. The boy himself was calm, and made such a beautiful speech to the people and to the priests beside him, that they too wept, and finally asked the executioner to wait a little. Then they went to Toledo, and throwing themselves upon their knees before him, pleaded with him in the name of Christ to spare the life of the poor child. The hard-hearted fiend would not do it, and sent an officer to command the execution to go on. The boy meekly laid his head upon the block, and the headsman did his awful work, while a wild cry of grief went up from the Indians, and the bells of all the churches in Cuzco were tolled. The lad's body was buried in solemn pomp by the priests, but Toledo caused his head to be set on a pole in the public square of the city. One night Toledo was restless, and arising from his bed, looked out of his window; the moon was shining brightly, and its rays fell upon the ghastly head of the young Inca set aloft in the square. Toledo had seen it often for the square was all in plain view from the window, but now he saw by the light of the moon a sight which touched even his stony heart.

The great square was filled with a multitude of people. Indians he could see, and these were all kneeling silently with their dusky faces turned toward the head of the Inca, with an expression of devotion and sorrow. They were compelled to hide their grief during the day, for fear of incurring the wrath of their masters, but when the solemn night came, and those masters were sound asleep, the poor faithful Indians were free to silently weep over their noble dead, and the woes of their race. Toledo caused the head to be taken down the next day and buried with the body.

Not content with killing the Inca, Toledo began a merciless persecution of half-breeds of Inca blood. They were banished, imprisoned and persecuted, and every memorial of the Inca rule that could be removed was destroyed by this merciless Spaniard. He oppressed the natives in every way that he could think of, and at last went home to Spain, confident that King Philip would approve everything he had done. Philip had indeed enjoyed the large sums of money that had been wrung from Peru, and so long as he was supplied did not ask any questions, but when Toledo came smiling into his presence he is said to have turned scornfully away telling him to be gone, that he was not sent to Peru to kill kings, but to serve them.

Spain's rule in Peru, as elsewhere, was ruinous from the beginning of the days of Philip. The priests had charge of the education of the people, such as it was, and the Inquisition with all its horrors which did such deadly work in Spain and the Netherlands. The Indians, it is true, were not allowed to suffer under it, but half-castes and Spaniards died by the hundreds under its tortures. I will not tell you all the events of the various rules of the different governors of Peru, for I do not think you would be interested in them.



HACIENDA OF LA FARMACIA.



From the very first no person of Spanish or Indian blood born in the country was allowed to be the governing power, and those who were sent out from Spain were not paid anything, but were supposed to get their salaries from the country, and send much home to Spain beside. To do this they robbed the people of all classes the most shamelessly, and though the people were industrious, they could not gain any wealth, for the greedy governors were to be satisfied. Several new crops from Europe were introduced, but the Indians; unused to hard labor, died by the millions, and finally there were not enough in the country to do the work in the mines and fields. They had long been wiped out in the islands, and negroes from Africa had been stolen from their homes since the days of the second governor of Hispaniola, and sold in the islands as slaves.

Negroes were brought to South America, and the most dreadful punishment was provided for Indians who sheltered in their villages runaway negro slaves. They were not allowed to mix with the Indians at all. The Indians by this time had sunk again into pitiable slavery. All the men were dragged away to work in the mines, the villages were taxed, and the priests and governor conspired to oppress the poor natives and kill them by drudgery and hardship. In the year 1664 there was such an outcry made over the indignities to which they were obliged to submit, that laws were passed for their protection.

In the year 1628 a governor by the name of Chincon was sent out from Spain to take charge of affairs in Peru. When he first arrived his wife was taken very ill with a fever, and a Jesuit gave her a decoction made from bark which he had received from an Indian. This decoction cured the fever, and its fame went throughout the world. From the name of the lady who was thus rescued from death, this medicinal bark received the name Chincona, and has done much for the cure of fevers ever since. You, no doubt, are familiar with it under the name of quinine, or Peruvian bark, and know that it has since become a precious article of export from South America, and has done much to soothe the sufferings of millions of fever-vexed people. It is the only good thing that came out of Peru in that century, and I am glad to be able to mention that one good thing did come from all the many evil things of that evil time.

Two hundred years after Toledo was the governor of Peru, there were still living the descendants of Inca Manco. Nine-tenths of the population had been killed by the merciless exactions of the Spaniards, and the rest were in such miserable plight that they and the half-breed population were goaded to fury. There was at this time a gallant descendant of the Inca, who had been educated in all that the country afforded of education, for there had been a college established in Peru for the education of noble Indians, and he was a graduate of it.

He had an estate and caused it to be worked with so much skill that he became well-to-do, and was the protector of his countrymen. He was an eloquent and able man, and he tried by every means in his power to compel the Spaniards to observe the laws made for the protection of the Indians, but they would not do so. Then he raised an army to fight them. There were Indians from all over the country, and half-breeds also, who joined him, and there was a bloody revolution. The Inca was gentle and humane, and treated his prisoners with the greatest consideration, and it was well known that he was not fighting against the King of Spain, but against the cruelty of the lawless Spanish overseers.

Nevertheless, the governor of Peru sent a large army against him, and when the

intelligent Inca proposed that there should be no further fighting on the condition that the reforms for which the Indians clamored were granted; he refused, and told him instead how he meant to punish him and his followers for their actions. The Indians at this time all professed the Catholic religion, and were in one sense as much subjects of the kings of Spain as were the Spaniards themselves. They were educated and enlightened in some instances, but they were foully treated.

It was at the time when we had just received our freedom from England, and were in the first years of our government as a free people that the heroic attempt was made, but it was a failure. The Inca was captured, drawn and quartered and parts of his body sent all through Peru to frighten the natives into submission. His mother, wife and ninety of his relatives and friends were murdered at the same time, and when the Indians and half-breeds heard what had been done, the whole country rose in revolt, and eighty thousand persons lost their lives. One of the brothers of the dead Inca led the army of the Indians, and the Spaniards finally proposed to treat with him if he would surrender and cease fighting. He believed them, and surrendered. He, too, was barbarously murdered with all his relatives and friends, and the only remaining descendant of the Inca, a little boy too young to be murdered, was sent to Spain to pass his life in a Spanish dungeon.

This horrid cruelty happened only a hundred years ago, and the Indians of Peru were almost entirely exterminated, but the cruelty with which the Spaniards punished them, caused public sentiment in Peru against Spain to rise to such a height that in the course of time the Spaniards were expelled and the country became independent. Thus the Inca did not die in vain. Soon after the revolt was crushed, a governor was sent out who told the king in plain words that the trouble was caused entirely by the cruelty and greed of the Spaniards. He at once set to work, and as far as he could do so, established every reform which the martyred Inca had advocated, and the Indians became really free for the first time in the history of the country since the Spanish conquest, though the New Laws had for a time done much for them.

Early in the eighteenth century a young Irishman came to Lima; went to South America to "make his fortune." He had many trials and made little money, but when Peru was at war with Chili Indians, in 1788, he proved to be such a clever fighter that he was made captain-general of the army. The name of their Irishman was Higgins, but when he was made captain he called himself O'Higgins, as that had a more aristocratic sound, for you know the early Irish kings were all O's or Maes. He made money and sent much of it home to Ireland to be distributed among his poor relations, and when he died in 1801, he was a full-fledged Spanish Marquis, and governor of Peru.

He left a son, Bernardo, and of him I shall have something more to tell you. This was the time when revolutionary ideas were spreading all over the world. The people of the United States had gained their independence, and the French with Napoleon as their leader had hurled the Bourbon princes from their hereditary throne, and were creating havoc with the old monarchies of Europe. In Peru there were many people who read the long record of shame which the Spanish rule furnished their country, and who determined in their hearts to no longer be slaves. No matter what their patriotism and their qualifications for the office of governor they were obliged to allow foreigners to rule them and rob them, for it was the law of the king of Spain. That country had by this time sunk so low under its weak and wick-



ed kings, that merely to be ruled by it was deep disgrace, or so at least those Peruvian patriots thought. Even among the ladies of the city of Lima the ideas of independence were cherished and encouraged. Secret clubs were formed at their houses where men met to consider plans for the overthrow of tyranny and finally a bright young lawyer became the head of these secret societies, and for several years there were plans put forth and the liberal sentiment grew and flourished.

No opportunity for resistance to Spain came until the year 1814, and then Napoleon invaded Spain, made the king prisoner, and set up Joseph Bonaparte as the ruler of the old kingdom. The South American colonists declared that they would not obey Joseph, and they would form a government of their own. Chili proclaimed an independent government, but the Spanish governor sent an army into Chili, defeated the new government and set up Spanish rule again.

About the same time Buenos Ayres set up a republic and sent a force to Peru to help the patriots there throw off the yoke of Spain. The patriots were defeated, and many of them were condemned to death, but another army was sent from Buenos Ayres to their aid, and the city of Cuzco declared for the patriots. The Spaniards conducted the war with their usual relentless cruelty, but the native-born population of Peru, Spaniards, half-breeds and Indians were as one man for liberty; they had little skill in war, however and at first were defeated at every point. It was about ten years after the first attempts at liberty by the Peruvians, that a gallant officer by the name of San Martin, came home from Europe where he had been educated, and in the Andes trained a small body of the men of Buenos Ayres for the purpose of liberating Peru and Chili.

Bernardo O'Higgins joined him there and helped him in his labors, and after several years of hard fighting they had nearly succeeded in both efforts, when Bolivar, a man who had fought for independence in the northern provinces of South America, appeared upon the scene. O'Higgins had been made President of Chili and San Martin retired from the Peruvian army. Bolivar completed what they had so well begun, and Spain was compelled to part with her South American provinces, and after Napoleon was no longer in power and the war in Europe was over, large bodies of soldiers were sent into South America to crush the patriots, and Peru was not independent until the year 1829.

I have not space to follow here the course of the Peruvian Republic, and I doubt whether you would have the interest to follow it. There have been rebellions and troubles without number, for the whole course of the Spanish government in South America had been calculated to render the people incapable of self-government. They had been priest-ridden for three centuries, and were ignorant, superstitious, and consequently as violent in their passions as all ignorant people usually are. They have had war with one another and among themselves times without number, but in spite of everything are more prosperous now than they were under the rule of Spain. All the time they are learning the lessons that will be useful to them in the future, and will, no doubt, sometime be great States.

I have followed the fortunes of Peru, for my story led me naturally to do so, and it is now fitting that we turn back to that Republic upon the borders of our own country, and learn something of her story.

After the conquest by Cortes, here as in South America, the priests were given charge of the Indians with orders to convert them, and they proceeded to do so by baptizing them at the rate of several thousand a day, the poor savages having little

idea of the meaning of the ceremony. I have no doubt, that many of them thought it was an evil sort of spell that the white men were laying upon them, for the example that the Spaniards set them of Christianity was more savage than their own paganism had been. Nevertheless, baptized as they were in droves, and ignorant of the true meaning of Christian doctrines, if they were suspected of worshipping their idols or of disobeying the Spaniards in anything that they were commanded to accept as facts, they were punished by the Inquisition with all its terrors.

The slavery of the Indians in Mexico had such terrible results, that the population which is supposed at the time of the coming of Cortes to have been about a fourth as large as that of the whole of the United States at the present time, soon shrunk to a few million. I have told you that in South America all of the offices of the government were given to Europeans, and no native person could hold high offices. The whole of the Spanish possessions in the new world were under charge of a Council of the Indies, chosen by the king from among the high officials of the colonies, or from the great families of Spain. No matter what this council decided, the king always agreed, for its purpose was to wring as much gold from the Spanish colonies as possible.

All of the governors of Mexico, that were chosen by this council, were required to be born in Old Spain, and were forbidden to hold land or to marry in the New World. All the lower offices such as clerkships and the government of the provinces of the colonies were openly sold in Spain to the highest bidder, and as the purchasers had the power to grow immensely rich by robbing the poor Indians, these offices always brought a good price.

For three hundred years no foreigners were allowed to travel in Mexico without the written permission of the representative of the king, and the Mexicans were forbidden under the pain of punishment from having anything whatever to do with foreigners. The Indians and the native born Mexicans were forbidden to carry arms, and the laws were such that they were at the mercy of their governors. Any attempt at liberty was crushed out with great brutality, and it was long before the unhappy people were able to make an effort that was in any way successful to throw off the tyranny with which they were oppressed.

The king taxed them, the church taxed them, and the petty governors taxed them. They could not buy a peck of vegetables in the market without paying a tax upon them, and worst of all, the Indians were kept in the most dense ignorance, for knowledge, you know, is the seed of liberty. I must tell you some of the many ways the Jesuits and the king taxed the Mexican people, so that you may understand what a farce both religion and justice were in Mexico for three hundred years. The king owned one-fifth of all the gold and silver that was dug from the mines, and the Mexicans were not allowed to buy salt, tobacco, or gunpowder from any private traders, but the king sold all that was used in Mexico and charged the highest prices for them.

All the offices of the church, such as that of bishop, inquisitor and the like, were sold to the highest bidder, and the king had the money from the sale. He stamped a tax upon paper, glass, and other things, and every Indian was made to pay a certain sum a year for the privilege of being allowed to live at all. The church had a hand in the taxes, too, and shared the profit with the king, or rather sent to the king what it thought his rightful share, and kept the rest, and he knew little about the wealth it gathered. Every Mexican could buy for a certain sum of money, a pardon before-





RIO MANÍ.



hand for all crimes, and the Inquisition could not arrest him if he had one of the paid for pardons from the Pope, which were sold by the priests at a stated price. He could buy a release of his soul from purgatory while he was alive, or his friends could buy one for him after his death. He could buy a pardon which allowed him to eat the forbidden food during Lent, but more shameful than all, he could buy a pardon beforehand to rob whomsoever he could, and the goods taken could not be returned to their rightful owners and could be sold or held by the robber.

Each person was allowed to buy fifty such pardons in a year, but no more, and you may imagine that the poor Indians were the ones who were the victims. The Spaniards bought from the Pope the power to steal their goods and the products of their labor, and for a long time after the Indians were lawfully free from slavery, they were thus enslaved by the workings of these pardons. The state of morals that was encouraged by the church may well be imagined. Every crime, even murder itself, could be pardoned before it was committed, upon the payment of a sum of money to the church.

There is little wonder that the Indians became degraded under such a form of religion. They sacrificed human victims in the old times upon their altars, in order that their gods might send them fair weather, good crops and victory over their enemy, but they had never paid in advance for sins they meant to commit, and I think the idolatry and wickedness of Spain and the church was greater than that of the Aztecs in the days of Cortes. Beside all the other taxes, the priests collected a tenth of what was left to the Mexicans of their crops and materials for clothing. The Spaniards in the country, numbering at the time of the revolt of the Mexicans about half a million, were "privileged," and were not obliged to pay the taxes. The priests, too, were "privileged," and it was only the native Mexicans of pure or mixed blood that felt the whole weight of the wicked tyranny of the King and the Pope.

The Mexicans had absolutely no voice in the making of their laws, were not allowed to trade or manufacture, were compelled to avoid foreigners, and it is a wonder that they ever learned enough of liberty to rebel against the odious system; but they did at last. After a long struggle, which was begun by a native Mexican priest, a noble and learned man, Mexico gained independence from Spain. It began its efforts for freedom about the time that Napoleon unseated the Spanish King and set up his brother Joseph as a full-fledged monarch, but it was nearly ten years before it was accomplished. The people were not fit to govern themselves, for they were ignorant of the principles of government, and those Mexicans who were at the head of the movement decided that for the time a monarchy was the best form of rule for the country.

A man by the name of Iturbide made himself the king under the name of Augustin I. The political leaders of Mexico had little objection to a king, but they did object to the manner in which Iturbide made himself king, for he was not the choice of the Mexicans. He simply got a force of his friends together, seized the government and made himself ruler. He was not allowed to play the Napoleon long, for he was defeated by the people in battle and shot as a traitor. The man who led the forces against Iturbide was Santa Anna, and though he was a fairly good soldier he was a poor governor.

Nevertheless, he governed Mexico for nearly thirty years, and under him the country was in a sadder plight than ever, if that were possible. He was ignorant,



superstitious, and under the thumb of the priests, and did so many things that were not for the good of the country, that at last the people, among whom the republican sentiment had grown greatly in that time, determined to get rid of him. He had driven back the hosts of Spain, it is true, when they tried to again seize Mexico, and had repelled the French, but he was cruel and hot-headed.

He lost the great territory of Southern California and those Spanish possessions to which claim had always been made on account of the discoveries and explorations of Cortes and Coronado, and was, therefore, out of favor even with those who had



THE DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN.

been his friends. During many of the years when he had been an officer of the Republic, a brave and noble-minded Indian of the old Aztec blood, who was born in the hut of a shepherd, and had made his own way up to the place where he was one of the best lawyers in the country, and one the most wise and able of the provincial governors, was a favorite with the people.

He had spent several years in the United States, whither he had been driven by the jealousy of Santa Anna, and had good ideas of how a Republic should be conducted. This enlightened man, Benito Juarez, after a long fight and many difficulties

and romantic adventures, at last freed Mexico from the evils of the administration of Santa Anna, and the Mexicans think of him with much the same love with which we think of our Washington. He put down the priests, who had been such an evil force in the government of the country, and who for three hundred years had blighted all the good there was in the life and character of the Mexican people, and made many reforms.

When the United States was busy putting down the Civil War in the South, Napoleon III, supported by England and Spain, sent out an Austrian prince by the name of Maximilian, to be the king of the Mexicans. The Mexicans were not in a position to refuse to take him, though they did keep themselves in arms against him, and he was only enabled to govern at all by the aid of the French troops. The Great Powers of Europe were not pleased to think that the larger part of the North American continent should have a Republican form of government. They sighed for the good old times when tyranny and oppression ruled the Spanish possessions, and thought, perhaps, that it was not a good idea for Englishmen and Frenchmen to have before them the sight of successful Republicanism. Again they thought that the United States was about to be split up into several fragments and many people in Europe who were fond of royalty even prophesied that these fragments would in time become monarchies, divided by petty jealousies as are the monarchies of Europe, and were taking time by the forelock to give Spain a hold upon the continent. They knew that Spain was so weak that the other powers might readily join and crush her when they saw fit, and then they would divide the spoil.

When the United States was at leisure after the Civil war, it had about a million well-trained and veteran soldiers at command. It had been a principle of our government since the days of Monroe, one of our early Presidents, that European interference in the affairs of this continent would not be tolerated by the United States, and that when any of the countries on this side of the ocean had any matters to settle, they should settle it without the aid of European arms. This meddling of the French Emperor, was not to be overlooked, and the United States Government sent him a sharp message telling him to take his soldiers home again. The French did not care to have a war with the United States, and so regiment by regiment, upon one excuse or another, the French soldiers were called home from Mexico, and poor Maximilian, and his wife Carlotta were left alone in Mexico, with only a few faithful guards to stand between them and the enraged people. The royalists were few, and had grown fewer since the coming of their foreign king, but they did make a sort of stand against the Republicans; but it was of no use. Maximilian was dethroned, captured, and as had been the habit in dealing with unpopular public men in that country for several years, a habit that is still followed there, he was shot. His wife became insane, and went from the palace of Mexico, to the padded cell of a lunatic asylum in Austria. Thus ended the last attempt at monarchy in Mexico.

Benito Juarez, the Aztec ruler of Mexico was again chosen President of the Republic, after the killing of Maximilian, and three years later there was the most bitter dispute among three candidates for the office, Juarez was one of these, and to settle the dispute, they all took up arms. There was much fighting among them for several months, and then Juarez died, and the other two decided to let the country judge between them, which they might have done at first had they been as anxious for peace and good government as they were for office. Tejada, one of the contestants was elected, and held the office for four years, then another revolt sprang up.



It was headed by a man by the name of Diaz, and while the President and his friends were fighting Diaz and his party, another election came around. Tojada was declared elected, but Diaz said he was not, and after much quarreling and some hard fighting, Tejada was driven out, and Diaz ordered a new election. The people made the best of the circumstances, for Diaz was actually in power, and chose him as their President. He ruled the country very ably for three years, then Gonzales was elected President. The Mexicans had become so accustomed to rebelling against somebody, or something, that it had become quite chronic with them, but strangely enough they neglected to rebel on this occasion and for the whole term of the presidency of Gonzales, there were few serious troubles. The priests did make some difficulties, just as they had done since the first days of the struggle for liberty, but when Diaz was again elected in 1888 matters gradually settled down to peace and order. In spite of all the revolutions and disasters of the last sixty years, Mexico is making some advances in wealth and education. The people are beginning to mix freely with those of the United States. Railroads, newspapers and telegraphs are doing their work of enlightenment and civilization, and in time Mexico will no doubt be one of the great and progressive Republics of the world, and will soon forget the miseries of her sad past.

Peru and Mexico were the greatest of the Spanish possessions in the New World, both in extent of territory and riches, but there were others, and The Story of the World would not be complete without a brief mention of their place in the tale of Spanish America, for they, too, have had a struggle for their liberty, and are destined to play their part in the history of the Western Continent. Navigators had sailed to the eastern coast of South America, and had not only stolen slaves there for the planters of the West Indies, but had established colonies.

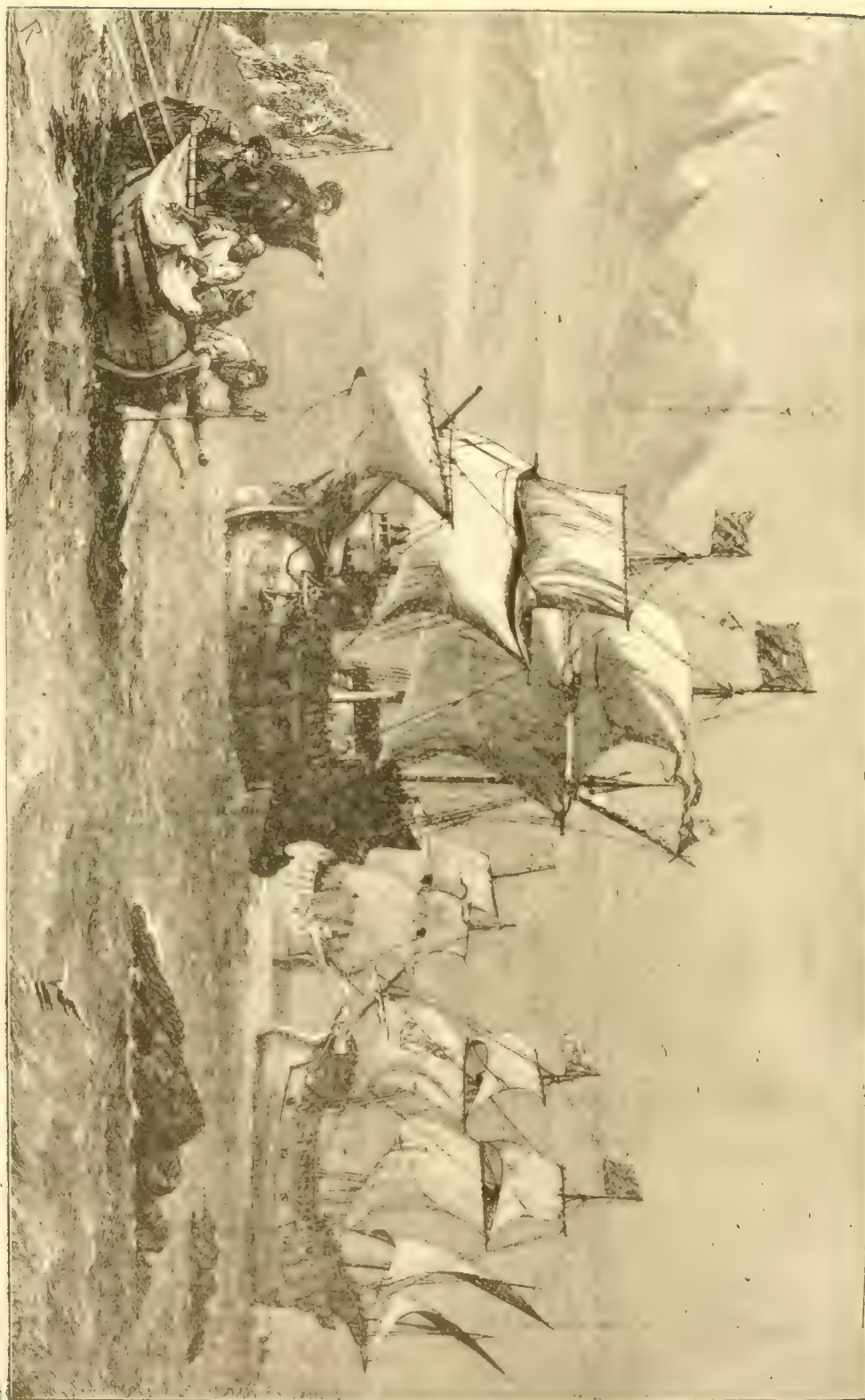
Pinzon, one of the companions of Columbus, accompanied by Vespucci, had discovered the mouth of the Amazon river, and explored the coast as far south as the River Plata, but as this coast by the decree of the Pope belonged mainly to Portugal, no attempt was made by Spain at settlement. The Argentine Republic had been colonized, as in due time had the whole northern coast, and Brazil had become a possession of the Portuguese before the first English colonies were firmly established in the New World.

In nearly all the Spanish colonies the story of the Indian is the same as it was in Peru and Mexico, and I will not pause to repeat its sad details. There is another early hero of the Spanish discoveries, of whom I wish to tell you. I have already mentioned him, and what he did, but more briefly than his merits warrant, for he was a mariner beside whom the voyages of Columbus are as child's play, and what he did for the world of science in proving that the Western land was indeed a Continent, made a great change in men's thoughts and ideas.

Ferdinand Magellan was born in Portugal, that ancient Louisiana, of which I have told you, but which, in his time, was a kingdom small in extent, and playing no part in history except in the story of discovery and exploration. The Portuguese Prince Henry was one of the greatest geographers of his time, and it was his work that stimulated much of the interest in discovery and exploration in the fourteenth century.

Magellan was one of a noble house, as noble in nature as in lineage, and a proud fact for his countrymen, has nothing recorded against his character unworthy of a true hero. This, too, in a time when men were cruel and fierce, and when a premium

MAGELLAN PASSING THROUGH THE STRAITS





was put upon wickedness by Popes and kings. I have read what one of our greatest historians said about Magellan, and will tell it to you, for it is a key to the nature of the man: "Difficulty and danger fit to baffle the keenest mind and daunt the strongest heart, only incited this man to effort."

When Magellan was a little boy he was sent to the Court or the King of Portugal, like many of the other noble youths of his day, and was brought up in the king's household. In the year 1505 he went to India and there spent seven years in the navy of Portugal, sailing over those strange seas, and visiting those islands rich in spices and luxuries for which Europeans at the time, paid such a high price.

It is said that he was in the Indian ocean with Sequira, and made one of the crew of the ship that made the first voyage that ever was ventured beyond the Island of Ceylon. While there, his strength and courage were useful in aiding his commander against a murderous attack from the Malays, and, almost single-handed, he saved one of the captains by the name of Serrano from being killed, and this ever after made them true and tender friends. It is said that in one of the after-voyages of Serrano he accomplished the first trip that was ever made to the spice islands.

There Serrano took a large cargo of nutmegs and spices, and after a course of exciting experiences, his ship was wrecked upon a lonely island that was a resort for Malay pirates. Luckily the Portuguese sailors were not at first seen by the Malays, and had an opportunity to hide among the rocks, but after a little the pirates saw the pieces of floating wreckage and came down to the place in one of their ships and went ashore in their boats to gather in the spoil from the wreck, not having the faintest idea that the crew had escaped. They left their boats alone and began to search about when the Portuguese crept from their hiding, seized the Malay boats, made for the ship and escaped.

Serrano then went back to the Moluccas and remained, while Magellan in the course of time made his way back to Spain. He helped in the Moorish wars for some years, and then as the king did not seem inclined to favor him, he settled down to study navigation. He had the idea that the Pacific ocean, which had been discovered by Balboa, might be entered from the Atlantic by sailing around the southern extremity of South America, but most of the geographers of his time thought the Pacific only a great gulf, and the South American Continent a peninsula jutting out from Eastern Asia.

Magellan tried to interest the King of Portugal, but he could not. That monarch treated him with coldness and disdain, and he went to Spain to offer his services to the young king, Charles V. He told him that he thought he could reach the East Indies by the route around South America, and thus open up a new path for the commerce upon the Pacific Coast of South America.

Charles was pleased with the idea, and after a time gave Magellan five leaky old ships for his attempt, thinking, perhaps, that he would certainly be lost at sea, and it was better that he should lose old ships than new ones. Magellan married a fair young Spanish lady while he was waiting for these ships, and his little son was six months old when he kissed her farewell and sailed away upon that wonderful voyage which has not its equal in the world's great story, for it was made at a time when the Atlantic ocean south of the Plata river, and the whole Pacific was a sea of darkness, and it was like undertaking a voyage to the moon.

The Spaniards who sailed with Magellan in his ships were jealous of him, and even before they left port had whispered it about that they meant to kill him and

return if he did anything that they did not like. The poor young wife heard of this cruel report, and sent out a ship with a message to her husband, but he told her to be of good cheer, for he feared nothing and would do the work which he had begun. Down toward the Coast of Africa the five ships sailed, and there they were becalmed for nearly a month, then fierce storms raged over them and they were almost swallowed up by the sea.

Food and water became scarce, and the discontented Spaniards began to mutter, but there were thirty-seven Portuguese in the expedition, and one faithful captain, the brother of that Serrano whom Magellan had saved from death in the Indies long before. One of the unruly captains boarded the flag-ship of the stern old navigator, and began to talk insultingly to him, when he was promptly collared and placed in irons, and there was no more insolence for that time. The five ships crossed over to the Coast of Brazil, where they arrived after they had been three months out, and coasted southward.

You know, perhaps, that the spring season in the Northern Hemisphere is the autumn of the Southern, and when the expedition of Magellan reached the coast of Patagonia, it was beset by terrific winter storms. All along, the hardships of the voyage had been dreadful, and when Magellan anchored his ships in one of the bays on this wild coast, with the intention of passing the Atlantic winter there, the sullen crews were very much displeased. The food was becoming scarce, and they thought that they ought to return to Spain.

The commanders of most of the vessels thought<sup>g</sup> the voyage was a failure, and that Magellan had thus far not found the strait, because there was none. Magellan declared that he would never return until he had found the strait, and bade his captains trust to him, and calm their fears. Then the treacherous captains sowed the seeds of mutiny among the crew. They said that Magellan desired to serve the Portuguese king by losing the Spanish fleet, and finally three of the captains took matters in their own hands, and when the ship upon which Magellan had his quarters came near them, they told the captain-general to keep his distance, that they were no longer under his orders. Then they sent word to him to come on board, that they wanted to confer with him.

Magellan replied by sending them orders to come to him at once in his flag-ship. This they refused to do, and knowing that most of the crew of one of the mutineers' ships were faithful, Magellan sent one of his officers on board with a summons to come to the captain-general. When the rebellious captain refused the officer stabbed him, threw him into the sea, and a number of men whom Magellan had ordered from his own ship, boarded the vessel with drawn cutlasses, and called upon the crew to surrender.

They did so, and Magellan placing his wife's brother in charge of it, now blockaded the two other rebellious vessels, and opened fire upon them. One of them soon ran up tokens of surrender and the other was taken by force. Thus the mutiny was crushed. A little later one of the vessels was wrecked, and when the ice broke and the other four could venture out of the harbor, they set sail, and amid violent storms, sailed on to the southward, exploring the turnings of the coast, and upon the lookout for a passage to the Pacific.

At length they came to what seemed to be a strait. Then many of the crews wanted to turn back, and were all the more eager when Magellan declared that he was certain this was the looked-for passage. On he went, but one of the ships lagged



behind, and when it was out of sight of the others turned about and set out to sail back to Spain, where it arrived in six months, telling a story that was for awhile believed, about the other ships having perished in the sea. On and on Magellan and his three ships sailed, and at last they knew by the broad expanse before them that they had passed through the strait and were upon the Pacific.

Then they began to sail northward along the coast, and in January, a year and three months after they left Spain, came to an island, for they had by this time struck away from the coast and were sailing still westerly for the Molucca islands. They found no food or water upon the island and again set out, for there was nothing else to be done. They had eaten everything eatable that they had carried with them on the ship, even to pieces of hide and leather, which they soaked in seawater to make them soft. They had suffered much from a disease called scurvy, which is brought about by eating salt foods and drinking stale water, and their teeth and hair fell out, and there were many who died.

Those who were left were rejoiced one day to see far away upon the western horizon the faint outline of land, and upon the sixteenth day of March they left their little vessel and went ashore. They found that at last they had reached an inhabited island that was in communication with the rest of the world, for they found there traders from China and Sumatra. The natives were friendly and gave them plenty of fresh fruit and other food, and there they rested for some time. They soon found that the people of the islands were as thievish as crows, and they named them and their island the Ladrões, or "robbers," and that name they still hold.

The Ladrões were north of the latitude of the Moluccas, and Magellan knew now that his object was attained, and that he might sail safely home by the way that Vasca de Gama had found around the Cape of Good Hope, and that he then would have really sailed around the globe, and that honor had never been vouchsafed to another. His heart was, no doubt, glad within him, and as the Portuguese were as devout Catholics as were the Spaniards, he may have thought that a practical way of showing his gratitude to the God who had delivered him from so many dangers was to convert these heathens of the Ladrões. He therefore told them the story of the cross, and entreated them to be baptized in the Catholic faith.

They evidently thought that the new religion was some sort of "medicine," and that since it enabled the white men to do so many things which they could not accomplish, they would try it at all events. They therefore made a huge bonfire of their idols, accepted the new faith, their king and many of his warriors were baptized, and they set a wooden cross upon a high hill as a token to God that they believed in the doctrines of the church. The king of the Ladrões had long been at war with the king of one of the neighboring Philippine islands, and having such implicit faith in his new religion to work wonders, and in his white guests as invincible, the savage king pleaded with Magellan to go out in his ships against his enemies.

This was a crusade against the heathen, in the estimation of Magellan, and he was perfectly willing to undertake it. He therefore set out with his ships and men, but he was attacked when once on shore of the hostile island by an overwhelming number. Many of his men were slain, and in diverting the attention of the savages while the others retreated to their boats, Magellan remained too long on shore. Long before, when he was a young man and had fought against the Moors, Magellan received a lance thrust in the knee, which lamed him for life, and on account of this

lameness, perhaps, he was not enabled to run fast enough to escape from the savages, when his men were in safety.

He was overtaken by them, wounded in many places by their spears, and left for dead upon the shore, while his men sadly made their way back to the Ladrões. The chief was exceedingly angry over the defeat of the white men, but he concealed it, and invited thirty of the most prominent of the Spaniards to a banquet and murdered them all. The remnant of the little band when they learned of the deed, quickly spread their sails and hastened away from the fatal islands, and the last thing they saw as they went out of the harbor, was the natives cutting down the cross which they had set up, and burning it as they had before burned their idols.

The brother of Magellan's wife and Captain Serrano were murdered at the savage feast, and the remaining Spaniards made their way to Borneo. Then they went on to the Moluccas, where they found that Magellan's friend Serrano was dead. Here one of their ships was proven utterly un-seaworthy, and they took everything of value out of it, and burned it. Then, as one of the other ships was not very strong, it was agreed that it should be thoroughly repaired, take advantage of the trade-winds and make for Panama, while the other should go on at once by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, and return to Spain.

There were one hundred men still remaining of the two hundred and eighty that had sailed away from Spain, and on the eighteenth of December, two years and two months from the time Magellan sailed away from Spain, forty-seven of these were put on board the ship for Spain, and the others on board the one for Panama. The ship that was bound directly for Spain rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Atlantic in May, while the one that was to go by the way of Panama, was for awhile lost on the wide Pacific, and after the crew had endured untold miseries, and had nearly all died, it succeeded in getting back to the Moluccas, and of the fifty-four men with which she had set out on the return only four lived to see Spain again.

The equator was crossed by the other ship in June, but as the vessel was leaking badly, and the provisions were all gone, the captain determined to put in at the Portuguese Cape Verde Islands. He did not tell any one there of the long voyage he had made, but one of the sailors when he was drunk told the secret of the discovery of the passage through the Straits of Magellan and the adventures through which they had passed, and the Portuguese arrested thirteen of the ship's crew that were on shore, accusing them of having transgressed the rights of the Portuguese in their explorations. The others spread their sails and made all haste to get away, and on the 6th of September, 1523, thirty-four months after they left Spain, their vessel, battered by storms and almost a wreck, sailed into the river Guadalquivir, and the eighteen gaunt, ragged, half-starved men, landed and told to the wondering people who surrounded them the story of their long voyage, their sufferings and disasters, and that they had sailed entirely round the globe.

This was the most wonderful voyage that was ever made upon our earth, for the men who made it ventured into unknown waters in frail vessels, and without maps or charts to guide their course, and were obliged to struggle against every difficulty and danger known to seamen. True, Sir Francis Drake did sail around the world later, and Frobisher made some wonderful voyages, but they had some knowledge of the route, and in their time there had been much improvement made in ship-building.

Vitus Behring, the man who discovered that Asia was a Continent entirely separate from North America, in the days of Peter the Great of Russia, also made some won-



derful voyages, as did Baffin, the discoverer of Baffin's Bay, and Davis, the discoverer of Davis Strait, but none of them had to overcome the difficulties that beset Magellan, and their voyages, when compared to his, were both short and easy. Cape Horn was not discovered for some time after this voyage of Magellan. It was in 1578 that a Dutchman with a name that suggests anything but great deeds, but rather noise both vocal and instrumental, Schouten van Horn, sailed down beyond Magellan's Strait and Terra del Fuego, and sighted the cape which was called Cape Horn in his honor.

The Spanish and Portuguese had a long quarrel about the ownership of the Philippine islands, and the Moluccas, and though they were really within the bounds that the pope had set for Portugal, Spain would not give them up. The Moluccas were leased to Portugal by Charles V. for a large sum of money, and in some way the lease was allowed to be construed as perpetual, and Spain lost those islands, but it held on to the Philippines, and they received their name in honor of the Spanish king, Philip II.

The Spaniards lost their East Indian possessions in the days of their war with the Netherlands, and Portugal, too, lost all hers, for at the time when Philip II. was king of Spain, there was no heir to the Portuguese crown, and he made himself the king of the country, and it did not regain its independence until 1640, and by that time Spain had thoroughly ruined it and the Dutch had taken possession of all its foreign islands that were worth the taking.

The Portugese had early colonized Brazil, and when the succession failed in the Portugese royal line, the Dutch attempted to take possession of it. They succeeded in making themselves the masters of a fort in the country but were finally driven out. After all of the other countries of South America had established republics, Brazil remained an empire, ruled over by descendants of the Portugese house of Braganza, but in the year 1889 it established a republic also. The emperor at the time was Dom Pedro, an enlightened and progressive man who had done much in his long reign to foster the Republican sentiment among his people. He had visited the United States and studied its institutions and admired them very much. He gave up his throne peacefully and went back to Europe.

I have not told you about the exploits of the Spaniards on the eastern coast of North America, for these exploits came to nothing, but we must not forget that the "land of Easter," the State of Florida, long remained a possession of Spain and was not a part of the United States until some years after the war for our independence. You will remember that after Ponce de Leon made his failure in the attempt to colonize the country, the Spaniards did nothing with Florida until Ferdinand De Soto came over from Spain and made his march through the country and discovered the Mississippi. A Spaniard had indeed founded a settlement at the mouth of the James river, near where Jamestown was afterward founded, as early as the year 1528. He brought with him from Hispaniola six hundred men and women, and a hundred horses, but he died of a fever soon after he landed in America, and his people fell to quarrelling among themselves. They had some negro slaves with them, and these slaves rose against their masters and murdered some of them. The Indians killed many others and at last the rest embarked to Hispaniola, but most of them were shipwrecked. A few of them lived to get back to the island, and among them was Father Antonio Montesino, that noble Dominican priest, who did all that he could to make the Spaniards in Hispaniola give up their Indian slaves. It is said that he

went to Venezuela soon after this, and there lost his life at the hands of the savages.

The French King, Francis, began to send ships across the Atlantic, and would not heed the protests of the Spaniards. He thought that he had as good a right to take all that he could find as they, and told their king of his intention to do so. He sent a bold navigator by the name of Verrazani, to explore the eastern coast, and when Charles V. heard of this proceeding, he was greatly disquieted. It was about the time the French were feeling the first miseries of the dreadful persecutions against the Huguenots, that Admiral Coligny determined to send some of his persecuted countrymen across the ocean to build up homes for themselves in the wilderness of the new world. He sent a brave and able man by the name of Jean Ribaut, with a party of thirty men to found a settlement. These men coasted along the eastern shores of Florida, to the mouth of the St. John's river, and then further on to the coast of what is now the State of South Carolina. There they landed, and the thirty men set to work to build a fort while Ribaut went back to France for his colony. For awhile the Frenchmen lived on good terms with the Indians who supplied them with food and all the other necessities of life, but soon the Indians tired of giving, and then the Frenchmen began to beg of them. Finally the men rebelled against their commander, killed him, patched up a leaky old craft that had been left with them, and set sail for France. They had hardly any food to carry with them, and before half of their voyage was done, they were without supplies, and starving. To supply their necessities they killed one of their companions and ate him, and had just finished this horrid ration, and were about casting lots for the next man who was to be made into meat for the benefit of the crew, when they were picked up by an English vessel and carried over to London.

Ten years after this Ribaut, who had been busy in the war between the Huguenots and the Guises of France, found time to send his protestant colony to America. The company was very large and there were plenty of soldiers and the usual sprinkling of gentlemen who expected to pick gold from the beds of the streams, and a few mechanics, but not a single farmer, for this was to be a colony of gold-diggers. The new expedition landed near the mouth of the St. John's River and built a fort, which in honor of King Charles IX, was called Fort Caroline. It was not long before this company of adventurers got into trouble among themselves and with the Indians, and finding no gold on land, they determined to look for it on the high seas; that is they made up their minds to turn pirate and prey on the Spanish ships that were constantly crossing the ocean from the West Indies and Mexico. A part of them therefore stole two little vessels belonging to the colony and went forth, but they were obliged to go on shore of one of the Spanish islands for water, and after they had earned the right to be punished as pirates by capturing a small Spanish ship, they were arrested on the island where they went for water, and were carried to Cuba where they bought the authorities over by giving them a full account of the settlement at Fort Caroline.

Philip II, was then in the mood to play the dog in the manger with the rest of the world. He had not the slightest use for Florida, for there was no gold there, and he did not care a whit for it after he found out that fact. He was not inclined, however, to let the French have it, though he did not want it himself, and he therefore sent a man to drive them out. This man is usually called Menendez, but he wrote his name Pedro Menendez de Aviles; he was a most bigoted Catholic,



a brave soldier, but a man who has come down to history as having no regard for truth at all when it pleased him to tell a falsehood, a cruel, blood-thirsty villain altogether. It seems that Menendez had persuaded Philip to let him go out to Florida, and convert the Indians; probably he wanted to engage in the slave trade, and that was his excuse, but at all events the news that the French Protestants had built a fort on Spanish soil stirred Philip to deep anger. He hated the Protestants with all his narrow soul, and was fighting them in the Netherlands the most of his life. In Spain he crushed out all tendency to Protestantism so that to this day Spain is almost as intensely Catholic, as superstitious and ignorant as she was in his time, and he told Menendez to go and cut off the French in Florida without mercy, though at the time France and Spain were at peace. Philip knew this act would not bring any trouble upon him from France, for he was a favorite with Catherine de Medici and Charles IX, and it is said that he had participated in the dreadful massacre of Bartholomew of which I have told you in the story of France.

Menendez took eleven ships and a thousand fighting men and sailed away from Cadiz in the summer of 1565 on the "crusade" against the heretics. Ribault had not yet returned from France himself, and his colony was in a sad way. Those who had not taken to piracy were slowly starving to death. The Indians were unfriendly and would sell them no food, and harassed them so persistently that they hardly dared venture out of their fort. They had been visited by the English slave-trader, Sir John Hawkins, who offered to take them back to Europe, but they knew Ribault would soon come to their relief and they refused to go. In August, Ribault did indeed come with seven ships and three hundred men. He brought tools, provisions, clothing, arms, ammunition, and every needful thing, and the colonists began to cheer up with belief that now their colony would prosper. They set to work with a right good will, but in about two weeks after the coming of Ribault, they saw one morning five Spanish ships coming into their harbor. This was the fleet of Menendez, the other ships had been wrecked and these were all he had left. Menendez thought it hardly prudent to attack the French. He contented himself with ordering them away, and threatening them with punishment; then sailed away down the coast to the place where the city of St. Augustine now stands. There he halted and set five hundred negro slaves to work to throw up a bank of earth as the beginning of the intrenchments of his camp. One of the French ships had been sent out to watch the movements of the Spaniards, and it came back with the report that these entrenchments were being made. It was then decided to leave a small number of picked men at Fort Caroline, to hold the place, while Ribault, who was a most skillful general, was to take the others and sail down the coast, pounce upon the Spaniards before their earthworks were finished, and drive them out of the country.

If this plan had succeeded it might have made the French the masters of Florida, and the whole course of history in the New World might have been changed. They would have built up there a numerous and powerful colony with which England would have found it much harder to struggle, than with the feeble settlements in Canada and the Ohio valley. There were a great many things that might have happened in history, if it had not been for wind and weather, as you have, no doubt, noticed, and the wind and weather now interfered, and in favor of the Spaniards. When the French were in sight of the Spanish camp, and no doubt already congratulating themselves that they would make short work of the enemy, the wind began to

blow fiercely, and they were driven far out to sea. The gale continued to blow, and the heart of Menendez was filled with fierce joy. He knew that the French commander must have left some men at the fort, and now they were at his mercy, for their ships and the larger part of their soldiers were far out to sea, and there was no telling when they would get back again. He quickly set out, and marching through the tangled swamps and forests that lay between him and the French, guided by the Indians who knew the way well, and who cut a path with their hatchets as they advanced, until he was in sight of the unsuspecting people at Fort Caroline. The surprise was complete, and the few men in the fort could not have held the place against the whole of Menendez' force, if they had known he was coming. In a little while the place was taken. Some of the Frenchmen succeeded in making their way into the wilderness, and afterward wandered about near the shore, looking for a friendly ship to take them home, until they were picked up at last and carried back to France. One hundred and forty-two men, women and children in the fort, were killed in cold blood, and a few were saved. Menendez tried to excuse his softness of heart in sparing any, when he wrote an account of what he had done, to the king, and Philip told him he had done well to kill the Protestants, but not so well in sparing any, however, he should send those who were saved, back to Spain, and he would make galley-slaves of them.

The ships of gallant Jean Ribault were tossed hither and thither by the winds and waves, and were finally wrecked on the Florida coast about a dozen miles south of the Spanish camp at St. Augustine. Most of the crews and troops were saved, and in two bodies, one far in advance of the other, worked their way back through the country toward Fort Caroline. Late in the month, the first party came to a little arm of the sea, which they had no means of crossing. Menendez had been on the watch for them in every direction, and sent seventy men to hide in the bushes, when he heard that the Huguenots were near this place. He then sent a boat out, and persuaded three or four French officers to come across. He told them about the capture and destruction of Fort Caroline and the murder of the garrison, and told them that the best thing they could do would be to lay down their arms and trust themselves to his mercy assuring them that he would deal honorably with them. The French had no provisions, and therefore surrendered, and were brought across the arm of the sea in parties of ten. As each party landed, the men were marched around a sand-hill near by, with their hands tied behind their backs, and when the whole of the detachment was over, the Spaniards, from their concealment, issued forth and killed every one of them.

Two days afterward, Ribault and three hundred and fifty men, came to the same inlet. There the Spaniards met them, told them that their friends had surrendered and received good treatment at their hands, gave them food, and persuaded them to lay down their arms and trust themselves to the tender mercies of Menendez. They might as well have trusted to a blood-thirsty tiger. Two hundred of the Frenchmen thought as much. They said they would rather die of starvation in the woods, or fall by the arrows of the Indians, less savage than Menendez, but they would not trust themselves to him. Ribault and a hundred and fifty men surrendered, but the other two hundred slipped away into the woods, and some of them after many hardships were saved. Five of the men who surrendered were allowed to live, for they were probably Catholics, but all the others were killed in cold blood. One poor sailor who had been left for dead and was dreadfully wounded, succeeded, with pain



and difficulty, in crawling away from the fatal spot and reaching the sea-shore at some distance from St. Augustine. He was in time picked up and carried back to France, where he told of the dreadful deed that had been done. The character of the Spanish king was so well known that his work was to be plainly seen in this horrid murder. Catherine de Medicis and Charles paid no attention to the massacre of their subjects in the New World, and perhaps thought that since they were heretics, they were well rid of them.

There were those in France, the relatives and friends of the murdered ones, who felt bitterly toward the Spanish on account of this cruel deed. There was also in France at the time, a nobleman of Gascony named Dominique de Gournes. He was not a Huguenot, but he was a brave man, and like all brave men hated cruel and cowardly deeds like those Menendez. He hated Spain, too, with good reason. He had been a soldier, and had fought in Italy in those disputes for territory that were so endless in those days. In one of his campaigns, he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and they made him work in the galleys. I suppose of course that you know what I mean when I say galleys, but for fear that you do not, will tell you that in those days the Spaniards, Genoese and other maritime people did not use sails altogether in their war vessels. Indeed sails were not used at all by any of the old navigators, and instead oared vessels with banks of oars one above another, like those I have told you about in the story of Rome, were common in the fourteenth century. It was the practice to condemn men who had committed crimes against the State or against the community in which they lived to labor at the oars of these vessels, and a very wretched life they had of it. They were chained to their benches, and if anything should happen to the ship, which was not at all uncommon in a naval battle, they were doomed to a watery grave. In Spain, and some other countries, prisoners taken in war were sent to this hard service, and were not only compelled to endure the labor and indignity of such a life, but were brutally abused. Spaniards were then the most cruel of all civilized people, and even to-day their prisons are foul places, a disgrace to humanity. They had the example of cruelty set for them by Philip, and the Inquisition and it is no wonder that they have followed it. I should be afraid to tell you how many Spaniards were murdered by Torquemada, the Inquisitor, but it must have been at least ten thousand. In our own times there has been an excavation made upon the site of the place where the secret tortures of the Inquisition took place, and there have been found remains of calcined bones of human beings forming a layer several feet in thickness. Perhaps as many people were killed in Spain during the Inquisition as suffered for their faith in all parts of the world together at that time.

Dominique de Gournes was moved to deep anger when he learned what had been the fate of his countrymen in Florida, and determined to avenge them, though it took all his fortune and his life beside. He said nothing to Catherine de Medicis or the king concerning his intentions, but sold his lands and everything he owned, borrowed some money of his friends, to whom he probably revealed his plans and secured their consent that he should use their money for the purpose, and fitted out three small ships and enlisted two hundred men. Of course he could not take such a company away from France without causing suspicion, if his destination was not made public, so he secured a commission from the king to kidnap negroes from the coast of Africa. In August of the year 1657, he left France and sailed toward Africa. All the fall and winter he cruised about, until the Spaniards, and maybe his own

countrymen had forgotten all about him, and he and his commission had slipped from the minds of the high officials, then he turned his ships towards Cuba. When he was half way across the Atlantic, he told his men what he intended, and they were willing to follow him and do what they could to avenge the death of their countrymen.

I suspect that De Gourges had chosen men that were friends and relatives of the murdered ones, in order to be sure of their sympathy, and knew that he could count upon their help. At all events the three French ships sailed across the ocean in the spring of 1858, and came to anchor a little way from St. Augustine, and between that place, which was then only a Spanish fort, and the ruins of Fort Caroline. The Indians were rejoiced to see them, for they had grown tired of their Spanish neighbors. It is said that at first they admired Menendez exceedingly for the manner in which he had disposed of his enemies, but after awhile his strong hand was laid heavily on them.

He was determined to convert them whether they would or no, and treated them with such injustice and cruelty that they hated him. His men plundered their fields, and were not at all scrupulous about their behavior, and there was such hatred for them among the Indians, that when they learned that De Gourges had come with the intention of exterminating the Spaniards, they flocked to him in such numbers that he determined to surprise the Spanish garrison, and try to take it by assault. His coming had been kept a profound secret by the Indians, and the Spaniards had no idea that there was a Frenchman on that side of the ocean. They were not afraid of the Indians, for they knew that the naked savages would not presume to attack four hundred well drilled and armed men behind the walls of their fort. They had grown so careless of danger that they did not keep watch in the day time, and it is said that they were attacked at mid-day, just as they had finished their dinner. The surprise was a complete success, and not one man of the four hundred escaped the swords of the Frenchmen and the tomahawks of the Indians except fifteen whom De Gourges spared.

When Menendez had massacred the French under Ribault, some of the soldiers who escaped by flight to the woods, said that he hanged several of the poor fellows he had deluded into a surrender to a single tree, and over them placed a board upon which was scrawled, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to heretics." There the bodies of the Frenchmen hung until their fleshless skeletons fell to the ground. The board was still nailed to the tree, and the ghastly evidences of the foul murder were not hard to find. Menendez was not in the fort, unluckily, or he would have met the fate which he so richly deserved.

De Gourges took the fifteen prisoners to the very tree upon which the Huguenots had been hanged, strung them up in a row, and over them placed a board upon which he caused to be printed in large letters in French and Spanish, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to liars and murderers." Having done his work of revenge pretty thoroughly, De Gourges destroyed the fort, and calmly returned to France. What afterward became of him I can not tell you, but I know that Spain took no notice of the deed, for she was not in a position to fight France. Philip had brought the country to ruin, and had fought until the fighting resources of the country were at an end. Menendez came back to Florida, and spent the rest of his life in his pious work of converting the Indians by the cross when he could, and by the sword when the cross failed, which was not seldom.



Spain made a few settlements in Florida, but her strength for colonization was gone. Her own fields and hillsides, once so fruitful from the care and tillage of the Arab farmers were barren wastes, for her peasants, like her nobles, were idle and ignorant, and had not the spirit of enterprise that led the English to emigrate to the New World. Even the impulse to become conquerors and live by their swords upon the spoil wrested from others had worn itself out, and Spain was compelled to cede Florida to England in the year 1763, after having been obliged to narrow her boundaries on the eastern coast of the United States, where she at first claimed the entire Continent, to the little peninsula that now bears the name of Florida.

England held the territory for about twenty years, when as she had no especial use for it, and the soil was poor and barren, she gave it back to Spain in the way of a treaty trade, and as was the custom, and is still the custom of England in such bargains, she gained the best of the transaction. During the second war with England, the Spaniards in Florida were altogether too willing to allow the English to use their harbors and towns as bases of supplies, and they fell into trouble with Jackson, who virtually conquered the territory, but was obliged to give it back to Spain. In the Everglades, vast swamps of Florida, was a lair of the Seminole Indians, which served them for shelter when every other refuge failed. Encouraged, it was thought, by the Spaniards, the Seminoles waged a most cruel war with the whites in the States adjoining Florida. Andrew Jackson was one of the best Indian fighters in America, and he was sent to subdue them. He did so, chasing them into their retreat, and for the second time being obliged to give it back to Spain. In the year 1821 the Government of the United States determined that it was to her best interest to own Florida, as the purchase of Louisiana left no other but English speaking people in the whole of North America, to the borders of Mexico, except the Spaniards in Florida. I don't think Spain was very willing to part with Florida, but as Jackson had seized parts of it, and held them, and as there was no obstacle to our Government taking possession of Florida whenever it felt so disposed, Spain made a virtue of necessity, and sold it to our Government, and Andrew Jackson was sent to receive it from the hands of the Spaniards. Thus Spain lost her foothold upon the Atlantic coast of North America, and in a few years, also upon the Pacific coast, but there her impress upon the people was such, that it will be ages before the traces of her dominion have disappeared.

Now that I have shown you briefly the fortunes of Spain in her later colonies, I will go back for a little space to those fair islands which Columbus and the companions of his adventures discovered, and where before the death of the great navigator the bloody hand of Spain was laid heavily upon the poor Indians. It was no doubt the hope and belief of Columbus that King Ferdinand would grant to his descendants the justice which he had been unwilling to show toward him. From the very first Columbus had a powerful enemy at court in the person of the Bishop of Burgos, a man by the name of Fonseca, who had much influence with the narrow-minded king. Perhaps Columbus reasoned that as long as Fonseca lived and was in such favor with the king, there was little hope for his own claims to be granted the reward due them, but he had seen before that the favor of kings does not last forever. He died, however, before the Bishop lost any of his influence. If you should ask me why the Bishop hated Columbus when the discoverer was such a true and faithful son of the Church, I cannot tell you. Perhaps it was because when he appeared at court with his project of finding land beyond the western ocean, Fonseca had ridiculed the whole idea, as the vain imaginings of a dreamer, and even intimated that he was not

at all sure that it was exactly respectful to the wisdom of the Church, for Columbus to declare that the world was round, when the Church for ages had assumed that it was flat.

You knew that Galileo was tried for heresy because he said the earth moved, and it was the doctrine in those days "that what the Pope said was true, whether it was true or not," but of course their belief was not expressed in such words. Columbus proved that he was right and that Fonseca was wrong, and the narrow-minded Bishop never forgave him for it, and did everything possible to take away the credit from Columbus. It seems that Fonseca hated all great and good men, with the spite of a narrow and envious nature. He hated Las Casas and many other of the great men of old Spain, and hindered in every way possible their plans.

Ferdinand was not disposed to grant any honors to the family of Columbus, and would not even allow Diego, the son of the discoverer, the government of those islands which had been granted to Columbus and his heirs forever, until he felt certain that he would have trouble among his own Spanish councilors if he did not do so. He did finally allow this tardy justice to Diego, and small satisfaction did the son of Columbus gain from his rule over the turbulent and quarrelsome Spanish subjects. I am afraid that Diego was nearly as greedy for gold as were most of the Spaniards of his time, and that he did not concern himself about the miseries that were visited upon the Indians. Certainly, before he died, the Indians had grown scarce in the islands, and already there were large numbers of negroes imported to work in the fields and the mines.

The slavery of the negroes was no less a crime, according to our way of thinking, than was that of the Indians, but they could stand hard work and poor fare better, and though they were deprived of their liberty, they were not so untamable and did not brood so much over their sorrows. They were naturally of a more cheerful disposition, and did not irritate their masters so much by sullenness and resistance. I think perhaps that this very sullenness, for which we cannot blame them in the least, was one of the causes why the Indians were so brutally treated by the Spaniards, and that the negroes survived the hard work and abuse of their masters, because they were inclined to make light of their misfortunes, and take what pleasure they could out of life in spite of its toil and pain.

When Diego Columbus died, he left a son and a daughter to inherit his wealth in the Indies. The son, whose name was Louis, after a long dispute with the king of Spain, and a law-suit against the crown for his rights in the New World, was forced to the conclusion that he would never be able to secure what was due him, and that the best thing to be done was to take what he could get from the king in the way of justice. He therefore transferred his claim to the Government of the West Indies, to the Emperor Charles V., who though he had so much territory was greedy for more, and accepted in its place, the dukedom of Veragua in Spain, and the Island of Jamaica in the West Indies, receiving also with the latter gift, the title of Marquis de la Vega. He did not live long to enjoy the title, and when he died, the last male member of the family of Columbus, in a direct line, was no more. His sister Isabella was the sole heiress of the titles and possessions of the family, and she gave the island of Jamaica, the single insignificant territory of her family in the Indies, to the Braganza family, a great Portuguese house. I will now try to tell you how the Spaniards lost the West Indies, as they had lost the northern and western possessions of their empire in the new world in later days.



The whole history of the Spanish Conquest in the New World, as you now probably understand from what I have told you, was really a war against the entire human race. They made war on the Indians in the name of religion, and in that name too, made war upon their own kindred in Spain through the terrible inquisition. They warred against every nation that attempted to colonize the New World, or trade there, until they found that they could not do it safely. With no right whatever they claimed the New World because the head of the Christian church, who was called Pope of Rome by the whole Christian world at the time, gave into the hands of the Spaniards everything they chose beyond an imaginary line drawn in mid-ocean, and to the Portuguese all that was on the other side of it. The Pope had no more moral or legal right to give the territory of America away than had anybody else, but he was to receive a certain share of the profit, and he wanted to choose the possessors to suit himself.

I have told you that the French were not willing to abide by the decision of the Pope, and the English were certainly more unwilling, for they declared that the whole of the North American continent was certainly theirs by right of discovery, and the Spaniards could only claim those coasts and islands that they had discovered and occupied. They said, and perhaps justly too, that if Columbus had not discovered the land beyond the western waters, it would only have been a short time before some one else would have done so.

They might justly have claimed that if discovery alone gave the right of occupation, that Cabral, the Portuguese mariner, who was blown across the Atlantic in attempting to make a voyage, was the discoverer of the South American continent, and that Lief Erickson, and his descendants in Iceland, Norway, Sweden and England had the right to North America, for he not only discovered it, but some of his companions wrote an account of the country, but of course that was not known at the time.

In the course of their cruising about in the ocean, the Spaniards, as I have told you before, were driven by wind and weather on strange coasts, and some of their most fortunate discoveries were made in that way. They were indebted to a storm that drove them ashore near Darien for the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, as I have already related, and in the course of a certain voyage, they were driven by the winds to a point in the ocean from which they sighted the island of Saint Christopher. For nearly a hundred and fifty years, they made no attempt whatever to settle upon the island, but they did not propose to let anybody else do so. The English sent out a colony in the year 1629, which settled upon the island, and though that settlement in itself was of so little importance that it is not usually mentioned in the histories, it led to something of greater importance.

The Spanish were in the habit of treating people of every nation whose ships they encountered in the waters of the New World, as their deadly enemies, and their barbarous cruelty was wreaked upon them without mercy. When they learned that the English had founded a settlement upon the Island of Saint Christopher, they sent word to the Spanish king, and told him about it. At the time the Dutch had seized upon Brazil, for their own, and the king pretended that he was fitting out an expedition to drive them out, but he was really getting ships and men together to send to Saint Christopher. Toledo was put in charge of the fleet, and sailed away to the island. The French, too, had made a settlement upon the island, and had agreed with the English as to the boundaries of their respective colonies. There was no war

at the time between Spain and England, but that made no difference. The Spanish swooped down upon the island settlement, and being wholly surprised, the colonists had neither the time nor the material to defend themselves. The Spaniards did some of the most savage and cruel things to the settlers. They burned their houses, their crops and possessions, killed all of the cattle they could find, selected six hundred of the most able-bodied men and carried them away to work in the chain-gangs in their mines in San Domingo and Mexico, and ordered the women and children who had escaped their swords, to leave the place and never return to it upon pain of death. Charles Stuart was on the throne of England at the time, and he had enough to do to struggle with his rebellious people at home, without taking up their cause abroad.

Eight years after this dreadful massacre, the Spaniards made a raid upon the Tortugas Islands. You will remember when those islands were discovered and by whom, for I have told you about it, and in all the years since the sailing of Ponce de Leon those islands had remained uncolonized, until a few Englishmen settled there and founded a colony in the early days of English colonization of North America. The Spaniards put every man, woman and child that they found upon the Tortugas to death.

This could not be passed over as was the raid of Saint Christopher, for there was a man in England by the name of Cromwell, upon whom the outrage made a deep impression. There was no excuse for it, because there was a treaty of friendship with Spain that had been made by England for the express purpose of protecting her ships and colonies in the New World, and which was made in the year 1630. The Spaniards would however pay no attention to any such treaty, and continued to treat the French and English whom they found in the New World as their most bitter enemies, and were not content with revenge, but desired to exterminate them entirely.

Some time after the massacre of the Tortugas, they did the same thing upon the island of Santa Cruz. An English priest of the Catholic church by the name of Gage, spent several years in the Spanish possessions in Mexico and in the Indies, and what he saw there roused him to anger with the cruelty and injustice of the Spaniards. He knew, too, that in spite of their show of strength and ability to keep the whole world away from America, they were really very weak, and could be driven from their possessions in the West Indies very easily. He returned to England and wrote a book upon the subject and this book Cromwell read.

Cromwell was not the man to sit quietly down and allow the Spaniards to murder Englishmen in the New World. He knew that the weakness of Charles Stuart had caused the name of England to sink so low down that the great nations of the world felt privileged to abuse Englishmen; and he was just the man to convince them that the thing could not be safely done. He humbled the Dutch, and now made up his mind to humble the Spaniards. He fitted out an expedition to teach the haughty and cruel Spaniards a lesson they never forgot. In one of the ships the priest Gage, no longer a priest but a soldier, now sailed to the New World to help plant the British flag securely in the West Indies.

Stout old Admiral Penn, the father of the gentle Quaker preacher, who in after days founded the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was of the expedition, and many other brave Englishmen, whose descendants live to-day upon American soil. They were completely successful in taking Jamaica away from the Spanish, and founding there an English colony under a charter that gave them all the rights of persons born in England.



You have, no doubt heard of "The Buccaneers of the Spanish Main," and perhaps have an idea that they were wild, fierce pirates who sailed about the seas in their "long, low rakish crafts," pouncing down upon ships of every nation, and plundering them, while they hanged or killed the crew, then retreated in safety to some island shelter to divide their ill-gotten gains. You are much mistaken if you have any such idea. These buccaneers were, some of them wild and violent enough, and no doubt committed many willful outrages, but there were among them some noble names of England, and the ships that were fitted out for the purpose of "buccaneering" were designed only to prey upon the Spanish commerce, and make good some of the losses of the English in the New World. These buccaneers often stopped the Spanish treasure-ships on their way over to Spain, and many fierce fights they had with the Spanish seamen. They carried off booty from them, and from the more unprotected of the Spanish settlements upon the West Indies Islands.

A large number of these buccaneers established themselves upon the Tortugas Islands, and divided themselves into three classes. One of these classes followed piracy upon the seas, another staid at home and cultivated the soil, raising large crops of corn and the like, and a third class hunted the wild cattle which abounded upon many of the West Indies Islands, and killed them for their skins and flesh. These cattle hunters were the real buccaneers, though the pirates have more often received the name. They were so-called, because they made a frame work of green boughs, which they called a "boucan," and upon this laid the meat which they roasted for food, by placing a slow fire beneath it. Thus they half dried, half cooked the carcasses that they used for food, and from their "boucans" were called "buccaneers." The cattle which they hunted, were not natives of the West Indies, for as I have told you before, neither horses nor cattle were natives of the New World. They were brought to the islands by the Spaniards, and were abandoned and allowed to run wild over the forests and meadows, and increased so fast that there were in time great herds of them.

The sea-going buccaneers were wont to dart out from some secluded bay in the islands in a long boat rowed by crews of from fifteen to thirty men. They were all well armed, and did not hesitate to attack even large merchant ships. Their crafts were called "flei-boteros" and that word has been gradually changed until now we have it as filibuster, which as you know means to make an unlawful expedition against another country, or to obstruct in some manner the rightful course of procedure in our legislative assemblies.

Many of these filibusterers and buccaneers were French, and they crossed over from Tortugas, where they had their plantations, and invading the Spanish Island of San Domingo, established their camp there in the woods. They killed the wild cattle there for their hides, and when the cattle were all gone, or were so scarce and shy that it was hard work to hunt them, they boldly cleared the land that suited them best, and began to plant in it the crops that gave them the best returns for their labor.

Spain was in sad decay at this time. The mines of the West Indies had been exhausted, and the Spaniards had deserted San Domingo in such large numbers to engage in enterprises elsewhere, that there were very few pure blooded Spaniards upon the island. There were many half-breeds of negro and Spanish blood, but they were lazy and not fitted in any way to cope with the rising power of the French upon the island.

To be sure the Spaniards made raids upon the French plantations and burned their houses, killed their negroes and destroyed their crops, but they had no troops nor forts to prevent the return of the French and they persisted in coming back and finally in such strength that the Spaniards saw that in time they would be masters of the island. Nevertheless they harried them all they could, until at last the French decided that they would take the whole island to themselves and drive out the Spaniards.

The French had bought slaves in large numbers, and unlike the Spaniards, they did not mix with them at first, and for a long time there were the most severe laws against the mixture of the French and negro races. The slaves that were held by the French were treated with such dreadful cruelty, that more than once there were uprisings of the oppressed blacks, secretly encouraged by the Spaniards, that kept the French part of the island in such turmoil, that the French had neither the time nor the opportunity to carry out their scheme of taking the whole country away from the Spaniards. I want to tell you about San Domingo particularly, because I want you to see how the Spaniards, by bringing negroes from Africa to Hispaniola, in the days of Diego Columbus, in time were the workers of their own downfall in the West Indies, by the losing of the island to the descendants of those poor Africans whom they treated with such inhuman cruelty. When the mines of the West Indies were exhausted, the Spaniards weakened their power there, so that one by one the islands were seized by other powers. As soon as the Government of San Domingo began to cost the Spaniards something, instead of being a source of income, they cared nothing for it, and made no attempt to develop its resources. When the Peace of Ryswick was made in 1697, Spain agreed to allow France to keep all the conquests made from her and a large portion of the Island of San Domingo was therefore given into the possession of the French, and governors were sent out from France to rule the colonies of planters.

As time went on, the laws about the marriage of the French with the blacks were not observed, and there grew up a large population of mixed French and negro blood. These people were in a very peculiar position. Though they could, and did gain enormous wealth, were educated abroad in the schools of Paris, and were received in the society of the French capital on account of their wealth and their personal charms, for it is said that the Creoles of the West Indies are many of them noted for their beauty and accomplishments, they had not the rights of the white citizens. They could not be sold as slaves, as could the mixed race of the Southern States of our own country before the war, but they were not the equal of the whites in the matter of government and under the laws, and this galled them all the more because there were many educated and refined persons among them.

Just before the French Revolution occurred, many of the Creoles thought that their time for liberty had come, and they sent a deputation to the French Assembly to ask for their rights as French citizens. The assembly promised them that their wrongs should be righted. Meanwhile in the Island of San Domingo, the French had formed Republican Assemblies of their own, and when a mulatto appeared before one of these and asked that the rights of the mixed "colored" population be respected, he was promptly hanged by the Assembly as a traitor to the laws. The people who were of mixed blood called themselves "colored," but the negroes were called "blacks," and the negroes were not thought by them to be worthy of liberty.



In the course of time a law was made in France which caused San Domingo to be considered part of the State of France, to be governed by the same laws that were in force there, and it was decreed that all property holders in the French part of the island, who had resided in a certain parish two years or more were French citizens, with the full rights of citizenship. This was considered by the mulattoes to mean themselves, and they were very much rejoiced. The whites were determined not to allow them any privileges, however, and arraying themselves under the banner of France, the mulattoes called an Assembly, and confident that they were within the law, and acting as the government had given them power, they refused to submit to the whites even when menaced by their soldiers,

At last the Assembly of mulattoes determined to go to France and tell to the Assembly how the whites on the island had denied them the rights guaranteed them by the king. They did so and were at once thrown into French dungeons as traitors. In the year 1791, however, the National Assembly of France did decree that the mulattoes should be allowed the right to sit in the Assembly if they were born of free parents, and the whites solemnly swore that they would die before they would permit the decree to be carried out. The whole island was at once thrown into confusion.

The negroes of the island mutinied and declared that they too, would have their rights. They gathered in armed bands in various parts of the islands, and the mulattoes asked the whites to give them arms to protect themselves against the brutal and enraged negroes. There was an awful period of bloodshed for many months afterward. The negroes murdered the whites with the most awful torments wherever they could find them, and the whites murdered both them and the mulattoes without mercy. The whole black population of the island, from the remote plantations, and the towns and cities seeing that they could expect no mercy from their former masters, rose in revolt, and carrying banners upon which were inscribed the arms of the king of France, perpetrated some of the most dreadful outrages.

The French government finally took a hand in subduing the revolted negroes. It declared that free colored people were citizens, but that the negroes must return to the plantations and keep the peace. The mulattoes then separated themselves from the blacks, and took sides with the government which had sent six thousand troops to the island. The conflict now was between the government with the mulattoes on their side, and the negroes. The government was victorious with the help of the mulattoes, and the negroes were then brought to order.

About this time the war of 1793 broke out between France and England, and the Island of San Domingo was again in turmoil. The French Commissioner upon the island fell into difficulty with the whites, and asked the aid of the three thousand revolted negroes to bring them to order. The deeds that these negroes committed were so horrible that the commissioner himself was frightened and ran away. The whites saw that there was little chance of the island remaining in good order, and so many of them had been murdered, that a large number of those whom were left got together all their worldly goods that they could take away with them and left for Louisiana and France.

Those who could not get away, as they saw the negroes every day were growing more blood-thirsty, appealed to the English Governor at Jamaica to aid them. The British consented, and when this became known to two French Commissioners who

still remained upon the island, they did away with slavery and offered food, clothing and arms to all the blacks who would join them and help beat off the British. Many of the blacks answered this call, and when they were well fitted out with clothing and arms, deserted, and among the fastnesses of the mountains formed themselves into a Republic.

When it was learned upon the island that the King of France had been executed and that royalty was no more, the French inhabitants took sides with their countrymen, but the leaders of the blacks went over to the Spaniards and were made generals in the Spanish Army. England united with Spain against the French, and the unhappy French planters of the West Indies, were under a cross-fire as it were.

The English and Spaniards then agreed to divide the island between them. One of the famous leaders of the blacks, by the name of Touissant, was fighting against the French, but when he learned that many of the blacks were as bitterly opposed to the English as they were to Spain, and that it would be easy to take what the English had gained from them, he went over to the French. When peace was declared in 1795, the French were given back their part of the island, and Touissant who had done good service to the French, was left at the head of a large army of blacks, and two years later he was made General-in-chief of all the French forces upon the island. Some time before this, Touissant had tacked "L'Overture" to his name. The meaning of this title is "the opener," and he said he would be the means of opening the door of a better future to the blacks of San Domingo. Another war with the English resulted in the joining of the forces of France and Spain against the British, which gave the entire island to the French. This treaty led to the abandonment of San Domingo by Spain, and the bones of Columbus were taken from the cathedral there, and carried to Havana, in Cuba, where they were buried in solemn state.

The star of Touissant L'Overture rose rapidly from the beginning of the year 1795, and though after the island was delivered into the hands of the French, there were commissioners sent out to govern it. Touissant being at the head of the army, was the real ruler of the island, and the blacks looked up to him as a sort of god. He compelled them all to return to the plantations where they had worked before the wars, and gave protection to the white planters who ventured back to the island. Touissant had remained in power three years, and the Spanish Government had not formally given over to the commissioner of France the Spanish dominion of the island. Touissant warned the Spanish Governor of his intentions, and then at the head of a large army marched against him, and after some show of resistance, received the Spanish territory of the West Indies in the name of the Republic of France. He then declared the island independent, and himself supreme chief. It was he who really established the black republic of Hayti, and for more than forty years of the most horrible bloodshed and crime, the Island of San Domingo was torn with war. It was governed in this period by some of the most bloody-minded human monsters that ignorance and superstition could breed, and at last, in the year 1844, the western part of the island was separated by a revolution from the negro republic, and the Hispaniola of to-day is governed by separate rulers. The eastern end is known as Hayti, and the western as San Domingo.

The people of Jamaica, enjoying their rights as British subjects, complained most bitterly at the ruinous taxes which the "Merry Monarch" insisted on collecting from them, and at last insinuated that since he had no right to do so, they would not pay it. This angered the selfish king so much, that in the year 1665 he took away



from the people of Jamaica the charter of their government, and ruled them at his pleasure. A few years after this calamity there was another dreadful disaster in Jamaica, but this was the work of the elements, and not of the king. An earthquake destroyed Port Royal, and created the greatest havoc.

In those days the French and English could not mix much better than oil and water, for you will remember that since the days of the fighting Duke of Normandy and his plundering raid into England, there had been more or less bitterness between the English and French, and a war was usually dragging on between the French and English, about lands or money or some such thing. The French invaded the island and burned the English settlements and put many people to the sword.

The blacks had largely increased on all the West Indies islands, and beside the pure negroes there were mixtures of French and negroes, and Spanish and negroes, that were called "colored" people. These at various times created much trouble for the Europeans in the island, and often revolted and treated their masters with awful cruelty, torturing them to death and burning their property. These revolted negroes were called Maroons, and marooning became the terror of the West Indies.

I have not space to follow all of the turnings and incidents by which the French and English gained a foothold in the West Indies, and have only told you the story of Jamaica, in order that you may have a fair idea of how it was accomplished; for by the early part of the eighteenth century, all of the smaller of the West Indies Islands, and some of the larger were in the hands of the French and the English. There were no longer any great fortunes to be dug from the mines of the islands, for what gold there had been there was dug out by the Spaniards and the mines were exhausted, and agriculture is now the source of wealth of the Indies

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Now that you have read this story of the world, I hope you have been able to see the divine hand in human history, leading nations along through darkness, storms and dangers toward the light of civilization, that is designed to shine over the whole world. Men have arisen as instruments of that divine will, and as such have played their parts and have disappeared for ever. There have been at the highest points of the story of nations as at the lowest, men who have borne the brunt of war and discord, because it was appointed to them to guide the masses in the direction of truth. Thus Napoleon, though ambitious of honor and glory, a tyrant, and a man without those tender feelings of mercy and justice that make man truly great, though his personal plans failed, was destined to set in motion the whole of Europe, and through seas of blood and weeping, to lead them to the place where they could see that liberty was something more than a name. Thus, too, our own Washington, though but a man with the failings common to the race, was chosen to lead the infant Republic of America, through night to light, and to stand to all the ages as a pattern of patriot and statesman. Lincoln, the emancipator, the son of poverty and toil, the humble farmer, born in a back-woods cabin, was in himself the emblem of the nation, honorable, patient, high-souled and courageous, his qualities were those of a nation bred in toil and danger, but strong in the power of righteousness and integrity. It may be in the course of centuries, the names of those whom we now revere as the world's heroes will be forgotten, and the nations of the far-off future, if they know at all, of their deeds, will look upon them as the legends of the world of to-day. Yet,

nevertheless, what they did, will remain forever, for the influence of great and good deeds, never perishes. The humble man or woman in the world, who is great in truth, righteousness, patriotism and honor, may thus be sure that his own power over the world, shall never fade and pass entirely away, but shall re-echo in the great and good, however humble, in all the future ages.

Let me tell you again, and yet again, O youth, and you that have left youth behind in the path of life, there is no strength to a nation like the strength of self-reliance, self-knowledge, and self-control. A nation is a collection of individuals and as those individuals are, so will the nation be, for the whole is the sum of its parts. So far has the civilized world progressed toward liberty, that to-day, the mistakes of a nation are not the mistakes of a king, queen, councilor or assembly, but they are the mistakes of individuals voiced in their representatives. So are the achievements of nations the achievement of individuals, and their righteousness that of the masses. To say that in the last hundred years the world has advanced faster towards the true greatness of nations and individuals, than it has in any five hundred years of its previous history, is to say something that is trite. We are beginning to profit by the mistakes of the past, and that after all is the secret of true progress. We should read history with reverence, for it is full of heart-break, agony, striving and often of failure, of those who have earnestly desired the good of their fellow men, though not knowing the best means of achieving it. We should search diligently for the seed of good in the bad, but imitate only that which is worthy. No doubt you have noticed that where individuals have sacrificed the truth and the right for their own selfish ends, they have reaped no ease of mind, no true happiness nor lasting fame.

As a parting word, let me exhort you to make the temple of liberty your own heart and there keep the fires of patriotism forever burning. Let your charity be world-wide, and your sympathy be heaven-broad. Remember that of one blood are all the men of earth created, and that you have received from the ignorance, darkness and brutality of the remote past, the struggles of dim unwritten centuries, the blood-shed of the Dark Ages, the battle-fields of modern times, that heritage which you should cherish above every earthly possession. Remember, too, that there is not a material comfort you enjoy but which has behind it the history of centuries of endeavor. The very house in which you live is inherited, plan and idea, from the dim past, the implements of work, and even the games with which leisure is amused are not things of to-day or yesterday. Even steam and electricity, with all that they have done in our own times for the advance of civilization, are world-old forces, dimly recognized, experimented with, tested, and finally applied to the uses of the present.

We are fond of relating what we have achieved in the last century in the way of improvement, and surely much credit is due us, yet when we remember what those nations of old, unaided by the accumulated wisdom and experience that has been our inheritance accomplished, we are mute, and in our own hearts ask ourselves whether man to-day is very different after all from the man of the past, and whether with all the mechanical aids that we have, our impression upon the world will be less perishable than that of the the Pyramid Builders, the Cliff Dwellers, and those mysterious old races of Ireland and Southern Europe. I hope that I have opened the doors of the treasure-house of history sufficiently for you to be able to see what treasures are to be found within it. Enter then, and revel in the wisdom and achievement of the past. There is no study more profitable, fascinating and conducive to all that is truly great in character than the study of history, and if you have received in this Story of the World an impulse to delve deeper into the past, and make its wisdom your own, I shall rejoice that these pages have not been written in vain.













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